

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

A MIDNIGHT CALL.

Miss Mary was sitting on her hat before the little blurred mirror in the kitchen. The sun shined in through the drawn green shades of the south windows, making speckled patches on the bright rag carpet, and the cat basked in a letter square of sunlight before the screen door. Out on the sunken steps of the back porch, the blue of a hunched figure in checkered jeans, his shoulders hunched over, his elbows upon his knees, meditatively chewing and gazing into space.

"Glory be to God, Hank!" cried Miss Mary, peering out at him. "Isn't it a awful thing? Every day alike to you, and never your foot inside a church on Sunday!"

The man on the steps granted.

"It's the sorry woman your poor old mother'd be if she had lived to see this day!" went on Miss Mary, a bright red spot showing on either faded cheek.

"You that never goes to Mass and hasn't kneeled your knee to a priest in twenty years—her only son!"

"Miss Mary caught her breath sharply. "Glory be to God!" she cried again, raising her voice in anger to hide its quiver. "You won't go to Mass, and you don't know the hour God'll call you away without warning!"

"Tend to your own soul, Mary Ann, and don't mind me!" said the man, sulkily. "It's none too good you are yourself!"

He got up, sideways, and shambled down the steps and into the backyard, out of hearing, where he stood smoking his shoulders still hunched over, one hand grasping and holding up the elbow of the hand that steadied the pipe in mouth.

Miss Mary sighed and muttered in useless anger. She put on her worn silk mitts and took up her parasol. The cat stretched in the sun and followed her lazily to the front door.

"Good bye, Peter," said Miss Mary to the cat and shut the screen door. Peter stretched himself in the sun and yawned and went back to his sunny spot.

Miss Mary picked her way with old-fashioned daintiness down the blackened board walk and up the tree-lined street. The little dressmaker crossing the road at right angles met her at the corner.

"Good morning," she said, timidly, "going to Mass?"

A gleam of sharp humor came into Miss Mary's eyes and her thin lips twitched; where else would she be going at this time of a Sunday morning? Then she frowned coldly, and her old face hardened. Miss Mary had a feeling of enmity toward the little dressmaker, and even her sense of humor would not let her abandon for an instant.

"Good morning," she said. "Yes, I'm going to Mass."

The little dressmaker fell into step beside her. "I'm going, too," she said. "It's a real pleasant day, isn't it?"

Very much the same scene had been enacted on this very corner every Sunday morning, rain, hail or shine for fifteen years now—ever since the little dressmaker had first come to Sayre and hung up her shingle on a cottage far from the house into which Hank and Miss Mary had moved, but a year or two before her coming. From her front window she could see Miss Mary leave her gate, and there, as Miss Mary suspected, the little dressmaker stood, Sunday after Sunday, gloved and bonneted, waiting for Miss Mary's appearance, when she had just time to meet her at the corner. Miss Mary had been frankly surprised that first Sunday morning; she had never dreamed that Miss Mary had come to Sayre. She held her tongue, too, when the little dressmaker told Miss Mary and her neighbors, simply and in a few words, that she had come to Sayre to settle down. Beyond these brief Sunday morning walks, Miss Mary purposely saw nothing of the dressmaker. Some one found out that they had both come from the same home town. The village gossips tried to find out more about it, but somehow the most curious did not get at the truth.

And the truth was very pretty. When Hank was young and full of life and God-love, before his mother's death he and the little dressmaker had been sweethearts. She was not the little dressmaker then, but, care-free Kittie Klein, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, and as beautiful a girl as the country held. It was in the days before Hank had taken to railroading the precious existence. He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow, and he was a good son, for whom the farm life and Christian obedience and love for Kittie Klein made up the sum of a very happy life. The years passed in sunshine, and the light storms of youth; the crops prospered and brought rich returns, and Kittie Klein began to make her wedding clothes. Antoinette, Miss Mary's oldest sister, had married and gone to live in the city. They were glad that she was happy—and it made more room for the coming of Hank's wife. They got a new team and new farming implements, and Miss Mary and her mother bought new parlor furniture. Those were sunny days, and Hank's spirits ran high.

