

the throne of St. Peter, who proclaims, as the direct revelation from heaven, the persecuting doctrines of Pius IV. and Pius V. ;<sup>1</sup> who has himself filled the dungeons of Rome and Bologna with the advocates of the Bible and of a free press. It is possible that France may prove the last battle-ground between the Jesuit and the reformer, the Bible and the pope. It is certain that in such a struggle the printing-press will not be silent; that the printer will still defy his natural foes; that the public sentiment of the age will rise in defense of truth and honesty; and that the lessons of history

will dissipate forever the lingering delusions of chivalry and of the Middle Ages.<sup>1</sup>

We have thus imperfectly reviewed the sad but instructive story of the Huguenots. The tale of heroism is always one of woe. Yet the impulse toward reform begun at Meaux by Farel and Lefèvre has never been lost, and the energy and the sufferings of their disciples have every where aided the progress of mankind. It would not be difficult to trace the beneficent influence of Huguenot ideas in the prosperity of England, Holland, America, or France.

<sup>1</sup> In a somewhat extensive work, by Professor Laurent, of Ghent, *Le Catholicisme et la Religion de l'avenir*, may be found a clear statement of the medieval tendencies of Rome. The pope still threatens persecution, defies governments, annuls their acts, and only waits for an opportunity to destroy all his foes. See p. 362, 411, 565, etc.

<sup>1</sup> At the congress of the Roman Catholic bishops of Germany, France, Belgium, and England, at Malines, in 1853, Archbishop Deschamps excused the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and defended persecution. No Roman Catholic dares denounce the Inquisition, or to relate true history. He is obliged to repeat the feeble ideas that flow from the diseased intellect of the Romish Propaganda. See Laurent, *Catholicisme*, p. 574, and book xi., on Traditional Religion.

### MY BABES IN THE WOOD.

I KNOW a story, fairer, dimmer, sadder,  
 Than any story painted in your books.  
 You are so glad? It will not make you gladder:  
 Yet listen, with your pretty restless looks.

“Is it a Fairy Story?” Well, half fairy—  
 At least it dates far back as fairies do,  
 And seems to me as beautiful and airy;  
 Yet half, perhaps the fairy half, is true.

You had a baby sister and a brother,  
 Two very dainty people, rosy white,  
 Sweeter than all things else except each other!  
 Older yet younger—gone from human sight!

And I, who loved them, and shall love them ever,  
 And think with yearning tears how each light hand  
 Crept toward bright bloom and berries—I shall never  
 Know how I lost them. Do you understand?

Poor slightly golden heads! I think I missed them  
 First in some dreamy, piteous, doubtful way;  
 But when and where with lingering lips I kissed them,  
 My gradual parting, I can never say.

Sometimes I fancy that they may have perished  
 In shadowy quiet of wet rocks and moss,  
 Near paths whose very pebbles I have cherished,  
 For their small sakes, since my most bitter loss.

I fancy, too, that they were softly covered  
 By robins, out of apple flowers they knew,  
 Whose nursing wings in far home sunshine hovered,  
 Before the timid world had dropped the dew.

Their names were—what yours are. At this you wonder.  
 Their pictures are—your own, as you have seen;  
 And my bird-buried darlings, hidden under  
 Lost leaves—why, it is your dead Selves I mean!

## THE CAVE OF BELLAMAR.



ASCENT TO THE CAVE.

**T**HE Cave of Bellamar, although discovered but a few years since, already enjoys a world-wide reputation. At the present day no visitor to Cuba fails to repair to that wondrous subterranean palace, unrivaled, perhaps, in the grandeur of its stalactitic masses and the exquisite detail of its sparry decorations. Easy of access from Havana by railway, and commodiously and safely prepared for the reception of visitors, it fully repays one for a day's absence from the busy scenes of the capital.

About a mile from the bridge of Bailen, on the south side of the city of Matanzas, there is a group of pretty villas designated by the name of Bellamar—a favorite place of resort in the hot season for sea-bathing. Not far from these is the famous cavern, which borrows its name from this picturesque hamlet. At a short distance beyond Bellamar you turn your back upon the foamy beach, and, following a tortuous road of reddish earth, thickly strewn with fragments of calcareous rock, you ascend a steep and rug-