

Correspondence.

PLACARDS OF CHARLES V.

FROM THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN THE NETHERLANDS.

BY N. M. S.

Among the leading instrumentalities of the great Emperor for the suppression of heresy, his placards deserve especial notice. His predecessors appeared to have used them occasionally in making known their will to the people, but it was reserved to the persecuting zeal and the cruel ingenuity of Charles, to develop them into a grand engine of bigotry and a standing terror to the friends of truth. With the sentence of the Diet, putting Luther under the ban of the Empire, he commenced the long and black series; and whenever any fresh indication came to his knowledge of the growth of Reformed opinions, out came another placard, loaded with terrible threats, rivalling or exceeding in blood-thirsty severity all that had gone before. Or, as the Emperor detected, now one, now another way, by which the reformed might escape, either in their families or their possessions, from the consequences of their heresy, he promptly stopped up the gap, by announcing in new placards new punishments, or new applications of the old. They were, in fact, a constantly and rapidly increasing system of oppressive laws, utterances of the arbitrary will of the Emperor, against which it was impossible to make any provision in advance, and therefore equivalent in injustice, in secrecy and in terrible power, to the inquisition itself. Like martial law, they superseded all other laws and all other modes of administering law, and left the people utterly at the mercy of the Emperor. He was the unlimited dictator of their destinies. Their lives, their fortunes, their citizenship, the position of their families, hung upon the tenor of the next placard. Modley very properly calls these placards: "A masked inquisition even more cruel than that of Spain."

The first one which appeared in these provinces against the Reformed opinions was in 1521, immediately after Luther had been put under the ban of the Empire. It was posted up at Brussels. In this document, the Emperor boasts of his own and his illustrious ancestors' devotion to the Romish Church, and purpose to suppress, by every means in their power, all heresy and infidelity in the bounds of their dominions. Then, describing Luther's errors, he says:—

"It seems to us that the person of the said Martin is not a human creature, but a devil in the figure of a man, and cloaked in the habit of a monk to enable him so much the better and more easily to bring the race of mankind to everlasting death and destruction."

As we have already given the substance of this placard, we shall not here repeat it. Brandt, the historian, says its promulgation was a violation of the laws of the land. Formerly, the old counts of Holland never made any laws of importance without the consent of nobles and people. But the Emperor, by virtue of his own authority only, made this placard in the German city of Worms, and paid no attention to the authorities of Holland, except to request them to make it public.

The next instrument of the kind of which we read, was published September 25, 1525. In this all secret and open meetings were forbidden, the object of which was to preach and read the Gospel, the Epistles of Paul and other spiritual writings. It also forbade any disputes about the holy faith, the sacraments, the power of the Pope and councils, and other ecclesiastical matters in private houses and at meals. It provided that all heretical books should be burned, and nothing printed that was not approved by the council.

On the 17th of July, a placard, denouncing with great minuteness the practices of preaching and discussing matters of doctrine, appeared at Mechlin. It recognized among the preachers not only those whom it termed "ignorant fellows," but it spoke also of various classes of priests, who presumed to ascend the pulpit and there rehearse the errors and sinister notions of Luther and his adherents. It traced the readiness of the people to follow these heresies to the fact, that some of the laity read the Flemish and Walloon Gospels, explaining and discussing their doctrines in their private meetings. Wherefore it forbids all assemblies for the purpose of reading, speaking, conferring or preaching concerning the Gospel or other sacred writings in Latin, Flemish or the Walloon languages. It also forbids preaching, teaching, or in any way promoting the doctrines of Luther. Stretching its authority over the private and domestic conversation of the subject, the placard ordains that no man, either in public or in private, either within or without his house, either at table or in common discourse, presume to do or say, in preaching, reading or disputing, anything that might incite or move against, or divert and distract the minds of the common people from the faith, and from all that is taught by the holy Church. These offences were to be punished by fine and banishment. But the books of Luther and other reformers, and all the books of Scripture in German, Flemish, Walloon or French with notes and expositions according to the doctrines of Luther, should be brought to some public place and burnt, and whoever, after the publication of this placard, should presume

to keep any of these books and writings by them, should forfeit life and goods. This placard shows us that, while preachers were multiplying and priests were boldly proclaiming the truth, yet the dissemination of Protestant books was regarded by the Emperor as the most powerful agent of the Reformation. Preachers he fined and banished, books subjected their possessors to loss of life as well as goods.