And then, troubles came, as sometimes happens—not singly, but in battalions. Ever afterwards Miss Mary turned from the memory of those days with bitter tears. Little Cassie, the youngest and best beloved of their home ones, sickened and died that spring. The doctors could do nothing to keep her on earth, and there were those who said that she was too good to live. Her loss was a blow to them all, and the widowed mother drooped. She was ill, too, during the summer, and the doctor's bills multiplied. That season a long period of drought was followed by incessant rains, and the crops were well-nigh ruined. Some of the cattle were visited with distemper, and died. Little wrinkles of trouble crept into Hank's face, and, never a patient fellow, he railed at their increasing ill-fortunes. The farm had to be mortgaged. The widow bowed her head to God's will and went out into the kitchen and the dairy and the farmyard with Miss Mary—a thing she had not done in years. Hank, grown suddenly sober and preoccupied, repeated his nightly rosary with less and less fervor. Hank had to disturb him a matter more potent to him—than the farm. He and Miss Kittie were to have been married that spring, but he had had to put it off. Miss Kittie, vivacious and self-willed as she was, was vexed. She pouted and sulked and flirted with former lovers. Hank's heart was sore.

Until this time Hank had never touched liquor, and he had always been a good practical Catholic. No one can blame Miss Mary because she laid his fall from grace to a sleight of ride. It was one Saturday night that he had taken Kittie to a sleigh ride. It was late when he got home—so late that Miss Mary had fallen to sleep on the lounge while waiting for him, and if her eyes had not been half closed when she let him in, she might have noticed how wild and white was his face. He went upstairs without a word, and Miss Mary could hear him pacing up and down his room as she sank to slumber.

Sunday morning dawned clear and crisp, and Miss Mary and her mother were dressed and had breakfast laid, but no Hank came downstairs. At 10 o'clock the horses were not harnessed—Miss Mary had gone out and fed them—and Mass was said five miles away. His mother went upstairs with a slow tread. Hank lay in bed with his eyes closed, his head pillowed on his arms. She called him, gently first, then sharply when he did not answer. He opened his eyes and looked at her.

"Do you know what time it is?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "It's after 10."

The widow's eyes opened wide with surprise. "Would you be late for Mass?" she cried.

"I don't care, he said, sullenly, "I'm not going."

The widow walked with a cane. She stood and stared at her son for one speechless second. Then she thumped her cane upon the floor.

"Get up!" she thundered. "What ever the cause of this madness, you shall go to Mass while I live!"

Hank got up and harnessed the horses and drove with them to Mass. Next day Kittie Klein went away on a visit, and on Tuesday Hank went on the first train of his life. Would to God that it had been the last!

Things went headlong to ruin then, despite his mother's and Miss Mary's efforts to keep up. When, in a month, a repentant and a sobered Kittie came home to reclaim her lover, it was too late. That last quarrel had been the bitterest thing of Hank's life. He had run away from the scene of his unhappiness and was trampng the country, "looking for a job." The railroad invariably gets these rambling ones, and Hank became a switchman in the yards at Sayre. Something in the reckless risk of this life no doubt appealed to the man's weak misery.

The following year the mortgage was foreclosed, and the widow died. Kittie Klein was there when she died. In spite of the coldness and disapproval with which they treated her, Kittie clung to those relatives of her lost lover. Hank had not reached her dying bed. Her fading old eyes sought bravely to outstare death until he should come. The priest stood by, the last sacraments having been administered, reverently reading the prayers for the dying. The widow's face was calm but for that one straining; she was ready and glad to meet her Maker. Her breath became more labored, and death dew gathered on her forehead. It was all too evident that she could not last until her son came. She sought Miss Mary's grief drawn face and turned from it to sobbing Kittie Klein. Her eyes said much, but they were softened and pitying.

"Tell my son—I will—watch—over him," she said, and died.

Kittie Klein did not see Hank to deliver that message, for Hank would not see her. Even when she had followed them to Sayre and a consequent change of fortunes, her one time lover so managed it that he never encountered her. Miss Mary, with all a woman's unforgiving pride, had little sympathy for poor Kittie in her lonely state, and for fifteen years Kittie had not been able to break through the wall of Miss Mary's cold disdain.

Hank had not gone to Mass since his mother's death, and it was twenty years since he had gone to his duty. Miss Mary's sad old face bore marks of the heart-sick worry which this had caused her. Every prayer and act of her life was wholly for his redemption. It was the one boon that she craved from God.

