

mined her health. Sir Fabian at a later period narrowly escaped with his life and suffered banishment from the kingdom, in that same holy cause for which his son had died. And during the last years he was on English soil, was known only for his zeal in serving and ministering to Priests and other holy Confessors of the faith, in particular those confined in the dungeons.

The wretched Christopher became by the prayers, I doubt, not of his young master whom he had betrayed, a fearless Catholic aiding Sir Fabian in the works he had in hand, and ever an object of suspicion to that Topcliffe, in whose service he had well nigh lost his soul.

As for me, I linger about the environs of Overton Manor now in ruins through the fury of the priest hunters. I am as a weed cast on the shore despised even by Master Topcliffe. But in my heart overshadowing all else is the memory of my little lad and most dear pupil, who died confessing that faith, which I had my share in planting as a good seed in his soul. I am sustained by the hope that soon I shall see him, that Knight of God, his stainless armor, blood red beautiful with the life blood of his martyrdom.



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