Of the two issued in 1529, the following are specimens. The first, which was posted up in Brussels, Oct. 14, provided that all persons who had in their custody prohibited books, which they had not brought forth to be burnt, as required in former placards, be condemned to death without pardon or reprieve. None that lay under the mere suspicion of heresy were to be admitted to any honorable employ. The better to discover heretics, it was provided that half of their estates should go to the informers. If the estate was large, a share of the remaining half should also be given. In carrying out this placard, it was ordered that the tedious formalities of a regular trial should be set aside, and the case decided as summarily as in reason and equity might be done. Officers who failed in performing these duties were to be removed from their positions. Here, again, the dreaded heretical books are made prominent. We may also infer, from the placard, that great difficulty was experienced in procuring testimony against Protestants, so that large rewards had to be offered for informers.

The placard of the 7th of December provided that nobody should presume, from that time forward, to write, print, or cause to be written or printed, any new book, upon any subject whatever, without having first obtained letters of license for that purpose, on pain of being publicly whipped on the scaffold, and marked besides with a red-hot iron, or having an eye put out, or a hand cut off, at the discretion of the judge who was to see the sentence executed without mercy. So much was feared from the circulation of Protestant books, which doubtless continued to be very great, that the Emperor ordered this placard to be published again November 15th, and every six months afterward.

That these placards were not a dead letter, we have seen in the sad stories of persecution and martyrdom already told. One of the first printers of Luther's Bible in the Low Dutch language was condemned to death and beheaded for his crime. A collection of comforting pages of Scripture, called "The Well of Life," was made and printed; and although it contained nothing but the word of God, without note or comment, a certain Franciscan friar living in Brabant, came to Amsterdam, where it was printed, and bought up and destroyed the whole edition. However, it was afterward reprinted in several other places. In 1536, William Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament into English, who had fled from persecution in his native country and taken refuge in Holland and Germany, was seized at Antwerp and carried to a neighboring town, where he was strangled and burnt. It is, indeed, remarkable that Tyndale, flying from England in 1532, should, for thirteen years, have found in this country of Holland, so afflicted with placards against heretical books, a better opportunity for translating, printing and disseminating his New Testament than in his own country, rapidly advancing toward Protestantism as it was. In all probability, the fact that he was a foreigner was a protection to him.

Each new placard against heresy issued by the Emperor, had the appearance of an ingenious device intended to remedy some lately discovered defect in his former plans for crushing heresy, to close up some way of escape not hitherto noticed or insufficiently guarded, to bring the penalty to bear upon some hitherto unaffected interest in the person, property, family and fame of the offender. Learning, doubtless, that some heretics had, previous to their conviction, willed or made over their property to relatives and friends, the Emperor, in a placard issued in 1540 at Gant, provided that, from the very time heretics fell into their errors, they should be ipso facto incapable of disposing of their estates; and that all alienations, gifts, sessions, sales and conveyances, and all bequests and legacies made by last will and testament of such persons, should become null and void. To this placard was added the royal decree, requiring the most rigorous execution of its provisions. No mercy was to be shown, no matter what appeal was made or what privilege, law, statute, custom or usage of the country stood in the way.

This placard of Gant was the signal for a fresh outbreak of persecuting fury. At Louvain a general search was made for forbidden books, and two men were burnt and two women buried alive, while many others sought safety in flight. And to aid in discovering offenders, the plan employed in the detective department of our modern police was used. Portraits of the heretics were painted and hung up at the gates of the city and in other public places, and rewards were offered for their capture. In this city, in 1543, twenty-eight or thirty persons were burnt on account of their religion. But Charles was not satisfied. Protestant books spread abroad too rapidly, and he felt it necessary to draw the reins still more tightly and with greater rigor and severity to restrain their circulation. And so once more, out comes the placard, the peculiar device and ornament of his policy; at Gant, in December,

1544, it is published and it banishes forever and heavily fines any one printing anything, even not heretical, or anything in a language not commonly understood, without a license; any one printing, selling or having a book without the author's name. Twice a year, and as much oftener as might be thought necessary, every bookseller's shop was to be searched for suspected books; and no offender should be allowed to shelter himself under any privilege, liberty, exemption or even difference of jurisdiction, so as to prevent the execution of the placard.

