

words, "I am with you all days until the consummation of the world." It was well understood that he was with men. He himself had said, elsewhere, "If any man loves me, the Father will come to him, and I will come to him, and we will take up our dwelling with him." Where, then, was the necessity of reiterating the promise, and of putting it in such a formal manner, "I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world?" Did he confer anything by this promise more than was given to men under the old law? Nothing. In the Protestant sense he gave nothing, because he was always, under their dispensation, with those that loved him. He therefore either meant nothing when he said these words, or he meant to indicate some peculiar, some especial, some wonderful manner in which he was to be with his church. Did he indicate what manner that was to be? Yes. The night before he suffered he took bread into his holy and venerable hands, and said to his apostles, "Take and eat ye all of this, for this is my body;" and taking the wine, he breathed upon it and said, "Drink ye all of this, for this is the blood of the new and eternal testament which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins." Then to his apostles he said, "That which ye have seen me do, do ye also in commemoration of me," and he gave them power to change bread and wine into the very substance of his body and his blood. He gave them the power to substantiate him under the appearance of bread and wine, the substance gone and nothing remaining but what is necessary to conceal Jesus Christ from the eyes of the people, in order that man might have the merit of faith, because faith is the belief in things that appear not. Thus did he remain; and if he did not remain thus, then I say he meant nothing—no privilege, no special endowment to his church in the day that he promised her that he would remain with her unto the consummation of the world. Where do we find this presence? Only upon the altars and within the tabernacles of the Catholic Church. Here again I appeal to your own sense and reason. A stranger coming to your land from a pagan country, who never heard of these special doctrines of christianity, goes through the length and breadth of this land. He enters any temple of religion. He finds four walls—the church—built in church form, but he sees no sign of life. There are no adorners there, bowing down and indicating by their actions the presence of God. There are no lights burning around an altar; there is no altar, no place of sacrifice; there is no presence there to speak a word to him of God. He may see, perhaps, verses round about the walls; he may see the ten commandments lifted up over a table; they may indicate the word of God;—but of the presence of God he sees no sign whatever—no life, no living thing there to show it. He enters a Catholic church in any of our cities, and the moment he crosses the threshold the twinkling of the living lamp before the altar catches his eye. There is motion at least; there is some idea of sacrifice. Something is being actually consumed and offered to some unseen power. Who is that power? Who is it for whom the altar has been built up? Who is it for whom that place of residence has been prepared? Who is it? He turns, and he sees some poor old woman and some aged man, or perhaps some Catholic youth, bowed down to the earth, making visible and sensible signs, such as man makes to God and to him alone, annihilating themselves, prostrating themselves and sinking themselves into the nothingness of their own being, before the mighty Being whom they worship; and the thought must be forced upon that stranger's mind: Here at least, I have the evidence of the presence of God. This is the place of God. If, then, that presence be among the promises Christ made to his church, even to the pagan and to the stranger the fulfillment of this promise is demonstrated only in the Catholic church. And here again—as I admire the unity of her faith, the unity of her worship, the unity of her praise, the very unity of her sacramental and religious language—do I see rising before me when I enter into thy halls, O Church of God, the magnificent presence of Jesus Christ. O, what an argument of divine love for man, that God should remain among his creatures forever! O, what an argument of the dignity, the value and the grandeur of our human nature that the eternal and the infinite God should make it his daily dwelling-place, though in the midst of mankind! O, how wonderful is the fulfillment of those ancient prophecies in which the Lord said, "And my delight and my joy is to be among the children of men!"

