

his seat when a slight sound was heard by those nearest the opening ; immediately all was silent, and for nearly an hour not a sound broke the stillness ; then the company dispersed and very quietly and with great caution sought their homes.

The next evening let us take a glance at the minister's home. Supper is just ended and Carlos takes upon his knee the little Inez, the light of his home and heart. A very sweet child is Inez, with her father's dark eyes and her mother's light hair and complexion, and a heart which, young as she is, seems full of love and pity for all mankind. Alas ! she is but one of many thousands, born with a heart and mind to bless others, but rudely snatched from the homes where God placed them to swell the ranks of Anti Christ, or to whiten the hillsides with their bones. As father, mother and child enjoy sweet intercourse, a knock is heard at the door. Instantly a cloud comes over the face of Camilla, but Carlos quietly opens the door and admits two strangers who stand a moment in silence, which is broken by Carlos saying, "What can I do for you, my friends?" "You can come with us quietly ; we are officers of the Inquisition." The door now opens and a third party enters. The first speaker continues : "This man will take charge of your child, come." All the courage and daring of her Waldensian ancestry fill the heart of Camilla as she clasps Inez to her bosom, and the quick Spanish blood leaps to the face of Carlos as he replies, "Take me if you must, but trouble not my innocent wife and child. She is as guiltless as yonder dove at the window ; spare her I entreat you !" But he speaks to hearts of steel ; the three are rudely separated and borne away.

How must yonder stone building appear in the sight of God ? Its heavy double walls and massive doors hide from human view such cruelties and tortures as can never be written.

They are known only to Him who "seeth in secret," but in the judgment those walls shall indeed speak through the mouths of the countless victims who suffered there.

But look, the doors are opening, the prisoners are coming forth ; pale and haggard, some unable to stand ; a ghastly company ! From different doors see Carlos and Camilla coming . eagerly they glance around until their eyes meet. Oh, what volumes are expressed in that lingering look, cut short by the attending guards. The prisoners are quickly formed in line and start for the Auto da Fe. Behold Madrid in holiday attire. Throngs of people are pressing toward the center of attraction.

High on a throne sits the king, but high above him is another throne—for who ? The Grand Inquisitor ! In the great square a high scaffold has been erected and toward it the prisoners and their escort wend their way. They join in a hymn as they advance, but their voices are drowned by the drums and noise of the soldiery. Carlos and Camilla are at length near each other for an instant. "My darling wife, we shall be parted only for a moment," he whispers. The face she raises to him is angelic in its beauty, the lines left by pain and anguish are scarcely visible through the glorious light which suffuses her countenance as she answers, "He has said, 'Fear not, for I am with thee ; when thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee ; when thou walkest through the fire thou shall not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee, for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel thy Saviour.'"

All are quickly bound to stakes and the fires are lighted, when, through the crackling of the flames, is heard the clear voice of Carlos, the pastor, saying : "Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth, verily there is a reward for the righteous. Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you.