

(1820); another in Paris, the Moorat College, founded by an Armenian gentleman of that name; and, lastly, a Hospice in Rome, as the residence of the Superior-General of the Province. The members of these various Houses are, like their brethren at Vienna, engaged in educational or literary work; while others are sent to the various Armenian Missions in Constantinople, Smyrna, Trebizond, Erzerum and Tiflis. The disciples of Mechitar, at the present day, include three Archbishops, three Abbots, sixty-six Doctors of Sacred Theology, and nearly two hundred Monks.

(To be continued.)

THE GREGORIAN MARTYRS.

THE trials and sufferings of our Catholic forefathers, three hundred years ago, have recently engaged the attention of the public. Hopes are entertained that the Holy See may bestow the highest honour of the Church upon our English Martyrs, and by adding them to the glorious roll of Saints who have shed their blood for the faith, make manifest to the Catholic world their constancy and fidelity. Amongst those Martyrs are sons of St. Gregory's, and if we look with interest and pride on the children of Alma Mater who have signalized themselves in the senate, the bar, or the army, in literature, art, or science, with what admiration and reverence should we not regard those who have displayed here the highest phase of Christian heroism, and are now crowned in heaven with the Martyrs' crown. It will then be in unison with the public feeling of the present day, and cannot but be gratifying to the readers of the "Downside Review," if we record in its pages the acts of those who, trained within the walls of St. Gregory's, have suffered for the faith.

St. Gregory's was founded in the year 1605, in the reign of James I., hence no Gregorians suffered under Elizabeth; and although soon after its foundation Priests were ordained and left the Monastery for the English Mission, it was not until the great struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament that a Monk of St. Gregory's was executed. In the reign of James I. and the early years of Charles I. we find them in prison, and enduring the sufferings and trials to which Missionary Priests were exposed; but the unwillingness of Charles to shed blood for religion lessened

the number of actual Martyrs, until the year 1640, when the puritanical bigotry of the Parliament compelled him to put in force the stringent laws against Catholics. We give the names of those who were professed at St. Gregory's and who suffered Martyrdom, or died in prison, and we propose to sketch the life of each so far as the records supply information, commencing in this number with F. AMBROSE BARLOW. We understand that in the New Church a chapel in honour of the English Martyrs has been promised, and as special prominence will be given to our Gregorian Martyrs, these sketches will have an additional interest.

LIST OF GREGORIAN MARTYRS.

1641. *Sept. 10.—F. Ambrose Barlow, at Lancaster.*
 1644. *July 26.—F. Alphonsus (or Ildephonsus), Hesketh, or Hanson.*
 1646. *June 30.—F. Philip Powel (or Prosser, or Morgan), at Tyburn.*
 1679. *May 9.—Br. Thomas Pickering (lay brother), at Tyburn.*

DIED IN PRISON.

1641. *July 20.—F. Laurence Mabbs, in Newgate.*
 1646. *Mar. 12.—F. Boniface Wilford, in Newgate.*
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1612. *May 30.—F. Maurus Scot, at Tyburn, professed at Sahagun, in Spain; and*
 1642. *Jan. 31.—F. Alban Roe, at Tyburn, professed at St. Laurence's, spent some time at St. Gregory's in the intervals of banishment.*

F. AMBROSE BARLOW.

A sketch of the life of F. Ambrose Barlow will contain few incidents that are not recorded in "Challoner's Memoirs of Missionary Priests," but it needs no apology to the readers of the "Downside Review," for reproducing in a different dress the account of one of Alma Mater's greatest sons. In the pages of Challoner, as we read life after life of those who suffered the same dangers, the same judicial inquiry, the same kind of death, the distinction of persons becomes confused, and the individual character is lost in the general idea of the persecution. By drawing attention to our Gregorian Martyrs in a Review specially dedicated to the interests of St. Gregory's, it is hoped that Gregorians will become familiar with their lives and actions, recognize their special characteristics, distinguish them from other Martyrs of the period, and acquire a veneration for those with whom there is the common tie of the same Alma Mater.

