

slavery in which they would bind us, the mockery which they would force on us, in the name of religion,—can you think of our ruined homes, murdered friends, and dishonoured country, and still believe that Spain will have power to crush us down for ever? As there is a God above, *I* do not believe it for a moment.”

“If it is to be, He will strengthen us to bear it, Bertrand. I know no more than that.”

“That we shall be strengthened I do not doubt; but, please God, it shall be to throw off the yoke of these accursed Spaniards. It maddens me to hear you talk of submission. Think of Maestricht, and Naarden, and Harlem! I tell you, Albrecht, that if we should submit, every town, every village in the country would be condemned to suffer the same horrors. We cannot draw back; we must fight until we conquer or die! If we submit, it will be to the Council of Blood, the rack, and the stake. It was not our wish to take up arms (we endured much before we did so), but now it would be madness to throw them down until our freedom is secured.”

“How can we hope to secure it, Bertrand? The strife is unequal; we are matched against the whole power of the greatest and richest empire that this world has ever seen, and we are not even united amongst ourselves. Our Prince is almost without money and without resources. If this last venture