

benefit. The one pay dearly for their evening's pleasure—to the other all is open. The one is tiresome and hot, and unhealthy discomfort gain their ends; for the other is ease, almost luxury. Yet one is crowded—the other empty; one all enthusiasm, the other frigidity.

What reproof should this contrast bring to us! How stifle, unheard, all excuses of want of time, which means want of inclination! Would that the Christian professor would borrow something of the energy which distinguishes the devotee of the world, in his pursuit after pleasure.

Says the Latin proverb, "It is lawful to learn even from an enemy." Then let us learn from one glance at the Opera House, these great lessons:

1. To be more diligent in attendance upon all the means of grace.—Proverbs viii. 34.

2. To be early at the sanctuary. *Waiting for Him that bringeth good tidings.*—Isaiah iii. 7.

3. To hear the Word in a less sleepy manner, and more devout and attentive frame.—Rom. x. 17.

4. To minister cheerfully to the trifling pecuniary demands made upon us for conducting the worship of God.—2 Cor. ix. 7. C. C. P.

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### MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

Catharine de Medicis and her son Charles IX. sought no sleep on the night of the 28th of August, 1572. In one of the apartments of the palace of the Louvre, they awaited impatiently the lingering flight of the hours, till the dawn should toll forth the death warrant of their Protestant subjects. Catharine, inured to crime and hardened in vice was apprehensive that her son, less obdurate in purpose, might relent. Though impotent in character, he was, at times petulant and self-willed, and, in paroxysms of stubbornness, spurned his mother's counsels and exercised his own despotic power. Charles was in a state of feverish excitement. The companions of his childhood, the guests, who for many weeks, had been his associates in gay festivities, and in the interchange of all kindly acts, were, at his command, before the morning should dawn, to fall before the bullet and the poinard of the midnight murderer. His mother witnessed with intense anxiety the wavering of his mind, and urged her son no longer to delay, but immediately to send a messenger to sound the alarm. The young king, unable to endure any longer the horrible suspense, gave the order, and a messenger was sent to sound the tocsin from an adjoining tower, which was nearer than that of the Palace of Justice.

The solemn dirge rang out upon the night air, calling forth an instantaneous response in various other quarters of the city. The king, hearing the report of a musket in his very court-yard, as the first Protestant was shot down, trembling in every nerve, hastened to the window. The sound at first seemed to freeze the blood in his veins, and he passionately called for the massacre to be stopped. It was too late. The train was fired, and could not be extinguished. The signal passed with the rapidity of sound from steeple to steeple, throughout the entire kingdom of France. Flambeaux and illuminations blazed from the windows of the Catholics to guide the arm, nerved by the most relentless hatred, in its work of blood. Guns, pistols, daggers were everywhere busy. Old men, terrified maidens, helpless infants, venerable matrons were alike smitten, and mercy had no appeal that could touch the heart of the destroyer.

The wounded Admiral Coligni was lying helpless upon his bed, surrounded by a few personal friends, as the sound of the rising storm of human violence swelled upon his ear. Almost at the same moment he heard the uproar of a crowd rushing up the stairs and the barred door falling before the heavy blows of the invading assassins. Mingled with this din there fell upon his ears the

noise of the frequent report of musketry, as the defenders fell before their assailants. A crowd of murderers rushed into the chamber of Coligni, as he was entreating his friends to escape if possible, and leave him to his fate. Three of his companions, in the darkness and confusion, succeeded in leaping from the windows, but the rest were shot down.

"Art thou the admiral?" inquired a wretch, as he held a drawn sword suspended above his breast.

"I am," replied the admiral, "and thou shouldst respect my gray hairs. Nevertheless, thou canst abridge my life but little." As the assassin plunged his sword into the bosom of his victim, Coligni exclaimed, "It would be some comfort if I could die by the hands of a gentleman, instead of by the hands of such a knave as this." The rest then fell upon him, and with many wounds he was speedily dispatched.

The Duke of Guise, brother of the king, ashamed to appear with the assassins whom he guided, before his ancient enemy whom he had so often met upon the field of battle, waited, in the court below, and, looking up to the window, eagerly inquired if the work was done. On receiving an affirmative reply, he requested them to throw the body out of the window to him. The pale and lifeless form was cast into the court below, and the Duke wiped the blood from the features with his handkerchief, that he might be sure that it was the victim he sought. Recognizing the marked countenance of the Admiral, he contemptuously spurned the body with his foot; and with his blood-stained accomplices, hurried away to other scenes of slaughter. The tiger having once lapped his tongue in blood, seems to be imbued with a new spirit of ferocity. There is in man a similar spirit which is roused and stimulated by carnage. The Parisian multitude was becoming each moment more and more clamorous for blood. They broke open the houses of the Protestants, and rushing into their chambers, murdered, indiscriminately, both sexes and every age. The streets resounded with the shouts of the assassins and with the shrieks of their victims. Cries of "Kill! kill! more blood!" rent the air. The bodies of the slain were thrown out of the windows into the streets, and the pavements of the city were drenched with blood.

