

shows the building of the pyre and the burning of Huss; the soldiers are grim and indifferent, the faces of the monks are contorted with rage, a timid girl is shrieking with terror, a Hussite disciple is beseeching for his honoured teacher. Other pictures show Protestants smashing the images in the churches in 1521 and carrying off the relics; a dying nun protesting against the sacrilege even in the article of death. Another shows a dreadful hand-to-hand fight with the Spaniards on the old Rhine bridge, which you may see within ten minutes' walk. Still another shows the "Auswandering der Protestanten," in 1548; old age and childhood alike exiled from their homes, carrying their Bibles and baggage, one girl with a pet bird in a cage. Constance is shown in ruins in 1693. In 1777, we see the visit of the Emperor Joseph II., surrounded by courtly figures, in wigs, and hussar uniforms; and last of all the visit of Kaiser Wilhelm I. and the Crown Prince, in 1871, with fair girls and beautiful children giving them floral wreaths, and—grim souvenir of war—an old one-legged soldier. The whole history of Constance is written on these walls. As we gaze, the past seems more real than the present.

Then I walked out beneath the limes and poplars to the sacred spot where the martyrs suffered without the gate. Their monument is a huge granite boulder, emblem of the unflinching endurance of their fortitude and of the endless endurance of the faith for which they suffered. Deeply engraved upon its rugged surface are the words "Hieronymus von Prag † -30 Mar | 7 Jun | 1416. Johannes Hus † -6 | 14 | Juli, 1415." After the grim tragedy, their ashes were gathered and scattered on the swift-flowing Rhine, which bore them to the sea—an emblem of the doctrines which, like them, should encompass the earth. Quint old Fuller makes this remark about the ashes of Wycliffe, which were similarly treated.

Then we walked back through the Hussenstrasse through the Schnetz-thor, a wonderfully quaint structure, built as an inscription affirms, in the thirteenth century. Near here is shown the house where Huss was arrested, with an old relief of 1415, with the following satirical verses in old German script:

"O we' nur armen Tropf,
Hier nahm man mich beim schopf.

"Hierher ich entronnen war,
Bin doch nit trum aus der gefahr."

Which may be freely rendered somewhat as follows:

"O woe to me, poor simpleton,
Here one took hold of me by the hair (of the head).