

its winding shores, and the snowy range of the Appenzell Alps seem like the far-shining battlements of heaven. In a couple of hours we reach the ancient city of Constance, with its crown of graystone towers, and its thrilling memories of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. From the author's "Great Reformers," we quote a few sentences on the memories of Constance.

In the summer months of the year 1414, from all parts of Christendom, were assembling here whatever was most august in Church and State for the greatest Ecumenical Council of Latin Christianity ever held. During the three years and a half of its continuance there were present, including patriarchs, cardinals, abbots, bishops and archbishops, doctors, provosts, and other ecclesiastics of various ranks, no less than 18,000 clergy. The Emperor Sigismund, princes of the empire, dukes, burgraves, margraves, counts, barons and other nobles and deputies of the Free Cities and representatives of the great powers of Christendom, with their numerous retinues, swelled the population of the little city from 40,000 to 140,000 persons.

Relying on a "safe-conduct" from the Emperor, commanding all ecclesiastical and secular princes to allow him "to pass, sojourn, stop and return freely and surely," Huss came to the Council to defend his orthodoxy. Arraigned before the assembly, the Emperor urged unconditional submission. "If not," he added, "the Council will know how to deal with you. For myself, so far from defending you in your errors, I will be the first to light the fires with my own hands." "Magnanimous Emperor," replied Huss, with keen but seemingly unconscious sarcasm, "I give thanks to your Majesty for the safe-conduct which you gave me—" He was interrupted and sent back to prison.

Huss spent his last hours in prison in writing to his friends in Prague. "Love ye one another"—so runs his valediction—"never turn any one aside from the divine truth. Fear not them that kill the body, but who cannot kill the soul. Would to God I were now led to the stake rather than be worn away in prison."

After all, Huss was but human. In his lonely cell he had his hours of depression, and, like his blessed Master, his soul at times was exceeding sorrowful. "It is hard," he wrote, "to rejoice in tribulation. The flesh, O Lord! is weak. Let Thy Spirit assist and accompany me. For without Thee I cannot brave this cruel death. . . . Written in chains," is the pathetic superscription of the letter, "on the eve of St. John the Baptist, who died in prison for having condemned the iniquity of the wicked Herod."

The writings of Huss were first condemned to be destroyed, then himself to be degraded from his office as priest, and his body to be burned. "Freely came I hither," said Huss in that supreme hour, "under the safe-conduct of the Emperor," and he looked steadfastly on Sigismund, over whose face there spread a deep blush.*

* At the Diet of Worms, a hundred years later, when Charles V. was urged to violate the safe-conduct which he had given Luther, he replied, remembering this scene, "No; I should not like to blush like Sigismund."