"If nothing more, let it be the grace of a happy death, dear God," she prayed again and again.

Hank knew that she was incessantly praying for him. Sometimes he scoffed at her. The railroad had hardened him until he was a bit of unreasoning mechanism. He had drunk until he thought that he could not live without it, and he had lost all pride in his personal appearance. At forty, Hank was unbelievably changed from the gay, handsome, healthy youth whom Kittie Klein had first loved.

To day Miss Mary was even shorter than usual in her replies to the little dressmaker. There had been a big smash up in the freight-yards the night before, and some one had been killed. It hurt Miss Mary to think of it. Dear God, how near Hank was to death every night of his life! And his soul—ah! that was the worst of it!

An old white haired lady in faultless widow's weeds was going into church just ahead of them. She walked with a cane, which she hit upon the ground, determinedly, as she walked. Miss Mary and the little dressmaker exchanged a sudden glance; the same thought had come to both of them.

"How like—" Kittie Klein began, impulsively.

Miss Mary's mouth set hard, with a click. She turned from her companion and swept into the church, her cheeks burning with resentment, her eyes bright with sudden tears.

The little dressmaker could not catch

up with her after Mass. Miss Mary could not bear to see Kittie just then.

It was that very week that Hank was to lay off and did not. There was no good reason for his postponing this desired vacation. The hand of God guided our acts.

The little dressmaker was making a bride's dress, and she had sat up late into the night to finish it. It had been very hot all day and evening, and the big kerosene lamp in her room had drawn added heat and many flies. These buzzed around her now and made her nervous with their droning noise. The clock ticked monotonously and the heavy night breeze blew the window curtains at her back with a rubbing, snapping sound. Off in the freight-yards the engines shrieked and clanged their bells, and the switching cars came together with intermittent crashes. She snivered at each new crash and patted down with caressing fingers a fold of the wedding gown. She had wept many bitter tears. She wept over the memory of her own wedding gown folded away in lavender blossoms lived very dear to her heart.

Kittie Klein was not a brave woman. She was a timid one, and now, as she sat alone at night, she had barricaded her opened window with a curious arrangement of chairs to thwart any intruder's attempts to enter. She blessed herself when a belated wayfarer's step passed along the broad walk beneath her windows, and she breathed more freely when it had echoed away into the distance. The hollow ring of the clock made her heart quicken; and when suddenly, without a warning step, a knock sounded at her door, fear seemed to drive the breath from her body. She crushed her hands into the wedding-gown and sat, unable to stir. The clock said 3.30. Who could it be at this unearthly hour?

The knock sounded again, impatiently. It was a light, feeble knock, like a child's.

"Who's there?" she called. She stood up, grasping the table, and her knees shook her whole body. There was no answer. "Who's there?" she called again.

The knock was repeated and prolonged with feeble strength.

Kittie grasped the scissors in her right hand and the lamp in her left and went to the door. She unlocked it with trembling fingers, and opening it cautiously, with her light held up, peered into the porch. The night was without moon or star, an inky blackness.

A small, thin boy stood in the porch. He had on overalls with a bib over the shoulders and a pair of little bare arms. His hat was tattered around his face. He was unmistakably a railroad's child, but the little dressmaker did not seem to recognize him.

"What do you want?" she exclaimed.

"There's a man been hurt under the big bridge, and he wants the priest," the child piped. "I seen your light, and I'm afraid to go alone."

"You poor darling!" cried Kittie. "I'll go right along with you!"

She turned and hurried back into the room, screwing down the light as she went. She set it on the table and ran back to the door, just as she was, without waiting to throw a wrap over her perspiring shoulders. The dying light of her lamp shone into the porch and showed it empty. She called to the child and ran to the gate, but she could not see him. Fear choked her. The freight cars in the yard just then came together with a mighty crash, and together with a yard-siren yelled an order. His voice was terrible in the night air. It seemed to give wings to Kittie's feet. The child had said that a man had been injured under the big bridge and that he wanted a priest. She tore open the gate and ran out over the uneven board walk. At the corner she turned toward the church.

