

The terrors of the stake and faggot were powerless against men like these. John Rogers died bathing his hands in the flames "as if they had been cold water." John Lambert cried, exultingly amid the flames, "None but Christ." "The Holy Spirit," said Thomas Bilney, "shall cool the flames to my refreshing," and praying, like Stephen, for his murderers, he "fell on sleep." In three years three hundred martyrs thus glorified God amid the flames. But every death at the stake won hundreds to the persecuted cause. "You have lost the hearts of twenty-thousand that were rank papists," ran a letter to Bonner, "within the last twelvemonth."

The Church of Christ in an age of luxury and self-indulgence may well revert to those days of fiery trial, and catch inspiration from the faith and zeal and lofty courage, unfaltering even in the agonies of death, of those noble confessors and witnesses for God. Amid the darkness of the times they held aloft the torch of truth, and handed down from age to age the torn yet triumphant banner of the faith, dyed with their hearts' best blood.

They recall the sublime words of Tertullian, which, sounding across the centuries, still thrill the soul like the sound of a clarion: "We say, and before all men we say, and torn and bleeding under your tortures we cry out, 'We worship God through Christ.' We conquer in dying, and are victorious when we are subdued. The flames are our victory robe and our triumphal car. Kill us, torture us, condemn us, grind us to powder. The oftener you mow us down, the