

**DOCTOR
LUTHER**



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Freytag, Gustav, 1816-1895.
Doctor Luther



Martin Luther
As Junker Georg
From a Painting
by Lucas Cranach



DOCTOR LUTHER

By
GUSTAV FREYTAG

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TO MY MOTHER

CONTENTS

	PAGE
GUSTAV FREYTAG	9
AT THE BEGINNING OF THE XVI CENTURY..	13
STRUGGLES IN THE SOUL OF A YOUNG MAN AND HIS ENTRANCE INTO THE MONAS- TERY.	30
OUT OF MONASTIC CONFINEMENT INTO BATTLE	52
DOCTOR LUTHER	78
BIOGRAPHIC AND GEOGRAPHIC NOTES.....	193
TABLE OF DATES	200

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
MARTIN LUTHER	<i>Frontispiece</i>
HANS LUTHER	32
MARGARETHE LUTHER	64
PHILIP MELANCHTHON	96
FREDERICK THE WISE	128
KATHARINA VON BORA	160

GUSTAV FREYTAG

Few men have been blessed with more and greater advantages of life than the author of *Doctor Luther*. With both grandfathers Lutheran pastors, with a practicing physician and public servant as father, with one uncle a Lutheran pastor, teaching him his preparatory studies, and with still another uncle, a lawyer, giving words of counsel and advice, Gustav Freytag began his career. And an enviable one he made it.

After a course in language and literature at the universities of Breslau and Berlin, he himself tried the life of a university professor. His chosen field, however, did not continue to satisfy him; he wanted to teach history instead. But finding the change impracticable, he took up journalism, and soon attained a lofty position. In fact, he was largely instrumental in raising journalism from a place of ridicule and contempt to one of appreciation and respect. It was also during this period of over twenty years (1848-1870) that he wrote, as editor of the *Border Messenger*, the works which established his reputation.

Among his works there are four which may be called masterpieces. They have

GUSTAV FREYTAG

brought him enduring fame. The *Journalists* (1853) was an immediate success. It is still very popular and ranks among the best comedies of German literature. As novelist Freytag invites comparison with Charles Dickens. He, too, has a vein of humor, power of observation and a gift of psychologic analysis. Two of his novels are exceptional products. The one, *Debit and Credit* (1856), is most widely read; it has always enjoyed the greatest popularity. In it there are portrayals of representatives of the middle class while at their work. By revealing the poetry in the performance of their daily tasks, Freytag ennobled labor and took from routine its pressing burden. The second novel, the *Ancestors* (1872-1880), upon which much of Freytag's renown rests, is historical. In parts, at least, it is universally admired and is to-day enjoyed as a popular national epic. Consisting of six volumes, it is a work of large dimensions. Its purpose is national and patriotic. It teaches that the Germans may well be proud of their past, that their history shows an unbroken development.

But the work that holds the central position among Freytag's productions is, after all, his *Pictures of the German Past* (1859-

1867). It has been assigned a unique place in the world's literature. Written during the best years of his life, for he was born in 1816 and died in 1895, these five volumes of historic pictures show Freytag a masterful teacher and interpreter of his nation's history. He gave us a masterpiece of historic depiction. We know from his own confession how he proceeded in its production. From documents and records, left us, for the most part, by typical representatives of the middle and lower classes, we learn the story of the inner life and the outer conditions of the German past. In testimonials of this nature, sounding real and sincere, there is a direct appeal to our hearts and our deepest interest. We are afforded a valuable guide to the appreciation of the character of the German people. Many of the *Pictures* are masterpieces, such as the one on Charles the Great, on Monasticism, on the Crusades, on the 'Thirty Years' War, and on Frederick the Great. Of all, however, the one on Doctor Luther is the best.

As a literary artist Freytag stands exceedingly high. His sentence structure is clear, orderly, and concise. And thru it all there runs an elegance void of ambiguity and doubt.