She had been running some minutes before she heard the footsteps beside her. She turned and saw a man in a dark suit who was running with her, but she could see no one. She looked over her shoulder and ran faster. She was no longer a young girl nor lithe, but fear spurred her onward.

In a little while she knew that footsteps persistently kept beside her, and before she reached the corner she heard the labored breathing of a spent runner at her right.

The little dressmaker fell up the parochial steps and pounded upon the door.

"Father, Father, Penschal!" she cried, "a man is dying in the yards and wants you!"

The good priest had put his head out of the upper window. "Why, why, Miss Kittie!" he cried, "I'll be with you in a moment."

Kittie threw herself about her back against the door panels, and peered into the darkness. She called, but no one answered her. She could see nor hear no human thing.

"I must be going crazy!" thought the little dressmaker.

The priest found her in an incredibly short time, and they started back toward the yards on a run.

"Who is it that is hurt, my child?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know, Father!" she cried. "A child came to the door and told me that a man had been hurt under the big bridge and that he wanted a priest, and when I stepped out to come with him to get you the child was gone!"

The priest looked at her strangely. He took her arm to aid her tired steps, for somehow it seemed quite natural to both of them that she should be going with the man of God on this strange night mission.

And now again as she ran, on her other side, the little dressmaker heard a third person running, a little ahead of them this time, as if guiding and urging them onward. She wondered if the priest heard the footsteps, too. His face was white and strained, and his brows were knitted. The uneven boards trembled beneath their feet, and now and then a dog barked at them.

Down the main street they sped and turned down the black, bush-lined path

that led beneath the great bridge. Lights were moving about on the ground before them, and there was a curiously hushed confusion all about. Kittie's throbbing heart grew suddenly still with choking horror. She had remembered all at once that Hank's shanty was here, beneath the great bridge.

An engine was snorting at the brink of the ditch beneath the bridge and beside it, a man was upon his knees holding the head of a prostrate comrade.

"It's poor old Hank Murphy," a grimy fellow told the little dressmaker, kindly, surprise at seeing her stamped upon the shining black face. "The engine just struck him backing up."

"Just struck him!" cried Kittie.

"Not a minute ago," said the man. "We all saw it, but we hadn't time to do a thing!"

The men gathered back, respectfully, toward Kittie and the shanty and for the first time in twenty years, Hank was alone with a confessor. Miss Mary's prayers were answered in God's own way.

"Didn't you send a little boy for the priest?" persisted Kittie dazedly.

"He was just hit," the men repeated, staring at her. "Blue Pete struck out in a minute for the doctor and Hank's sister, but he ain't had time to get back yet."

"Hit just now," the dressmaker repeated to herself, as though awakening from a dream, "hit just now!" Then, somewhere on the night breeze behind her, a voice floated to her ear: "Tell my son—" It said, "I will—watch—over him."

When Miss Mary, awakened by the kindhearted railroad, came stumbling down to the tracks, a wrapper thrown carelessly over her nightdress and opened at her shriveled neck, and her sparse gray hair straggling about a wild face, the doctor was already bending over Hank. The priest was beside him, too, kneeling in the cinders, praying as only a priest can pray. The men had brought up the stretcher. Miss Mary brushed against it as she rushed forward.

"O my God!" she shrieked and threw out her old hands to Hank.

The doctor put her aside roughly.

"Hurry, boys, the stretcher!" he cried, in a strange, ringing voice, "and get this man to my office as quick as you can! It looks like only a few ribs broken—" He stopped and checked, nervously; he was a soft-headed man. "It's not often, boys, an engine strikes a man and lets him live to tell the tale!"

The men picked up the stretcher with unspeakable relief writing on their rough faces, and Hank was borne away, groaning a little, but with such a look upon his face as is had not worn in twenty years. The priest followed them.

"By God!" cried the remaining switchman, in his rough, coarse way that meant so much less because it was but part of the iron body that he led, "I believe that Hank ain't done for yet, Miss Mary! An' I dunno what saved him!"

Miss Mary stumbled away from the track. The little dressmaker rose up from the darkness and confronted her. "I went after the priest, Mary!" she cried. "Your mother came to the door with a little boy and sent me after the priest! I couldn't see her, but I saw the child, and I heard her running beside me all the way, and I could hear her breath! Oh, Mary, Hank's been to the doctor and he isn't dead!"