A still later placard, published in July, 1546, required that all printers of books should, on receiving the license, take oath to obey all the laws on the subject, on pain of death. Here followed a list of prohibited books, including the Bible in Latin, with and without comments, the Dutch and French Bible, and the Dutch New Testament. Jacob Liesvelt, of Antwerp, the printer of one of the Bibles, was put to death at Antwerp, because he said in the notes to one of his Bibles, following his copy, that the salvation of mankind comes from Christ alone.

Still another placard appeared at Brussels, November 2d, 1549, designed to stop up the little loopholes through which the policy of confiscation might be nullified. Whereas, says the pertinacious Emperor, some towns and countries pretend that there could be no confiscation or forfeiture of estate within their jurisdictions, on any pretence whatever, and that it was a privilege which, as they said, they had enjoyed from ancient times, the Emperor did ordain will and command, that in all the cases mentioned, forfeitures should take place throughout all his dominions, all privileges, usages and customs to the contrary notwithstanding. And no towns should be permitted to plead them in the cases above mentioned.

While thus the circle of fire seemed narrowing around the Reformers, God was with them. In one case, at least, he executed judgment in their behalf. James Latomus, Professor of Divinity at Louvain, was at first well enough disposed to the Reformation; but changing suddenly, he did all in his power to suppress them. But at one time, ascending the pulpit in Brussels, to preach before the Emperor, he was so confounded that he could not utter an intelligible word, and all the congregation fell to laughing at him. Chagrin at his failure now joined with an uneasy conscience and drove him to utter despair. In his public exercises he often dropped expressions signifying that he had fought against the truth; whereupon his friends in the Romish Church, to prevent scandal, shut him up in his house, where he died despairing, crying out frequently that he was damned; that he was rejected by God; that he could not hope for salvation nor pardon, having presumptuously fought against God. Who would not rather have been Peter Brully, a preacher of Strasburg, who, a few months later, won the crown of honorable martyrdom; continuing steadfast in the profession of the truth; comforting his fellow-prisoners and his wife with letters, and triumphing over the tortures of death by a slow fire, calling upon his God and Saviour, with entire trust and confidence even to the end. Who would hesitate in choosing between the fate of a martyr and a traitor?

These threats contained in the Emperor's more recent placards of debating an accused person from the enjoyment of his right to a fair trial under the laws of his city or State, and of practically annulling the charters of the communities, was a high-handed piece of injustice, and introduced the horrors of that irresponsible and absolute tribunal, the Inquisition, without the name. But the name itself was not very long in coming. The onset of its approach, which had been read in the placards of Gant and Brussels in 1540, 1544 and 1549, were fulfilled in that of April 29, 1550, also issued at Brussels. This last confirmed all that had gone before, and also required all justices and other officers to give all favor, countenance and encouragement, help and assistance to the Inquisitors of the faith, whenever their help was desired. And the placard concluded by once more revoking the privileges or local laws of the cities, designed to secure the citizens from injustice.

(To be Continued.)

THE SEPULCHRES OF THE DEPARTED.  
BY JANE HOSWELL MOORE.  
I have been visiting the cemeteries of the city, and contrasting the resting-places of our departed with the graves of those who fell on distant fields as martyrs of liberty. The plains and swamps of the Peninsula, it is true, must remain what they are, vast burial fields, where the bones of noble patriots are bleaching in the sun; but at Locust Grove, near Petersburg, and at City Point, two large cemeteries are filled with the dead who fell before Petersburg or died in hospitals during the siege. Among the thousands of head-boards of the latter, we walked, and read the names of some who looked to us for physical comfort in a dying hour; and standing before LaZelle's Gallery in Petersburg, as the eye runs over the scenes photographed, memory also unveils her pictures of those dark days. One needs to come northward, to be cheered by the sight of quiet graves, where affectionate hearts can freely come with offerings and testimonials of love. I say cheered; for did

not the patriarchs crave pleasant burial spots, and was not Joseph's last charge, "Ye shall carry up my bones from thence," even though Egypt had been to him a land of honor and prosperity?