DOCTOR LUTHER

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE XVI CENTURY

The space of time from 1500 to 1600 embraces the greatest spiritual movement that has ever stirred a nation to its innermost depths. For all time, according to human judgment, has this century impressed its stamp upon the minds and hearts of the Germans. A period without a parallel in history, during which a great nation sought with diligence and fear after its God, after peace for its oppressed souls, after moral and spiritual content for a life which it found to be without charm, troubled, miserable, and corrupt. Longing for recognition of truth and ardent striving after eternal love were to become for a long time the predominant characteristic of the Germans.

An effort such as this, to shape anew their whole life by means of a deep conception of the eternal, brought also the political development of the Germans into a course which is sharply opposed to that of other great

DOCTOR LUTHER

civilized nations. For this passionate struggle taxed the whole strength of the nation even to uttermost exhaustion; it delayed the political concentration of Germany for centuries; the most dreadful internal wars, a deathlike weakness followed it; it made a deep rent between Germans and Germans, between the modern epoch and the Middle Ages. It brought it about that a large part of the German people, which can trace its history in unbroken succession even to the years of Ariovistus and Arminius, may at present look upon the period of the Hohenstaufen, yes, the "Administrative Council" of Maximilian I, as a dark legend; for the formation of its states, its laws, its local statutes are scarcely as old as those of the North American free states. The oldest among the proud nations which rose upon the ruins of the Roman empire, is now in many respects the youngest member of the family of European states. But however pregnant with fate that struggle of the sixteenth century became for the political formation of the fatherland, every German should, nevertheless, look back upon it with reverence; for to it we owe all that now comprises our pride and our hope, our capacity for sacrifice, our morals, the freedom of the German

AT BEGINNING OF XVI CENTURY

mind, an irresistible impulse toward truth, the unrivaled method of our scholarship, our art; finally, also, the great obligation which our ancestors laid upon our souls, the duty of completing that in which they failed.

He who endeavors to look into the souls of the Germans, at that time, when the sixteenth century was rising, will perceive a mysterious restlessness in the lower strata of the people, perhaps, as in the case of migrating birds when spring approaches. This vague impulse frequently became, too, the ancient German love of adventure. The number of vagabonds, young and old, peddlers, pilgrims, beggars, strolling scholars, was very large; the continuous course of adventurers passed thru all the German tribes even into the lands of the Slavs in the East, to France, and, above all, to Italy. Many things conspired in making the poor restless, unruly, desirous of new things.

Wonderful reports resounded from the distance. Far away in the distant Mediterranean, upon the road to Jerusalem, which German pilgrims still sought every year, a new race, a new faith, had forced itself in, dismal and full of horror. Every pilgrim, coming from the East, would report in the inns concerning the wild fighting force of the

Turk, concerning his polygamy, concerning the Christian children which he carried away and raised as his slaves, concerning the dangers of the Christian islands and sea towns. And, again, on the other side, in the West, there arose for the imagination out of the horror of the unending ocean new gold-fields, districts like Paradise, tawny peoples which knew nothing of God, an unending booty and dominion for the believing Christians. To this came the reports from Italy itself, how dissatisfied with the pope the people of southern Europe were, how bad simony was, how wicked the princes of the church.

And those who could relate such things, in town and country, were no longer timid merchants, poor pilgrims, but staunch, sun-burned fellows with courageous countenances and sharp weapons, neighbors' children and trustworthy people, who had marched to Italy as mercenaries of the emperor, had there fought with Italians, Spaniards, and Swiss, and were now returning with booty, gold pieces in their purses, and golden chains of knightly orders about their necks. With veneration the youth of the town would stare at the foot-soldier who thrust his halberd into the ground before the inn and took possession of the hostelry for himself and his guests

