

is horrible to me. Yet thus it must be if I should quit office. Yet to hold office merely for the sake of emolument would be more horrible still."

The result was that Macaulay obtained and filled an honorable office in India, and returned with a sufficient competence to be enabled to write his famous "History of England."

CHAPTER V.

COURAGE—ENDURANCE.

Fear to do base, unworthy things, is valor;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valor too. BEN JONSON.

Give me no light, great Heaven, but such as turns
To energy of human fellowship;
No powers beyond the growing heritage
That makes completer manhood. GEORGE ELIOT.

Not alone when life flows still do truth
And power emerge, but also when strange chance
Affects its current; in unused conjecture,
When sickness breaks the body—hunger, watching,
Excess, or languor—oftenest death's approach—
Peril, deep joy, or woe. ROBERT BROWNING.

COURAGE is the quality which all men delight to honor. It is the energy which rises to all the emergencies of life. It is the perfect will, which no terrors can shake. It will enable one to die, if need be, in the performance of duty.

Who has a word to say in praise of cowardice? Does not the universal conscience condemn it? The coward is mean and unmanly. He has not the courage to stand by his opinions. He is ready to become a slave. "Half of our virtue," says Homer, "is torn away when a man becomes a slave;" and "the other half," added Dr. Arnold, "goes when he becomes a slave broken loose."

Yet it requires courage to deal with the coward. A foolish young man, who quarrelled with Sir Philip Sydney,

and tried to provoke him to fight, went so far as to spit in his face. "Young man," said Sir Philip, "if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience as I can wipe this insult from my face, I would this moment take your life." This was noble courage. It is a lesson for every one; how to bear and how to forbear.

The courageous man is an example to the intrepid. His influence is magnetic. He creates an epidemic of nobleness. Men follow him, even to the death. It is not the men who succeed that are always worthy of estimation. The men who fail for a time continue to exercise a potent influence on their race. The leader of the forlorn hope may fall in the breach, but his body furnishes the bridge over which the victors enter the citadel.

The martyr may perish at the stake, but the truth for which he dies may gather new lustre from his sacrifice. The patriot may lay his head upon the block, and hasten the triumph of the cause for which he suffers. The memory of a great life does not perish with the life itself, but lives in other minds. The ardent and enthusiastic may seem to throw their lives away; but the enduring men continue the fight, and enter in and take possession of the ground on which their predecessors sleep. Thus the triumph of a just cause may come late; but when it does come, it is due to the men who have failed as well as to the men who have eventually succeeded.

All the great work of the world has been accomplished by courage. Every blessing that we enjoy—personal security, individual liberty, and constitutional freedom—has been obtained through long apprenticeships of evil. The right of existing as a nation has only been accomplished through ages of wars and horrors. It required four centuries of martyrdom to establish Christianity, and a century of civil wars to introduce the Reformation.

It is the simple fidelity to truth that gives to martyrdom its eternal value. In the progress of freedom of thought, no matter what the truth adhered to is, all martyrs are our martyrs. They died that we might be free. Roman Catholics and Protestants, Christians and Pagans, orthodox

and heretic, may share in this glorious heritage of the past.

"The angels of martyrdom and victory," says Mazzini, "are brothers; both extend their wings over the cradle of future life."

A story of the noble army of martyrs has come down to us from the beginning of the Christian era. It is that of Pancratius, or Pancras. He was born in Phrygia, a district visited by the Apostle Paul at the time when he confirmed the churches in Galatia. Pancratius was brought up to worship Jupiter, but his father having died, he was placed under the guardianship of his uncle Dionysius. The uncle removed to Rome in the year 305, that the orphan, heir to a vast fortune, might be near the imperial court. Under the care and tuition of the aged and holy Marcellinus, Bishop of Rome, he was converted to Christianity. His uncle soon after died, and the youth, then only fourteen years old, was left with his wealth and his religion in a world without a friend.

