

but does not deplore it. She grows red with rage because her sins are exposed, but never with shame because they have been committed. Rome is mighty ; Rome is hostile ; Rome is near ; therefore, Rome must be destroyed.

Impatience is sometimes felt because speakers on this subject so often refer to the Inquisition. It seems to many a dried and worm-eaten fig. But look at it closely. It did not belong to a single savage era, or to one wild and frenzied century ; on the contrary it passed from age to age. How near to us have the murders of the Inquisition come ? In 1826 in Spain that "holy office" of the Roman Church burned a Jew and hanged a Quaker schoolmaster. Only sixty-five years ago ! Several of us were born before that Jew was burned ; a few of us were at school when that schoolmaster was hanged. And Peter Arhues, an inquisitor, was canonized in 1867, less than twenty-five years ago. The Inquisition has come near to us. The Church's approval is fresh. What Rome satanically did in the Middle Ages, Rome satanically approved in the last half of the nineteenth century. What Rome approved in 1867, would she do, if there were occasion and opportunity, in 1891 ! The Inquisition did not root itself in mediæval savagery, but in a principle by which Rome is guided. That principle Rome has never forsworn. On the contrary she obeys it to-day, and the spirit of the Inquisition, if not its daggers, its racks, and its fires, may be found now in Italy, in Spain, in South America, in Mexico, in Quebec and in Boston.

There are two pictures to which our attention cannot be called too often. In the spring of 1574 Charles IX. of France lay upon his deathbed and saw his couch bathed with blood which flowed from his lungs. He was filled with horror at the sight, for he remembered the blood of the Huguenots, Aug. 24th, 1572. In September of 1572 the Pope and cardinals at Rome heard news which filled them with excessive delight. They sang, they shouted ; they gave impious thanks to God. What did it mean ? They were gleeful over the horrors at the memory of which Charles was filled with awful remorse. Significant contrast ! See the king dying like one drowned in a crimson, horrid stream of remorse and blood ; and see the Pope striking a medal to commemorate the horrible slaughter. But this happened more