The sense of freedom, and the facilities for the practice of religion, enjoyed by Catholics now, render it difficult to picture the inner life of a family in the heat of the persecution of Elizabeth or James I. The harassing penal code, the frequent fine, the constant surveillance, the loss of lands, the iniquitous courts, the occasional imprisonment, are but the most marked incidents of life in that period; but they do not take us into the social circle and disclose the vexations, trials, and anxieties that were the daily lot of every Catholic family. The isolation from the society of Protestant neighbours, and the exclusion from any public office of trust, had the effect of throwing the family on its own resources: the rumours of fine and imprisonment, perhaps Martyrdom, inflicted on friends dear to them, caused many an anxious moment: the dread of the appearance of the enemy, the vigilance against spies, and the care to keep out of the meshes of the law, put every member of the family on the alert: the coming of a Priest, his danger while with them, his departure, or his protracted absence, created a degree of excitement and apprehension, which we can now scarcely realize. The difficulty of giving a Catholic education to the children, and its effect on the domestic life, cannot be under-estimated; and we doubt if a more touching picture of home life could be drawn than one which would show the eagerness with which the family greeted a letter from a son at Douay or Valladolid, an exile for education. Whether we picture the family gathered together at prayer or social converse, or follow the members to the silence of the private chamber, there is an interest attending their words, feelings, and thoughts, that has no counterpart in modern life. One thing is certain, and is supported by every letter and record extant, that there was a depth of piety, a staunchness of faith, an unflinching clinging to principle, that gain our admiration and reverence. The weak ones had fallen, the cowardly had fled, the negligent and indifferent had been swept away in the storm, leaving the strong in faith, the valiant in strife, and the fervent in devotion: the tares had been gathered, the chaff had been winnowed out, and the good seed remained waiting to be garnered.

Such was the family of Alexander Barlow, Esq. of Barlow, in the County of Lancaster. Lancashire never lost the faith, for many county families can show an unbroken record of fidelity, and until a few years back, Catholic property was contiguous from Southport to Lancaster, and even now, in the village of Little Crosby, there is not a single Protestant. The Barlows were no untried family; they

exhibited a long roll of ancestors who had shared in the struggles of the Norman and Saxon, the Crown and the Barons, the White and Red Roses, and they prepared to take a share in the conflict between faith and heresy with the constancy and fidelity of their sires. Mr. Barlow himself had already suffered in the persecution, but the loss of money and land made him cling closer to the Church, and strive to instil into the minds of his children principles of firm faith and solid virtue, that would make them too as staunch as their ancestors in the dangers that surrounded them. His son, Edward, the subject of our memoir, was born at Manchester in the year 1585. The early years of the child were watched over by a pious mother, who directed the first thoughts of his mind to the truths of God, and enkindled his tender heart with the warmth of her own devotion. Under this training were developed a happy sweetness of temper and an inclination to piety and learning; and to secure a liberal education, and at the same time to preserve his innocence, he was sent to a neighbouring school during the day, while the morning and evening were spent in the family circle. His parents, anxious lest the contact with companions should with increasing years wear away the freshness of piety, removed him from school at the early age of twelve, and placed him as a page with some relatives of their own, a Catholic family of quality.

In this position, he was ushered into the Catholic life of the day, he imbibed the noble, generous, self-sacrificing spirit of the time, and as he advanced in years, he naturally shared the dangers and anxieties that agitated every Catholic family. He would hear of the imprisonment or martyrdom of priests, would with youthful ardour envy the heroism of the confessors of the faith, with rapt attention listen to the recital of the examination or trial of one whom he had seen at the house, or may be, would have the opportunity of speaking with awe and reverence to one who had actually been within the walls of a prison, and faced the tribunal. The obstacles to the practice of our holy religion would come within his own experience: the difficulty and even danger of attending Mass, or approaching the Sacraments, and the means and devices that were adopted to secure these blessings to the surrounding peasantry, would make a deep impression on his mind. The arrival of a Priest at the mansion would always be a source of interest and joy, and as he listened to the venerable Father reciting the missionary labours, the narrow escapes, the journeys and perils undergone for the faith, his enthusiasm would be aroused, and the fervour of his young heart would be fired with emulation. The effects of all these