Diocletian was then persecuting the Christians. It was reported to him that Pancratius had been converted. He was immediately ordered to attend at the palace of Diocletian. The emperor threatened him with instant death unless he sacrificed to Jupiter. The boy replied that he was a Christian, and ready to die; "for Christ," he said, "our Master, inspires the souls of His servants, even young as I am, with courage to suffer for His sake." The emperor made no reply, but ordered him to be led out of the city, and put to death by the sword on the Aurelian Way. There he sealed his testimony with his blood. He lay until the light of early dawn, when a Christian Roman lady wrapped the body in fine linen, and bore it to a catacomb near by, where she covered it with fresh flowers, embalming it with her tears. His name is still remembered by the churches erected after his memory.*

* It is said of Saint John Lateran at Rome, "This is the head and mother of all Christian churches, if you except that of St. Pancras, under Highgate, near London." The common seal of St. Pancras parish represents a youthful saint trampling upon heathen superstition. There are seven St. Pancras churches in England, and many others in Italy and France.

The early Christians were torn to pieces by wild beasts in the Roman arenas, down to the end of the third century. They were "butchered to make a Roman holiday." Nothing gave the Roman people greater sport than the fights of the wild beasts, the tearing to pieces of the Christians, and the deadly combats of the gladiators. The same pleasures—so to speak—prevailed all over the Roman empire. Wherever they settled, an amphitheatre was founded. Almost the only one in England is found at Richborough in Kent. At Treves, the capital of the Roman empire north of the Alps, a great many Roman remains are found. Among others is an amphitheatre cut out of the rock, capable of accommodating thousands of spectators. In the year 306, Constantine entertained his subjects with an exhibition of "Frankish sports." It consisted in exposing many thousand unarmed captive Franks to be torn to pieces by wild beasts. The animals were glutted with slaughter, and of their own accord desisted from their work of destruction. Those who survived were made to fight as gladiators against one another. But instead of doing this, they disappointed the ferocity of the spectators by voluntarily falling on each other's swords, instead of contending for life. In the same year, thousands of the Bructeri were barbarously sacrificed for the amusement of the people. The ruined amphitheatres, as well as the vaulted dens of the wild beasts, are still to be seen.

In France, many of the Roman amphitheatres still exist, though several of them have been used as quarries. Those at Nismes and Arles are the largest, the latter being so extensive that the Moors built four castles on the outer wall while defending the place against the Franks. The one at Verona is almost perfect, and is kept up from year to year. But the greatest amphitheatre is the Coliseum at Rome, which was able to afford accommodation for about 87,000 spectators. Church tradition tells us that it was designed by Gaudentius, a Christian architect and martyr; and it is also said that many thousand captive Jews, brought by Titus from Jerusalem, were employed in its construction. At the dedication of the building by Titus, 5000 beasts were

slaughtered in the arena. Only recently, the bones of wild beasts, lions and tigers, have been found in the vaults underneath the circus.

On the days of the great spectacles at the Coliseum, all Rome held holiday. Men, women, and children assembled to see the bloody sports. The magistrates and senators, the functionaries of state, the nobles and the common people, even the Vestal Virgins, were there, presided over by the emperor. The gladiators marched in front of the emperor, crying, "Ave, Cæsar! morituri te salutant." The wild beasts began the warfare, and the gladiators followed. The sports continued until night, when the spectators became drunk with carnage.

These sports continued until Rome was nominally Christian. But at length, about the year 400, an old hermit, lamenting these bloody carnivals, determined to interfere, though at the cost of his poor body. What was his life compared with the commission of these horrible crimes? The very name of this martyr is unknown. Some say it was Almachus, and others that it was Telemachus. No matter, his courage proved his worth. He had come from the far East. He knew nobody, and nobody knew him. The news went forth that there was to be a gladiatorial combat in the arena. All Rome flocked to it. He went in with the crowd, his heart intent upon his object. The gladiators entered the arena with sharp spears and swords. It was to be a fight to the death. As they approached, the old man sprang over the wall, and threw himself between the gladiators about to engage. He called upon them to cease from shedding innocent blood. Loud cries, shrieks, howls, arose on every side. "Back, back, old man!" No, he would not go back. The gladiators thrust him aside, and advanced to the attack. The old man still stood between the sharp swords, and forbade them to commit bloodshed. "Down with him!" was the general cry. The prefect gave his consent. The gladiators cut him down, and advanced over his dead body.

