

He procured a decree from the pope forbidding the clergy to pay any taxes to the king without the papal consent. This was an insult which a high-spirited, powerful king could not brook. It was an interference with the management of his own affairs which he could not fail to resent. And resent it he did.

All England was on his side, and he knew it. Edward was a man who, though intensely religious, felt that, pope or no pope, he must rule in his own country. The protection of the law, therefore, was at once withdrawn from the clergy—a terrible enactment. Any one might rob, maltreat, and even kill a clergyman, and the law could not punish him. At once the king himself pillaged the archbishop and took from him all he had, even to the saddles in the stable! The archbishop fled to the country, a poor man, living on the alms of the people. In a short time he convened a synod. The king attended. The bishops and clergy present had to decide between king and pope, and Edward was strong enough to carry all but two (the Archbishop and the Bishop of Lincoln) against the papal decree.

The triumph of the king was complete, and for Winchelsey he had no kindly feeling, yet he still treated him as archbishop, and even entrusted him with the guardianship of his son Edward, the heir to the throne.

But new difficulties arose. Edward was pushing his wars against Scotland. Scotland dreaded the idea of being conquered by him, and therefore sold itself to the pope. Boniface VIII., the pope at the time, was always eager to get money, and accordingly accepted Scotland at a valuation. At once Edward was notified, through the Archbishop of Canterbury, that he must discontinue his attack upon Scotland. The archbishop had much difficulty in reaching the king, who was in the wild lands of Scotland, a country which, from the difficulties and dangers of travelling, was as far off nearly as the ends of the earth are now. It took twenty days to travel from Canterbury to Carlisle. But he did at last reach him, and the deliverance of the papal decree did not add much to the love that Edward bore to Winchelsey. The king saw the difficult position in which he was placed, for he did not want to displease the pope; at the same time he had not the faintest idea of giving up his hold upon Scotland. He, therefore, delayed a reply till he could summon his parliament. This he did, and moved his barons with so much indignation that they, in their own name, refused to recognize any other suzerainty over Scotland than that of King Edward.

At this parliament Winchelsey wrote treasonable things against the king. The letter fell into Edward's hands. He summoned the archbishop to his presence. The unsuspecting prelate came with his usual pomp and splendor,

but at once he saw that the terrible king, tall as a giant, was in anger. The king showed him the letter, and merely said the word "traitor." Winchelsey begged for mercy, and wept like a frightened schoolboy. The king was softened and let him go; but he handed him over to his court, who, in return, delivered him to the pope. A new pope, Clement V., a weak, unworthy man, was now in the pontifical chair, and, to please the powerful King of England, summoned Winchelsey to Rome.

And the archbishop, hated by king, clergy, and people, was now summoned to trial by the one man for whose power and prestige he had suffered everything. His woes brought on a paralytic stroke, as he waited unnoticed, neglected, and in abject poverty, the will of the pope.

But at this critical moment Edward I. died, and his weak, dissolute, unworthy son, Edward II., summoned the archbishop back to England. This unexpected good fortune restored health to the exiled primate, and he gladly returned to England. He wished very much to arrive in time to indulge his love of display at the coronation of Edward, but he was unable to do so; he was obliged to relegate the ceremony to others.

On his return to England Winchelsey acted with more wisdom than of yore, and soon won the better feelings of the clergy. He also exerted himself to restrain the foolish doings of the unworthy king. He had found out that it was better to serve the country within whose bounds he lived than to trust to a foreign power which had shown itself ready to desert him in order to further its own ends. He died at Oxford on May 11th, 1313, and was buried in Canterbury Cathedral.

Edward II., young, weak-minded, and dissolute, the unworthy son of a worthy father, now found himself called upon to nominate some one to be Primate of England. He soon made his choice, and nominated Walter Reynolds, sub-Dean of Salisbury. Reynolds was the son of a baker at Windsor, and became one of Edward's favorites when he was yet but Prince of Wales, as for the first time the heir to the British throne was called. Edward I. did not approve of his son's companions, but the young man clung to Reynolds, who kept in his good graces by supplying him from time to time with money; and when he became king he took care to advance his favorite. The monks of Canterbury had elected Thomas Cobham, who went to Rome to be confirmed in the election; but Edward wrote to Celestine V. and easily persuaded him to appoint Reynolds. The monks of Canterbury, of course, had to submit. Thus a man but indifferently suited for such a high position became, in the year 1314, the occupant of St. Augustine's chair. The foolish Edward, who delighted in lavishing honors upon un-