

dwelling, gathered his family round him and engaged in prayer. The message came a second time, with an urgency that he could not resist. He bade adieu to his household, but had not gone far upon his way when he fell under the daggers of the assassins.

Peter Ramus—still a name of renown in the world of scholarship and philosophy, the highest name, in fact, that France had then to boast of—retired into his library in the fifth story of the house, and was kneeling there in prayer when they broke in upon his retirement. They stopped a moment. They heard him say, "O my God, have mercy on me, and pardon those who know not what they do!" A sword was passed through his body, a shot fired at his head. He still breathed. His murderers seized him and flung him out of the window. Still he breathed, but no one would give him the *coup de grace*. They tied cords, instead, about his feet, and dragged him through the streets. At last, by the river's side, they cut the head off, and flung the trunk into the stream.

Coligni's body was exposed to still more barbarous treatment. His head was carried to Catherine, as the Baptist's was to Herodias, and sent by her as a trophy to the Cardinal of Lorraine at Rome. The headless trunk, subjected to indescribable indignities, after having been dragged to and fro through the streets, was hung up by the feet, half burnt, upon a gibbet at Montfaucon. Two days afterwards, the King and Catherine, and the Court ladies, made a holiday excursion to the spot, shamelessly to gaze on and to jeer at the mangled and mutilated remains of the greatest man that France had in that age produced.

Every considerable town in France had its own cruel massacre. At Lyons the horrors were worse even than those of Paris. Over the whole country some sixty thousand Protestants perished.

The king and court claimed credit for the massacre. The Parliament of Paris applauded it and appointed an annual commemoration of it. Philip Second was delighted beyond measure over the news and sent a gift of six thousand crowns to the murderer of Coligni. He "laughed" over the event, and Philip was a man sparing of his smiles.

What gives significance to the massacre of St Bartholomew is that it was approved, applauded, by the Roman Catholic Church from the Pope downwards. There is ample proof that the Pope and the Court of Rome

endorsed the deed as gladly as Philip himself. To quote again from Dr. Hanna:—

"Gregory XIII., who had just ascended the pontifical throne, went at the head of the Cardinals, and all the ambassadors of the Catholic Princes, in solemn procession to the different churches of the city, to have masses and *Te Deums* chanted over the deed. In the evening the guns of St. Angelo were fired as for a great victory, and for three nights the city was illuminated, the Pope exclaiming that the massacre was more agreeable to him than fifty victories of Lepanto. Varasi was instructed to execute a large picture, still to be traced on the walls of the Sixtine Chapel, representing the massacre, beneath which were the words '*Pontifex Coligni necem probat.*' A medal was struck: on one side the crest of the reigning Pope, on the other, that of a destroying angel smiting the Huguenots. Mark Antony Muret, preaching before the Pope exclaimed: 'O memorable night, worthy of a distinction all its own among our festivals! I love to think that the stars that night shone with a more silvery brilliance, that the Seine rolled its waters more impetuously, as if in haste to fling into the sea the corpses of the impure it carried. O day full of joy and gladness, when you, thrice holy father, received the tidings, and went to render solemn thanks to God! What happier commencement for your pontificate could you have desired?'"

Never even to this hour has the Church of Rome disowned or denounced the deed. The principles laid down in the "Syllabus of Errors" issued by Pío Nono lead logically to atrocities such as this massacre. Jesuit teaching ever more tends in the same direction.

Our forefathers had to do battle bravely and to the death against the awful system which led to results such as we have described. No wonder they had to use rough weapons! Let us thank God that they laboured and that we have been privileged to enjoy the fruit of their pains and toils. Let us prize our blood-bought privileges and transmit them unimpaired to those who come after us.

We need not speak of the results of the six weeks' massacre in France. Nearly all the concoctors and leaders in the horrible tragedy perished miserably themselves. Charles IX.—the weak fool—died at the age of 24, beset by vague and dark terrors, believing that he heard groans in