

softened into semi-twilight its brightest beams, for the windows were shattered, and revealed a perfect wreck within. Every statue was cast from its niche, and every picture from the walls; every ornament and tomb, within reach of the destroyers' hands, was broken into a thousand pieces. The collection and offerings of centuries, in those few hours, became a heap of shreds and shapeless fragments. In the eyes of the infuriated multitude these things were no longer sacred,—they were the symbols of a religion that had made the soil of Holland red with the blood of her best and bravest sons and daughters; and all this wealth and beauty that dazzled the eye, and the Divine music that had floated on the scented air, laden with the odours of eastern spices, was an insult to the God of heaven, mingled, as it was, with the sighs, and tears, and unregarded cries of innocent victims.

A year had passed since this midsummer night's transaction; and some small attempts had been made to lessen the appearance of bareness and poverty within the grand cathedral. But another race of painters and sculptors and cunning workmen had to be born, and the wealth almost of a kingdom to be expended, before it could be again arrayed as it had been. All that the priests could secure of the confiscated goods of the condemned, and that they could save from the grasp of Philip's greedy minions, they bestowed upon their dismantled churches; and the household treasures of many a sturdy reformer were converted into objects of worship, and used for purposes that would have excited their highest indignation.

Cuthbert had heard Cabrera speak of the utter destruction of all this hoarded wealth, and he wondered whether one of Hans' most famous pieces of sculpture had shared the common fate. It had been sold to an Antwerp merchant, and presented by him to this church, before the sculptor's conversion and imprisonment. It was a group, in white marble, of the Saviour, crucified between two thieves, and had been placed above the high altar. If Hans could have risen from his grave, he would have been well satisfied with the treatment his own work had received. The figure of the Saviour had been wrenched from its place, and dashed to pieces; while the thieves, in bitter derision and irony, still hung above the altar, as if the devastators had said to the priests, "These be your gods, you have long since rejected the Merciful One; you shall not mock with pretended adoration even this lifeless image of the Saviour, whose example of love and pity you refuse to follow."

When Cuthbert saw the vacant place between the malefactors, he thought of his last interview with the sculptor; how with his own hand he had so quickly defaced the beautiful bas-relief which he had fashioned on the rugged stones of his cell, as if by a miracle; and he remembered, too, his parting words, "I, who worship the Invisible alone, will not provide graven images for other men to bow down to." They might shiver every stone or block of marble upon which Hans had wrought into a million atoms, but he did more for his fellow-men by his noble sacrifices than if he had enriched every church in Europe by his genius; his best monument was found in the hearts of those whom he led to the fountain of love and light.

In his darkest hours, Hans had never felt so abjectly miserable as Cuthbert did, who muttered as he left the cathedral, "If Hans was right,