

of what seemed the midst of a brown-study. "But you have been in Europe," he went on, putting a constraint upon himself. "Tell me about it: how long did you stay? Were you alone? Why did you not come to me, my dear boy? That was unnephewlike!"

Garth looked at his uncle and smiled, with a touch of incredulity about his mouth. However, he contented himself with saying that he had neglected to secure the address, and then proceeded to give a short account of his travels. He had not gone back to college after his mother's death, but had immediately placed himself under a drawing-master, with such good result that within a year he was enough advanced to make a pilgrimage to European galleries advisable. He overcame the obstacles in his path; and finally found himself on the way, accompanied by a friend of his college days, Jack Selwyn by name. He had remained abroad seeing and studying, and, for the most part, supporting himself during four years; and, returning, had ever since staid quietly at home with his father, painting pictures in a corner of the garret. He had been especially successful in portraits, but aspired to more ideal walks.

Such, laconically as he gave it, was Garth's narrative, to which his uncle, arm in arm with him, apparently gave profound attention. It is open to question, however, whether he actually heard a syllable of it. In either case, he was unusually taciturn.

By this time they had reached the lichen-covered rock on the border of the belt of pines, beneath whose shadow Garth had discovered the violet a few hours before. Miss Elinor, coming close upon it, stopped and knelt down, and searched among the clustering green leaves. Finding no flowers, she rose and followed the others.

"I plucked the last violet this morning," said Garth, turning back and joining her. "Here it is in my hat-band. It is not quite faded. Will you take it?"

"Thank you!" said she, in a soft tone of voice, and with the first smile she had vouchsafed that day. She took the drooping flower from the artist's fingers, smelled it twice or thrice, and then drew the stem heedfully through a button-hole in the bosom of her dress. They walked on together, saying nothing. Garth, for his part, was rather surprised at what he had done, especially since he had plucked the violet before he knew of Miss Elinor Golightly's existence, and with the intention of presenting it to a very different sort of person.

Meanwhile Uncle Golightly was out of sight round a bend of the path; but anon Garth and his companion heard voices, and, drawing near, saw their friend in affable converse with a very pretty girl in a scarlet mantle and a peculiarly shaped straw hat.

"That is your cousin—Miss Denver," said Elinor, quickly.

"Yes," muttered Garth. "I had forgotten her; or rather I thought she had forgotten me!"

MARY, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

EARLY in the summer of 1553 it became certain that Edward VI., the boy King of England, was near his death. He had entered his sixteenth year, and had been king since his tenth. His father, Henry VIII., had made provisions for conducting the government during the long minority. The administration was committed to a council, at the head of which was Edward Seymour, created Duke of Somerset, the maternal uncle of the young king. He was in a few years superseded by John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and was beheaded in 1552. Edward fell wholly under the influence of Northumberland, who was considered the head of the Protestant cause, to which the young king was warmly devoted.*

In the autumn of 1552 Edward was attacked by measles; this was followed by a slow fever, and then by an ominous spitting of blood. His physicians were dismissed; he was given to the care of quacks, and finally to that of a woman who undertook to cure him after he had been given over by all others. Symptoms soon manifested themselves which could not be attributed to consumption. It was afterward ascertained that he had been poisoned. He must soon die, and who should be his successor?

Henry VIII. had been empowered by Parliament to regulate the succession after his death. By his will he directed that in case Edward should die without heirs of his own, the crown should fall in the first place to Mary, his own daughter by Catherine of Aragon; she dying childless, to Elizabeth, his daughter by Anne Boleyn; and she dying without children, to the descendants of his sister Mary, who, after having been married to the imbecile Louis XII. of France, had married her former lover, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. She was now dead, but her daughter Frances, married to Henry Grey, who was created Duke of Suffolk, was next in succession to Elizabeth.

There was, however, a grave defect in the title of both Mary and Elizabeth. Both had, by the most solemn legal proceedings, been pronounced illegitimate, the so-called marriages of their respective mothers hav-

* The narrative given in this paper of the events of Queen Mary's reign is substantially drawn from Froude's *History of England*. No writer could give a satisfactory account of these events without being dependent upon this historian, unless he were able to examine the original MSS., of which Mr. Froude availed himself, and which were either inaccessible to or not examined by earlier English historians.

ing been declared void from the beginning. In any case, one of them must be illegitimate. It began to be urged that if Henry could fix the succession after his death, then Edward could do the same. There were many reasons why he should do this. Mary was a devoted Catholic, and the reformers believed that if she should come to the throne she would set herself to undo all the work which they had accomplished, and bring the Church of England again under subjection to the papal see.

Northumberland and the Protestant leaders pressed this upon the dying boy. Mary, they said, besides being clearly illegitimate, was objectionable in every way. She was the foremost enemy of God's word and of the reformed faith. If she were to become queen, she would doubtless marry a prince of the house of Spain, and make England a mere tributary of that overshadowing monarchy, which was even now straining every nerve to extirpate the true faith in Germany and the Netherlands. Lady Suffolk was ready to make over her claim to her daughter, Lady Jane Grey, who had just been married to Lord Guildford Dudley, the youngest son of the Duke of Northumberland. Let Edward set aside both Mary and Elizabeth, and declare the Lady Jane to be his heir. These considerations could not but weigh with Edward, and among his last acts was to draw up with his own hand an order of succession, by which the crown was bequeathed to the Lady Jane, and in case of her death without heirs, to her sister, Lady Catherine Grey.

Edward died July 6, 1553, but his death was not announced for several days, for Northumberland wished to secure the person of Mary before Lady Jane should be proclaimed queen. But such a secret could not be kept from watchful eyes, and before the king had been dead an hour a messenger bearing the tidings was on his way to Mary. Taking saddle, she rode off toward Norfolk, where her friends were awaiting her. The Dudleys followed hard after, and nearly succeeded in capturing her.

Four days after the death of Edward, Lady Jane was proclaimed queen, and made her public entry into London, where she was coldly received. Mary had in the mean while gathered a considerable force, and ignorant that the council had proclaimed Lady Jane, she sent a letter to it directing it to proclaim her as queen.

For a week or more all was confusion. It was doubtful which side would get the upper hand; but it began to appear that Mary's chances were the better, and the lords of the council undertook to shift the responsibility from their own shoulders to those of Northumberland. He must take the lead of the forces and move westward against those of Mary, while the lords re-

mained in London to take advantage of any wind that might blow.

Tidings of fresh movements in favor of Mary began to come from Northamptonshire, Lincolnshire, and Oxfordshire. The fleet at Yarmouth declared for Mary. Northumberland moved a little distance from Cambridge, when his men refused to bear arms against their lawful sovereign. He sent to the council for re-enforcements, but his messenger came back "with but slender answer." Several members of the council who had been most fully committed to Lady Jane, went over to Mary. Among these were Arundel, and Pembroke, whose son was to be married to Lady Catherine Grey as soon as he could get rid of his present wife. They convened the mayor, aldermen, and chief citizens of London. Arundel told them the kingdom was on the verge of civil war, which must break out unless they abandoned the cause of Lady Jane. Religion would be brought into the struggle; the French would interfere on one side, the Spaniards on the other, and whatever were the result, it would be disastrous to England. The only hope was to place the crown on the head of the lawful queen. Pembroke declared that what Arundel had said was true, and let others do as they would, he would fight for Mary; his sword should make her queen, or he would lose his life.