The third promise that Christ made to his church was, that her voice should be heard in every land, and that she was to grow amongst the people until the ancient prophecies of David should be fulfilled. "And to every land the sound of their voice has gone forth, even to the farthest end of the earth." Where is this promise fulfilled? He called the twelve, and said to them, "My friends, before you lies the whole world; it is made up of many nations, many tribes and races of men. They are all hostile to you; they will cast you off and will put you to shame and ignominy; they will put you to death and think they have done a good thing; yet, now, I say unto you, go forth among them and preach and teach all the nations of the earth." Their mission was to the whole world. No longer was the truth or the presence of God, or the mystery of sanctity or the strength of divine grace to be confined to one nation, or to one people. No longer were certain narrow boundaries to restrict the action and the presence of God, among men. No longer was one nation or tongue privileged to possess him or his truth. No. But forth, were these twelve to go, into every land, into every nation, bringing with them the message that He gave them. "Go forth," he said, "and teach them." Behold the message of truth. "Go forth and baptise them." Behold the message of sacramental grace and sanctity. They went forth. They multiplied

by spiritual generation. They created their own successors, by the interposition of hands. Grace was poured abroad from them, unto the people, in light and sanctity within the sanctuary, unto their brethren in power and jurisdiction; and so the church of God spread herself unto every land and preached the gospel to every nation. Where is the country that has been able to shut itself out from her? They have built up, in their hatred ramparts between them and the church—ramparts cemented with the blood of martyrs; they have piled up the dead bodies of the slain to defend them from the approach of this great and awful church of God. Where amongst the nations has the red sea of the martyrs' blood been able to withhold or keep back the holy Jesuit missionary from going into every land and proclaiming the glory of Jesus Christ? Where has the monk or missionary ever been frightened or turned back because he saw the martyr's crown or the martyr's grave awaiting him? No; but they have followed the track of every conqueror; they have launched out into the most dangerous and unknown seas. Among those who were the companions of the great and the mighty intellect who saw in the far west the glorious vision of the country he came to discover, were the children of St. Francis and St. Dominic. And among the first sights that the American Indians beheld was the Dominican habit, which you behold upon me this night. The message was preached in every land. The grain of mustard seed, of divine truth, was cast into every soil. Did it increase—did it multiply? Yes. When every other sect, when every other religion came to a stand still and dwindled away into nothingness, the Catholic church maintains to-day all the vigor, all the strength, all the energy and commands all the devotion which were shown when the rulers of the earth stood within the Coliseum of Rome, to testify to their faith, and in the day when Las Casas crossed the Atlantic, and standing within the King's Council in Madrid, he pleaded the cause of liberty, the cause of justice and of truth for the Indians. This is acknowledged even by Protestant writers themselves. "It is a singular fact," says the great historian, Macauley, that for the last 300 years, since the day that the nations first separated from the church of God, the Protestant church has never made one step in advance—has never gained a convert. They are, to-day, he says, just as they were before Luther died." Nay, I will add; and pardon me if I shall endeavor to prove it to you, they have gone back. The present Archbishop of Westminster, whom I once knew, as a distinguished clergyman of the church of England, remarked some time ago, "It is a singular fact that the only progress, if you will, that Protestantism has made, since its establishment, consists in lopping off on every side, every point of doctrine." For instance, Luther believed in the presence of Jesus Christ in the blessed Eucharist. He never denied that. Those that came after him cut it off—denied it. Their successors believed, if not in the sacramental nature, at least in the indissoluble nature of matrimony, which is cut off in our own day. Then there is baptismal regeneration, which is denied in our own day. The necessity of a fixed form of belief was then acknowledged; to-day it is becoming most unpopular. So there is no form in the Anglican liturgy which is so unpopular as the Athanasian creed, because it makes a fixed and definite profession of the two great mysteries, namely, the Trinity in heaven and the incarnation of the Son of God in the Virgin Mary. Men say they do not wish it any longer. There are churches to-day in England where, if the rector, or the curate, or the pastor were to read the Athanasian creed from the pulpit, the best part of his congregation would get up and walk out. Whence comes all this? It comes from this: That the world will not accept Protestantism unless it be made to meet latitudinarianism—admitting anything or nothing. The world that refused to accept Protestantism unless on condition of denying everything stands before the Catholic Church as it has stood for eighteen hundred years, and, to that world, this great church of God will not, because she cannot, yield or sacrifice one single iota of her doctrines, one single word of that message of truth which the God of truth has put into her hands, upon her lips, and into her soul. One might imagine, therefore, that this Catholic church of ours might not be able to stand at all. She is accused of so many things that are true, accused of so many things that are false—accused of so many things that are true, that she is exclusive. Perfectly true. That she has no mercy upon any one that ventures to disagree with her upon any article of faith, but cuts him off—excommunicates him and says, "Anathema—be thou accursed."—Perfectly true, as true as the Gospel. The Catholic church is accused of having an iron rule, and of moulding every intellect in one mould in matters pertaining to religion. Perfectly true. The Catholic church is accused of desiring to intermeddle with education, to draw the education of the children as much as she can into her own hands, and to control the consciences of the people as much as she can. Perfectly true—perfectly true; guilty, guilty, my Lords!

