

which is almost marvellous, the Roman Catholic women, guided by the honest instincts which God has given them, shrink from the snares put before them in the confessional-box ; and that everywhere they struggle to nerve themselves with a superhuman courage against the torturer who is sent by the Pope to finish their ruin and to make shipwreck of their souls. Everywhere woman feels that there are things which ought never to be told, as there are things which ought never to be done, in the presence of the God of holiness. She understands that, to recite the history of certain sins, even of thoughts, is not less shameful and criminal than to do them ; she hears the voice of God whispering into her ears, "Is it not enough that thou hast been guilty once, when alone, in My presence, without adding to thine iniquity, by allowing that man to know what should never have been revealed to him ? Do you not feel that you make that man your own accomplice the very moment that you throw into his heart and soul the mire of your iniquities ? He is as weak as you are ; he is not less a sinner than yourself ; what has tempted you will tempt him ; what has made you weak will make him weak ? what has polluted you will pollute him ; what has thrown you down into the dust will throw him down into the dust. Is it not enough that My eyes had to look upon your iniquities ? must my ears to-day listen to your impure conversation with that man ? Were that man as holy as My prophet David, may he not fall before the unchaste unveiling of the new Bathsheba ? Were he as strong as Sampson, may he not find in you his tempting Delilah ? Were he as generous as Peter, may he not become a traitor at the maid-servant's voice ?"

Perhaps the world has never seen a more terrible, des-