No word was spoken in favor of Lady Jane. A body of one hundred and fifty men was sent to the Tower, of which her father was governor, to demand the keys. He gave them up, and rushed to the apartment where his daughter was sitting under a canopy of state. He tore it down, telling her that the council had revolted, and that she was no longer queen. She replied that she was glad to hear it, and now that her reign of twelve days was over, hoped she might leave the Tower and go home. She was indeed to leave the Tower, but only for the scaffold. The council and the city authorities now went to Cheapside and proclaimed Mary as queen.

Mary was then in her thirty-seventh year; in constitution she was many years older. Her life had been a sad one. She was a child when her father began to question whether her mother had ever been his lawful wife. She was just entering womanhood when that mother's name was branded with undeserved disgrace. Three years more, and that mother was dead, having committed her daughter to the care of her unnatural father. To gain some mitigation of his harshness she was compelled to write to him confessing her disobedience in clinging to the faith of her mother, to abjure the authority of the Bishop of Rome, and to acknowledge that the so-called marriage between her father and mother was illegal,

contrary to the divine law, and utterly void. During Edward's nominal reign she was subjected to a thousand petty annoyances on account of her religion.

In person she narrowly escaped deformity. Her stature was short. Her figure above the waist was shrunken from continued ill health; below the waist it was bloated from a constitutional tendency to dropsy. Her forehead was broad and overhanging; her cheeks thin and pinched. Her eyes were bright, but her near-sightedness gave them an unpleasant appearance. Her voice was deep and harsh, like that of a man. Her talents were respectable. She had much of the firmness which belonged to her Tudor blood, and the impetuosity of her Spanish descent was aggravated by the peculiar nature of the disease from which she had long suffered. She had most of the accomplishments of her times. She spoke English, French, Spanish, and Latin, and read Italian, embroidered skillfully, and played well upon the lute.

By the 19th of July the Duke of Northumberland, still at Cambridge, learned through a private messenger what had taken place at London. He went to the market-cross, accompanied by Sandys, vice-chancellor of the university, and announced that in taking up arms against Mary he had acted under orders from the council, who had changed their minds, and that he would also change his; and, flinging up his cap, he shouted, "Long live Queen Mary!" To Sandys he said that the queen was a merciful person, and there would be a general pardon. "Though the queen should grant you a pardon," replied Sandys, "the lords never will." An hour after the proclamation of Mary a herald arrived with an order from the council for the arrest of Northumberland.* In the morning the university met in the senate-house to depose their heretical vice-chancellor. Sandys tried to speak, but was pulled from his chair. He drew his dagger, but was disarmed, lashed to the back of a lame horse, and taken to London. He, however, lived through the persecution, and under Elizabeth became Archbishop of York.

The insurrection had been so easily quelled that there was little excuse for harsh measures. Over a hundred persons were put under arrest, among whom was Ridley, who had preached a violent sermon against Mary at St. Paul's Cross. Northumberland, of course, must be brought to trial, but

Mary meant to spare his life; and as for the Lady Jane, she said that justice would not permit that an innocent person should suffer for the crimes of others. Her foremost desire was now to bring back her kingdom to communion with the Church of Rome, and she thought that this might be effected without violence. In this she found herself mistaken. The people, especially the populace of London, were not ripe for the public celebration of the mass; and the queen was made to understand this in a singular manner.

August came, and the body of Edward lay still unburied in the apartment where he had died almost a month before. Mary resolved to have the obsequies celebrated with all the rites of the Church, including a public mass for the repose of his soul. The council feared the open celebration of Catholic rites would lead to tumult. Simon Renard, the astute minister of the Emperor Charles V., sided with them. He represented that Edward had died a heretic, and the funeral services of the Church were only for her faithful children. Let him have the funeral of a heretic in Westminster Abbey; the queen need take no part, and, if she chose, could have private masses said for him in the Tower. So he was buried with the forms of the English Church, Cranmer officiating, this being the last public act of the latter as Archbishop of Canterbury. In the Tower a requiem was sung and mass said by Gardiner, the reinstated Bishop of Winchester. Even this excited discontent. Men began to murmur that if religion were to be interfered with, it might be well to have Northumberland out of prison. The reformed preachers sounded the alarm, and inflammatory placards were posted up in the streets. The haughty Tudor blood of Mary was roused, and she resolved to go on in the way in which she had begun. The rights of the Church should be restored, and its public ceremonies celebrated to the exclusion of all others. The people seemed resolved this should not be done. By the middle of August the kingdom seemed set against the restoration of popery. Catholic services could be held at St. Paul's Cross only under the protection of a military guard. In a week all this was changed, and through the weakness of one man.

On August 18 the Duke of Northumberland and six others were brought to trial. All were convicted of high treason; but it was resolved that only the duke, Sir John Gates, and Sir Thomas Palmer should be put to death. Northumberland had been noted as a brave soldier by sea and land. But here he broke down. He had begged for mercy when first arrested; and when sentenced he entreated for a few days' respite, that by the aid of a confessor he might prepare for death. If he could see

* Lord Northumberland had, for his own ends, been prominent politically as a Protestant leader. Froude says, "Had the Reformation been, as he pretended, the true concern of the Duke of Northumberland, he would have brought Mary back himself, bound by conditions which in her present danger she would have accepted. But Northumberland cared as little for religion as for any other good thing."

some member of the council, he would communicate important information. Gardiner went to him both as confessor and as member of the council. The duke assured him that he had always been a true Catholic, and had never believed a word of all the doctrines for which he had been so zealous. "Let me live but a little longer," he implored, "that I may do penance for my sins." The queen was still inclined to spare his life, but was met by a protest from the Spanish minister in the name of his master. Those of the prisoners who were to be spared were kept in ignorance of the mercy reserved for them. On August 21 they were all brought to the chapel of the Tower, where they heard mass, made their confessions, and received the sacrament. Then Northumberland rose and said: "Truly, good people, I profess before you all that I have received the sacrament according to the true Catholic faith; and the plague that is upon the realm and that is upon us now is that we have erred from the faith these sixteen years, and this I protest unto you all from the bottom of my heart."