On Sabbath we attended service in St. Stephen's, whose celebrated Burd monument attracts many visitors. This beautiful group of marble figures in a small side-chapel, beneath which the different members of the whole family are now gathered. But the noblest monument they have left is the Burd Orphan Asylum, richly endowed by Mrs. Burd, whose former residence was situated on Chestnut street, where Hafleigh's fine marble dry goods establishment now stands. The baptismal font, which is very beautiful, was also presented to the church by this lady; near the entrance is the recumbent figure of her husband, under a marble catafalque. Much as we like the open graveyard, where the sunlight of heaven may shine throughout the year, there is something touching in the old custom of burial in the vaults beneath churches. It is also suggestive to the living, to whom every marble tablet on the church-wall, every name on the pavement below, should have an eloquent voice.

In the Pine Street Church is a mural tablet, of deep interest. Above is a crown of thorns with the word "Martyrs," and below are the names of some eighteen or more of our country's defenders who fell at Big Bethel, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Libby Prison and other places, now made historic through suffering. The first name is that of Lieut. Greble, whose praise was on every lip, and who, though only twenty-seven, had greatly distinguished himself in his profession, as well as endeared himself to many hearts by his lovely and Christian qualities. In Woodland Cemetery he lies, near the grave of another gifted youth, Courtland Saunders. Paternal affection has placed over each its monument of mourning—over that of young Saunders, a tall shaft of finely polished stone; while the design over Lieut. Greble, the first West Point officer killed in the war, is singularly unique and beautiful. An exquisitely carved eagle guards the tomb, of low, white marble, filled up with fresh, green, trailing love-entangled, whose immortal freshness against the cold marble seems to remind us that affection dies not at the grave, that love is stronger than death.

What does not the nation owe to those who laid down for its redemption such an offering? Earth, indeed, can offer no compensation. There are some sorrows so deep that only the bliss of heaven can soothe or repay. It is a mistake to suppose that even the most heartfelt gratitude of a redeemed people can atone for such a loss; it cannot cheer lonely hours, nor recall even one word from lifeless lips. Hearts which have been thus stricken can only calm themselves by the consciousness of right, the knowledge of the joy into which many of these loved ones have entered, and which we may well believe has been heightened by a martyr's added reward, and the meeting, which will compensate for all pain.

LETTERS FROM A COUNTRY PARSONAGE. II.

LATCH-STRING AND SPINNING-WHEEL.

Ministerial engagements led me, not long since, to a retired and rugged section of our State. During my stay it was incidentally mentioned that, in an obscure nook of the neighborhood, there lived together, in a small and rude log-cabin, two females, each in her eightieth year. They were, it was said, supported partly through their own feeble industry, and in part by the kindness of neighbors. Both were well reported of for gentleness, industry and piety. Each had raised a large family, yet all were either now dead, or gone beyond their reach or present knowledge.

Leisure sufficient being at command, a visit to the aged, lonely pair was determined upon. From various motives, my preference was to go alone, and be my own introducer. Following the course pointed out, across hill and field and wood, I was soon at the desolate-looking spot and beside the primitive dwelling—a veritable log-cabin of the original type. The last of its kind, in the rapid advance of our race, will soon have disappeared, and be known henceforth only in history, romance and poetry.

As I stopped to gaze on the rude structure, with its appendages, precious memories with commingling emotions came crowding thick and fast. The log-cabins, with latch-strings hanging out, of 1840, with their hurly-burly political excitements, were again present. Dearer memories also crowded in. My birth-place and happy home in early years was in a log-cabin, the entrance to which was opened by a latch-string. The pull of the string, the click of the latch, and the creaking of the wooden hinges, are dearly cherished memories.

The door was gently approached and made to resound with the old-fashioned rap. "Come in!" was echoed back by a cheerful voice. And lest the modern civility of an inmate opening the door should prevent, the string was quickly seized and pulled. It was the old click of the latch, with the creak of the wooden hinges—boyhood back again.

There sat the venerable grandmothers, as cheery looking as young girls. A cheerful fire was burning against a clay back wall. The nimble feet of one was making a tread-wheel

spin around, as the rolls which she had just carded were being turned into thread. No music of opera or Italian trill half so sweet as the humming of that dear old wheel. Its was the lullaby which, in childhood, had hushed me unnumbered times to sleep. This long familiar music will soon have been hushed into silence. It will die out with our grandmothers. The instrument itself will hereafter be found only in museums of ancient curiosities. Old things are speedily passing away. All things are becoming new. All honor, however, to the old spinning-wheel, and to those who, by long and faithful treading, helped so effectively to keep the world in motion.