AT BEGINNING OF XVI CENTURY

like a nobleman or prince; for he, the peasant son, had trodden the Italian knights beneath his feet; he had run his hand deep into the money chest of an Italian prince; he had received full pardon for his German blows from the pope, yes, as was whispered, a secret blessing which made him invulnerable to thrust and blow. A presentiment of their own strength and valor passed for the first time after a long period thru the souls of the private soldiers. They, too, were men, in their huts hung the hunting-spears and on their belts their long knives. And what was their condition at home! The work of their hands and teams the noble squire demanded for his field; to him belonged the wood and game in the forest, the fish in the water; even in case the farmer died, the former took from his heir the best head of the herd, or money in place of it. The peasants had also been delivered thru Christ's death, and made free; and now the majority of them were bondmen of the lord of the manor. In every feud that concerned the squire, they were the victims; foreign mounted troops would then attack their cattle, shoot the arrow even at them, and throw them into a dark hole until they paid ransom. And again, after their

DOCTOR LUTHER

sheaves and every hidden florin the Church was wont to spy. Dishonest, cunning, and voluptuous as the Italians, was also the deacon who rode thru their villages with his hunting-hawks, with wenches and mounted soldiers; their priest whom they had no right to choose or dismiss, who seduced their wives or lived in a scandalous household with housekeeper and children; the mendicant friar who made himself at home in their kitchens and demanded the meat in the chimney, the eggs in the basket, for his cloister. A dull fermentation came into the country parishes of southern Germany; even at the end of the fifteenth century local uprisings, forerunners of the peasants' war, were beginning.

But even greater influence was exercised by the new art thru which even the poorest man could become wise and learned. In the middle of the last century an invention had been made on the Rhine for multiplying written words a thousandfold. For several hundred years patterns had already been printed with wooden tablets, sometimes single pages of writing had been cut out in them; finally a burgher conceived the idea that entire books could be printed with molded letters. It was of importance for the imme-

AT BEGINNING OF XVI CENTURY

diately succeeding years that the new invention was developed independently of the clergy; yes, in opposition to the monkish copyists, as an invention of the middle class. For it immediately attained in consequence of this the sound industrial position which the labor and traffic of a trade were able to give; with wondrous rapidity it was carried by the strolling journeymen into many German towns and foreign lands. Alongside of it the new printing of cuts with wooden blocks. Besides the large printed works of the fifteenth century, the technical skill of which we admire even now, there were spread soon in the houses of city dwellers, yes, in the huts of the peasants, small, cheap ones; calendars, remedies against sickness, organizations of pious brotherhoods, moral and prayer books; at the same time in quick succession small political pamphlets and comic literature—carnival jokes, fool pranks, popular poems. The impulse to learn to read became powerful; even the countryman learned with an accuracy which the chance oral report had seldom had, of a mysterious prophecy or apparition, of a carnival play at Nuremberg; full of faith he would spell new prayers and promises of his church, and with astonishment he took in so distinctly, as

DOCTOR LUTHER

if he had seen it himself, that the dukes of Bavaria had subjected themselves to the power of King Maximilian. To the common people the gate had been opened for intellectual acquisition, and with zeal the masses sought their salvation in this direction.

But the ancient erudition of the church, which had been wont to take the son of the people, who was desirous of learning, into the cloisters, was in the depth of decline. The learning of the Middle Ages still sat with pretension on the professorial chairs of the German universities, but it had been ossified into dead formulas and scholastic subtleties. The acquaintance with ancient languages was slight, Hebrew and Greek almost unknown; writing and teaching were done in barbarous monk-latin; the ancient sources of serious learning, the Bible and church fathers, Roman historians, institutes, and panegyrics, the Greek texts of Aristotle and of the writers on nature and the art of healing were lying in dust-covered manuscripts; the medieval commentators and systematizers were alone again and again expounded, learned by heart, and combated. Such was the state of things in Germany. In Italy, however, since more than a hundred years a culture had