They were then led out. But the duke made one more vain attempt to save his life. He wrote an abject appeal to Arundel, who now stood high in the queen's favor: "Alas, my lord, is my crime so heinous as no redemption but my blood can wash away the spots thereof? An old proverb there is, and that most true, 'A living dog is better than a dead lion.' Oh that it would please her good Grace to give me life, yea, the life of a dog, if I might but live and kiss her feet and spend both life and all in her service!" All in vain. What Sandys had told him was true. The lords in council, who had been his accomplices, had no mercy for him. The next day he was brought to the block. Before the axe fell he protested that his rebellion was owing to the false preachers who had led him away from the Catholic faith, and exhorted the spectators to turn at once to the Church, in which from the bottom of his heart he had always believed, and in which he now died.

The recantation of its leader seemed a death-blow to the Reformed faith. What could others say when he thus disavowed all that he and they had maintained? The Catholics were exultant. God, they said, had visited his people, and Mary, the virgin queen, had been set upon the throne for their redemption. And all England seemed to have become Catholic in a day: Catholic, that is, after a fashion, but yet far from papistical.

As yet there had been nothing which can fairly be called persecution for religion. Many Protestant preachers had, indeed, been arrested, but the charge was for seditious, not for heretical, utterances. Ridley

was already in custody on account of his St. Paul's Cross sermon; Latimer was brought before the council, and his demeanor was adjudged to be seditious, and he was sent to the Tower. Probably the blunt old man spoke his mind plainly enough. Crammer had not been molested at all, and it began to be said that he was about to conform to the Church. He put forth a letter denying this, and offered, if the queen would grant him leave, that he would prove that "the mass in many things not only hath no foundation of Christ, His apostles, nor the primitive church, but also is contrary to the same, and containeth many horrible blasphemies." He was summoned before the council, charged with an attempt to excite sedition, and committed to the Tower.

The people wished Mary to marry, and that her husband should be an Englishman; but, as it happened, there were but two living Englishmen who could be thought of as fit to be her husband. What with the wars of the Roses and subsequent executions, there were but these two who had in their veins a saving drop of the royal Plantagenet blood—Reginald Pole and Lord Edward Courtenay. The former was over fifty years of age, and the latter was despised by the queen.

In considering the question of her marriage, Mary's thoughts naturally turned toward her Spanish kinsmen. Charles V., from political motives, was desirous of a matrimonial alliance with England. He had, indeed, thought of marrying Mary himself, but he was growing old, was infirm, and was already meditating abdication. So he fixed upon his son Philip, and in this he was ably seconded by Renard. Mary says she had never known what it was that men call love. She listened to Renard's constant praises of Philip as a woman approaching forty listens to her first proposal of marriage.

One day she called Renard to her apartment, a single attendant being present. Upon an altar was the consecrated wafer, which she always invoked as her protector, guide, and counselor. She had, she said, passed days and nights before it, imploring the Divine guidance in the matter of her marriage. The three flung themselves on their knees before the altar and sang the *Veni, Creator*. As the chant closed, Mary was assured from within that a Divine message was vouchsafed to her. The prince of Spain had been chosen by Heaven as the spouse of the virgin queen, and all man's malice should never keep them asunder: if miracles were required to give him to her arms, miracles would not be wanting.

Man's power did, indeed, set itself against the fulfillment of her passion. She and Philip were within the degrees of consanguinity prohibited by the Church, and a papal dispensation would be necessary for

the union; and even Gardiner feared that the people would not then consent to submit such a matter to the papal see. He advised her to marry Courtenay, send Elizabeth to the Tower, and proceed to extirpate heresy. The House of Commons presented an almost menacing petition. Let her marry an Englishman, and then, with God's grace, there would soon be an heir born of the union. Paget, another of the council, thought that it would be dangerous to meddle with Elizabeth; and, since Mary was bent upon Philip, the best way would be to acknowledge Elizabeth as heir-presumptive, marry her to Courtenay, give assurance that there should be no tampering with the succession, no restoring the papal supremacy, and no restoration of the lands which had been wrested from the Church; this done, there would be no difficulty in the queen's marrying whom she pleased.

But Mary was now fully resolved, with all her Tudor persistency, that she would marry Philip, that the power of the Catholic Church and of the Pope as its head should be as unlimited in England as it was in Spain, and that the hated daughter of a hated mother should never be Queen of England. If she herself should die childless, the crown should go rather to the Scottish line—say, to the Countess of Lennox, who was now directed to assume court precedence of Elizabeth. But her marriage with Philip would set all things right. Heaven would bless her with a son, whose advent would remove any pretensions of others. With the aid of God and of Spain heresy would be set aside, and the Church restored to all its rights. But it was well to bring Cranmer to his deserts, and to have at hand the means of forestalling any danger that might threaten from Lady Jane Grey and from the Dudleys.

Early in November Cranmer, Lady Jane, her husband, and his two brothers were tried for high treason, found guilty, and sentenced to death. Mary still meant to spare the life of Lady Jane,* and perhaps of the Dudleys; but Cranmer should be executed at once. But here ecclesiastical law interfered to prevent the execution of the civil sentence. Until the archbishop had been degraded by apostolic sentence he could not suffer at the hands of a secular tribunal. The execution must be delayed until Pole arrived as papal legate. Meanwhile, on November 8, came the formal offer from the emperor of the hand of his son, and a prompt answer, yes or no, was required. The council were in session in an adjacent room. Mary rushed in and demanded their consent. They were taken by surprise, had no

time for consultation, and no one singly had the courage to thwart the queen. Something was said which she took for an assent, and, with a joyful face, she came out and told the Spanish ambassador that the answer was yes.

The queen thereupon summoned the Commons to her presence, and told them that she would marry as God should direct her choice, and that direction had been already pronounced in favor of Philip. Never was bride more anxious than Mary for the speedy consummation of her nuptials. Christmas had almost come before the final terms of the treaty had been settled, and Ash-Wednesday that year fell on February 6. There is no marrying during Lent, and unless Philip came before that time, there must be a delay of forty days. Renard assured the queen that the prince should be in her arms before Septuagesima. But before that time events happened which kept back the bridegroom for six months.

New-Year's of 1554 had hardly come and gone before a great conspiracy broke out. It was directed mainly against the Spanish marriage, and comprised the Dudleys, the Duke of Suffolk (father of Lady Jane Grey), the Marquis of Northampton, and many country gentlemen, notable among whom was Sir Thomas Wyatt. The first thing was to get rid of Mary; the next appears to have been left to be decided by circumstances. One idea was that Elizabeth was to marry Courtenay and be placed on the throne; another was that Lady Jane should be made queen; another was that if the aid of France was required, it should be purchased by acknowledging the claims of Mary, Queen of Scots. Mary at first took the matter lightly. If Philip would only come, and come before Lent, all would go well. But the insurrection soon assumed formidable proportions, and early in February Wyatt came near making himself master of London, which would have been decisive. But the rising had fared ill in other quarters. Suffolk was captured, after hiding two wintry days and a night, without food, in a hollow tree. Wyatt's force was dispersed, and himself made prisoner. Mary had triumphed once more. All the latent ferocity of her Tudor blood was aroused. She would never again be exposed to such a risk. The house of Grey should be destroyed, Lady Jane with her kindred, for so long as she lived to furnish a rallying point for insurrection, Philip would never venture to England. She was forthwith brought to the block. Her story is one of the most pathetic in English history. Even the cold-blooded Hume is warned in relating it. Prompt vengeance was meted out to those who had borne part in the rising. In a few hours a hundred corpses were dangling from gibbets in St. Paul's Church-yard, on Lon-

* The emperor and his minister Renard had from the first urged the execution of Lady Jane Grey. See Froude, vol. vi., p. 60 (Am. ed.).

don Bridge, and at Charing Cross. "At all cross-ways and in all thoroughfares," wrote the French ambassador, "the eye is met with the hideous spectacle of hanging men." Week after week commissioners were busy trying prisoners, who were hurried to the gallows, while the jails were crowded with those awaiting trial.

