

A shorter version of Campion's Bragge

St Edmund Campion SJ
London 1580

“To the Right Honourable, the Lords of Her Majesty's Privy Council:

I have come out of Germany, sent by my superiors, and adventured myself into this noble realm, my dear country, for the glory of God and benefit of souls.

I do now lay into your hands a plain confession that you may know directly, truly and resolutely, my full enterprise and purpose.

I confess that I am a priest of the Catholic Church in the Society of Jesus.

My charge is, of free cost to preach the Gospel, to minister the Sacraments, to instruct the simple, to reform sinners, to confute errors — in brief, to cry alarm spiritual against foul vice and proud ignorance, wherewith many of my dear countrymen are abused.

I would be loath to speak anything that might sound of any insolent brag or challenge, especially being now as a dead man to this world and willing to put my head under every man's foot, and to kiss the ground they tread upon. Yet I have such courage in avouching the majesty of Jesus my King.

And you will see upon what substantial grounds our Catholic Faith is builded, and hearken to those who would spend the best blood in their bodies for your salvation.

Many innocent hands are lifted up to heaven for you daily by those English students, whose posterity shall never die, which beyond seas, gathering virtue and sufficient knowledge for the purpose, are determined never to give you over, but either to win you heaven, or to die upon your pikes.

And touching our Society, be it known to you that we have made a league — all the Jesuits in the world, whose succession and multitude must overreach all the practice of England — cheerfully to carry the cross you shall lay upon us, and never to despair your recovery, while we have a man left to enjoy your Tyburn, or to be racked with your torments, or consumed with your prisons. The expense is reckoned, the enterprise is begun; it is of God; it cannot be withstood. So the faith was planted: So it must be restored.

I have no more to say but to recommend your case and mine to Almighty God, the Searcher of Hearts, who send us his grace, and see us at accord before the day of payment, to the end we may at last be friends in heaven, when all injuries shall be forgotten.”