It is true, and there is no gainsaying it. Why does the Catholic Church do this? Because she happens to have the truth of Jesus Christ, and instead of tearing down that truth to bring it to your level, she lays hold of you as the angel laid hold of Habbakkuk by the hair of his head, and she draws you up to the level of the divine truth, which cannot change; but you must come to it, so as to believe it and admit it. The Catholic church tries to grasp education! Certainly, because she knows that the child is father to the man, and as it is her duty and her business to make men of God, she tries to begin by making children of God. She knows that if the child is left irreligious in childhood it is not out of such material that she will ever be able to make a religious man. The Catholic church is accused of moulding intellects and consciences into its own mould, and putting everything into that one groove. Yes, that one mould, that one groove is the divine form of Jesus Christ. You don't wish to fit it unless you are made conformable to the Son of God, in the possession of truth, which is, in the possession

of grace in admitting the restraints that are necessary to qualify and sweeten your lives—unless you are made thus conformable to the Son of God you will not have part for fellowship with him in the glory and in the kingdom of his Father. The church does all this, because she cannot help it. The church is also accused of many things that are false; she is accused, for instance, of being the enemy of education, but strange to say, I have heard more than once in England, this accusation being made to myself against the church. I have heard the same men within five minutes charge the Catholic church with being too grasping—charging her with having too much to say about education, talking too much about it, and within the same five minutes charging her with being the enemy of all education. The Catholic church is accused of favoring ignorance in order that she may keep her hold over the people. No! that is as false as hell. The Catholic church knows well that her greatest enemy, without her, is the ignorance of the world, that refuses to look at her, that her greatest difficulty, within her, is the ignorant and uneducated portion of her children. The greatest difficulty without the church is not the intelligence of the world. No; from the highly educated, from the highly accomplished Protestant, the Catholic church gets the tribute, which history bears to-day. There is not a Catholic writer that has not paid, over and over again, such generous homage to the glory of the Catholic church that she has received from the highest Protestant writers, that is to say, men of the highest qualifications, and of the highest intelligence. The opposition that she receives, the hatred that exists, exists in the ignorant and the rude and uncultivated of those without her. So, in like manner, within the sanctuary, within her own pale, her educated children, in proportion as they receive knowledge, and rise to the fullness of intellectual excellence, in the same proportion does the church lean upon them, appeal to them, take a firm hold of them, and in precisely the same proportion are they the grandest pillars of the church, and the best fitted for their holy work. The highly educated Catholic is always the best Catholic. The more he knows the more will he prize and love that church in which he believes. The Catholic church is accused of being the enemy of progress. Now, I would like to know what this means. I believe many men in this day of ours speak of progress and they actually don't know what it means. Does it mean railroads? Well, railroads are material progress, for thirty or forty miles an hour is a much more progressive kind of advance than the crawling along at the rate of seven or eight. Does progress mean the electric telegraph, cotton mills, and steamboats? and what has the Catholic church to say to all this? She is very much obliged to the world when it invents these things. She is obliged to the men who build the railroads, because that railroad will bring her missionaries to every land. She is very much obliged to the man who establishes a line of ocean steamships. Those steamships will bring her bishops to Rome to take counsel with the Pope, and will send them home in speedier and better time back to their people. She is greatly obliged to the man who established the electric telegraph. These wires flashed to the end of the earth every decision of the late Vatican Council, so that the material world was brought into a closer resemblance to that instantaneous unity of thought which is the quintessence of Catholicity; but to say that the Church is opposed to progress