circumstances on an ardent youth, generous by nature, filled with devotion, and strong in faith, were not long in developing. On the one side, he saw the vanity of the pleasures of the world that suited not his tastes and aspirations; on the other, a life of sacrifice and heroism given entirely to God, and he resolved to relinquish whatever the world could give, and embrace a life of toil and privation, of prayer and suffering, to gain the glory of a Confessor of the Faith, perhaps even, a Martyr's crown.

After the lapse of three centuries, there is a halo around the Colleges at Douay which inspires us with a reverence for the old walls that have been the nursery of Martyrs and the training school of Confessors, but in the times of their life and activity, when month after month the soldiers of Christ were leaving for the battlefield, its very name must have enkindled enthusiasm in the breasts of those who were eager to join in the fray. It was to this home of Christian heroism that the thoughts of young Edward Barlow tended, and as soon as the preliminaries could be arranged he crossed the Channel, and took up his residence at the English Seminary. He there associated with two other young gentlemen of similar age and tastes who shared his chambers, and the three entered heart and soul into a life of study and discipline. They attended the course of humanities under the Fathers of the Society of Jesus at Anechin College.

During his studies at Douay, he became acquainted with the students and Monks of St. Gregory's, and was brought into closer connection with the community through his brother, F. Rudesind Barlow, who, although professed at Cella Nova, in Spain, had joined the new community of St. Gregory's. The charm of the monastic routine, the peace of the cloister, the chaunting of the office in choir, the great seclusion, the ancient splendour of the Benedictine name, fixed his attention and interest, and left their impress on his mind, and to the eager desire for the English Mission was added the inclination to give himself more entirely to God by the vows of religion. When he had completed his humanities, Dr. Worthington, the President of the English Seminary, sent him to Valladolid to study Philosophy and Theology, and he left Douay on August 23, 1610, being then twenty-five years of age.

At his new home he entered with even fresh vigour into study, urged to greater exertions by the thought that the subjects that now engaged his attention, appertained more directly to the attainment of the desire of his heart; but in the midst of his occupations the monastic quiet of St. Gregory's haunted him, its choir chaunt still

echoed in his memory, and the yearning of his soul for a religious life grew so strong and intense, that before he had finished his Divinity he applied to be admitted as a postulant at St. Gregory's. His brother, F. Rudesind, who had been elected Prior in 1614, was delighted to grant his request, and he returned to Douay and was clothed with the holy habit of St. Benedict, in 1615, taking in religion the name of Ambrose. He passed the greater part of his noviceship at the newly-erected Monastery of St. Benedict at St. Malo, in Little Brittany, but returned to St. Gregory's in 1616 to make his solemn profession at the age of thirty-one.

The constant call from England for Priests to supply the ranks of those whom the prison and the gibbet had taken from the vineyard, made the Superiors of the Colleges and Monasteries anxious to despatch their subjects as soon as they were ready; nor were the subjects less eager, for they contended for the honour of being the next in order to enter the persecuted land. Brother Ambrose Barlow had now completed his Theological studies, was of mature age, and gave signal marks of piety, zeal, and discretion, and hence, soon after his profession, he was ordained Priest and ordered to depart for the English Mission. The dream of his youth was realized, his earnest prayer was granted, he was a Benedictine Monk and an English Missioner. With alacrity and joy he crossed the sea, and as the white cliffs of his native land appeared, his brave heart and eager soul were exhilarated at the immediate completion of his hopes. No welcome awaited him, no friends greeted him, for a ban had been placed upon his landing—it was high treason to enter: a reward was due for his capture, and whithersoever he went the hirelings of hate and greed would dog his footsteps. In secrecy he landed, in disguise he travelled, until he reached his own county of Lancashire, which was to be the scene of his labours. He had come for a life of sacrifice and toil, and he would not take up his abode in the mansions of rich Catholic families, as was frequently the custom, for greater security, but settled down at the house of an honest country farmer, that he might be in the midst of the poor who could thus have more easy access to him.