Mary was resolved upon the death of Elizabeth. The latter had been ill, but as soon as she could be removed was brought to London. She was shut up in the Palace of Whitehall, while Gardiner occupied himself in hunting up evidence against her. The emperor forwarded to Mary full dispensations from the Pope for her marriage, with a pressing urgency for the death of Elizabeth. Mary now needed little urging. She said that she knew Elizabeth was guilty; the proofs were every day accumulating, and she would insist that justice should be meted out to her. She could hardly sleep, so ardent was her longing for the safe arrival of Philip. But still no proofs upon which the council dared to act were forthcoming against Elizabeth, and she was placed under harsh custody at Woodstock, where she remained a year.

Months passed, but still no Philip crossed the sea. Not even a word from his hand came to the waiting queen. The trials of the last half year began to tell heavily upon her. She grew ill with hysterical longings. If she heard of the arrival of merchants or sailors, she would send for them and question them. Some said that the prince had little heart for this business in England; some told her that the French fleets were guarding the Channel to intercept him in crossing. She would start from her bed at night terrified by her imaginations.

On the 19th of April came tidings that Philip was actually on his way with a gallant train of Spanish nobles. Escorted by six thousand soldiers, he had set out for the coast. Early in July the fleet of a hundred and fifty vessels sailed from Corunna. The voyage was a long and tedious one. The prince and all on board were terribly seasick. As they neared the English coast, orders were given that no salute even should be fired, for fear of bringing down upon them the French cruisers. On the 19th of July the white cliffs of England were sighted, and on the next day the great flotilla was safely anchored off Southampton, where, or at the neighboring Winchester, whither the queen had come to meet him, were gathered almost the entire nobility of England; for, since the marriage was to be, they determined to give a meet reception to the husband of their sovereign. Philip's party remained at Southampton over Sunday to recover from the fatigues of the voyage. Then, in the midst of a drenching rain, he and his escort set out on horseback for

Winchester, where they arrived, wet and bedraggled, just before sunset. Philip went first to the cathedral, where the choir chanted a solemn *Te Deum laudamus*, and then proceeded to the deanery, where he meant to pass the night. But the queen, who was at the bishop's palace hard by, could not wait till morning, and Philip was summoned to meet Mary for the first time.

What he saw has been already described; only during the year she had grown more haggard in face, in form. What she thought she saw was the embodiment of all her overwrought fancies. What others saw was a personable young man below middle height, of good, erect figure, with reddish hair and beard, not uncomely in face, were it not for the coarse protruding jaw of his Burgundian ancestors. It required thirty years for him to fit himself to be the original from whom Motley has painted his matchless word-portrait: "A small, elderly, imperfectly educated, patient, plodding invalid, with white hair and protruding under-jaw and dreary visage, sitting every day, seldom speaking, never smiling, seven or eight hours every twenty-four, at a writing-table covered with heaps of innumerable dispatches, in a cabinet far away beyond the seas and mountains, in the very heart of Spain;" scrawling upon those innumerable dispatches memoranda which were to consign to the sword, to the stake, to famine, and to pestilence tens of thousands of men, women, and children in the far-off Netherlands, a quarter of the breadth of Europe away. Of all those tens of thousands not one endured a tenth of the torture which Philip was to endure during the last months of his life; and not one of them bore his torments with more patience, or made, as ecclesiastics held, a more godly and edifying end. He was tortured by the gout so that the very touch of a linen sheet upon his hands or feet gave him intolerable agony. Like Herod of old, he was eaten up alive by worms.

The formal marriage between Philip and Mary was celebrated with all pomp two days afterward. They had been previously married by proxy. Mary had gained one desire of her heart, and partially gained the other. Catholic orthodoxy had been measurably restored, but her subjects had not been brought back to the unity of the fold. The kingdom was still schismatical and under the papal ban. Mary therefore bent herself to the restoration of the papal supremacy, involving in the future, if not at the moment, all that this implied; among other things the power of the ecclesiastical courts to pronounce civil punishment, which the secular arm must enforce.

The first thing to be done was to effect a formal reconciliation with the papal see, and the great obstacle to this was that the

new Pope, Julius III., was loath to formally give up the right to reclaim the abbey lands which had been wrested from the Church. But the political affairs of the papacy demanded that this sacrifice should be made, at least for the present; and the Pope finally consented. Pole, after long waiting, was empowered to go to England, with authority to promise all that was required, and to grant the papal absolution to the schismatical English. He came at a fortunate time, for the people were elated by reports that the queen was in a condition which promised the birth of an heir.

The legate set out from Brussels on November 13, going by land to Calais, where he embarked on the 19th for England, and in a few hours landed at Dover, whence he proceeded to London.

The king and queen were at dinner. Philip sprang from the table, hurried to the gate, and caught the legate in his arms. Mary received him at the head of the grand staircase, embraced him, declaring that his coming gave her as much joy as the possession of her kingdom. The courtly cardinal responded in Latin, "*Ave, Maria, gratia plena, benedicta tu in mulieribus.*" Then, after an earnest colloquy, he said that his coming had by Divine Providence been postponed until the time had arrived when he could say to her, "Blessed be the fruit of thy womb."

At that moment—so Mary said, and so she always believed—came to pass what had taken place when the aged Elizabeth, in the same words, greeted the Virgin Mother undefiled. The child leaped within her. Not a moment was lost in making public the glad tidings. The council gave orders that a *Te Deum* should be sung that evening in every church in London; and the next day being Sunday, all pulpits rang with this crowning testimony of Heaven to the Catholic faith. On Monday came a courier from Rome bearing the briefs by which the Pope formally relinquished the last of the reservations which stood in the way of the reconciliation.

Three days later, the solemn ceremonies of reconciliation were opened. Both Houses of Parliament were convened at Whitehall. Philip and Mary were seated under a canopy of state, the legate on their right. It was observed that the queen took special care to make her supposed condition as conspicuous as possible. The chancellor presented Pole as ambassador from the apostolic see, charged with a weighty mission which he would himself explain. Pole then made a long address, closing with the announcement that he came with the full powers of the keys to lock and unlock; he had come to build, not to destroy; he was not to call in question any thing that had already been done; all matters of the past should be as things cast into the sea of forgetfulness.

