

**CREDO; OR, JUSTIN'S
MARTYRDOM. A
STORY FOR CHILDREN**

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Credo; or, Justin's Martyrdom. A Story for Children by Francis Drew

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FRANCIS DREW

**CREDO; OR, JUSTIN'S
MARTYRDOM. A
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C R E D O ;

OR,

Justin's Martyrdom.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY

REV. FRANCIS DREW.



R. WASHBOURNE,
18 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1882.

251. g. 441

TO
All Saints Francis,
I OFFER THIS LITTLE BOOK,
CLAIMING THEIR PRAYERS
FOR MYSELF AND THEIR OTHER NAMESAKES.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

1. OREMUS.
 2. DOMINUS VOBISCU.
 3. PATER NOSTER.
 4. PER JESUM CHRISTUM.
 5. VENI CREATOR.
 6. CREDO.
 7. AVE MARIA.
 8. ORA PRO NOBIS.
 9. CORPUS CHRISTI.
 10. DEI GENITRIX.
 11. REQUIEM.
 12. MISERERE.
 13. DEO GRATIAS.
 14. ANGELUS DOMINI.
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R. WASHBOURNE, 18 PATERNOSTER ROW,
LONDON.



C R E D O ;
OR,
JUSTIN'S MARTYRDOM.

CHAPTER I.

IN a window of an Oxford College that gave upon a grove of elms, where deer were browsing peacefully, two youths sat very much at ease; behind them by the table, whereon already luncheon was set out, a third was standing; and another lay stretched at length in a wicker lounge upon the floor. The last named and the first were smoking; the boy by the table, for he was little more, had but just entered, and had not yet put down his stick or taken off his hat.

'Oh, Cholmely, you'll be able to tell us,' called out his host from the window-seat by way of greeting: 'is it true that Gaskell of Osney has fallen victim to the charms of the scarlet lady?' You are rather thick, aren't you, with his great chum Heronshaw?'

The new-comer laughed.

'Your question is double-barrelled,' he answered. 'Yes, I know Heronshaw—we were at school together. Gaskell *has* turned Catholic. I suppose that's what you mean by the scarlet lady.'

'Of course it is,' returned Escott—'*vide* Rev. xvii. 3. I fear you don't read your *Rock* with unction, or you would not need to ask.'

'Poor Gaskell! I really gave him credit for more sense,' exclaimed the youth in the wicker *chouch*, as he himself called that whereon his big limbs lay (because, as he said, 'it is neither a chair nor quite a couch, and so one has to invent a portmanteau name for it, as Lewis Carroll does in "Through the Looking-glass"'). 'One would not suppose, to hear him speaking at the Union, that Gaskell was wanting in wit.'

'Perhaps he isn't,' Cholmely suggested drily.

His tall friend looked up surprised, and a trifle puzzled: he was not at all sure that the child, as he generally called Cholmely, was not snubbing him: moreover, Escott was laughing, and that confirmed his suspicions; and even Furnival, who did not know Cholmely, looked out from behind the curtain where he was ensconced, with an amused expression on his queer intelligent face.

'Well, I must say,' said Colville, stretching himself, and making his wicker lounge groan hideously in so doing; 'it seems to me that

those whom Rome would kill, she must first deprive of sense.'

Escott knocked the ash off his cigarette, and laughed.

'That's partly because you are so lazy, no doubt: you'll never get to heaven, my dear Colville, unless you can be carried there in an arm-chair.'

'I shouldn't mind driving myself there in a tandem,' the young man answered gravely; 'but surely, Escott, you don't sympathise with that sort of thing.'

'What sort of thing?'

'Changing your religion, and making a fool of yourself.'

'I think there are several ways of making a fool of yourself; and if a man thinks that the Roman Catholics have the only true religion, why I don't see how he can help changing his own—if he is at present a Protestant. But let's come to luncheon; sit down all of you. Ah, by the way you two don't know each other. Mr. Furnival of Waynflete—Mr. Cholmely of Radcliffe.'

When the introduction was over and all four took their places, for a few minutes no one said anything of importance; then they referred to the former topic.

Meanwhile I will try to do for you what Escott did for Cholmely and Furnival.

Escott himself, in whose room they were having luncheon, was a youth of twenty-two, of such standing in the University as to be on