

St. George and the Dragon, St. Jerome and the Lion, the Apostles with grave German faces and mediæval costumes, recognized by their attributes carved above their head; a vision of heaven with harpers, crowned saints, the strange apocalyptic "beasts,"—griffins, unicorns, dog-headed figures, etc.—all carved with realistic power. In another church service was in progress. There were fine women's faces under their quaint head-gear. I never saw deeper devotion on any face than in that of a young girl who, the only one out of a large congregation, was receiving the communion. The paintings were in very bad taste—saints and apostles with theatrical gestures held the instruments of the passion; a gaunt and haggard Christ harrowed the soul; and a tawdry Madonna, with silver crown and robe of silk and silver tissue, received the homage of the multitude in the city where Jerome and Huss died for the true faith. At the tinkle of an altar bell a burst of sweet music, from a white-robed choir of boys, thrilled through the vaulted roof, their sweet and innocent voices soaring and swelling with an exquisite modulation from which we could hardly tear ourselves away.

After breakfast we went to the Kaufhaus, in whose great and magnificent hall the Council that condemned Huss sat, 1414-1418. Now this Catholic city glorifies his memory by a series of exquisite frescoes on the walls of this very chamber. In one scene the noble figure of Huss is seen, surrounded by a crowd of bishops, cardinals and soldiers, while a fat old monk is taking down the evidence against him. In another, Huss is being taken in a boat at night to prison. A monk holds a flaring torch which illumines the calm face of the martyr and the steel morions and crossbows of the carousing soldiers, one of whom holds a huge flagon to his lips. Another



THE HOHE HOUSE, CONSTANCE.