"But," he concluded, "you can not receive the benefit and grace offered from the apostolic see until you have abrogated the laws whereby you have disjoined and dis severed yourselves from the unity of Christ's Church." Parliament retired to deliberate. Next day the Lords and Commons were convened at Westminster to vote separately upon the question whether they should return to the apostolic see. In the Lords there was no opposition. Among the 360 Commons there were two dissentients. One voted silently; the other, Sir Ralph Bagenaal, said that great and worthy prince, King Henry, had for twenty years labored to expel the Pope from England. He had sworn to King Henry's laws, and would keep his oath. The forms of procedure were then agreed upon.

The next day—St. Andrew's Day—after high mass in Westminster Abbey, Parliament assembled at the palace, where the papal legate pronounced the absolution.

When by speedy messenger the tidings reached Rome, they were greeted with artillery salvos from the Castle of St. Angelo, with jubilees and indulgences, with illuminations and bonfires, with masses of the Holy Ghost and pardons. Pope Julius sent a nuncio to urge that in view of this great salvation the emperor and the King of France should make peace, and the Catholic powers, at one with each other, could then trample out heresy and put down the infidels.

Gardiner had as yet failed to secure the passage of special laws for the punishment of heresy. But these were brought again before Parliament early in December, and, not without strenuous opposition, the Lollard statute of Henry IV., *De Heretico Comburendo* (for the burning of heretics), was restored on the 15th. The bishops' courts also regained their old power of arbitrary arrest and discretionary punishment. The life and person of every Protestant were now in the hands of the Catholic bishops, and at the head of these were the unscrupulous Gardiner, of Winchester, the brutal Bonner, of London, and the fanatical Pole, to be made Archbishop of Canterbury as soon as Cranmer should be disposed of. A general amnesty was now proclaimed for all past political offenses. The surviving prisoners of Wyatt's conspiracy were set at liberty, and exclusive attention was given to the work of saving souls after the manner of the Spanish Inquisition. On January 28, 1555, the cardinal-legate put forth his first general instructions, to the effect that authority had been restored to the ecclesiastical courts to proceed against the enemies of the faith, and to punish them according to law. This day is the proper commencement of the Marian persecution.

On that day Gardiner, Bonner, and four other prelates formed a court at St. Mary

Overy's Church, in Southwark, and cited before them Hooper, and John Rogers, a canon of St. Paul's, who was to be the first martyr. They were required to make their submission within four-and-twenty hours. As they left the court, Hooper said to Rogers, "Come, Brother Rogers, must we two take this matter first in hand, and fry these fagots?"

"Yea, Sir, with God's grace," replied Rogers.

Being called into court the next day, they refused to recant, and were sentenced to the stake, the day of execution to be fixed at the queen's pleasure. Five weeks passed, when, on February 4, Rogers was roused from sleep and told that Bonner was waiting to degrade him from the priesthood, and then he was to be burned, all of which was done. Hooper had been sentenced at the same time with Rogers, but as he had been Bishop of Gloucester, he was to suffer in that city, "which he had infected with his pernicious doctrines." He was taken thither, and burned on the 9th. The untrained provincial executioners bungled in their work, and unintentionally prolonged his agonies. At the same hour Rowland Taylor was burned at Aldham, in Suffolk; on the day before, Laurence Sandars had been roasted at Coventry. In Gardiner's first batch of prisoners there had been six clergymen of note. Of these four had now suffered. Bradford had been sentenced, but was respited; Cardmaker, prebendary of Wells, had flinched and made his submission. Both, however, came afterward to the stake.

Gardiner and Bonner now paused in their executions, probably to see how the matter would be received. They, however, made numerous arrests, confining themselves to men of no note. Renard, after studying the popular feeling, advised more moderate measures; and Philip, thinking it politic to clear himself of responsibility, caused his chaplain to preach a sermon in the royal presence in which he denounced the executions and inveighed against the tyranny of the bishops. The lords of the council "talked strangely." Philip, who had grown weary of Mary, thought of going home, and Renard begged not to be left behind, for his life would not be safe.

But the plans of wise men, who were turning their thoughts toward Elizabeth, were set at naught by the premature exposure of an ill-judged conspiracy, by which placards were to be issued simultaneously all over the kingdom setting forth that the queen's alleged pregnancy was a delusion, and that a supposititious child was to be foisted upon the nation. The people were to be summoned to rise in arms, drive out the Spaniards, tear down the inclosures of the common lands, and proclaim Courtenay as king under the title of Edward VII. In such a

wild agrarian scheme the lords and men of substance could bear no part, and there was nothing for them to do but to keep quiet and await the course of events. Renard took new heart, and urged Philip to remain in England.

Before Easter the executions of heretics were renewed, and before April was over sixteen persons had been sent to the stake. Among these were a weaver, a butcher, a barber, an apprentice boy, a gentleman, and Robert Ferrars, an upright, whimsical man, who had been Bishop of St. David's during the early part of the reign of Edward VI., had been thrown into prison by Northumberland, where he remained unnoticed and forgotten until the beginning of the persecution. Then there was another pause in the burnings.

Julius III. had died near the close of March, and Cardinal Pole was an unsuccessful candidate for the papal chair; but Marcellus Cervino, Cardinal of St. Cross, was elected. His pontificate lasted only three weeks, and Pole once more put himself forward in vain. Cardinal Caraffa was chosen, and took the name of Paul IV. But in the mean time Pole thought he saw an opportunity of accomplishing a great work—no less than that England should mediate a peace between France and the empire. A place for the assemblage of the envoys of the three powers was fixed upon near Calais, and the meeting was to take place just after the time when the child of Mary—which, it was assumed, could be no other than a son—was expected to be born.

On the 20th of April Mary withdrew to Hampton Court, where she might in quiet await her hour of trial. A cradle was ready for the expected babe; nurses and rockers were provided; litanies were sung in the streets of London; a grand procession of ecclesiastics, headed by Philip and Gardiner, paraded around the palace, the queen looking at them from a window. Circulars were ready written, to be sent to bishops, ambassadors, and sovereign princes, announcing the happy birth of a prince, blanks to be filled up being left for the date. On the 30th what seemed the labors of childbirth began. A message was at once sent to London. *Te Deums* were sung, and bonfires ready for lighting were piled up in the streets. Tidings were sent to Antwerp, which were taken to announce the actual birth. The great bell was set ringing, and salutes were fired from the vessels in the river.

The pains soon passed away. But Mary had no misgivings. The physicians assured her that all was as it should be; and the litanies, prayings, and processions still went on in London streets. So day after day wore on, but no child appeared. The peace conference could be put off no longer. It

met, and separated without result. By-and-by it began to be suspected that the queen had been mistaken as to her condition. Her women became convinced that her case was one of dropsy, but dared not tell her so. All through the month of May the poor woman lay in her room waiting for what was never to be. She imagined that for some fault of hers the Almighty had delayed the fulfillment of His promise. It must be that she, on her part, had failed to exterminate His avowed enemies. Hardly a score of heretics had been burned, and the realm swarmed with them. On the 24th of May she wrote a circular to quicken the flagging zeal of the bishops.