as far as progress is material progress, is a lie. But there is another kind of progress my dear friends, and the Church is firmly opposed to it, and the Church is the salvation of the world because she is opposed to it. And what is that? It is the progress of an intellectual kind—the progress, for instance, that advocates Spiritualism, dealings with spirits, whether they are good or bad; and the superstitious which arises from it; the progress that results in what is called the doctrine of free love; the progress that unsexes women and sends her into the dissecting-room, or into some unwomanly place, there to debauch her mind in pursuit of knowledge; the progress that asserts that children are to be brought up from their earliest infancy in such independence as to give the lie to their father and mother; the progress that will assert that politics are a game that men are to enter into for their own aggrandizement and wealth; the progress that would assert that in commercial intercourse a man may do a smart thing although there may be a little tinge of knavery or roguery in it; the progress that will assert that every man has a right to think as he likes on every subject. These the Church is opposed to. If the Church were not in the midst of you to lay hold of you with bit and bridle, to bind fast the jaws of this society and of this age of ours; if the Church were not in the midst of you with the monk and the nun, whose consecration never changes, whose obligations are always the same from day to day, from the cradle to the grave, where would you be? Where would you be if this strong conservative power of God were not in the midst of you? Society would have been long since broken up, dissolved into chaos and reduced to its primitive elements of confusion and sin. The fourth promise made to the Church was, that it was to last forever. "I have built my Church upon a rock he says, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against her. I am with you unto the end of the world; I will send my Spirit of Truth upon you to lead you into all truth and to abide with you forever." Everything else will perish; the Catholic Church must remain as she was from the beginning, as she is now, and as she shall be unto the end. The Catholic Church must remain. We Catholics know this. It is an instinct with us. We know that the Holy Church can never be in danger. We deplore, for instance, the calamities of this age or that. We grieve when we see the Pope persecuted; we grieve when we see him robbed of the rights that the nations conferred upon him; we grieve when we hear of the persecution in China or Japan, and that Jesuits and other missionaries are murdered. We grieve for a thousand things like these, but who is there amongst us that ever yet imagined, that ever yet was tempted to think, that the Church was in danger, that anything could happen her. We know that everything else may perish, but she must remain. We have the evidence of it in her history. It may perish in this nation or that. She springs up by the inevitable destiny of her mission elsewhere. She perished many ages ago in the very cradle in which she was founded—in Palestine, in the Oriental countries. She took possession of Western Europe. She seems now to be persecuted even perhaps unto perishing, in some of the most ancient Catholic nations in Europe. Spain and Italy are in danger. If they fall, the loss will be theirs, and not the Church's. But so sure as the Church loses in one land she gains in another, and whilst we behold the bishops persecuted, the priests driven out, the churches tottering into ruins in the fair cities of Italy, we behold, far across the Western main, in this new land of America, Catholicity springing up, side by side with the great material development of the land—Catholicity—the only power in the world, the only religion in the country that keeps stride by stride, pace by pace, with the mighty material developments of Young America. Twenty years ago there was in this Hudson County, but one little Catholic chapel. To-day there are nineteen Catholic churches. Of what form, of what magnificence, look around and see. What does this mean? It means that when a nation is faithless, Almighty God permits his course to fall upon that nation, and the curse of God falls upon the nation on the day that she drives her Catholic faith out from her. But so sure as that Church of God is driven from this State or this city, so sure does the Almighty God send down upon another people and another race the grace to open their arms and to clasp, and embrace the knees of the Spouse of Christ, that wanders over the earth with the message of truth upon her lips, with the fullness of His knowledge in her