AT BEGINNING OF XVI CENTURY

arisen thru the study of a few Roman and Greek poets, historians, and philosophers, which sought freedom and nobility of soul far from the paths of the Christian Church. Joy in the beauty of the Latin language and poetry, admiration of the skilled dialectics of Cicero, astonishment at the powerful life of the Roman people exalted the best men beyond the Alps. With rapidity their poetry, writing of history, science of law, art of healing climbed on high upon the ancient supports. It seemed there as if the ancient Roman life was destined to rise again out of its grave; and a conflict, lasting two hundred years, began between the shades of Augustus and Virgil and the shade of St. Peter, which was gloomily hovering over the seven-hilled city. The clergy, tyrannical, narrow, and immoral as they were at that time in Italy, sank into the deepest contempt; the prominent ecclesiastics themselves, lacking in discipline and sense of duty, were seized by the magic of the new culture. And the Roman church offered the strange spectacle of its highest dignitaries laughing in their hearts at the belief in the Crucified One, whose representatives upon earth they claimed to be, and shamelessly making capital out of the credulity of the

DOCTOR LUTHER

Christians for the indulgence of infamous sensuousness, or the furtherance of family interests.

Not until after the invention of printing, during the wars which the Germans fought upon the battle-fields of the peninsula, did the new humanistic culture gradually come to Germany. But it found here a different national character. The upright mind and the simple heart of the Germans worked it up more soberly and yet with more genuine feeling, and, in accordance with the German custom of that time, in a methodical and guildlike manner. Assiduously was the Latin language, which appeared to the Germans like a new discovery, studied in Latin schools and spread by means of text-books. The intense and extended study of the foreign grammar, which was necessary in Germany, served the mind as a discipline. The memory and mental acumen were greatly exerted; the logical side of the language exercised more influence than the phonetic, the grandeur and wisdom of the ancient subject-matter more than the beauty and elegance of the form; the gymnastics of the learning mind in Germany had to be more intense; in return for the same the gain was more enduring, alone because of the fact that mastery

AT BEGINNING OF XVI CENTURY

over two fundamentally different languages was now being acquired.

In a short time German scholarship was more than equal to the Romance. As its most distinguished representatives, however, were commonly considered John Reuchlin, who wrote the first Hebrew grammar, and Erasmus of Rotterdam, who impressed the stamp of his fine ironical mind, thru the magic of his culture, upon the whole school of humanists in Germany, a few of them only being excepted. The German humanists, too, poured forth their enthusiasm in Latin verses; in their case, too, Jupiter, Minerva, and the ruler of the sun, Sol, took in strange manner the place of the Christian God, the Virgin Mary, and the great light of the Mosaic record. They, too, were at times led to secret speculation concerning the nature of the Deity thru their acquaintance with ancient philosophy; they, too, stood as a whole in vigorous opposition to the corruptions of the Roman church, but their opposition contained some factors which distinguished it from that of the Italians. It was ennobled by German sentiment. To be sure, many humanistic school teachers considered the German language barbarous; they Latinized their names and took unto themselves

DOCTOR LUTHER

the liberty of calling their fellow-countrymen in confidential letters unpolished; but they, the representatives of Roman learning, were the most ardent haters of Italian trickery and immorality and of the despotic haughtiness with which the Roman priest looked upon their German national character. And they themselves did not cease being good Christians. While deriding or censuring the simple priests, they carefully searched in antiquity for examples of piety, devout sentiment, and manly virtue. And together with their unceasing attacks upon the sins of the Italian clergy, they ventured to undertake, too, with hesitation, caution, and conscientiousness, an historic criticism of the sources on which the claims of the pope were founded. A bond of heartfelt friendship united them in a great common body. Malignantly persecuted by the representatives of ancient scholasticism and its allies, the Romanists, and the courtiers, they, too, gained confederates everywhere, in the burgher houses of the imperial cities, at the princely courts, in the proximity of the emperor, even in chapters and bishoprics.