His death was not in vain. The people began to think of what they had done. They had destroyed a holy man,

who had given his life as a protest against their bloodthirstiness. They were shocked at their own cruelty. From the day on which the self-sacrificing old man was cut down, there were no more fights in the Coliseum. The hermit's death was victory. The gladiatorial combats were abolished by Honorius in 402. Not long ago the remains of this nameless man were carried in triumph round the arena, and afterward deposited, with all religious honors, in the church of San Clemente, near at hand.

Rome fell from its ancient glory by means of corruption, profligacy, and cruelty. Immorality in high places never fails to exert a pernicious influence upon all classes of society. Profligacy of manners results in profligacy of principles. The baser influences of human nature obtain the ascendancy, and crush out the moral vitality of character. Greece and Rome fell, because of the moral inferiority of their rulers, and the consequent corruption of the people. Rome, the ancient mistress of the world, fell before the onset of the savage tribes, which issued from the forests of central Europe. The rich were steeped in voluptuousness; the poor were wretched and dependent upon charity. They had no heart to defend their country. In fact, it was better that it should not exist.

Then Christianity came, and revealed to men the true foundation of religion. St. Paul carried it to Rome, as adequate to regenerate the world. It first took root among the enlightened poor. And why? Because religion is the explanation of human destiny, the poetry of our earthly existence, and the consoling promise of a better futurity. It also embraced women. In Rome, the lives of wives were at the disposal of their husbands. They were merely slaves. Christianity restored them to justice. They had now, for the first time, hope. They secured the reverence and love of men. "All virtue lies in a woman," said an ancient knight; "they impart worthiness, and make men worthy."

Intemperance, profanity, and immorality were subdued by the power of religious motives working in the hearts of individual men and women. The desire to do evil was thus lessened or removed. Religion satisfied the noble

wants of human nature. The day of rest was consecrated, and relieved the workman's toil. The church convened its members to the solemnities, and under its splendid roofs the whole Christian population, without distinction of class, assembled to worship; for were they not all, in the presence of God, men and brethren? What a happy picture! Would that it had continued!

Alas! the old Adam had not been effaced. There is no Eden in nature. The priesthood became the instruments of oppression, the defenders of the interests of the few against the legitimate interests of all, and shared the fate of those whom they had supported. There were differences of opinion respecting religious dogmas. What the pagans had done to the early Christians the Christians did to their opponents. The fires of persecution were relighted, and martyrs were burned as before. Courage and endurance were again required for those who fought for the truth; and nobly did they suffer, nobly did they die.

Persecution began in Italy; it extended to Spain, France, and the Netherlands. Germany resisted it. "God's design," said Luther, "is to have sons who eternally and perfectly are fearless, calm, and generous, who fear absolutely nothing, but triumph over and despise all things through confidence in his grace, and who mock at punishments and deaths; He hates all the cowards who are confounded with the fear of everything, even with the sound of a rustling leaf."

"Strange," says Mr. F. W. Newman, "how religion, in any form, should have generated cruelty. The Inquisition, established after Christianity had supplanted paganism, was a system of deliberate cruelty. It was continued for centuries as a pious institution, and will ever be branded as infamous and execrable. Yet its pretensions were based on the name of a gentle and loving religion."

The priesthood of Spain, aided by the secular power, stamped out the Reformation by sheer physical force. In one night eight hundred Protestants were thrown into the prisons of Seville. They were everywhere seized and burned. Fires blazed in the chief Spanish cities. A short

time ago a drain was cut through a field, near Madrid, where the Protestants were burned. The workmen laid open a deep layer of black, shining dust mixed with calcined bones and charcoal. It was the remains of those who had perished at the bidding of the Church.

And what did Spain gain by its terrible cruelty? Its wealth has left it; and the country is almost bankrupt. The people are uneducated and uncared for. Only one out of eight can read or write. They regard the priests as their natural enemies. The greater number are professed unbelievers. Even the priests are poor. "It is a strange thing to think of," says Dr. Lees, "that Spain was more prosperous under the Moors than she has been under Christian rulers. The government was more liberal, more tolerant, more cultured; her people were better educated; her land better cultivated. Since the Moors were driven away, Spain has almost continually retrograded."

