

poor cottages, and among the old and young who came within his reach, he told what God had done for his own soul, and freely, as far as human power could go, imparted of the good he had so freely received.

Just at that time the Queen-regent of France wished to please the Pope of Rome, because her son, Francis I., was then a prisoner in Italy; and many doctors and priests and great men of Paris were anxious to have all the so-called heretics, or Protestants of France, quite destroyed.

Surely, however, the poor hermit of the forest was too lowly, too meek, too ignorant, to be noticed by these learned and powerful men. They had known nothing about him when he was living idly and self-deluded in his cell; but the darkness hateth the light, and lowly and glimmering as was the ray of that light which streamed from the depths of the forest, it was discovered by some of those who hated it; and persons who had perhaps admired the hermit for sanctity when he was not so holy as he now was, cried out: "Away with such a fellow from the earth; it is not fit that he should live!" so a band of soldiers came forth from the city, and searched the forest; they seized the poor hermit, dragged him from his cell, and carried him back in triumph.

Then the poor hermit was brought before the priests and rulers, who tried all persons that would not believe and act in religion as they did themselves; and the unlearned man, "who knew, and knew no more, his Bible true," confessed that truth in humility, but in steadfast faith. He was told to recant, but he would not do so; he was commanded, but he refused; he was threatened, but he continued firm. Then he was condemned—condemned to be burned at a slow fire.

They tolled the great bell of the great church of Notre Dame at Paris; and in the square, or place around it,

was a pile of faggots heaped, and a stake erected. The great bell tolled out, and called all the multitude of Paris to see a strange sight. It was a very strange sight—a poor, humble hermit burned alive for his religion!

When he was going to the stake the ministers of the religion he had left—alas! they professed to be the ministers of the Christian religion—came to him and said: "Forsake your heresy, and secure your pardon." But the hermit answered: "My only hope is the pardon of God."

Then they brought him to the stake, and the priests pressed upon him again, and urged him to return to the faith of the Church. But the hermit answered: "I wish to die in the faith of Christ."

And so he died; while that great bell kept tolling out, and calling the gay, dissipated city to behold the sight. Yet, strange to say, while all this noise was made about him, even his name was unknown; and the historians who mentioned his fate in their writings never recorded it. But there is a book of remembrance wherein it was doubtless written—the Lamb's book of life. Blessed are they whose names are inscribed therein; for "they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in the day when I make up my jewels." Mal. iii, 16, 17.

He was only known as the hermit of the forest, and bigotry and superstition alone conferred fame upon him. His faith was tried with fire; and no doubt it shall be found to praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ.—*Tract Mag.*

MARTIN LUTHER, in writing to a friend, said: "I regard it as an abundant reward of my labours to know that I live only to serve others."

The time may be very long, but a lie will be detected at last.