The other matron was busy knitting, with fingers as pliable as though they had not been in motion for eighty years. Knitting has not gone into such disuse, nor become such a rarity, as spinning on the tread-wheel. Notwithstanding all the bewildering forms of machinery, accumulated and so fast increasing in our Patent Office, knitting still holds its place as an universal feminine accomplishment.

We were soon on the most friendly and familiar terms. The events of eighty years came up in review; nor did we fail to turn the thoughts occasionally to that goodly land yet afar off.

"Grandma," I at length enquired, when done spinning, "to whom will you leave your wheel?"

"Nobody will have it, as no one now learns to spin."

On being informed that I had lately seen a lad in a woolen factory, spinning by machinery seven hundred threads at once, and faster than she was doing that one, "Well, well," she replied a little querulously, "I had better lay by my old wheel at once." "But what," she continued, "are all the girls going to do now? Won't they all grow up in idleness, and become worthless, since, by the use of these strange machines, they will soon have nothing to do?"

The old lady's fears were not wholly groundless. Our mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters do not seem to make the most of their present marvelous ease from former toil and drudgery. The leisure obtained from modern labor-saving machines is too often spent in idleness, vanity and pride. By each new labor-saving machine God is saying to the sons and daughters of toil, "The curse laid upon earthly drudgery is thus in part lifted; use the time thus gained for your moral, intellectual and spiritual improvement."

Although living in the midst of this wondrously progressive age and country, neither of them had ever seen one of our great cities, a steamboat, ship, railroad, engine or car. The telegraph was to them something altogether mythical. They seemed unfitted for the present, and were too old to be conformed to the new order of things. Though in the present generation, they were nevertheless living with one that had gone—a race of men and women, though not so fast as ours, yet did its work well, filled its mission faithfully; thus laying broad and deep the foundations for our present greatness.

The pleasing and profitable interview was at length terminated, and is not likely to be renewed until the final gathering around the great white throne. Passing out of the door, I took hold of the latch-string and related to them my special interest in the old relic. The earnest wish was also expressed, that as they must both soon depart, they might make the final journey in company, and when reaching the goal above, they might find the latch-string hanging out there.

A. M. STEWART.  
FRAZER, CHESTER COUNTY, PA.

TESTIMONIAL TO GEO. H. STUART, ESQ.

On the evening of Thursday last, the 13th inst., a reunion of members, workers and friends of the U. S. Christian Commission took place at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association to participate in the presentation of a testimonial to Mr. Geo. H. Stuart, a self-denying and efficient head of the late U. S. Christian Commission, in recognition of his untiring devotion to the interests of that great Christian work. The memorial presented is a beautiful bust of General Grant, executed in the purest Carrara marble, by Mr. W. H. Phillips, a pupil of Powers and Crawford at Rome, and a fellow student at Munich with Bierstadt and Lentze.

The rooms of the Association were filled with clergymen, prominent merchants and other workers of the Christian Commission, many of whom had come from a distance. Among these we observed Rev. H. Dyer, D.D., of New York; Archibald Russell, Esq., of New York; J. A. Anderson, Esq., of Lambertville, N. J.; Rev. E. P. Smith, ex-Secretary of the U. S. Christian Commission; ex-Gov. Pollock; A. S. Pratt, Esq., of the Treasury Department, Washington; and Rev. George J. Mings, of New York City Mission.

Mr. Stuart appeared, supported by his friends, suffering severely from an asthmatic attack which had deprived him of sleep for twelve nights.

Stephen Colwell, Esq., was called to the chair, and desired Rev. Robert J. Parvin to state the object of the meeting.