hands, that walks the earth, a thing of supreme and celestial beauty, destined to go forth, conquering and to conquer until the end of time. And so must she remain forever, ever growing in the faith of her children; ever growing in their devotion, ever renewing, like the eagle, from day to day, her divinely diffused strength and power, ever contesting every system of philosophy, ever denouncing every form of error, ever proclaiming the eternal law and laboriously and patiently, the Alma Mater, bringing out with confessional, at the altar, in all her influences of the Sacrament, bringing out in every soul which she touches, the divine loveliness of the God-like Church of Jesus Christ. "Such do we behold." Such do I see thee. Oh! Royal Mother, even as Paul of Tarsus beheld thee; thee whom Christ loved and for whom He laid down His life, that He might present thee to Himself a glorious Church, not having a spot, wrinkle or any such thing but holy and perfect in thy sanctity: such do I behold thee, as the prophet did, who beheld thee when he said: "Thou wast made exceeding beautiful, and thou wast made perfect in thy beauty, because I am beautiful." As such do I recollect thee, Oh, Mother! who hast begotten me by the Gospel unto Christ; as such do I recognize thee, Oh, my Protector! sanctifying all that thou dost approach; as such do I behold thee, with all the brightest intelligence of the world, in times past and in times present, bowing down before thy altars, accepting the messages of divine truth. As such do I see thee, when turning from the past I look into the future and behold thee as a crown of supreme and celestial beauty; shining forth resplendent and glorious in thy majesty, and crowning the brows of that glorious Western land, that in the latter days of the world's existence, will put forth all her strength and all her intelligence to uphold the glory of Christ and His Church.

One word before I leave. I came here this evening on behalf of this very cause of which I am speaking to you, for a Catholic church which is being built in this city by my respected friend, Father Hennessy. Of course when a priest assumes the task of building a church, he undertakes a tremendous obligation, and generally speaking, gets himself up to his eyes in debt. But, because of the divine principle that underlies everything in the church, he knows, that no matter how gigantic the undertaking, he is sure to succeed because the church which he serves never dies and never fails. To whom does he look for support? He looks to all his people, and he looks especially to his people who have learned, in the Catholic Church and under the influence of her grace, to uphold the sacred cause of temperance. He appeals to the generous-hearted people who have never been wanting in generosity, nor in truthfulness, nor in tenderness of heart—Irish Catholics, all the world over, only when the demon of intemperance was allowed to touch them with hell-born hand, and to dry up every bright and generous thing in them by the very breath of his infernal lips. You have risen, O my brethren, out of his power. You have shaken him off, and you have declared by your association that in this land of America, the Irishman will be the intellectual, generous, high-minded, temperate man, of whom the Church will be proud, and of whom the State will never be ashamed. You have made yourselves the apostles of this virtue, which, next to your faith, is the grandest of virtues, and without which, even faith itself is of no value, for the drunkard is rather a disgrace to the faith which he professes, and a stumbling block in the way of those who would find faith in him. Therefore, for you, O my brothers, have I come, and I would willingly lay down my life to strengthen you in this glorious resolution, which in this larger Ireland of America will build up the glory of her people, and will bring out as an influence of the land, everything that is bright and most generous and most intellectual, for all these are united in one word, when I see the sober temperate Irishman.—Persevere for the sake of home and loved ones, family and of nation. Persevere for the sake of your own souls. Persevere for the sake of that church which you love, and in which you believe, that she may be able, while she puts the words of her power on my lips to turn to you and say, "If you want to know what sanctity is in the Catholic church, if you want to know what powerful influences are in her, behold her children. She is not ashamed of them. They are the strongest element of her power and of her life."

