

more we grow. The martyr's blood is the seed of the Church.* In kindred spirit exclaims Justin Martyr: "You can kill us, but you cannot harm us."†

"The rosemary and thyme," says Bacon, "the more they are incensed (or bruised) give out the richer perfume." So under the cruel flail of persecution the confessors of Jesus breathed forth the odors of holiness, which are fragrant throughout the world to-day. From the martyr's blood, more prolific than the fabled dragon's teeth, new hosts of Christian heroes rose, contending for the martyr's starry and unwithering crown.

Age after age the soldiers of Christ have rallied to the conflict whose highest reward was the guerdon of death. They bound persecution like a wreath about their brow, and rejoiced in the "glorious infamy" of suffering for their Lord. Beside the joys of heaven, they won imperishable fame on earth, and were ennobled by the accolade of martyrdom to the lofty peerage of the skies. Wrapped in their fiery vest and shroud of flame, they yet exulted in their glorious victory. While their eyes filmed with the shadows of death, their spirits were entranced by the vision of the opening heaven; and above the jeers of the ribald mob swept sweetly o'er their souls the song of the redeemed before the throne. Beyond the shadows of time, and above the sordid things of earth, they soared to the grandeur of the infinite and the eternal.

* "Sanguis Martyrum Semen Ecclesie." Tertul. Apol., C. 50.

† Jus. Mar. Apol., 1.