But, of course, the culture of the humanists found as yet few pledges of permanence in the life of the Germans itself. Too for-

AT BEGINNING OF XVI CENTURY

eign was the basis of their culture for the real needs and spiritual life of the people; too arbitrary and vague the ideals which they had fetched for their lives out of the antique world; not favorable to the development of their character was the occupation, as yet fanciful and lacking in serious purpose, with a world past and gone, the real content of which they were too little acquainted with. As the time came when the whole nation was torn into two hostile camps for that which was considered of the highest value, when it was necessary for the educated to take sides in such a combat and to concentrate their own desires on definite demands, when the glow of manly conviction became more weighty than the superior smile from an independent point of view, the majority of them did not succeed in keeping themselves pure and secure. A few, to be sure, became champions in the war of faith; others, however, offended by the unpleasant and limited features of a new doctrine, fell back to the old church which they had so severely condemned before. The most noble-minded and enthusiastic person of parts belonging to this school, Ulrich von Hutten, who was most spiritedly German and who attached himself most ardently to

DOCTOR LUTHER

the teachings of Luther, met a tragic fate, however, in consequence of his devotion to the popular trend.

At the beginning of the century, however, the humanists almost alone waged the war against the hostile oppression beneath which the nation was groaning. The storm clouds which they were gathering in their airy realm against the enemies of German independence, sank down upon the people in countless fructifying drops; even what they wrote in Latin was not wholly lost to the multitude; the ready rhymers of the cities did not tire in spreading witty expressions and vehement attacks of the humanists in the form of didactic rhymes, merry tales, and plays.

In the Latin schools the mysterious knowledge could be acquired, which raised its possessor out of the oppressed, wretched, and joyless mass of the people. Consequently the desire to become learned became powerful in the souls of the people. Children and half-grown lads journeyed from the remotest valleys into the unknown world, to seek learning. Where there was a Latin school, near a bishopric or in the rich parish of a large town, thither the children of the people wended their way, often amid the

AT BEGINNING OF XVI CENTURY

greatest sufferings and deprivations, decivilized and demoralized by the troublesome wandering upon the street and by the uncertainty of their lives in the vicinity of the school. For the founders who had established the school, or the citizens of the towns, gave such strangers, to be sure, at times shelter and lodging in special houses, but their subsistence they had to obtain for the most part by begging.

From among the thousands that thronged to the Latin school, the growing movement against the abuses of the church gained the most zealous novices. With untiring activity these children of the people bore new events and new ideas from house to house. Many of them did not get as far as the university; they endeavored to support themselves by tutoring, as proof-readers in printing offices. The majority of the city, and later of the town schools, were supplied with such as read Virgil and understood the bitter humor of the mournful pamphlet "*de miseria plebanorum*" ("concerning the unfortunate condition of the lower clergy"). So large became their number that the reformers soon gave them the urgent counsel, to learn a trade even late in life, in order to support themselves in honorable manner. And

DOCTOR LUTHER

many members of the guilds in German cities were able to provide the papal bulls with glosses and to translate them to their fellow-citizens; subtle theological questions were also passionately discussed in the drinking-rooms. Huge was the influence which such men exercised upon the small circles of the people. A few years later they became, together with poor students of theology who were spreading as preachers over all the lands of the German tongue, part and parcel of a large society; and it was these democrats of the new doctrine that represented the pope as antichrist in the popular plays, made speeches in the squadrons of the revolting peasants, attacked the ancient church in printed speeches, popular songs, and coarse dialogues.

In such a manner they, too, prepared what was to come. But no matter how well the humanists in their exalted position proved that the church interpreted many passages of the Holy Scriptures incorrectly, and how humorously they derided the tool of the inquisitors, the baptized Jew, Pfefferkorn, with his pretty little wife; however zealously the little school-teachers carried about among the common people colloquies of Erasmus concerning fasting and the breaking of fasting,

AT BEGINNING OF XVI CENTURY

concerning two dying persons, and the book on the education of children—their new learning alone did not give life to the reformation and the spiritual freedom of the Germans; the sources of this powerful stream lie deeper; they spring from the depths of the German soul and are brought to the light by a mysterious trait of the heart, in order to transform, by destroying here and fructifying there, the life of the nation.