Philip II. of Spain was perhaps the greatest miscreant that ever sat upon a throne. He is only worthy of being compared to Nero and Caligula. In his edict of 1568, he sentenced every Protestant in the Netherlands to be put to death. The edict failed, because there were not means enough to carry out his diabolical decree. But his minister Alva, did what he could. By the aid of his Council of Blood, and the sheriffs and executioners of the Most Holy Inquisition, he was sometimes able to put to death by torture eight hundred beings in a week. The first crime was Protestantism; the second was wealth. For the latter reason Catholics as well as Protestants were plundered and destroyed. The possession of property made the proof of orthodoxy, almost impossible. At the end of half a dozen years, Alva boasted of having strangled, drowned, burned, or beheaded more than eighteen thousand of his fellow creatures. This was independent of the tens of thousands who had perished in sieges and battles during Alva's administration. His robberies, like his murders, were colossal.

But France was as bad as Spain. From the beginning of her adherence to Rome, she plundered, burned, beheaded,

or banished all who were opposed to the opinions of the great Roman Hierarchy. The Albigenses were massacred or driven into the Pyrenees. The Vaudois, with the help of Savoy, were hanged and burned all through the south-east of France, and the northwest of Italy. Persecution and burning went on throughout the whole of France. Half a dozen Lutheran counsellors were burned at Paris to give pleasure to the *grande*s of Spain.

There were many noble exceptions to this mad riot of persecution. The Chancellor de l'Hopital urged his co-religionists to adorn themselves with virtues and a good life, and to attack their adversaries with the arms of charity, prayer, and persuasion. "Let us put away," he said, "these diabolical words, the names of parties, of factions, and seditions; Lutherans, Huguenots, Papists; change them to the name of Christians." For this the chancellor was called an atheist.

When Viscount Dorte, Governor of Bayonne, received an order from Charles IX. for the massacre of the Protestants there, he replied that he had communicated his majesty's letter to the garrison and inhabitants of the town; but that he had been able to find among them only brave soldiers and good subjects, and not a single executioner.

Then came the massacres of Voissy and St. Bartholomew, which were repeated all over France. Present forever, like a skeleton at a feast, was the massacre of St. Bartholomew in the thoughts of all the Protestants in Europe. That and the attempted invasion of England by the Spanish Armada of Philip II. were the two great features in history of the latter half of the sixteenth century.

Nor was the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. more merciful. By that decree every Protestant was expelled from France under penalty of "conversion" or death. Protestant nobles, gentles, merchants, peasants, and artisans refused to become hypocrites. They would not conform to what they did not believe. The nobles and proprietors abandoned their estates, renounced their titles, and gave up everything to their enemies. The merchants fled with the artisans, and sought other lands where they

were free to worship God according to their conscience, and enjoy the fruits of their industry in peace.

It was not death they feared. The Duke de Maienne hit the secret of the Huguenot character when he said, "Ces gens etaient de pere en fils apprivoises a la mort." They perished by thousands, by the axe, by the wheel, and by tortures inconceivable. They could not be conquered by death. They yielded up their lives as a sacrifice to duty. The noble stamp of life and conduct which we find in the great Huguenot leaders has never been reproduced in France. In fact, the nobility and breadth of soul, and the profound conviction of the French Protestants, generated this lofty type of character—the finest which the whole range of French history has to show. But history for the most part deals with the reigns of kings and queens. Victories and defeats are remembered; but the persecuted are forgotten.

Louis XIV. and all his armies could not prevail against the impenetrable rampart of conscience. His relentless policy maintained a perpetual St. Bartholomew in France for more than sixty years. And with what result? He was baffled and defeated. He left France ruined and laden with taxes. He destroyed commerce and agriculture by his banishment of the Huguenots; and left France a prey to anarchy, which developed itself in the Revolution of 1789.*

"The flight of the Huguenots," says Michelet, in his "History of France," "was a noble act of loyalty and sincerity. It was horror of falsehood. It was respect for thought. It is glorious for human nature that so great a number of men and women should, for truth's sake, have sacrificed everything; passed from riches to poverty; risked

* "The prisons in the Pope's palace at Avignon," says Dr. Arnold, "were one of the most striking things I ever saw in my life. In the self-same dungeon the roof was still black with the smoke of the Inquisition fires, in which men were tortured or burned; and as you looked down a trap-door into an apartment below, the walls were still marked with the blood of the victims whom Jourdan Coup Tête threw down there into the ice-house below, in the famous massacre of 1791. It was very awful to see such traces of two great opposite forms of human wickedness."