Miss Mary shook her head in dumb bewilderment and mumbled wildly. Her breath gurgled in her throat, her eyes were dry and staring, and a feverish red had crept into her blanched cheeks. She stumbled past and up the black, bush-lined path, looking straight ahead and Kittie Klein followed her weeping hysterically now. Once she looked down and saw that Miss Mary's feet were bare and bleeding from the shoe cinders.

At the doctor's steps they met a man coming out.

"The ribs on his right side and his right leg are broken," he said to Miss Mary in a kind of awe-struck voice; the railroad didn't often leave its victims thus. "They're going to set the leg now, and then the doctor says he can be carried straight home."

Miss Mary answered him, incoherently, an uncomprehending look of fear upon her wild face. Kittie had her own shoes off and was upon her knees, forcing them on Miss Mary's bare feet.

"I'll go right home for you and get his bed ready," the little dressmaker was saying. "You go in and hold his hand while they set his leg. Poor old Hank!" she added, wistfully.

Miss Mary turned upon her, fiercely.

"I guess I can get his bed ready myself!" she choked. She stood looking down at the little woman kneeling at her feet. The wild look went slowly from her face. "And Hank ain't killed?" she murmured dazedly.

The little dressmaker sobbed anew. "Ain't God good!" she cried.

Miss Mary stooped and lifted the little dressmaker to her feet. "I wouldn't have hysterics!" she said in her old sharp way. "Go on and hold his hand yourself!"

She gave Kittie Klein a gentle push toward the doctor's door; the years had belatedly rolled away.

And Kittie Klein went into the doctor's office, her pale, faded face all pretty with a new light. Hank would live and the past was past. The men turned curious eyes upon her. They didn't know, but that didn't matter. She went to Hank, and he put out his hand to her. Outside, Miss Mary was hurrying home to get things ready for the coming of Hank. Her face had not held a look like this for many years.

—Jerome Harte, in Bonziger's Magazine.

SURE REGULATORS.—Mandrake and Dandelion are known to exert a powerful influence on the liver and kidneys, restoring them to healthful action, inducing a regular flow of the secretions and imparting to the organs complete power to perform their functions. These valuable ingredients enter into the composition of Parment's Vegetable Pills, and serve to render them the agreeable and salutary medicine they are. There are few pills so effective as they in their action.

THE CARTHUSIANS IN ENGLAND.

BY COUNTESS DE COURBON.

A few months ago we had the good fortune to visit the fine monastery where a certain number of exiled French Carthusians have found a home. When we say "visit," we mean that while the gentlemen of our party freely explored the interior of the building, we, who belong to the "devout female sex," were made welcome at the comfortable little hostelry that stands outside the precincts of the cloister.

The country where the exiles from France have pitched their tent is in the fairest part of Sussex, an undulating, wooded, park-like district, which, when we saw it on a cloudless June day, presented an image of peace and prosperity. Cottages buried in flowering crocuses, hedge-rows bright and fragrant with clustering wild roses, emerald-green meadows, and, in the far distance, the breezy uplands of the Sussex Downs made up an ideal picture of English rural life.

The Parkminster property upon which the Carthusians have bought their monastery was bought in 1874, nearly thirty years ago, by the French Community of "La Grande Chartreuse," in Dauphine. Their object in acquiring this large estate was twofold: they wished to provide a refuge for themselves and their continental brethren in case of emergency, and, also, by founding a Carthusian monastery on English soil, to pick up the broken threads of a glorious tradition—threads that had been roughly severed by the so-called Reformation.

The Parkminster estate belonged to an Englishman, Mr. Boxhall, who, after building a country house on the property, made up his mind to sell it—a fact of which the French Carthusians were informed by a priest, whose parish lay close to Parkminster. Three of the Fathers, dressed as laymen, came over to England, visited the property and decided to buy it on behalf of their community. One of these was an ex-Russian General, Baron Nicolai. When he signed the final agreement as to the sale, he gave as his place of residence, La Grande Chartreuse.

"Do you, then, live in a village near the Chartreuse?" inquired Mr. Boxhall, a prejudiced Protestant.

"No, indeed," was the reply, "I live in the monastery itself."