It is unfortunate that the records of the apostolic labours of our Missionary Priests are but scanty: their deeds are not chronicled, for what would be of the highest interest to us, was to them a matter of daily routine: there are no doubt many letters and documents in private families that would throw light on these labours, but in the majority of cases we have little more than the account of the arrest, trial, and execution. So is it with F. Ambrose Barlow.

The details of his Missionary career in Lancashire are not recorded, but the following extract from Dr. Challoner gives a graphic picture of his quiet and unostentatious life :—

“ He was never idle, but was always either praying, studying, preaching, administering the Sacraments, or (which he used sometimes to divert himself with) painting portraits of Christ or His Blessed Mother. He was sometimes applied to to exorcise persons possessed by the devil, which he did with good success. He had a great talent in composing of differences, and reconciling such as were at variance, and was consulted as an oracle by the Catholics of that country in all their doubts and difficulties. He feared no dangers, when God’s honour and the salvation of souls called him forth ; and has sometimes, when engaged in such expeditions, passed, even at noon-day, in the midst of his enemies, without apprehension. And when some people would desire him to be more cautious, he would turn them off with a joke—for he was usually very cheerful and pleasant in conversation—so that, they who knew him best, thought he was in this regard not unlike the celebrated Sir Thomas More. Yet he was very severe in rebuking sin, so that obstinate and impenitent sinners were afraid of coming near him. Nothing more sensibly afflicted him than when he saw any one going astray from the right path of virtue and truth, more especially if it were a person of whom he had conceived a good opinion or had good hopes. Upon these occasions he would at first be almost oppressed with melancholy, till recollecting himself in God, and submitting to His wise Providence justly permitting evil to draw greater good out of it, he recovered again his usual peace and serenity.”

This glimpse of his Missionary labours discloses a soul thoroughly devoted to God, and as we turn from his outer works to his inner life we expect to find a personal character conspicuous for holiness and prayer. Martyrdom is a special favour granted by God, not to the negligent or indifferent, but to those whose virtue and saintliness have made the crown a fitting end to a holy life. A Martyr is usually a Saint before he is martyred, and so was it with F. Ambrose Barlow. While engaged in external work his thoughts were ever fixed on God, his life was a life of constant prayer : the fervour with which he celebrated his daily Mass instilled fervour into all who assisted : the Divine Office he recited with the utmost reverence : he showed a sensible joy at the approach of the fixed hour for meditation—it was to him as a banquet and the source and supply of heavenly light and strength. He had a special

devotion to the Passion of Our Lord, and like the anchorets of old, with his arms extended in the form of a cross, his eyes fixed on the crucifix, he was entranced in the contemplation of the sufferings of Christ; and so completely did he realize the power of that greatest love that giveth life for a friend, that he daily prayed that he might be worthy to shed his blood for his Lord. He also had a great devotion to our Blessed Lady; was fond of the Rosary, which he constantly recommended to his penitents.

From the holy Rule of St. Benedict he studied the virtue of humility and acquired a very lowly opinion of himself; and although the numbers who visited him were captivated by his sanctity, and could not restrain the expression of their esteem and reverence for him, he never relinquished the thought of his own nothingness. He hated vain-glory, which he called the "worm or moth of virtues," and sometimes by cheerful pleasantry, and at other times by serious rebuke, he sought to correct it in others. Through a contempt for the world and its vanities he was afraid of honours and dignities, and avoided great families and social gatherings. He loved the poor and the poor loved him, and he gave all that he had in charity. He had no servant, except when his health failed; he never used a horse but made all his journeys on foot. His clothes were simple and unostentatious like those of the farmers with whom he lived; he would carry neither sword nor watch. His diet was spare, consisting chiefly of white meats and vegetables, for he never took flesh meat except when abstinence from it would attract notice. He drank beer only, and that abstemiously; wine he never touched, alleging as his reason that "wine and women make the wise apostatize."

