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ART. II.—THE RISE OF THE HUGUENOTS.

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A DISTINGUISHED ecclesiastic of the Church of Rome once remarked that his Church had recruited her members from all sects and religions but one. No Calvinist was ever known to have joined the ranks of the Papacy. Whether the statement were not a little too sweeping may perhaps be questioned; but the observation shows that Rome looks upon that phase of Protestantism, known as Calvinism, as especially antagonistic to her. And in France, during the struggle of the Reformation—which may be said, roughly speaking, to have lasted from the accession of Francis I. to the Edict of Nantes—Calvinist and Huguenot were interchangeable terms.

As to the origin and meaning of the word Huguenot antiquaries are so much at variance that the wisest course is to let the matter alone.

There is remarkable similarity between the condition of the world at the time of the Advent of Christ, and its condition at the time of the Reformation. Might it not be justly added that the same condition is reproduced for a third time in these last days, with respect to many, though not all, of the details? In both of the earlier instances civilized society had become somewhat like a seething volcano, covered with a veil of flowers. There was the usual division of the religious world into Pharisees and Sadducees, and the usual division of the secular world into worshippers of pleasure and worshippers of Mammon, both alike votaries of self. These divisions were patent on the surface. But beneath this crust lay a fearful gulf of molten lava, ready at any moment to break forth and overwhelm religion and society alike. With a few bright exceptions, such principles as honesty, disinterestedness, true love, and even common morality, were scarcely to be found anywhere. Expediency

was the rule of all lives. No sense of responsibility to God restrained either the oppressions of the great, or the murmurings and evasions of duty practised by the mean. And worst of all were the lives of the clergy.

Beneath this moral and social gulf, a political gulf, a deeper depth, had been slowly opening, and was now ripe for eruption. The old traditions of paternal government, and passive obedience, and popular ignorance, were gradually, but universally, passing away. The long night of the Middle Ages was beginning to be tinged by the streaks of rosy dawn. Ignorance was to give place to knowledge, oppression to freedom, superstition to truth. Was it any marvel if here and there the birds waked their morning song—if here and there a man roused himself from slumber? On those first awakeners it mainly depended, under God, whether the ignorance was to give place to airy speculations rather than wisdom, whether the liberty was to degenerate into lawless license, whether the superstition was to despise truth and culminate in Atheism.

At this junction, says D'Aubigné, "God raised up the Reformation, and Christianity was saved."

It was in France that the awakening first took place. "Neither to Switzerland, nor to Germany, belongs the honour of having begun this work, although hitherto these two countries alone have contended for it. This honour belongs to France."

"The Gallican Church," writes Professor Baird, "had for many centuries been distinguished for a manly defence of its liberties against the encroachment of the Papal Court. Tenacious of the maintenance of doctrinal unity with the See of Rome, the French prelates early met the growing assumption of the Popes with determined courage." (Vol. i. p. 25.) Strange to say, "the first decided step in repressing the arrogant claims of the Papal See was taken by a monarch whose singular merits have been deemed worthy of canonization by the Roman Church. Louis IX.," better known as St. Louis, "had witnessed with alarm the rapid strides of the Papacy towards universal dominion. . . . . He issued, in 1268, a solemn edict," in which he stated that France had always been subject to the sole jurisdiction of God Almighty, and so he desired it to remain. About a quarter of a century later, when Philippe IV. appealed to the States-General, "all the three orders indignantly repudiated the suggestion that their country had ever stood to the Papacy in the relation of a fief."

The French Reformation, like most great movements, began with one man, and that one of no consequence in the eyes of the world. Jacques Lefèvre, a little, insignificant-looking man, of plebeian Picard origin, was the person who first set in motion the golden ball which was to roll through all the world,

but stronger hands than his were quickly laid upon it, and furnished the continued impetus:—stronger, not merely as to position in the world, but as to force of character, and power of heroism. Lefèvre, a professor in the University of Paris, though an enlightened man, was by no means strong-souled. If it were his to initiate the action, it was reserved for others to brave the consequences. He never fell away, but he seems to have been almost frightened at the result of his own proceedings. He had not calculated on going quite so fast, nor quite so far. In his old age, spent in the safe shelter of the Court of Nérac, under the protection of the Queen of Navarre, Lefèvre expressed bitter regret that he had not done more, and especially that he had not borne more for the cause of that Master who had done so much for him—that he had been too timid and compromising in his dealings with the enemy.