"You are a monk!" was the horrified exclamation. "Had I known this I would not have consented to sell my property to you!"

In the end, however, Mr. Boxhall, upon becoming more closely acquainted with the newcomers, felt his prejudices melt away, and the past and present owners of Parkminster lived on cordial terms with each other.

As may be expected, the exiled French religious who now fill the huge monastery are peculiarly interested in the fact that, after nearly four hundred years, they have been permitted by Providence to restore the Order of St. Bruno on English ground.

Until that fatal hour when Henry VIII. dissolved the monasteries that covered the ancient Isle of Saints, the English Carthusians were deservedly popular and flourishing. They possessed, altogether, nine monasteries: Axholme, Sheen, Epsworth, Beaulieu, Coventry, Shrewsbury, Witham and Axholme, and seem to have been, as a rule, excellent religious.

The London Charterhouse of the "Salutation of the Most Holy Mother of God" was a perfect example of a fervent community. Father Maurice Chaucey, who eventually sought refuge abroad with some of his brethren, belonged to the London Charterhouse, and has left what Froude calls "a loving, lingering picture of his cloister life."

The same writer, who cannot be charged with an undue partiality for Catholics, acknowledges that monastic traditions in their best and highest form were firmly implanted among the London Carthusians: "St. Bede or St. Cuthbert might have found himself in the house of the London Charterhouse, and he would have had few questions to ask and no duties to learn or to unlearn."

A thousand years of the world's history had rolled by, and these lonely islands of prayer had remained still anchored in the stream, the strand of the ropes which held them wearing now to a thread and very near their last parting, but still unbroken.

The Prior of the London monastery was John Houghton, a man of good birth and education, dignified in appearance, whose unusually holy life was the fitting, though unconscious preparation for a martyr's death. Chaucey, in his history of the last days of the Charterhouse, tells us that the humble and gentle Prior was "admirable and sought by all," that he was "much beloved and esteemed" * * * ever an indulgent brother to each individual religious of his community."

The same tells us that during the year 1533, mysterious signs and warnings struck terror into the minds of men. The King had divorced Queen Catharine and married Anne Boleyn, and, though he had not as yet broken with Rome, to thoughtful minds the future seemed disquieting. Whether the "Gloves of Fire" and other alarming signs of which Chaucey speaks were really supernatural manifestations, or merely hallucinations caused by extreme mental tension, it is certain that a general feeling of anxiety prevailed, and even the Carthusians, although cut off from worldly affairs and interests, felt that danger was ahead. By degrees, they were brought face to face with the evil that for some time past had threatened the Catholic Church in England.

Finding that the Pope, Clement VII., refused to sanction his marriage to Anne Boleyn, Henry VIII., as our readers know, assumed, in 1535, the title of head of the Church of England, and the Carthusians, in common with the prelates, priests and monks in the kingdom, were required to acknowledge him as such.

Far from showing himself aggressive or narrow-minded, Prior Houghton yielded to all the King's demands as long as they touched on political questions only; thus he consented to accept the new act of succession drawn up in favor of Anne Boleyn's heirs, with the

restriction: "So much as the law of God doth permit," but there his concessions ended; at an end; his loyalty to the Church was now at stake, and the path of duty lay clear and straight before him. With the penetration of a singularly holy soul, he realized that this path led to a violent death, and in his exhortations to his brethren he strove to prepare them for the fate that awaited the community. Froude, a prejudiced Protestant, owns that "with unobtrusive nobleness did these poor men prepare themselves for their end. There is no cause for which any man can more nobly suffer than to witness that it is better for him to die than to speak words that he does not mean."

At the command of their Prior, the monks celebrated a solemn "triduum," or three days' prayer, which was closed by a High Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost. Chaucey tells us that during the Mass a "whisper of air" passed through the chapel, followed by the unearthly echo of "a sweet, soft sound of music. We all remained stupefied," he adds, "hearing the melody, but knowing neither whence it came, nor whither it went."

In April, 1535, Prior Houghton was arrested and removed to the Tower, together with two other Carthusian Priors who had come to seek his advice as to the line of conduct they must pursue: Robert Laurence, Prior of Beaulieu, and Augustine Webster, of Axholme. The Westminster, tried before the court of treason because of his rejection of the King's spiritual jurisdiction, and condemned to the hideous butchery which, at that time, was the punishment of treason.