This simple holy life of self-sacrifice and saintliness comes to us as a vision of the apostolic times, but a still more vivid picture of the primitive Church is preserved, which the busy bustling Lancashire of to-day would scarcely recognize as happening not three hundred years ago. On the eves of the festivals of the Church, from village and hamlet, far and wide, the Catholics flocked to his humble farmhouse for advice and consolation, and to gather strength and grace from the very sight of the saintly man. They mustered in secret and filled the house, they sought not accommodation or sleep, but passed the night in watching and prayer, and in encouraging each other by spiritual conversation. F. Ambrose heard confessions almost all through the night, and with fervour offered up the Holy Sacrifice early on the festival morning, and distributed the Holy Communion to his visitors. Afterwards he provided them with a

repast, at which he and the more honourable members of his flock ministered to the poor, and, waited on them, taking their own meal from what was left. Before dismissing them he gave them an exhortation suited to the troubled times and their special needs, and on leaving gave to each poor person a groat in alms.

For twenty years he laboured in Lancashire in the midst of his own flock, occasionally undertaking journeys to assist a neighbouring district, or to say Mass in a gentleman's family. He did not escape capture and imprisonment for he was several times arrested, but released after a warning, or on the payment of a fine. The greater part of this period was a time of comparative peace, for Charles I. was averse to shed blood for religion, and although exile and imprisonment were inflicted, the needy condition of the royal exchequer secured the royal clemency by the payment of a fine. F. Ambrose Barlow was thus enabled to continue his zealous and holy life with occasional intervals of prison experience, where he gladly suffered the jeers and insults with which the rough gaolers greeted priests. He was so well-known in the neighbourhood that he scarcely attempted any disguise of his priestly character, hence, at every outburst of bigotry in the country, or the advent of a needy informer or spy, he was liable to be seized, so that many blamed him for thus publicly exposing himself to capture; his reply was: "Let them fear that have anything to lose that they are unwilling to part with." His friends pressed him to retire for a while from danger, and conceal himself with a relative in Cheshire, but he would not listen to them; the only thing he was unwilling to part with was his flock, so he remained with them, if, in attending to them, imprisonment or death came, it would be the fulfilment of his daily prayer.

Towards the end of the year 1640 he received information that some persons who were very dear to him, were about to commit a wicked crime, which would involve the ruin, not only of their own souls, but of many others; the horror of the sin, and the imminent spiritual danger of those whom he loved, produced such a shock to his tender conscience, that he was seized with a fit of the "dead palsy" (paralysis), which deprived him of the use of one side and imperilled his life. On his sick bed he heeded not the pains and weariness of his malady, but his chief concern was the thought that his flock was deprived of spiritual assistance, and he had the additional affliction of not having a Priest to administer the Sacraments to himself. The privation he felt acutely, and in this severe trial the following prayer reveals the state of perfection which his soul

had attained: "Lord, Thy will be done; a due conformity of our will to Thine, is to be preferred to the use of the Sacraments, and even to Martyrdom itself. I reverence and earnestly desire Thy Sacraments; and I have often wished to lay down my life for Thee, in the profession of my faith, but if it be pleasing to Thy infinite wisdom, in this illness, to take me out of the prison of this body, half dead already, Thy will be done." God did not desert his faithful servant but sent to him a Jesuit Father who brought comfort and joy to his heart, in the same way that, twelve years before, as he himself tells us, he ministered to F. Arrowsmith, S.J., in prison the night before his last conflict. He gradually grew better, and partially recovered the use of his side, although he remained sickly and delicate.