One of Lefèvre's pupils was Guillaume Farel, a scion of a noble family of Dauphiné. It was he who took the torch from the timid hand of his master, and lighted that bonfire which was never to be put out.

Like Luther, these two Reformers began life as abject devotees of Pope and Church. Lefèvre was "unsurpassed in his devotion to images," and Farel tells us of himself, that "the Papacy was not more papal than my heart." Together they made numerous pilgrimages, and offered abundant flowers at the shrines of the saints.

The dispositions of these two men were almost the opposites of each other. They doubtless tempered one another in the work of reformation; but each must have been a source of sore irritation to the other. While Lefèvre resembled the hare, Farel must be symbolized by the lion. Fear or compromise were not in him; indiscretion and recklessness, alas! were very much so.

The light broke on the mind of Lefèvre very gradually. Again, like Luther, the first Scriptural point which he clearly grasped was the cardinal doctrine of justification by faith. Five years before Luther posted his famous theses on the door of the church at Wittemberg, Lefèvre had distinctly enunciated this point in his Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul. Yet, in 1516, Luther regarded him as "strangely deficient in clear apprehension of spiritual truths," and it was not until 1519 that he was convinced—by his own pupil, Farel—of the unscriptural character of saint-worship, and prayers for the dead.

It seems strange to us, who look back over the whole campaign, as a spectator standing on a hill may take a bird's-eye view of the battle-field, that the Reformers did not at once, and without hesitation, break off from the corrupt system in which they had been brought up. But their eyes were not opened to all the errors of Rome at once. They were like men

walking in a mist, which was slowly clearing, and one landmark after another stood out in succession before them. At the first beginning of the Reformation in all countries, the aim and hope of all was that the needed reforms should arise from within. They entertained no idea, whether nationally or individually, of separating from Rome; their object was to purify her. It was not until a long time had elapsed, and not without the bitterest disappointment, that one after another unwillingly and mournfully recognized that the corruption was ingrain, and that what they had fondly hoped was but a defiled sanctuary had proved to be a house with fretting leprosy in the walls, for which there was no remedy except utter destruction.

Some among the Reformers themselves never arrived at this conclusion. They shrank from it as from a terrible impossibility. Ready to go all lengths of reform short of that, nothing would induce them to pass beyond the barrier.

We have seen that it was in the University of Paris that the first germ of reform arose. But it was a living plant, and it spread rapidly. Other pupils of Lefèvre soon joined him and Farel; and a more illustrious colleague appeared in Guillaume Briçonnet, Bishop of Meaux and Count of Montbrun. But, after all, the chief converts were among those "common people" who heard Christ's words in the sixteenth century with the same manifestations of gladness which characterized them in the first. The wool-carders, weavers, and fullers of Meaux accepted the "new doctrine" with delight. They drank it in as a starving child drinks milk. There was no pause for analysis. God, who had ready for them food which would satisfy their needs, had first evoked within them the sense of want which caused them to recognize it as food. We cannot be too ready to echo the Divine cry, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." Yet are we always quite ready enough to perceive that the thirst itself is no mere motion of natural law, but the Divine gift of the Holy Ghost?

The plant had spread, and now it began to climb. The adhesion of the Bishop of Meaux and so many members of the University called the attention of the Court to this new thing. At this time the Royal Family of France consisted of four adults —King Francis I., Queen Claude, his wife, Louise of Savoy, his mother, and Marguerite, Duchess of Alençon, his sister. The Queen may be at once dismissed from consideration, as one of those amiable nonentities who never presume to think for themselves. But the other three were in the habit of thinking for themselves to considerable purpose. They were highly educated, and the training had been bestowed on intellects of a naturally rich order.

