

Of me more must be heard of,—say I taught thee:  
 Say, Wolseley,—that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,—  
 Found thee a way out of this wrack to rise in;  
 A sure and safe one, though my master miss'd it.  
 Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;  
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?  
 Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that hate thee.  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not.  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st,  
 O Cromwell,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King.

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O Cromwell, Cromwell,  
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Could anyone have looked from the pen of a professed Catholic for expressions of sentiments more befitting the repentant last days of an ambitious prince of the Church?

In "Romeo and Juliet" how happy is the contrast of monastic calmness and philosophy, blending with the kindly sympathies of human nature, in the person of Friar Lawrence! Who does not feel that the "Benedicite" of the venerable priest falls on the hearing of the love-stricken Romeo with a soothing and beneficent sound? The consent of the Friar to unite the lovers in wedlock is grounded on the Christian hope of putting an end to the feud of two noble families. The subsequent device for rescuing the unhappy Juliet from the misery of a forced marriage, though calamitous in its results, proceeds from the sympathy of a tender and philanthropic heart. Even