

unable to speak other words than "Oh, my father! Oh, father!" He blessed her, and exhorted her to patience submission to the will of God. The night before his execution he wrote with a coal, the only material he had, a very touching letter to Margaret, which she afterwards traced with ink and treasured as sacred the rest of her life.

On the morning of July 6, his old friend, Sir Thomas Pope came to tell him that it was the King's pleasure that he should die that day before nine o'clock. Answering Sir Thomas Pope who could not restrain his tears, More spoke gratefully of the King: "And so, God help me, am I bounden to His Highness most of all, that it pleaseth him so shortly to rid me from the miseries of this wretched world; and therefore will I not fail to earn to pray for his Grace both here and also in the world to come. I beseech you, good Mr. Pope, to be a mean to His Highness that my daughter may be at my burial." "The King is content already," replied Pope, "that your wife and children and other friends shall have liberty to be present thereat." "Oh how much beholding, then, am I unto His Grace, that unto my poor burial vouchsafeth to have so gracious consideration."

Roper tells us that the scaffold was very unsteady, and this gave him occasion for another exercise of his merry wit, testifying to his pure heart: the just man "shall laugh on the last day." "I pray thee see me safe up," said he to the lieutenant of the Tower, "and for my coming down, let me shift for myself." Then desired he all the people to pray for him and to be witness with him, that he should there suffer death in and for the faith of the Catholic Church." So says Roper.

Kneeling down, he said his favourite prayer, the psalm *Miserere*. The executioner asked his pardon as usual, and More kissed him, saying cheerfully: "Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thy office. My neck is very short, take heed, therefore, thou strike not awry for saving of thing honesty." More had brought with him a handkerchief; he blindfolded himself, and putting his head upon the block received the fatal blow that will forever encircle his brow with the martyr's halo.