The Duchess Marguerite was a Lydia whose heart the Lord

opened, and it became her dearest wish that her mother and brother should share her joy and usefulness. At first nothing seemed more likely. Both were prepared to look favourably on the new doctrine. So long as the object was to oppose the pretensions of the Papacy, which clashed with the prerogatives of the Crown, or to humble the clergy, who were disposed to more self-assertion than was agreeable to the King, he was perfectly ready to go with the Reformers. So long, also, as the Reformation presented itself to his mind—which at first it did—as a literary movement, tending to increase the spread of that knowledge in which he took delight, he was willing to support it with all his power. But when it went further—when the new doctrine touched himself, claimed his heart-loyalty, laid a repressive hand upon his pride, and said "Thou shalt not," to his favourite sins—from that hour Francis I. ceased to further the Reformation. Professor Baird has justly appreciated the three principal motives which induced the King to withdraw his support. He was afraid lest ecclesiastical reformation should lead the way to a political revolution; he hesitated to offend the Pope, whose aid in political affairs was at that time of importance to him; and he resented the pure morality of the Scriptures.

Professor Baird finds a difficulty, amusing to a European mind, though natural enough to an American, in comprehending the position of the King of France in the sixteenth century. His evident puzzled astonishment at the expectation of this one man that all other men would and must obey his pleasure, is so patent as to be comic. But Francis I. looked on this matter in a very different light. The Kings of France, it is not too much to say, were considered by their subjects as little less than superhuman. The Queens, we are gravely told by authority, were anointed in order that they might be made worthy of associating with "the sacred persons of the Kings their spouses." The very idea of resisting an order of this superior being was regarded not merely as improper, but as impossible. Nothing shows this more plainly than the reverential awe with which the Most Christian King was approached, even by his own nearest relations. A perilous position this, for any human being! "Surely Thou didst set them in slippery places."

The hopes of the Reformers might well be aroused when the King appeared to be with them. "I assure you," his sister Marguerite had written to Briçonnet in 1521, "that the King and Madame are entirely decided to let it be known that the truth of God is not heresy." And a little later she alluded to the Bishop's "piteous desires for the Reformation of the Church, to which the King and Madame are more attached than ever." For a time the prospects of the infant Church were indeed

golden. Briçonnet, impulsive and fervent, went far at first—burned all images except the crucifix, widely distributed Lefèvre's translation of the Bible, giving many copies to those who could not afford to buy them, read the Scriptures in French in his churches, and so far as in him lay spread evangelical knowledge throughout his diocese. The books were eagerly bought, the readings attracted vast crowds; the day-labourers hired to help the Meaux farmers carried back the new doctrine to mountain villages and into far provinces. The Reformation was spreading like wild-fire. An attempt, made under the authority of the Parliament of Paris, to stop the Bishop's proceedings, had exactly the contrary effect, for King Francis himself interfered, and declared it his pleasure that his kingdom "should hear the Word of God freely and without hindrance, in the language it understands."

Was it any wonder that Lefèvre triumphantly exulted in "the pervading of a great part of Europe by the pure knowledge of Christ?" Or was it any wonder that Satan felt his sceptre in danger and drew his sword to save it?

Some time before he gave in his adhesion to Lefèvre, the Bishop of Meaux had the misfortune, in pursuing his ecclesiastical reforms, to offend the Franciscan monks. They carried their complaint to the Sorbonne, which, originally a college for theological students, had become so closely attached to the Parliament of Paris, that, for practical purposes, they were virtually a single body. For three hundred years the authority of the Sorbonne had been accepted throughout France as "final on almost all questions affecting the doctrine and practice of the Church." The learned men of the Sorbonne, who adhered to the old doctrine, and in particular one Noël Bédier (more commonly called Béda), an ecclesiastical lawyer who dearly loved hot water, were enraptured with the hope of humiliating the Bishop of Meaux, and overturning the nascent Reformation. They had, however, no desire to make a martyr of Briçonnet: their object was to induce him to recant and join their ranks, which would be for them by far the greater triumph.

The time had arrived when, humanly speaking, the question whether France should become a Protestant country or not rested with two men, the King and the Bishop of Meaux. Had these two been less time-servers—had Francis been less jealous of his power and less attached to his sins, and had Briçonnet been less timid and fearful of martyrdom—humanly speaking, again—France would have been Protestant to-day. And is it too much to say that in that case the succession would in all probability have been sure to the posterity of Francis—that they would have been better and nobler men—that there might have been no Holy League, and no French Revolution? Long years

before, Louise of Savoy had consulted Francisco de Paula, whom she regarded as a prophet, to inquire whether her son would ever be King of France. The answer was remarkable. "Your son, Madame, will be King of France, and will surpass in glory, riches, and honour, all the princes of his age—provided he applies himself to the reformation of the Church; but if he does not diligently devote himself to this affair, he will be a very unfortunate prince." The saint was a shrewd man: but neither Louise nor her son profited by his prediction.