This circular did its work. In the next three months fifty persons were brought to the stake in the dioceses of London, of Rochester, and in that of Canterbury, really that of Pole, though nominally administered by Harpsfield, his archdeacon. Among these sufferers was Cardmaker, who had been among the first arrested, but had saved his life by recantation. He was now brought to a new trial, was again offered his pardon upon a new recantation; but he stood firm, and suffered.

Burnt-offerings were as useless as prayers to bring forth the long-expected child. For a little longer the queen flattered herself with the imagination that she had merely mistaken her time by a couple of months, but all others knew that neither now nor ever could she become a mother. The hope of a direct heir being given up, it remained to consider the succession again; and the queen, sorely against her will, was forced to think of Elizabeth, who had before been brought from Woodstock to Hampton Court, but had never seen her sister. Early in July word was sent to the princess that the queen wished to see her in her apartments, and the sisters met for the first time in two years. Elizabeth protested that she had been guilty of no wrong, and Mary pretended to be convinced, but muttered to herself in Spanish, "*Sabe Dios*" (God knows). Elizabeth was set nominally at liberty, but was not suffered to remain at court, and was closely watched.

Philip was no sooner perfectly assured that no child was to be born to him than he announced that he was about to visit the Netherlands. The emperor, his father, was about to lay down the double crown, and Spain and the Netherlands were to fall to him. He must go, but would return in two or three weeks. The parting took place on the 28th of August, 1555. Mary was not long in learning that her husband was indulging in promiscuous and vulgar amours. She sank into the deepest melancholy, falling little, if at all, short of insanity. Her religion, such as it had now become, was her sole consolation, and Pole became the

only adviser in whom she would trust. Under the direction of this enthusiast and dreamer, the persecution received new vigor. Even Bonner required to be spurred on in the work.

Why the three bishops, Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, had been left so long in prison at Oxford, otherwise unmolested, has never been satisfactorily explained. But at length they were to feel the full force of ecclesiastical law. On the 7th of September a commission appointed by Pole met in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, for their trial. The details need not here be given. Their condemnation was predetermined. Latimer, now fourscore years old, and Ridley were easily disposed of. They were formally condemned on the 30th, but their execution was postponed for a space in the hope that they might be brought to save their souls by recantation. A Spanish friar was appointed to convert them. But one of them would not even see him, and upon the other his arguments produced no effect. They were burned October 15, and Cranmer from his window was a spectator of the sufferings of his friends.

By canon law one who has received the archiepiscopal *pallium* can only be condemned by the Apostolical Court. Cranmer was therefore cited to appear at Rome within eighty days to answer the charges there to be brought against him. But he was all the time to be kept in prison at Oxford. On the 14th of December a mock trial was instituted at Rome. The report of the examination at Oxford was put in evidence, and it is said that counsel on both sides were heard. Pope Paul IV. pronounced the final sentence, to the effect that Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, having been accused by his sovereigns of divers crimes and misdemeanors: it having been proved against him that he had followed the teachings of John Wycliffe and Martin Luther of accursed memory, that he had published books containing matters of heresy, and still obstinately persisted in those erroneous opinions: he was therefore declared to be anathema, sentenced to be deprived of his office, and having been degraded, to be delivered over to the secular arm.

The decision did not reach England till February 14, 1556, and Bonner and another bishop were sent down to Oxford to finish the affair. Bonner performed the work of degradation with such characteristic brutality that he was rebuked by his colleague. Cranmer's robe was stripped off and his hair clipped. Bonner, having scraped the finger points which the consecrating oil had touched, cried out, "Now are you lord no longer!" The deposed prelate, clad in a beadle's threadbare robe and a tradesman's cap, was then led away.

Pole addressed to him a bitter letter, charging him with all his offenses, viewed from a Catholic point of view. If he was to speak in his own name, it should be only to God, whom he would pray to consume him with fire from heaven. But speaking as the representative of the Church, he exhorted Cranmer to come back to light and life, and earn the forgiveness of God; but if he persisted in his vain opinions, then might God have mercy upon him.

Cranmer broke down. Physically timid, he shrank back from the stake.* The day after his degradation he sent a submission to the queen; then he recalled it, only to write a new one. Then he was plied with all sorts of temptations. He wrote a third, a fourth, a fifth submission, each more explicit than the preceding. In the last he went so far as to anathematize the doctrines of Luther and Zwingli, accepted the Pope as the head of the Church, acknowledged the real presence, the seven sacraments, and purgatory, and implored the prayers of all faithful Christians that those whom he had led away might be brought back to the true fold.

For a month he was left to his own reflections, and then a paper was presented him to sign, in which he acknowledged himself guilty of all the charges embodied in Pole's bitter letter. He was a blasphemer, a persecutor; he had sinned against King Henry and his wife; he was the cause of the divorce, from which had sprung up all the heresy, schism, and crime of the kingdom; he had denied the presence of his Maker in the consecrated elements; he had deceived the living, and robbed the souls of the dead in stealing from them their masses; he prayed the Pope, the king, and the queen to pardon him; he prayed God to pardon him as He had pardoned Mary Magdalene and the thief upon the cross.

All this he had done, and had done it all in vain. He was told that he must die, and that the only grace to be accorded to him was that he might at his death repeat to the people the recantation which he had made, and to which his hand had affixed his name. It must have been believed that he

* The immediately subsequent conduct of Cranmer can only be explained by the fact that the protraction of his trial, and the pressure brought to bear upon what Froude terms his "many-sided susceptible nature," had resulted in both physical and mental prostration. Pole, in his letter, too, had held out the false hope of pardon. It should be remembered that the archbishop might at an earlier period have escaped his doom by flight, but disdained such an evasion. At last his spirit gave way, and the first step toward submission having been taken, farther confessions were easily extorted. Froude not unaptly compares Cranmer's conduct with Peter's denial of his Master. "The apostle, though forewarned, denied his Master on the first alarm of danger; yet that Master, who knew his nature in its strength and infirmity, chose him for the rock on which He would build His Church."—ED. HAPER.

was sincere in his recantation, and would persist in it.

The 21st of March was appointed for the execution. It was intended that the public recantation should be made at the stake. But the morning was wild and stormy, and the ceremony was adjourned to St. Mary's Church. Cole, prebendary of Ely, mounted the pulpit, and proceeded to deliver a discourse. He gave some reasons why the queen and council had decided that Cranmer should die, notwithstanding his recantation, adding that there were others "which it were not meet and convenient for every one to understand." After exhorting the people to take warning from the example before them, he turned to Cranmer, assuring him that since he had so manifestly repented, he, like the penitent thief, would that day be in paradise; a dirge should be sung for him in every church in Oxford, and masses said for the repose of his soul. "And now, Master Cranmer," he concluded, "I pray you that you will perform what you promised not long ago: that you would openly express the true and undoubted profession of your faith."

