

placed on his head a paper mitre daubed over with devils, with the words of cursing: "We devote thy soul to the devils in hell." "And I commend my soul," he meekly replied, "to the most merciful Lord Christ Jesus. I wear with joy this crown of shame, for the love of Him who wore for me a crown of thorns." He was conducted between four town sergeants and followed by a guard of eight hundred horsemen and a great multitude of people, from the gray old minster to the place of execution, in a green meadow without the walls.

Arrived at his funeral pyre, Huss knelt down and recited several of the penitential psalms, and prayed, "Lord Jesus have mercy upon me. Into Thy hands I commit my spirit. I beseech Thee to pardon all my enemies." He was then bound to the stake with a rusty chain, and wood and straw were heaped about him. As the fire was applied and the smoke wreaths rose, the voice of the dying martyr was heard singing the *Christe Eleison*: "Jesus, son of the living God, have mercy upon me." Then his head fell upon his breast, and the awful silence was broken only by the crackling of faggots and the roar of the flames. In impotent rage his executioners gathered his ashes and cast them into the swift-flowing Rhine. But the zeal of his followers scraped up the very earth of the spot, and bore it as a precious relic to Bohemia.

But one victim could not suffice. For three hundred and forty days Jerome of Prague was confined in a frightful prison, in the midst of filth, noisomeness, stench, and the utmost want of everything. "Do you suppose I fear to die?" he demanded. "You have held me for a year in a frightful dungeon more horrible than death itself. You have treated me more cruelly than Turk, Jew or Pagan, and my flesh has literally rotted off my bones alive, and yet I make no complaint." He was haled from prison to church to receive his sentence. The troops again were under arms. The Council sat in state. Again high mass and chanted hymn consecrated judicial murder. As they piled the faggots and straw about him, he sang the hymn, *Salve festa dies*: "Hail joyful day," as though it were his birthday—as it was—into immortal life. As the executioner was lighting the fire behind his back, he said, "Light it before my face. Had I been afraid, I would not have been here." He then committed his soul to God, and prayed in the Bohemian tongue as long as life lasted.

To-day the pilgrims from many a foreign land visit with reverence the places made sacred by those imperishable memories. They see the houses in which the martyrs lodged, the cell in which they were confined, the hall in which they were arraigned, and the church in which they were condemned. Then following the route of that last procession through the quaint old streets and beneath an ancient gateway, they reach the place of their martyrdom.

Measured by years, their lives were short—Huss was forty-two and Jerome forty-one. But measured by sublime achievement, by heroic daring, by high-souled courage, their lives were long and grand and glorious. They conquered a wider liberty, a richer heritage for man. They defied oppression in its direst form—the oppression of the souls of men. They counted not their lives dear unto them for the testimony of Jesus. They have joined the immortal band whose names the world will not willingly let die. Their ashes were sown upon the wandering wind and rushing