The Bishop of Meaux, thus weighed in the balances, was like his royal master found wanting. He shrank, wavered for a moment, and fell. Condemned by the Sorbonne to public penance, he went back to his diocese to expel the evangelical preachers, to denounce the Lutheran books, and generally to undo the previous work of his tenure of the episcopate. From that day he disappears from history. He hesitated between God and honour, and chose the latter. But he forgot that those who honour God He will honour; and on the page of Reformation history his name is linked with dishonour for ever.

Two results followed the expulsion of the preachers. Those who were scattered abroad, as of old, went everywhere preaching the Word. This had been anticipated. It is said that it was even one of the consolations with which the Bishop soothed his uncomfortable conscience. But the second result surprised and dismayed him. The common people whom the preachers had aroused from the sleep of ages, declined to go to sleep again when requested. "The shepherds had been dispersed, but the flock refused to forsake the fold."

It became necessary, in the eyes of the Sorbonne, to make an example of some of these unreasonable beings. The experiment, of course, was first tried on the lowest stratum. A poor woolcarder of Meaux, Jean Leclerc, whom the Huguenots had come to consider one of their ministers, and who was mighty in the Scriptures, was selected as one of the first scapegoats. It had always been a vexation to the aristocratic soul of Bishop Briçonnet that men should presume to exercise spiritual functions without his episcopal sanction. Doubtless it was irregular, and had circumstances been smoother, undesirable. Yet when a man has to drag another out of a burning house, he does not usually wait till he has apologized for taking the liberty. And Jean Leclerc was particularly irregular and inconvenient in his doings. Not content with tearing down the Pope's Bulls granting indulgences for the jubilee, and substituting a placard describing the Pope in uncompromising language as Antichrist, nor deterred by being whipped and branded in consequence, he actually proceeded to the length of destroying some "holy" images which were the next day to figure in a solemn procession. Arrested on sus-

picion, he boldly confessed the action. The most terrible tortures drew from him no cry of anguish. When the agony must have been at the worst, he lifted up his voice, calm and distinct, as though he were giving forth his text in the pulpit, with "Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands." He went on with the passage. But he was not allowed to finish. Those who stood round, enraged by the fortitude and audacity of the martyr, flung him into the fire, and with those words upon his lips Jean Leclerc went up to God.

The Sorbonne was alarmed. Men do not act thus in behalf of a faith which they hold lightly. And if Leclerc were a fair sample of his co-religionists, to what was the country coming? They went higher, and made a bolder stroke—at Louis de Berquin, a nobleman, and a gentleman of the King's chamber. He had been already before the Sorbonne, and had been saved by the personal interference of his royal master, under the influence of the Duchess Marguerite. But the Sorbonne chose a propitious time for the blow. The King was a prisoner in Spain, and his mother, Louise of Savoy, held the reins of power. At her side was the Chancellor Duprat, a man to whom truth was nothing compared with the interests of the Church. He was careful to instil into the mind of Louise that the recent peasant insurrections in Germany were entirely the work of the Lutherans, with whom reformation was but another word for sedition; that if she continued to protect the Huguenots, she must expect the same kind of thing to spread to France—nay, had it not touched Burgundy and Champagne already? It was a suicidal policy to assist such a movement. And was it not, insinuated the wily priest, a proof of the displeasure of God that King Francis, who had so long withheld just punishment from these heretics, was now languishing in a Spanish prison? The Regent was convinced. She gave up Berquin, entered into friendly relations with the Pope, and sent to request advice of the Sorbonne as to the best means of extirpating heresy. Marguerite, unable to move her mother, sent earnest entreaties for the interference of the King, though a prisoner. Francis responded at once to the appeal of his sister, whose personal influence over him was very great. He sent stringent commands to the Regent that Berquin was to be set free, and the Parliament was to suspend all proceedings against "those men of excellent learning," the Lutherans, until the King himself should return to France. The angry Sorbonne expostulated in vain. Louise replied that both she and they must obey.