life, family, and all, in the perilous enterprise of a flight so difficult. Some see in these people only obstinate sectaries; I see in them people of lofty ideas of honor, who, over all the earth, have proved themselves to have been the *elite* of France. The stoical device which free-thinkers have popularized is precisely the idea which lies at the root of the Protestant emigration, braving death and the galleys to remain noble and true: *Vitam impendere vero*; Life sacrificed for the truth.**

Before this the fires of persecution had extended to England and Scotland. Smithfield, in London, was often ablaze with the burning of Protestants and witches. But the Catholics have their book of martyrs as well as the Protestants. Forest, an Observant Friar, was burned for denying the supremacy of Henry VIII. Fire was used on both sides. In Queen Mary's time the executions for religion became ten times more frequent than before. John Rogers, vicar of St. Sepulchre's, was burned at the stake in sight of his church tower. John Bradford died embracing the stake and comforting his fellow-sufferer. John Philpot, arch-deacon of Winchester, was burned at the same time. It is not necessary to mention the names of Latimer, Cranmer, and Ridley. The great spirits of that time were not of the same temper as the men of to-day. We, who shrink at a scalded finger, wonder at the men who were not only burned for their faith, but who gloried in it. "Shall I disdain to suffer at this stake," said John Philpot, "seeing my Redeemer did not refuse to suffer a most vile death upon the cross for me?"

The persecution for conscience' sake extended to the reign of Charles II. William Penn said, "There have been ruined since the late king's restoration about 15,000 families, and more than 5,000 persons died under bonds for

* Having already published two volumes on this subject—"The Huguenots: their Settlements, Churches, Industries in England and Ireland;" and "The Huguenots in France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes"—the author considers it unnecessary to pursue this subject farther.

matters of mere conscience to God." Charles II., and after him James II., extended these persecutions to Scotland. In the old Catholic times the only method of dealing with Protestants was fire. Cardinal Beaton burned George Wishart before his castle of St. Andrews, and, looking out of the window, saw him shrivelled up with his own eyes. In the Protestant times of Charles and James, Protestants persecuted Protestants, because of their differences of opinion. The myrmidons of the Stuarts hunted the Presbyterians, shot them, murdered them, and hanged them. The effect was to drive their special form of religion into their very hearts and souls. The boot and thumbscrews were horrible to endure, but the sufferers were brave and enduring.

"I treasure," says Robert Collyer, of New York, "a small drawing by Millais. It is the figure of a woman bound fast to a pillar far within tide-mark. The sea is curling its waves about her feet. A ship is passing in full sail, but not heeding her or her doom. Birds of prey are hovering about her; but she heeds not the birds, or the ship, or the sea. Her eyes look right on, and her feet stand firm, and you see that she is looking directly into heaven, and telling her soul how the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed. Under the picture is this legend, copied from the stone set up to her memory in an old Scottish kirkyard:

'Murdered for owning Christ supreme
Head of His Church, and no more crime.
But for not owning Prelacy,
And not abjuring Presbytry,
Within the sea, tied to a stake,
She suffered for Christ Jesus' sake.'

"I treasure it because, when I look at it, it seems a type of a great host of women who watch and wait, tied fast to their fate, while the tide creeps up about them, but who rise as the waves rise, and on the crest of the last and the loftiest, are borne into the quiet haven, and hear the 'Well done.'"

"For what a length of years," says Sydney Smith, "was it attempted to compel the Scotch to change their religion. Horse, foot, and artillery, and armed Prebendaries, were sent out after the Presbyterian ministers and congregations. Much blood was shed, but, to the astonishment of the Prelatists, they could not introduce the Book of Common Prayer, nor prevent that metaphysical people from going to heaven their true way, instead of our true way. The true and the only remedy was applied. The Scotch were suffered to worship God after their own tiresome manner, without pain, penalty, and privation. No lightning descended from heaven; the country was not ruined; the world is not yet come to an end; the dignitaries who foretold all these consequences are utterly forgotten; and Scotland has ever since been an increasing source of strength to Great Britain."