lic Duke of Anjou, with whom Elizabeth thought she was in love, as she had been with so many others. For the third time was Campion then put on the rack, and treated more cruelly than ever; he was, in fact, so cruelly rent and torn upon the torture that he thought they meant to make away with him in that manner. Yet Lord Hunsdon said that one might sooner pluck his heart out of his bosom than rack a word out of his mouth that he made a conscience of uttering. When his keeper asked him next day how felt his hands and feet, he answered, "Not ill, because not at all." When he was brought to the bar, and told to hold up his hand, his arms being pitifully lacerated by his often cruel racking before, and he having them wrapped in a furred cuff, he was not able to lift his hand so high as the rest did; and was required of him; but one of his companions, kissing his hand so abused for the confession of Christ, took off his cuff, and so he lifted up his arm as high as he could, and pleaded "not guilty," as all the rest did. "I protest," he said, "before God and His holy angels, before heaven and earth, before the world and this bar where I stand, which is but a small resemblance of the terrible judgment of the next life, that I am not guilty of any part of the treason contained in the indictment, or of any treason whatever." Sherwin added, "The plain reason of our standing here is religion, and not treason." "This prosecution," says Hallam, "was UNFAIRLY CONDUCTED, and supported by as slender evidence, as any perhaps, that can be found in our books." William Lee, the foreman of the jury, was an informer and fanatic, and he doubtless well understood what the government looked for at his hands. The rest were of a similar stamp, friends of Caesar rather than of God, and a verdict of guilty was returned. The verdict was received with astonishment, for the lawyers and gentlemen present thought an acquittal was certain; but what other verdict could be expected from a packed jury, to whom Popham, the Attorney-General, had plainly signified the Queen's will? The Christian world, however, learned it with amazement, for it was notorious that Campion had scrupulously kept himself unmixt with all matters of state, and had avoided political discussions even amongst his intimates, so that there was not a shadow of any ground of accusation against him; but the jury knew that the work was to be done, and that the trial was but a blind to screen the chief actors from the appearance of murder. When the Lord Chief Justice asked the prisoners what they had to say why they should not die, Campion, calm and dignified, rose and said: "It was our death that ever we feared. If we answered the charges brought against us, it was because we knew we were not lords of our own lives, and, therefore, for want of answer would not be guilty of our own death. The only thing that we have now to say is, that if our religion do make us traitors, we are worthy to be condemned; but otherwise are and have been as true subjects as ever the Queen had. In condemning us you condemn all your own ancestors—all the ancient priests, the bishops, and kings—all that was once the glory of England, the Island of saints, and the most devoted child of the See of St. Peter. For what have we taught, however you may qualify it with the name of treason, they did not uniformly teach?"

TO BE CONDEMNED WITH THOSE OLD LIGHTS, not of England only, but of the world—by their degenerate descendants, is both gladness and glory to us. God lives; posterity will live; their judgment is not so liable to corruption as that of those who are now going to sentence us to death." As we write the sentence now passed by the chief-justice, our face crimsoned and burns with shame; but it is better that it should be written, in order that this generation may know more of that virgin Queen whose greatness England is never tired of boasting. "You must go to the place from whence you came, there to remain until ye shall be drawn through the open city of London upon hurdles to the place of execution, and there be hanged and let down alive, and your privy part cut off, and your entrails taken out and burnt in your sight; then your heads to be cut off, and your bodies to be divided into four parts, to be disposed of at her Majesty's pleasure. And God have mercy on your souls." Campion then cried aloud, "We praise Thee, O God, we confess Thee to be our Lord." Sherwin took up the song. "This is the day which the Lord hath made, let us exult and rejoice therein." All the prisoners expressed their contentment and joy, some in one phrase of Scripture, some in another, whereby the multitudes in the hall were visibly astonished and affected. They were then taken back to their respective prisons, were put in irons, and otherwise hardly treated. In the council-chamber there was some indecision as to the execution of Campion. Some of the councillor's considered that a man of Campion's GENIUS, KNOWLEDGE, SCHOLARSHIP, EUROPEAN REPUTATION, gentleness of manner, and integrity of life, could not be executed without rousing the indignation of Europe, without wantonly sacrificing one of the ornaments of the English name, or without disgracing the fair fame of English justice, since the trial had been public, and had convinced everybody except the jury that he was innocent of treason. Lord Burghley, with whom was the puritanical part of the council, overruled all doubt, and clinched the matter by saying that Campion and Sanders were in the same boat; and as they could not catch Sanders, they must hang Campion instead. This was an avowed principle of action during the reign of the Tudor dynasty, that if the real culprit could not be caught or could not be punished, punishment must be inflicted on the first substitute that could be found. Friday, the first of December, was eventually appointed to be the day of execution, and Campion prepared himself for it by five days' fast from temporal and bodily sustenance, and by two days' abstinence from sleep and bodily rest, bestowing those two nights in meditation and prayer. He met death calmly and cheerfully. In the splash and mud of a rainy December morning, he was brought forth from his cell, clad in the same gown of Irish frieze which he had worn at his trial, was bound on a hurdle which was tied to the tail of a horse, and with a smile on his face was dragged through the gutters and filth, followed by a rabble of ministers and fanatics to

A MEMORY OF TYBURN.