At last the King returned; but it was not, as the Huguenots fondly hoped, to put an immediate and final stop to the persecution. Circumstances had altered the case. Francis had been compelled to make extremely hard terms with his captor, and had

only been released by the exchange of his eldest and second sons for himself. His aim now was to obtain the liberation of his children, and to humble the power of the Emperor. For a short time, however, his proceedings gave hope to the Huguenots. He freed Berquin, to the intense disgust of the Sorbonne, recalled Lefèvre, and at the request of his sister, appointed him tutor to his younger children. But it soon became evident to Francis that the aid of the Pope was politically indispensable to the furtherance of his objects. And that was only to be secured by sacrificing the Huguenots. When the Assembly of Notables met at Paris, eight months after the release of the King, he sounded the knell of the French Reformation by assuring the assembly that he was determined not to endure heresies, and would cause them to be wholly extirpated

The Huguenots, deprived of their pastors, we are told by Professor Baird, "continued for years to assemble for mutual encouragement and edification, as they had opportunity, in private houses, in retired valleys or caverns, or in thickets and woods. Their minister was that person of their own number who was seen to be the best versed in the Holy Scriptures. After he had discharged his functions in the humble service, by a simple address of instruction or exhortation, the entire company with one voice supplicated the Almighty for his blessing, and returned to their homes with fervent hopes for the speedy conversion of France to the Gospel. Thus matters stood for about a score of years."

The meeting of the Assembly of Notables was followed by three provincial Councils, of which the Council of Sens was the most important. The "Lutheran heresy" was distinctly dealt with, and strong measures of suppression were passed. Imprisonment for life was to be the portion of obstinate heretics; relapsed priests were to be delivered to the secular arm without a hearing. All persons were ordered to denounce heretics, and any who refused to bear such testimony were to be regarded as heretics themselves.

Before the Council of Sens had concluded its sitting, the heretics gave unpleasant evidence of their existence. An image of the Virgin which stood in a niche at the corner of two streets in Paris, was found thrown down and beheaded. This outrage to their great goddess set the whole University and Court in an uproar. King Francis himself headed a solemn procession which installed in the place of the broken idol an image of solid silver, protected from covetous or iconoclastic fingers by a strong iron grating. But despite this public reparation, the street images and pictures continued to sustain such severe and unaccountable mutilation, that Parliament found it necessary to forbid their erection on exterior walls within ten feet of

the ground. Alas, for the gods which could not protect themselves!

De Berquin, whose courage no hair-breadth escapes could subdue, had soon given fresh offence to the Sorbonne. Determined that their irrepressible enemy should not escape them this time, he was seized, sentenced, and put in the pillory in haste. The remainder of his penalty involved branding and imprisonment for life. But Berquin appealed to the royal master who had hitherto never failed to rescue him. The maddened Sorbonne, set on vengeance, rushed through the forms of a fresh trial and sentence, and before an answer could be received from King Francis, Louis de Berquin, his voice purposely drowned by shouts, had ascended to Heaven in the chariot of fire. A new persecution had begun.

The Huguenot *prêches* were now prohibited, and all evangelical books strictly suppressed. The King's sister, Marguerite, who had recently been married to the King of Navarre, withdrew to her husband's dominions, where she protected her co-religionists to the utmost of her power. King Francis was thoroughly incensed against his Huguenot subjects, and the priests who surrounded him took care to fan the flame. Meanwhile political events succeeded each other with rapidity. Peace was made with the Emperor; the young princes were released; the King married the Emperor's sister. All this while the Sorbonne, now unhindered, "proscribed, censured, and punished with fearless rigour, sure of support from the Government," and even ventured to begin a proceeding for heresy against the venerable Lefèvre, the librarian of the King, the tutor of the Duke of Orleans, and the friend of the Queen of Navarre. The aged Reformer, now eighty-eight years of age, was warned of his danger, and with the help of Marguerite, he obtained the royal permission to leave Blois "on a visit to a friend." This friend, discreetly left unmentioned, was Queen Marguerite herself, in the shelter of whose Court, at Nérac, Lefèvre passed in safety the short remainder of life.

Shortly after this incident, died Louise of Savoy, the King's mother, who had been Regent of France during the minority and captivity of her son. As the rule of her life had been political expediency, she was a favourer or a persecutor of the Huguenots by turns. She was one of the cleverest women of her time, but had very little principle. Yet, as Miss Freer not unreasonably urges, the mother who retained to her life's end the heart-love of such a daughter as the Queen of Navarre, could scarcely be the hard, spiteful, dissolute woman depicted by most modern historians.