Mr. Parvin—besides a few explanatory remarks, in compliance with the request of the Chairman, in which he stated they were met to recognize, in this testimonial on the part of the Commission, the valuable services rendered by Mr. Stuart during the war in behalf of the wounded and dying on the field

and in the hospital—read several communications from the various Branch Committees of the Commission in relation to this, as well as letters of regret from Major-General George G. Meade, Prof. M. L. Stoeber, of Gettysburg; Hon. Chas. Demond, of Boston; Walter S. Griffiths, Esq., of Brooklyn, and others, in which they expressed their regret at not being able to be present. Mr. Parvin concluded by reading the following letter of presentation as the fittest expression of the feelings and purpose which had brought them together on the present occasion:—

Mr. George H. Stuart:

DEAR BROTHER:—Your fellow-laborers in the work of the United States Christian Commission have known and appreciated the zeal, energy, efficiency and self-sacrifice with which you devoted yourself to the management of its affairs, as its Chairman, during the whole period of its existence.

They believe that to you the Commission is very largely indebted for the wonderful success which God gave it. They desire to express their gratitude and love in a permanent form, and for this purpose, they have procured a marble bust of General Grant, to be given to you as a memorial of your noble services, and of their appreciation of them.

General Grant gave to the Commission his cordial approval and aid, and so contributed in no small degree to its success;—he is one of your most valued personal friends. His likeness will bring to mind pleasant remembrances of the Nation's great struggle for existence, in which you both have taken so honorable a part.

We will give you no words of praise;—you do not need, you do not desire them;—your acts have built for you a monument purer and more enduring than this marble. Your "memorial" will endure so long as the thousands who have been led to Jesus by the Commission of which you were the head, shall shine as the stars in the Redeemer's crown.

Your friends of the Commission in different parts of the country have united in this testimonial. In their behalf we express the hope that your health and life may long be spared, and that you may be blessed of Him who forgetteth not a cup of cold water given in His name.

CHAS. DEMOND, Boston,  
ROBT. J. PARVIN, Philadelphia.  
JAY COOKE, Philadelphia.  
WM. P. WEYMAN, Pittsburgh.  
A. E. CHAMBERLAIN, Cincinnati,  
Committee.

PHILADELPHIA, December 13, 1866.

Mr. Stuart replied in a brief address, his health not permitting of extended remarks—thanking his friends for this undeserved testimonial of their friendship. He regretted his inability to continue, and then gave way to—

Ex-Governor Pollock, who made an address in which he reviewed the many good works accomplished by the United States Christian Commission, of which Mr. Stuart was the honored President.

Addresses followed from Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, D.D., Rev. E. P. Smith, Rev. Alexander Reed, D.D., Rev. Geo. J. Mings, and Rev. Dr. Breed.

The bust was then inspected by the assembled company who, unanimously pronounced it a striking likeness of the great soldier it represents. It cost \$1500 and weighs 1100 pounds. The pedestal, of pure Tennessee marble, is of exceeding beauty, and by its dark shade contrasts finely with the white of the bust, and Mr. Greble, who mounted the bust, pronounces it to be the finest Carrara marble he has ever met with. The company afterward adjourned to an adjoining room, where they partook of a fine collation furnished by the Association.

MAN.  
Man is a compound of good and ill; an intermingling of light and darkness; a chequered surface of black and white. In this characteristic, man is a kind of type of the entire universe, in which neither pure good nor pure evil is ever found, but such a blending of the two as produces a sort of twilight, or such occasional outbursts of light or predominance of darkness as causes either the brightness of midday or the deep darkness of midnight. And as in nature and history there appears a ceaseless conflict between these two principles, the one of light, the other of darkness, so in each human soul there is a constant combat proceeding between the opposing forces of good and of ill, the victory now inclining to one side, now to the other. But whichever way it inclines, it shows, by unmistakable effects, that all that God can do for man, and all that man can do for himself, is needed and demanded, in order to strengthen the good and weaken the ill, so that both goodness and immortality may eventually gain the mastery in the soul.

LO! GOD IS HERE.  
He who is not with God already, can by no path of space find the least approach; in vain would you lend him the wing of angel or the speed of light; in vain pluck here or there, on this side of death or that; he is in the outer darkness still, having that inner blindness which would leave him pitchy night, though, like the angel of the Apocalypse, he were standing in the sun. But ceasing all vain travels, and remaining with his foot upon this weary earth, let him subside into the depths of his own wonder and love; let the touch of sorrow, or the tears of conscience, or the coils of duty open the hidden places of his affections; and the distance, infinite before, wholly disappears; and he finds, like the patriarch, that though the stone is his pillow and the earth his bed, he is yet in the very house of God and at the gate of heaven.