STRUGGLES IN THE SOUL OF A YOUNG MAN AND HIS EN- TRANCE INTO THE MONASTERY

So much wickedness was in the world, so severe the pressure that weighed heavily upon the poor; coarse the inordinate longing for pleasure, unbounded the covetousness of ecclesiastics and laymen. Hard was the work of the German from morning until evening, in summer and winter; now the plague came, now failure of crops and famine; incomprehensible was the world system, and lacking in love his earthly life. Salvation from this wretchedness was only with God. Before Him all things earthly were small and as nothing—emperor and pope, the wisdom of man as vain as the blossoms of the field. If He was merciful, He could rescue man from the distress of this life and compensate him in eternal blessedness for that which he had suffered here. But such mercy, how was it to be attained? What virtue of weak man could hope to acquire the boundless treasure of divine favor? Man had been condemned, since the time of Adam, to will the good and do the evil. Vain was his best virtue; the original sin was his curse, and it was not due to his merit if God showed him mercy.

STRUGGLES OF A YOUNG MAN

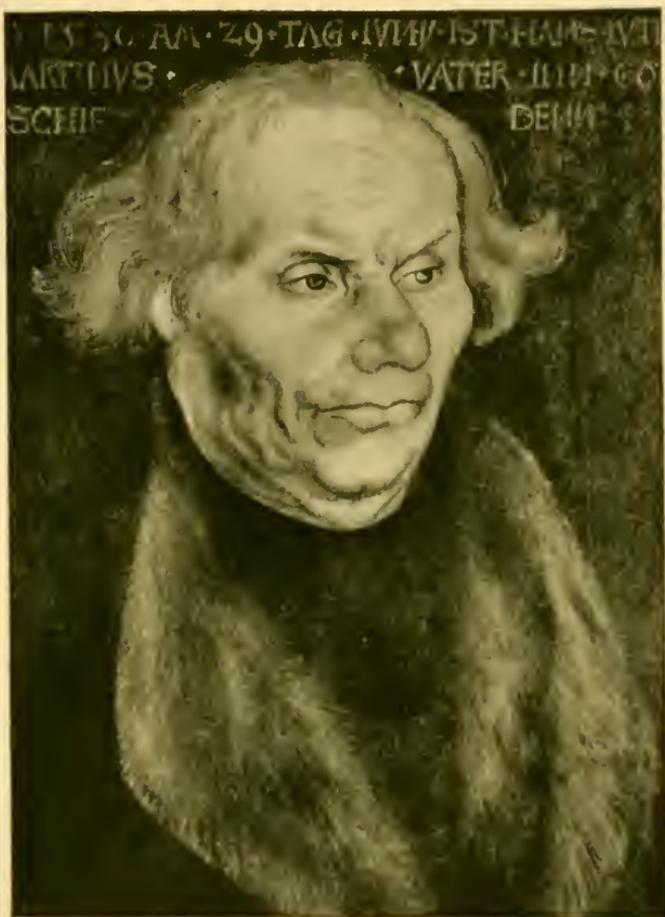
Thus, full of anxiety, the human heart struggled at that time. But from the holy records of the Scriptures, which were to the people like a dark legend, there resounded from afar the words, Christ is love. The reigning church knew little of such love; in it God stood very far removed from the human soul, the image of the Crucified One was concealed behind countless saints and be-
tified ones, and all of these were necessary as intercessors before the wrathful God. And yet it was the ardent need of the German character to feel itself in a heartfelt relation to the Almighty; inextinguishable was the longing to win the love of God. Yes, he who did penance, he who struggled with fervent prayer and without ceasing for the love of God, found in his meditations on and devotion to God, even on earth, the most blessed feeling, and to his lot fell, too, the hope of heavenly blessedness. But such heartfelt and independent striving for the grace of God was no longer taught by the hierarchy. The pope asserted that he was the steward of the inexhaustible merits of Christ; and the church taught that an unbounded treasure of good works (prayers, fastings, and atonements) had been gathered also, as a blessing unto others, from the in-

tercessions of the saints for sinful mankind, and that the pope administered all these treasures and could give of the same to whomsoever he chose, in order to deliver him from his sinfulness. And in the same way can the pope, in case believers unite together to form a pious society, then grant the grace unto such a brotherhood that the merits of the saints and the surplus of devout church works (prayers, masses, pilgrimages, exercises of penance, gifts) pass from the one upon the other.