The comparative lull in the persecution was coming to an end: the great struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament had commenced, and as Catholics had shown signs of loyalty to the Crown, the Parliament made this one of the points of dispute, roused up the bigotry of the nation, and compelled the King to enforce the penal laws in all their severity. One of the first victims was F. Ambrose Barlow. On Easter Sunday, 1641, with feeble frame and tottering steps he had said Mass amid the sobs and tears of his little flock of about 100 souls, and mindful of the storm that was gathering over the land, he spoke to them of patience and resignation in the trials that were imminent; his saintly mien and emaciated form, breathing so much patience, touched their hearts even more than his fervent words. Not far off, a different scene was enacted. At the Protestant Church, the people had assembled for the festival of Easter—the feast of peace and reconciliation—and before commencing the service, the parson, robed in his surplice, appeared, and addressed them. On that solemn day, instead of the usual prayers and sermon, he proposed that they should show their zeal for the Gospel truth, and accompany him to arrest Barlow, that noted Papist Priest, whom they would be sure to find now in the midst of his flock, whereas, a delay till the end of the service might enable him to escape. The fire of bigotry had recently been enkindled, so that the proposition was received with acclamation, the expedition having attractions greater even than the parson's sermon. About four hundred in number, arming themselves with clubs and swords, they hurried helter-skelter, a tumultuous mob, through the lanes, the parson in his surplice leading the way to the farm-house where F. Ambrose was addressing his little flock. They surrounded the house and commenced to batter the door. The faithful inside, as soon as

they recovered the first shock of alarm, entreated their loved Father to conceal himself in one of the hiding places, always provided in houses where Priests resorted. The saintly man, although weak in body had vigour of mind and energy of soul, and he would not leave his beloved sheep to the mercy of the wolves outside, but exhorted them to constancy, and reminded them that the trouble and trials of this life were nothing compared to the joys above, stating that he himself was willing to suffer all things for Christ, and concluded by ordering the door to be opened. In rushed the mob, pushing and crushing through the entrance, and shouting "Where is Barlow! Where is Barlow! Barlow is the man we want!" Some of his flock gathered round him, but they were hurled aside, and as he stood, calm and collected, his lips moving in prayer, numberless hands seized him, and dragging him into their midst, they secured him, insulting and jeering his person and character. The surpliced parson gave the orders, commanded some to guard the prisoner, and others to search the house, and bid the Catholics disperse, warning them to put in appearance if called upon. The house was then searched for money and valuables: F. Barlow's chest was broken open, and although his clothes and other contents were tossed about, a bag of money lately sent by a charitable gentleman, escaped their greedy eyes, much to the gratification of F. Ambrose, who afterwards gave orders for the distribution of the alms according to the intentions of the donor.

The arrest had been made without any authority or warrant, simply at the instigation and direction of the parson, and in order to obtain some legal sanction for the proceedings, the minister determined to take his prisoner before a magistrate. The Catholics who had been compelled to leave the house, gathered outside, and resolved to make an attempt to rescue their revered Father as he came out, but with all the earnestness he could command he entreated them not to interfere; and as with them his slightest wish was law, they desisted, and with grief in their hearts and tears in their eyes they saw him hustled along, with clamour and glee to the nearest justice of the peace. The magistrate ordered him to be conveyed under a guard of sixty armed men to Lancaster Castle; he was thrust upon a horse, and so great was his weakness, that he was not able to remain upright on the horse's back, but required some one to sit behind to support him. Followed by the mob he was taken in a kind of triumph to Lancaster and lodged in the gaol.

He remained in prison from Easter to the Summer Assizes awaiting his trial; and although he was subject to the hardships

of prison life and prison diet, his sufferings did not aggravate his illness, but he improved wonderfully in health and strength. His friends were anxious to use their influence to procure his removal to London, or, as had been frequently the custom of late to obtain his banishment from the kingdom. But the holy man would not listen to these proposals: to die for this cause, he said, was more desirable to him than life—he must die sometime or other, and he could not die a better death. To the more importunate he told in confidence a vision that he had of F. Arrowsmith, who, thirteen years previously, on the night before suffering, came to his bedside (although F. Ambrose had not even heard of his arrest), and said to him, “I have already suffered, you also shall suffer: speak but little, for they will be upon the watch to catch you in your words.”