"I will do so," replied Cranmer.

He began a quiet discourse, beseeching the prayers of all good Christians, whom he exhorted not to unduly love the world, but to love and serve God, the king, and the queen; to live with each other like brethren and sisters; to exercise charity and alms-giving. "And now," he went on, "I declare unto you my very faith, without color or dissimulation; for now it is no time to dissemble: I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; in every article of the Catholic faith; every word and sentence taught by our Saviour Christ, His apostles and prophets in the Old and New Testament. And now I come to the great thing that troubleth my conscience more than any other thing that I ever said or did in my life; and that is the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truth, which here I now renounce and refuse as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart—"

Now surely was coming the full and ample recantation and acknowledgment that he had been not only a heretic, but a hypocrite all his life long since he had fallen into schism. What must have been the astonishment of the audience when the sentence was concluded!

—"And written for fear of death, to save my life if it might be: and that is, all such bills and papers as I have written and signed with my hand since my degradation, wherein I have written many things untrue; and forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall therefore first be punished; for if I may come to the fire, it shall be the first burned. As for

the Pope, I utterly refuse him, as Christ's enemy and antichrist, with all his false doctrine; and as for the sacrament, I believe as I have taught in my book against the Bishop of Winchester."

He would have gone on, but from the throng, who had been bewildered by a conclusion so unexpected, rose cries of "Pull him down!" "Stop his mouth!" "Away with him!" He was violently seized and dragged away to the stake, a quarter of a mile off, on the very spot where Latimer and Ridley had borne such good witness, and where such different words had been expected from Cranmer. Brief work was made there. He approached the stake with a cheerful countenance, undressed himself in haste, and stood only in his shirt. There was even then a little urging that he should recant; but Lord Williams, who superintended the execution, cried out, "Make short! make short!" The wood was dry, and the pile, well built, was soon ablaze; but before the flames reached the body, Cranmer stretched out his right arm into them, saying, "This was the hand that wrote it, and therefore it shall first suffer punishment."

Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, Chancellor of England, died while the proceedings against Cranmer were in progress. He was by far the ablest minister whom Mary ever had. He was the originator of the Marian persecution, and was held to be its executor, but he really had little to do with it after the first blow had been struck. He sent Rogers and Hooper to the stake, and would doubtless have been glad to have consigned Elizabeth to the block. He was ready to do almost any thing to extirpate heresy, but he would not stoop to search for heretics in a butcher's shop or a servants' hall; that he left for Pole and Bonner. For many years he had held high posts under Henry VIII.; he was imprisoned for five years under Edward VI.; and men who have been in jail for points of faith are not apt there to learn lessons of charity toward their opponents, to be put in practice when they are released and placed in power. He was unscrupulous and vindictive, but bold and far-sighted. A kind of epitaph was written for him, intended, it is said, to have been said at York by way of special grace at the accession of Elizabeth. The conclusion was: "*Mortuus est, et sepultus est, et descendit ad inferos.* Let us say no more about him."

The year 1556 opened gloomily for Mary. The harvest of the preceding year had been a failure, and there was a growing scarcity of food. Wild conspiracies were fanned at home and fomented abroad. Rapine and lawlessness grew rampant, and the ferocity of the government kept even pace with the turbulence of the people. Along the Thames were rows of gibbets, from which hung in chains the bodies of pirates. Sixty persons

were sentenced to be hanged together at Oxford. There was a settled suspicion that Philip was coming over with an army to overthrow the liberties of England. One of the council went over to urge him to come back unattended, so as to dispel the alarm. The messenger returned only with a letter from Philip to the queen, at the receipt of which she seemed to grow ten years older in a day. The French ambassador wrote to his sovereign that Mary was in a constant rage because she could enjoy neither the society of her husband nor the love of her people, and was afraid that her life would be attempted by her own attendants.

All these evils were attributed to the wrath of Heaven, and the cause of this wrath must be the wrongs which the Church still suffered. The abbey property in the hands of individuals could not be restored to its rightful owners, but the crown could restore so much as remained in its hands; and this began to be done. Above all, more strenuous efforts must be made for the extirpation of heresy. So the persecution was pushed on more furiously. On April 23 six men were burned at Smithfield; on the 26th, six more at Colchester; on May 15 two men, one old and the other blind, at Stratford-le-Bow, where on June 27 eleven men and two women were burned in the presence of 20,000 spectators. On August 20 twenty-three men and women, all tied together, were haled from Colchester to London to be burned; but as they were paraded through the streets, so great was the tumult that even Bonner was aghast. He wrote to Pole for directions. The council, "not without good consideration," decided that it would be perilous to let the executions take place, and the prisoners were let go upon easy terms of submission; but several of them were subsequently re-arrested and put to death. Pole, in a pastoral letter, took the citizens of London to charge for their sympathy with the heretics. "Whereas," he wrote, "you have sore offended God by giving favor to heretics, now temper your favor under such manner that if you can convert them by any ways unto the unity of the Church, then do it, for it is a great work of mercy. But if ye can not, and ye suffer or favor them, there can not be a work of greater cruelty against the commonwealth than to nourish or favor any such. For, be you assured, there is no kind of men so pernicious to the commonwealth as they be; there are no thieves, no murderers, no adulterers, nor no kind of treason to be compared to theirs, who, as it were, undermining the chief foundations of all commonwealths, which is religion, maketh an entry to all kinds of vices in the most heinous manner."

But the famine still lasted; and still, therefore, God was angry. The new year, 1557, opened with the appointment of a

commission, of which Bonner was the head, the special object of which was to find out those who circulated heretical books, who refused to attend mass, who would not walk in processions or use holy-water, or who in any way showed disrespect for the established religion. The commissioners were empowered to inquire at pleasure into the conduct and opinions of every man or woman in the kingdom. They were trammelled by no forms of law, and all magistrates and officers were commanded to assist them at their peril. Any three commissioners were sufficient to constitute a court, which might act at its option, either with or without a jury, and might call upon every clergyman to testify as to the habits and beliefs of every man or woman in his parish. Those who persisted in their heretical opinions were to be delivered up to their ordinary to be punished according to law; and by law such opinions might be punished by fine, imprisonment, or death. No Inquisition in Spain or the Netherlands ever had more ample power than this commission had in England.

The year 1558, the last which Mary was to see, opened hardly more favorably than the previous one. The harvests had, indeed, been abundant, and wheat, which had been held at fifty shillings a quarter, had fallen to four or five. Perhaps this might have been owing to the vigorous manner in which the commission had proceeded against heresy. But the war on the Continent was going on badly. In the first week of the year Calais, the last spot in France held by England, had been taken, and the great fleet which was to have recovered it was totally wrecked. Really the loss of Calais was a gain. It was of no value to England, and was a source of perpetual irritation to France. But the nation was mortified to the heart's core to lose the last of the great Continental conquests of the Plantagenets. Mary is reported to have said that when she was dead the name of Calais would be found inscribed on her heart.