Toleration is only a recent discovery. We have ceased to burn men; it is now necessary to persuade them. The age of martyrdom, like that of miracles, is past. We are not shot, or pinned to a stake, or broken alive on the wheel, as in bygone days; and yet we suffer by isolation, by misrepresentation, by ridicule, and by blame. Courage is as necessary as ever for those who would hold by the innate consciousness of the truth. It is even more difficult, in these days of indifferentism, to keep true to higher laws and purer instincts, than it was in the times of martyrdom. "Active persecution and fierce chastisements," says a well-known writer, "are tonics to the nerves; but the mere weary conviction that no one cares, that no one notices, that there is no humanity that honors, and no Deity that pities, is more destructive of all higher effort than any conflict with tyranny or with barbarism."

But have we really abandoned our ideas as to the worthlessness of persecution? In these days printing and publishing are free; and men express their thoughts in the public press. What are we to think of this sentence, which recently appeared in a London newspaper? "Considering the end of man and the purposes of civil society, murder and robbery are light crimes, and the spread of epidemic disease

of no consequence, in comparison with the crime which Luther and Calvin perpetrated when they revolted from the Church." The sentence would have been approved by the perpetrators of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; and by all those who have burned and beheaded the thousands of men who have held to their own religious belief. But it will not do now. Our forefathers have handed down to us the priceless heritage of a free state—won by the lives of some of the noblest men who ever lived; and it will be our own fault if we encourage this revolting appeal to intolerance on the part of those who differ from us. Even the Jesuits, like the Huguenots, have been banished from France; and they are free, like all persecuted people, to live under the protection of English laws. But they must have respect for these laws, and for the religious toleration of the country that protects them.

William Penn was of opinion that there was no greater mistake than to suppose that a country or a people were strengthened by all the people holding one opinion, whether upon religious doctrine or religious practice; and that a variety of opinions, of professions, and of practice was a strength to a people and to a government, if all were alike tolerated. Individuality must be upheld; for without individuality there can be no liberty. Individuality is everywhere to be spared and respected, as the root of everything good. "Even despotism does not produce its worst effects," says John Stuart Mill, "so long as individuality exists under it; and whatever crushes individuality is despotism, by whatever name it may be called, and whether it professes to be enforcing the will of God or the injunctions of men."

Jeremy Taylor concludes his Apology for Christian toleration with an Eastern apologue. Abraham was sitting at his tent door, when an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, appeared before him. Abraham invited him into his tent, set before him meat, and observing that he did not invoke a blessing, asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. "I worship the fire only, and acknowledge no other god." Abraham became angry, and drove the old man out of his tent. Then God called to Abraham, and

asked him where the stranger was. "I thrust him away, because he did not worship Thee!" God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, though he dishonored me, and wouldest thou not endure him one single night?" Upon which, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction.

Even the great men who have labored to advance the cause of science have endured the perils of martyrdom. In former times there was scarcely a great discovery in astronomy, in natural history, or in physical science, which was not denounced as leading to infidelity. Bruno was burned alive at Rome for exposing the fashionable but false philosophy of his time. The followers of Copernicus were branded as misbelievers. After Lippersley of Middleburgh, in Holland, had invented the telescope, Galileo took up the idea, and constructed a telescope of his own, with which he ascended the tower of St. Mark, at Venice, to view the heavenly bodies. He directed it to the planets and fixed stars, which he observed with incredible delight." He discovered the satellites and rings of Jupiter, the phases of Venus, and the spots on the sun. He faithfully recorded the revelations that came down to him direct from the skies. He proceeded with his observations, and discovered perhaps more during his lifetime than any future astronomer.

But all this was at variance with the received ideas of the time. The Inquisition undertook to regulate astronomical science. Galileo was called to Rome, and summoned before the Inquisitors to answer for the heretical doctrines he had published. He was compelled to renounce his opinions; he declared that he abandoned the doctrine of the earth's motion round the sun. The Inquisitors inserted in the prohibited Index the works of Galileo, Kepler, and Copernicus. Galileo plucked up heart again, and published a new work, in the form of a dialogue, defending his doctrines. He was summoned before the Inquisition, and was compelled, on bended knees, to renounce and abjure his glorious discovery. Galileo, wanted the courage of his opinions. But he was an old man of seventy when he denied his faith. Galileo would