He spent the four or five months of captivity in prayer and spiritual exercises: from what we have seen of his life we can imagine with what fervour he prepared his soul for what he anticipated would be his last conflict. He was fond of reading Boethius' *De Consolatione*, and the gaoler seeing the delight he experienced in reading it, took the book away. F. Ambrose, at this uncalled for petty persecution, cheerfully remarked:—“If you take this little book away, I will betake myself to that great book from which Boethius learned his wholesome doctrine, and that book you can never take away from me,”—alluding to his practice of mental prayer. He would not be distracted from the thought of God, and when visitors came he would not allow them to speak of the ordinary topics of the world, but led the conversation to subjects that would tend to edification or instruction.

The day of the trial approached. The Parliament anxious to secure the execution of some Priest, sent instructions to Sir Robert Heath, who was to conduct the Assize, that if any Priest were convicted the extreme penalty of the law should be carried out, to strike terror into the Catholics, who were numerous in Lancashire. On Tuesday, September 7th, 1641, F. Ambrose Barlow was arraigned at the bar, and the indictment read, charging him with the offence of being a Priest, and exercising priestly functions. When he was asked whether he pleaded guilty or not, he freely acknowledged that he was a Priest, and had moreover exercised priestly functions in the kingdom for upwards of twenty years. The Judge inquired why he had not obeyed the King's proclamation, commanding all Priests to depart the realm before the 7th of April last. F. Ambrose replied that several persons

there present, and especially they who had brought him to prison, very well knew that he was then so weak, by a long and grievous illness, that he was noways in condition to obey the proclamation.

“What think you,” the Judge asked, “of the justice of those laws by which Priests were put to death?”

“All laws,” he answered, “made against Catholics on account of their religion are unjust and impious; for what law can be more unjust than this, by which Priests are condemned to suffer as traitors, merely because they are Roman, that is, true Priests? For there are no other true Priests but the Roman; and if these be destroyed, what must become of the Divine Law, when none remain to preach God’s Word and administer His Sacraments?”

“Then what opinion have you of the makers of those laws, and of those who by their office see them put in execution?”

“If, my Lord, in consequence of so unjust a law, you should condemn me to die, you would send me to heaven, and yourself to hell.”

“Make what judgment you please,” said the Judge, “of my salvation; for my part, though the law has brought you hither as a criminal and a seducer of the people, I shall not make so uncharitable a sentence upon you.”

“I am no seducer,” F. Ambrose replied, “but a reducer of the people to the true and ancient religion.”

The constancy and intrepidity of these replies on the part of one who was on his trial for life, astonished the Judge, who reminded him that his life was in his hands, and that it was in his power to acquit or condemn him. “And don’t you know and acknowledge that I sit here as your Judge.”

“I know,” said the prisoner, “and acknowledge you Judge in such causes only as belong to the temporal court and tribunal; but in spiritual matters, and in things belonging to the court of conscience, be pleased to take notice that I am judge; and, therefore, I tell you plainly, if by that unjust law you sentence me to die, it will be to my salvation and your damnation.”

This fearless reply seems to have ended the controversy, for the Judge directed the Jury to bring him in guilty. The next day, Wednesday, F. Ambrose was again brought to the bar to receive sentence, which was pronounced upon him in the usual form, viz.: that he was to be drawn, hanged, and quartered. He heard the sentence with a pleasant and cheerful countenance, and cried aloud “Thanks be to God.” He then prayed heartily to the Divine Majesty to forgive all who had in any way been accessory to his

death, and petitioned the Judge, as a last favour, that he might have a chamber to himself in the castle, where, for the short remainder of his time, he might without molestation apply himself to his devotions, and prepare for his exit. The Judge applauded his charity, and granted his petition.