As the weeks wore on there arose a great fear of an invasion from France, and strenuous preparations were needed to repel it. But the musters went on slackly. Derbyshire was set down for 1500 men; the Earl of Shrewsbury succeeded in raising 400 from among his own dependents; and the magistrates declared that owing to death, want, and the waste of means in the war of last year, the county could provide only a hundred more. The recruits disbanded themselves in Devonshire and mutinied in Lincolnshire. The ringleaders were hanged, but that did nothing to increase the force under arms. With the summer set in an epidemic of fever and ague; and after the death of Mary it was publicly asserted that, "with quartan agues and with such other

long and new sicknesses in the last two years of the reign of Queen Mary, so many of her subjects was made away, what with the execution of sword and fire, what with sicknesses, that the third part of the men of England were consumed."

Philip had made a brief visit to England in the preceding year. He had left early in July. In the spring of this year Mary again fancied that she was to become a mother. She made her will in anticipation of the perils of childbirth, and wrote to her husband to come to her. But her delusion was soon dispelled, and her bitter disappointment was evinced, as before, by renewed assaults upon heresy.

One Bainbridge, in Hampshire, had been condemned, but when at the point of execution he proffered his submission. The sheriff reprieved him by his own authority, for, save in the case of Cranmer, pardon had always been offered till the last moment. The sheriff was speedily rebuked by the council: her Majesty could not but find it very strange that he had saved one condemned for heresy; the execution must proceed at once. Bainbridge was burned accordingly, but the sheriff was sent to the Fleet for his former clemency. In London the burnings went on with fresh vigor, and a proclamation was issued forbidding any one, under pain of death, to approach, speak to, or comfort heretics on the way to death. At a prayer-meeting in a field near the city thirteen persons were apprehended and brought before Bonner. Seven were burned together on June 28, but such was the indignation of the spectators that he did not dare to proceed to the trial of the other six in the city. He sent them to his own palace at Fulham, where they were tried, and burned privately at Brentford; and as if—so it was thought—to evince the Divine approval, on that very day a considerable naval victory was gained over the French. Early in November three men and two women, who had been presented by Pole to be visited with "condign punishment," were burned at Canterbury. These were the last victims of the Marian persecution; for within ten days, and almost at the same hour, the archbishop, its head, and the queen, its heart, were summoned before the tribunal of their Maker.

Early in November Philip was assured that Mary could live only a few days at most. He sent the Count de Feria over to her with a desire that she should put no obstacle in the way of the succession of Elizabeth, which was inevitable. Feria arrived on the 9th, and was admitted to an interview with the queen. Next to her desire for the firm establishment of the Catholic faith was that the hated daughter of a hated mother should not wear the English crown. But she now yielded to the inevi-

table. She even declared that she was "well content" that it should be as her husband wished, and only entreated of Elizabeth that her debts should be paid, and the Catholic religion be maintained. De Fera, after consulting with the council, hurried to Elizabeth, told her what had taken place, and assured her that her succession was secured, for his master had used his influence for her, and there was no fear of opposition from any quarter.

On the 14th one of the queen's ladies-in-waiting conveyed to Elizabeth the same requests which she had made through Fera, with the addition that her servants should be properly cared for. She then quietly prepared for her end. At midnight of the 16th she received the last rites of the Church. Mass was said at her bedside toward morning. When the Host was elevated she was too far gone to move or speak, but fixed her eyes upon the consecrated elements, which she believed to be the body of her Lord. As the closing words of the benediction were uttered, her head sunk, and all was over.

Mary had reigned a little more than five years, and in the last three of them she fell to a depth to which few have reached. She won for herself a name of infamy which will stand forever in men's speech. She will ever be styled "The Bloody Mary." Pity it is that the epithet can not be transferred from her in person to the principle of which she made herself in her day the exponent—the principle of persecution in the name of religion, be that religion true or false.

The Marian persecution was one of ineffable cruelty and atrocity—a cruelty and atrocity not to be measured by the number of its victims, but by the reason for which they were sacrificed. It was of all other persecutions a persecution solely and entirely for conscience' sake. Not one of its victims could by any stretch of ingenuity be considered as dangerous to the state.*

* "Although Pole and Mary could have laid their hands on earl and baron, knight and gentleman, whose heresy was notorious, although in the queen's own

The victims of Alva in the Netherlands belonged to a sect avowedly inimical to Spanish rule; they might be in a sort regarded as rebels against the government. The French Huguenots who perished in the dragonnades of Louis XIV. had been, as a sect, in arms against the king and his predecessors. The English Protestants who suffered under Mary only sought to worship God in the way they thought acceptable to Him. Protestants there were in the kingdom who might be dangerous to the government; but not one of these suffered at the stake, not one was even called in question by the ecclesiastical courts of Pole and Gardiner and Bonner. No earl, baron, or knight was interrogated by the inquisitorial commission. Almost nine-tenths of those who suffered belonged to those distinctively classed as "the common people," and two-thirds of these to the more humble portion of that class, and a third of the whole number were women and children. There are four or five lists, nearly agreeing, of those who suffered at the stake; the lowest list contains 270 names, the highest 290. Of these 5 were or had been bishops, 21 clergymen, 8 gentlemen, 84 tradesmen, about 100 husbandmen, laborers, and servants, 55 women, and 4 children; one of these was born while the mother was actually at the stake, and was tossed into the flames. Besides these there were about a hundred others who were "lamentably destroyed" by imprisonment, famine, and torment.

guard there were many who never listened to a mass, they durst not strike where there was danger that they would be struck in return. They went out into the highways and hedges; they gathered up the lame, the halt, and the blind; they took the weaver from his loom, the carpenter from his workshop, the husbandman from his plow; they laid hands on maidens and boys who had never heard of any other religion than that they were called on to abjure; old men tottering into the grave, and children whose lips could but just lip the articles of their creed, and of these they made their burnt-offerings; with these they crowded their prisons, and when filth and famine killed them, they flung them out to rot. How long England would have endured the repetition of the horrid spectacle is hard to say."—*Froude*, close of Vol. vi.

THE LATTER DAYS.

STORMS have passed over us; the earth is changed;
Pale leaves now flutter in the dusky green;
In uplands where of old the wild bee ranged
A great wind sighs, "No more shall these be seen."
Therefore to hollows of the field I go,
To lowly places where the sun lies warm,
Where I can hear the voices from the farm,
The noonday cricket chirp, the cattle low.
I am content to let the seasons pass,
For still I feel there is some sheltered nook,
Some corner, that the sun must ever bless,
Though lilies die upon the dying grass.
Oh, never is this yearning earth forsook,
Nor severed love bereft of blessedness!

A. F.