On the 4th of May, they were led forth to die, and from the window of his cell Blessed Thomas More, a prisoner for the same cause, wistfully looked after the little group: "See, Meg," he said to his daughter, "these blessed Fathers going as cheerfully to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage."

Clad in their snow-white robes, calm and collected, the three Priors, accompanied by a Bridgettine monk and a secular priest, shared their fate, lay down on the hurdles that were to draw them to Tyburn. The journey lasted three hours, during which—the procession having stopped—a brave woman, another Veronica, devoutly knelt by the martyrs; whose heads almost touched the ground, and wiped off the dirt and dust that covered their faces.

A pardon was offered to each as they mounted the scaffold, if even then, they consented to yield, but the five firmly refused, and Prior Houghton, in clear voice, explained to the assembled multitude that if they declined to obey the King it was neither from "malice nor rebellion," but simply "because their consciences" forbade them to do so.

Within the Parkminster monastery, there are, we are told, large pictures, terribly realistic in character, that represent the execution of the three Carthusian Priors, but however painful they may appear, these paintings do not in any way, exaggerate the horror of the ghastly butchery that went on under the eyes of King Henry's courtiers, who were present at the scene.

It was even reported that the royal Mount Grace, Hull, Epsworth, Beaulieu, Coventry, Sheen, London, Witham and Axholme, and seem to have been, as a rule, excellent religious.

A more lingering agony awaited some of the martyrs' remaining brethren. Three of the chief members of the community were executed at Tyburn in the June that followed Prior Houghton's death, but nine others, among whom were six lay-brothers, perished of starvation and misery in the dungeons of Newgate. They were chained upright against the wall, unable to use their hands, and let thus to drop off, one after another, from weakness and want. A touching incident is related of these brave confessors; during a few days Margaret Clement, the adopted daughter of Mr. Thomas More, succeeded, by bribing the jailer, in entering their prison; going from one to the other, she fed them by putting bread and meat to their mouths, and thus cleaned the dungeons as best she could.

Unfortunately the King having expressed surprise that the prisoners were still alive, the jailer became alarmed for his own safety; and refused to allow Margaret to continue her charitable ministrations.

Many years later, at Malines, in Belgium, Margaret Clement, who had "Red beyond the seas" to practice her religion in peace, lay on her death-bed surrounded by her confessor, her husband and her children. Suddenly, her eyes brightened, and her lips moved, and, as she gazed on this once invisible object, her whole countenance expressed unutterable joy. Around her bed she explained, stood the Carthusians whom she had last seen in the darkness and filth of their London prison; mindful of her charity, they had come to take her home and, smilingly bowing her head, she obeyed their summons.

The story of the Carthusians who survived if less tragic, is scarcely less pathetic: they were kept close prisoners in their own Charterhouse, deprived of their books, and treated with such severity that some of them, worn out by cruel privation, consented to take the oath. When Queen Mary ascended the throne and the Catholic faith was restored, the monks belonging to the different Carthusian monasteries so ruthlessly destroyed by Henry VIII., assembled at Sheen, and chose as their Prior, Maurice Chaucey, who, although he had in a moment of weakness taken the oath, afterwards bitterly repented and appears to have been in other respects an exemplary religious.

Upon the accession of Elizabeth they were again forced to leave their home, and they retired to Bruges, where they lived in community. Prior Chaucey died in Paris, in 1581, and Roger Thomson, the last of the old monks who made their novitiate in England, died a year later.

A well-known English Catholic of the day, Sir Francis Knollys, who frequently visited the English Carthusians at Bruges, related to them the following curious tale. Some of his tenants, who lived near the old monastery at Sheen, assured him that for nine nights to-

gether they had seen the ghost of a Carthusian monk who was buried in the old church. In fathom the mystic against the walls, the singing monks, warded resumed, listeners vowed the voice of a Father every one knew. From Bruges, the Carthusians remained there for the second half-century; the last of the old monks who made their novitiate in England, died a year later. A well-known English Catholic of the day, Sir Francis Knollys, who frequently visited the English Carthusians at Bruges, related to them the following curious tale. Some of his tenants, who lived near the old monastery at Sheen, assured him that for nine nights to-