Charles, who was overwhelmed with such compunctions of conscience when he heard the first shot, and beheld from his window the butchery every where in progress around him, soon recovered from his momentary wavering, and conscious that it was too late to draw back, with fiendlike eagerness engaged himself in the work of death. The monarch, when a boy, had been noted for his sanguinary spirit, delighted with his own hand to perform the revolting acts of the slaughter-house. Perfect fury now seemed to take possession of him. His cheeks were flushed, his lips compressed, and his eyes, glared with frenzy. Bending eagerly from his window, he shouted words of encouragement to the assassins. Grasping a gun, in the handling of which he had become very skilful from long practice in the chase, he watched like a sportsman for his prey; and when he saw an unfortunate Huguenot wounded and bleeding, fleeing from his pursuers, he would take deliberate aim and shout with exultation as he beheld him fall pierced by his bullet. A crowd of fugitives rushed into the court-yard of the Louvre to throw themselves upon the protection of their King. Charles sent his own body-guard into the yard, with guns and daggers, to butcher them all, and the pavements of the palace were washed with their blood.

Just before the carnage commenced, Marguerite, weary with excitement and the agitating conversation to which she had so long been listening, retired to her private apartment, and threw herself upon a couch. She had just closed her eyes, when the fearful outcries of the pursuers and the pursued filled the palace. She sprang to her feet and heard some one struggling at the door, and shrieking "Navarre! Navarre!" In a paroxysm of terror

she ordered an attendant to open the door. One of her husband's retainers instantly rushed in, covered with wounds and blood, pursued by four soldiers of her brother's guard. The captain of the guard entered at the same moment, and at the earnest entreaty of the princess, spared her the anguish of seeing the poor man butchered before her eyes. Marguerite, half delirious with bewilderment and terror, fled to the apartment of her sister, but as she was fleeing through the hall she met another Huguenot gentleman chased by the assassins, and he was struck down dead at her feet.

When the morning dawned a spectacle was witnessed such as even the streets of blood-renowned Paris have seldom presented. It was the Sabbath appropriated in the Romish Church to the feast of St. Bartholomew. The streets resounded with shrieks and clamour. The pavements were covered with gory corpses. Men, women, and children were flying in every direction, sometimes in continuous volleys as if platoons of soldiers were firing upon their victims, and the scattered shots incessantly repeated in every section of the city, proved the universality of the massacre. Dismembered wretches, besmeared with blood, were swaggering along the streets with ribald jests and demoniac howlings, hunting for the Huguenots. Headless trunks were hanging from the windows, and dismembered heads were spurned like footballs along the pavements. Priests were seen in their sacerdotal robes with elevated crucifixes, mingling with the murderers and urging them, in the most fantastical exclamations encouraging them, not to grow weary in their holy work of the extermination of God's enemies. The most distinguished nobles and generals of the court and camp of Charles, mounted on horseback with gorgeous retinue, rode through the streets, encouraging by voice and arm the indiscriminate massacre. "Let not," exclaimed the king, "one single Huguenot be spared to reproach me hereafter with this deed." For a whole week the massacre continued, and it was computed that from sixty to one hundred thousand Protestants in France were slain. Among these there were above seven hundred of high rank and distinction.

Among the remarkable escapes we will record that of a lad whose name afterwards attained much celebrity. The Baron de Rosny accompanied by his son Maximilian, a boy eleven years of age, went to Paris, to attend the nuptials of the King of Navarre. Young Maximilian was immediately placed under the care of the best teachers, and being a very bright and intelligent boy, and mingling with the best society of the court, he became a special favourite of the King of Navarre, who was but a few years his senior, being then but seventeen years of age. The father of Maximilian, suspecting trouble, had warned the King of Navarre, of danger, and had retired from Paris; but not apprehending treachery so sanguinary, he had left his son behind him. Maximilian was asleep in his collegiate apartment when, three hours after midnight, he was aroused by the ringing of the alarm-bells and the confused cries of the populace. His tutor and his valet de chambre, immediately went out to ascertain the cause of the tumult. They had hardly reached the door when they were both shot down. Maximilian, in great bewilderment respecting the cause of the dreadful clamor, was dressing himself, when his landlord came in pale and agitated, and informed him of the massacre was going on, and that he had saved his own life by abjuring Protestantism, and espousing the Catholic faith, and begged Maximilian to do the same. The young man did not see fit to follow this advice, but resolved to attempt, in the darkness and confusion of the night, to gain the College of Burgundy, where he had studied, and where he hoped to find protection. The great distance of the College from the house in which he then was, rendered the attempt extremely dangerous. Having disguised himself in a clerical dress, he took a large prayer-book under his arm, and tremblingly issued forth into the streets. The sight which met his eye in the gloom of that awful night, was enough to appal the stoutest heart. The murderers,