It was soon after the death of her mother that Marguerite avowed herself—so far as she can ever be said to have done so—

confessedly a Huguenot, by publishing for the use of her subjects the expurgated Missal which she had long used for herself. It had been translated for her into French by Guillaume Petit, Bishop of Sens, and Confessor of King Francis. All invocations of Virgin or saints were carefully omitted. But this did not content the Queen; nor was she satisfied with gathering around her the little band of exiled preachers—Lefèvre, Farel, Roussel, and others, with the poet Clément Marot. She went further, and drew up a Confession of Faith, termed *La Messe à Sept Points*, which she presented to her brother, earnestly begging him to restore peace to his distracted kingdom by causing the adoption of this creed by the Gallican Church. Marguerite, in common with most Reformers, still hoped for a reform of the Church from within. "They expected the signal for this reformation to proceed from the Supreme Head of the Roman Church: and while they waited, the season when it might have been accomplished, as respected the Church in France, passed away." A still bolder stroke was struck by the determined Queen. She dragged King Francis himself to a Huguenot *prêche*. Of course, her chaplains were exempt from the usual proscription. The sermon was against transubstantiation, and it produced on the King the same effect which (if his words are to be taken seriously) the eloquence of St. Paul produced upon Agrippa. He was "almost persuaded." But into that little rift left by the *almost*, two Cardinals crept subtlely, and succeeded in quite undoing the work of the Huguenot preacher. Since Francis himself had no personal convictions, the work was not difficult on either side. There is one class harder to convince, for any permanent good, than even the honest bigots who think themselves doing God service,—and that is the Gallios, who care for none of these things.

The Sorbonne saw the absolute necessity of extinguishing the influence of the Queen of Navarre. It was by no means an easy task, for she was the only person in the world whom Francis really loved. Other influences might be stronger for the moment, but hers was profound and permanent. And now she was introducing the exiled Huguenot preachers into the chief pulpits of Paris. The exasperated Sorbonne shot out a stream of arrows against her. They put her sacred poems (feigning ignorance of the author) into the list of prohibited books. They attacked her in the yearly play performed at the College of Navarre, which resembled our Winchester play. They persuaded a *curé* to preach a sermon aimed directly at her. But this was quickly stopped. King Francis rapidly indicated a stern determination to allow no affront, even the slightest, to the Queen of Navarre. The Sorbonne was at liberty to interdict *curés* and

burn wool-combers; but his sister must be let alone. Her pleasure was his pleasure.

A scapegoat, however, was found, and in a very eminent place. The Rector of the University himself, Nicholas Cop, for many years a concealed Huguenot, now came to the front in the sermon annually delivered in the Church of the Mathurins, wherein he boldly proclaimed that salvation was the free gift of God, and not to be earned by good works. Warned of his peril, the Rector fled from France, pursued by an offer of three hundred crowns, dead or alive. After his flight, it was discovered that the sermon had been written for him by an obscure young student of the name of Calvin. The Rector and the student were fair game. King Francis admitted himself alarmed at the spread of heresy, and ready to grant the earnest prayer of the Sorbonne for new provisions against it.

A few months earlier—against his own will, and to the dissatisfaction of the whole kingdom—the Dauphin had been married to a girl of fourteen years, the niece of the Pope. She was very beautiful, very clever, and her manners were soft and prepossessing. As the Huguenots of Marseilles watched her landing on the quay, and as the Huguenots of Paris greeted her entrance into the capital, it was not possible for them to foresee that the very demon incarnate of persecution and death had been let loose among them, shrouded in that fair young form of Catherine de Medici.

EMILY S. HOLT.

(To be continued).

ART. III.—THE CHURCH IN WALES.

(Concluding Paper.)

THE Church at length felt the power of the revival; but the effect it produced appeared later, and the progress it made was slower in the Church than among the Dissenters. The cause of this is not far to seek; the Church, like a cruel mother, attempted at first to devour her own offspring; she endeavoured to suppress the spirit that was moving within her—she threw obstacles in the way of its progress and diverted its course into channels that were outside her pale. But this work of obstruction and exclusion was not thorough, it did not make clean riddance of the fruit which the revival had produced on her inner life. There was left within her a holy seed which in process of time