Alone, in the silence of that cell, who can depict the thoughts of the saintly Monk as he spent the few hours before his conflict. There was no fear, no repining, no wish even to alter the doom—all was joy, a tranquil happiness, a thankfulness to God for this crowning mercy. His prayer was heard, his hopes fulfilled, and there remained now only to purify his soul, and to unite it completely to God, that the final struggle might be one pure act of love. They had taken away his crucifix, they had deprived him of external emblems of recollection! Taking two pieces of wood, he tied them in the form of a cross, and gazing on this simple symbol, the last hours of his own life were spent in contemplating the last hours of that of his Divine Master. On Friday, September 10th, the officers entered his cell to summon him to execution, and taking his wooden cross, he meekly followed them to the castle yard, where, without resistance, he was laid upon the hurdle, and dragged amid the surging people to the place of execution. When he was unbound, he arose, and carrying the wooden cross before his breast, walked three times round the gallows reciting the penitential psalm *Miserere*. His holy occupation, and recollected mien, did not prevent some ministers who were present from attempting to dispute with him about religion, but he told them that it was an unfair and unseasonable challenge, and that he had something else to think about at present than to listen to their fooleries. He ascended the cart, the rope was adjusted, and without a murmur, with a cheerful countenance, his whole expression concentrated in prayer, he gave the sign to the executioner; the cart was withdrawn, and his soul passed away in that act of greatest love that giveth life for a friend, and that friend, his God. The rest of the sentence was carried out, but we have no record of the disposal of his body.

He suffered in the 55th year of his age, the 25th of his religious profession, and the 24th of his Priesthood. Of his relics, at Taunton there is a bone two inches long, and at Stonyhurst a relic "*De Indusio Domni Barlow qui passus est Lancastriæ.*" A small piece was taken from the Taunton relic in 1852, and is now at Downside, and we presume will be placed in a position of honour in the new chapel of the English Martyrs.

The accompanying etching will be recognised by many of our

readers as reproducing the lines of the valuable portrait of Father Ambrose Barlow which adorns the College refectory. The artist, to whom our best thanks are due, has unavoidably omitted the Latin inscription which is given on the original, and which runs as follows:—"R.P. Ambrosius Barloe Sacerdos et. Mon: Ord. Sti. Benedicti Pro Fide Christi Sanguinem Fudit Lancastræ in Anglia 10 Sept. 1641."

THE LATE MR. SERJEANT HERON, Q.C., LL.D.

Amongst the various items of intelligence which it is the province of this Review to convey to its readers, no news possesses greater interest than that which relates to those who are, or have been, directly associated with St. Gregory's; and, although, it is always more gratifying to write of those who are still around us, it alas! occasionally devolves upon us to pay a tribute to the memory of friends who have been taken from us

A former student of St. Gregory's College has just passed away in the person of Denis Caulfield Heron, Q.C., LL.D., who, at the time of his death, was one of the leading Council for the Crown in the Irish state trials.

Educated at Downside, and at Trinity College, Dublin, he passed a distinguished university career, and became entitled by examination to a classical scholarship, which, however, by the statutes and constitutions of the University he was debarred from holding in consequence of his being a Catholic. He raised the question, nevertheless, before the Visitors, and the result of the struggle which he made was that scholarships for Catholics were soon afterwards established.

When the Queen's Colleges were instituted, he became one of the first Professors, but having joined the Irish Bar in 1848, and obtaining extensive practice, he soon resigned his professor's chair. For some years he represented the County Tipperary in Parliament, but was subsequently put out by the Nationalists, to whom he was obnoxious on account of his moderate Liberal views. He filled the office of Law Adviser to the Crown at Dublin Castle under Mr. Gladstone's Government during the Fenian troubles, and his connection with the Government was again, recently, renewed by his appointment as third Serjeant on the death of Mr. Serjeant