

PHILIP.

Is this a place
To wait in, Madam? what! a public hall.
Go in, I pray you.

MARY.

Do not seem so changed.
Say go; but only say it lovingly. . . .

PHILIP.

By St. James I do protest,
Upon the faith and honour of a Spaniard,
I am vastly grieved to leave your Majesty.
Simon, is supper ready?

The argument in council on the
extirpation of heresy is well con-
ceived and reflects the very spirit of
the times. Says Bishop Gardiner, —

There must be heat enough
To scorch and wither heresy to the root,
For what saith Christ? "Compel them to come
in."
And what saith St. Paul? "I would they were
cut off
That trouble you."

MARY.

If we could burn out heresy, my Lord,
We reck not tho' we lost this crown of England—
Ay! tho' it were ten Englands.

PAGE.

I am but of the laity, my Lord Bishop,
And may not read your Bible, yet I found
One day a wholesome scripture, "Little chil-
dren,
Love one another."

GARDINER.

Did you find a scripture,
"I come not to bring peace but a sword?"

BONNER.

I am on fire until I see them flame.

GARDINER.

Ay, the psalm-singing weavers, cobblers, scum.

The fourth Act rises in heroic dig-
nity and interest. It is occupied
chiefly with the martyrdom of Cran-
mer. To the nobles who come to
intercede for his pardon, Mary ex-
claims:

All your voices
Are waves on flint. The heretic must burn.

THIRLBY.

O Madam, if you knew him
As I do, ever gentle and so gracious,
With all his learning—

MARY.

Yet a heretic still.
His learning makes his burning the more just.

THIRLBY.

To do him any wrong was to beget
A kindness from him, for his heart was rich,
Of such fine mould that if you sowed therein
The seed of Hate, it blossomed Charity.

MARY.

Enough, my Lords,
It is God's will, the Holy-Father's will,
And Philip's will and mine, that he should
burn.

He is pronounced anathema.

HOWARD.

Farewell, Madam,

God grant you ampler mercy at your call
Than you have shown to Cranmer.

Meanwhile Cranmer in his cell
resists the arguments, the threats,
the cajoleries of the emissaries of
Rome; bitterly repents his swerving
from the true faith; and thus com-
munes with himself:

O higher, holier, earlier, purer Church,
I have found thee and not leave thee any more.
It is but a communion, not a mass,—
No sacrifice, but a life-giving feast.
A holy supper not a sacrifice.
No man can make his baker. (Writes.
So, so; this I say—thus will I pray.

The brutal Bonner comes in and
upbraids the meek and dove-like old
man, and on his departure Cranmer
makes the pungent remark,

This hard, coarse man of old hath crouched to
me
Till I myself was half ashamed of him.

Addressing his own "thin-skinned
hand and jutting veins" with which
he had signed his fatal recantation,
he says, while shrinking as if he
already felt the flames,

You shall burn too,
Burn first when I am burnt.
Fire—inch by inch to die in agony! Hooper
burned
Three quarters of an hour. Will my legs
Be as wet as his were? It is a day of ruin
I will not muse upon it. My fancy makes
The fire seem even crueller than it is.
No, I do not doubt that God will give me
strength,
Albeit I have denied him.

He afterwards publicly recants his
recantation, casts himself on the
mercy of Christ alone, and renounces
all the figments of popery.

As for the Pope, I count him Anti-christ,
With all his devil's doctrines: and refuse,
Reject, abhor him. I have said.
(Cries on all sides.
"Pull him down! Away with him."

The following is the description of
his martyrdom:

Cranmer, as the helmsman at the helm
Stoers, ever looking to the happy haven
Where he shall rest at night, moved to his death;
And I could see that many silent hands
Came from the crowd and met his own: and
thus,
When we had come where Ridley burnt with
Latimer,