THE CRUEL SUFFERINGS OF FATHER EDMUND CAMPION—A LIGHT OF EUROPE MARTYRED FOR THE OLD FAITH. (From the Liverpool Catholic Times).

In Catholic countries, and according to Catholic usage, it is not lawful to hold courts, serve processes, administer judicial oaths, or examine witnesses, on Sundays or holidays; but it was one of the refinements of cruelty in Elizabeth's reign that priests were subjected to torture on Sundays or other great Catholic festivals. It was on a Sunday, July 30th, that the Lords of the Council wrote to the Inquisitors, Drs. Hammond, Hopton, Norton, and Beale, to instruct them how to proceed with the saintly Campion; and directing them "to deal with him by the neck" if he refused to answer the questions put to him. It was on Sunday, or on the anniversary day of St. Ignatius's death, or on the Festival of St. Peter ad Vincula that he was first led to the rack-chamber; but the function for which the Council in mockery chose a holiday was to him a function of a religion—a glorious confession, which was to win his eternal crown. As he passed the threshold of the door, he crossed himself on the breast; and whilst he was being stripped and bound to the rack, he invoked the names of Jesus and Mary. They racked him, but they racked in vain, although they asserted the contrary, as was their wont to entrap others; but Lord Burghley wrote to Lord Shrewsbury that he would confess nothing of moment and Campion himself wrote to a fellow prisoner, Proud, that he "had discovered no things of secret"—that is, which were not already known—"nor would he, come rack, come rope." And yet whilst this heroic and innocent man thus wrote, he had declared "that racking was more grievous than hanging, and that he had rather choose to be hanged than racked." His appearance proved the truth of his words, when he was brought to a conference in the Chapel of the Tower; for his sickly face and mental weariness, his memory destroyed, and his force of mind almost extinguished, shewed to the bystanders how he was worn with the rack. "Was it," he asked, "an answer to his challenge to rack him first, then deprive him of all books, and set him to dispute? When life was in question, with the gallows before and the rack behind, the mind was hardly free for philosophy. He did not compare the cruelty of the English with that of others; he only complained of the positive tortures inflicted. He never persecuted; it was folly to make distinctions when there was no difference, for the Elizabethan racks were as bad as the Marian executions; he had experience, and he had rather be hanged than racked. He told Hopton he did not complain of what he had suffered, he only deplored the sufferings of Catholics, who were daily treated in the prisons like thieves and murderers." The audience was sensibly moved at this, when Beale interposed, and said the racking and torture was not for religion, but for treason; whereupon Campion rose, and with indignation cried out, "If you can prove me

GUILTY OF ANY CRIME EXCEPT MY RELIGION, I will willingly agree to suffer the extremest tortments you can inflict." The minions of Elizabeth were silent. On Sunday, the 29th October, 1581, directions were again given by the Council to put Campion on the rack, as it was thought the blood of a few Catholics was required to reassure the Puritans, in consequence of the expected arrival of the Catho-

TYBURN.

the altar on which so many martyrs shed their blood for the faith. "There was throng on Tower-hill," says the writer of his life from whom these details are taken, "there was throng through all the streets; but the throng at the place of execution at Tyburn exceeded all that anybody could remember." They had been gathering all the morning in spite of the rain and wind; and now when the hurdles were driven up, the clouds divided, and the sun shone out brightly. Campion was put into the cart under the gallows, and with his head in the halter, after the mighty murmur of so many people was somewhat stilled, lifted up his sweet voice, and with a grave countenance stoutly spoke out. "The words of St. Paul are verified this day in me, who am here a spectacle unto my Lord God, a spectacle unto you men. As to the treasons which have been laid to my charge, and for which I am come here to suffer, I desire you all to bear witness with me that I am thereof altogether innocent. I am a Catholic man and a priest; in that faith do I intend to die. If you esteem my religion treason, then am I guilty; as for other treason, I never committed any. God is my judge. But you have now what you desire. I beseech you to have patience, and suffer me to speak a word or two for discharge of my conscience. He protested that he was guiltless and innocent of all treason and conspiracy; craving credit to be