Thus were formed under the protection of an interceding saint the pious brotherhoods in which partnership could bring that about, which the weak individual found impossible. Their number was large; in the year 1530 Luther still bewails the fact that they were countless.

And yet one must assert that the pious brotherhoods at the beginning of the sixteenth century were still the element, the most full of feeling, which the declining church of the Middle Ages had to offer the common people.

On the other hand, the indulgences were the most putrid spot of its diseased body. The popes, as keepers of the accumulated boundless treasure of the merits of Christ,



Hans Luther
Father of Martin Luther
From a Painting
by Lucas Cranach



STRUGGLES OF A YOUNG MAN

sold the orders on this supply to the believers in return for money. To be sure, in the church itself the better conception had never entirely disappeared, that even the pope himself could not forgive sins, but only issue the exercises of penance which the church prescribed. But it was well for those who taught such doctrines, isolated men of the universities and upright ministers of a community, to take care not to bring their teachings to the point of open opposition to the traffic of indulgence peddlers. For what did the popes of the fifteenth century care for the true doctrine of their own church, they who were, for the most part, infamous reprobates and unbelieving heathens? Woe unto him who doubted that the popes had the right to separate him from God, to open and close the door of heaven for him. It was money that they coveted without ceasing for women and varlets, for their children and descendants, for their princely household. And a dreadful community of interests existed among them, the bishops, and the fanatic party in the orders of the mendicant friars. Nothing had made Huss and Hussinetz so unbearable as their fight against the indulgences; the doctrine of atonement and grace had driven the great Wessel from Paris into

DOCTOR LUTHER

exile; and it was monks, selling indulgences, that let the gray-haired John Vesalia die in the prison of the cloister at Mainz, him who first gave expression to the lofty words, "Why am I to believe what I know?"

It is well known how the traffic in indulgences gained ground in Germany at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and with what boldness the base swindle was carried on. When Tetzal entered a town with his chest he would ride with a large following of monks and priests, a well-fed, haughty dominican; the bells were rung, clergymen and laymen marched with reverence to meet him and conducted him to the church. There his large red cross with the thorn-crown and the nail-holes was erected in the nave of the church, and sometimes the devout people were allowed to see how the red blood of the Crucified One began to move on the cross. Beside the cross church banners would be placed, upon them the pope's coat-of-arms with the triple crown; before the cross would stand the notorious chest, strongly bound with iron; beside it on the one side a pulpit upon which the monk would explain with rude oratory the wondrous power of his indulgence, and show a large parchment from the pope with many seals attached; on the

STRUGGLES OF A YOUNG MAN

other side the pay-table with letters of indulgence, writing material, and money baskets; there the clerical assistants would sell eternal salvation to the people pressing toward them.

Countless were the abuses of the church, against all the offended moral feeling of the Germans rebelled; but the nucleus of the whole movement was the fight against the means of grace, thru which the heartfelt needs of the German people were so disgustingly made sport of. And the great work of the reformers is only then correctly understood when it is taken as a reaction of the heart against untruth, absence of feeling, and wanton abuse of that which was most sacred.

Everywhere in Germany the opposition began to stir. But as yet the man had not been found who was destined to feel to the end, in an inner conflict of long duration, all the grief and all the longing of the people in order to become himself leader of his nation, which saw with enthusiasm its most peculiar nature embodied in him in a rounded-out character. Only two years before he had become teacher of physics and dialectics at the new university of Wittenberg, and just now he was lying in the dust of the Roman plain and looking with pious ecstasy toward the

DOCTOR LUTHER

border of the horizon on which the towers of the holy city were rising.

In the meantime it is the feelings of one of his contemporaries, of a young Latin pupil, from which we shall try to come to a realization of what was working in the souls of the people.

Frederic Mecum, in Latin Myconius, was the son of honorable burghers from Lichtenfels in Upper Franconia, born in 1491. At the age of thirteen years he went to the Latin school of Annaberg, a mining town which was then flourishing; there he experienced what is here related in his own words, and entered the monastery in the year 1510, as a young man of nineteen years. As Franciscan monk he was one of the first, most zealous, and most loyal followers of the professors at Wittenberg. He left the order, became a preacher of the new church in Thuringia, finally rector and supervisor of church and school at Gotha, where he carried the reformation thru, and died in the year 1546. To Luther he stood in a peculiar relation. He was not only his modest and warm friend in many circumstances of private life, but in his relation to Luther there was even unto his death a poetry which brightened his whole life. During the most

STRUGGLES OF A YOUNG MAN

critical period of his youth, seven years before Luther began the reformation, the image of the great man had appeared to him in a dream and had calmed the doubts of his troubled heart; and in the dream's transfiguring glory the loyal, pious German saw his great friend henceforth at every hour. But a further circumstance makes the person of the relater interesting to us. However unlike his defiant friend the gentle, finely organized man may be, in the youthful days of both there is a striking similarity. And many a thing which has remained unknown to us in the younger years of Luther, finds its explanation in that which Myconius tells about the years of his own youth. Both were poor pupils of a Latin school; both were driven into the cloister thru inner conflicts and youthful fanaticism; both did not find there the peace which they were passionately searching for, but new doubts, greater conflicts, years of torture, anxious uncertainty. For both the shameless Tetzl became the stumbling-block, who caused their hearts to rebel and determined the whole course and activity of their later lives. Finally, both died in the same year; Myconius seven weeks after Luther, after he had been awakened to new life out of a deadly sickness five years

DOCTOR LUTHER

before by a letter of earnest entreaty written by Luther.

Frederic Myconius wrote besides theological writings (he allowed little to be printed) also a chronicle of his time in German, in which his own activity and the conditions of Gotha are treated in the greatest detail. Well known and frequently printed is the dream which he had during the first night after his entrance into the cloister. The apostle Paul, who appeared in it as his guide, had, as Myconius believed to recognize years later, the stature, countenance, and voice of Luther. This long dream is composed in Latin. The introductory story before the same has, however, also been preserved in a contemporary German copy in a manuscript of the ducal library at Gotha. According to the latter the following has been faithfully translated into our manner of speech, shortened only in a few passages.

“John Tetzl, of Pirna in Meissen, a dominican friar, was a powerful peddler of indulgences or the remission of sins by the Roman pope. He tarried with this purpose of his for two years in the city of Annaberg, new at that time, and deceived the people so much that they all believed there was no other way of obtaining the forgiveness of

STRUGGLES OF A YOUNG MAN

sins and eternal life except to make amends with our works; concerning this making of amends, however, he said that it was impossible. But a single way was still left, that is, if we purchased the same for money from the Roman pope, bought for ourselves, therefore, the pope's indulgence, which he called the forgiveness of sins and a certain entrance into eternal life. Here I might tell wonders upon wonders and incredible things, what kind of sermons I heard Tetzal preach these two years in Annaberg, for I heard him preach quite diligently, and he preached every day; I could repeat his sermons to others, too, with all the gestures and intonations; not that I made him an object of ridicule, but I was entirely in earnest. For I considered everything as oracles and divine words, which one had to believe, and what came from the pope I regarded as if coming from Christ Himself.

“Finally, at Pentecost, in the year of our Lord 1510, he threatened he would lay down the red cross and lock the door of heaven and put out the sun, and it would never again come about that the forgiveness of sins and eternal life could be obtained for so little money. Yes, he said, it was not to be expected that such charitableness of the pope

DOCTOR LUTHER

should come hither again as long as the world would stand. He also exhorted that everyone should attend well to the salvation of his own soul and to that of his deceased and living friends. For now was at hand, according to him, the day of his salvation and the accepted time. And he said: 'Let no one under any condition neglect his own salvation; for if you do not have the pope's letters, you cannot be absolved and delivered by any human being from many sins and "reserved cases" ' (*casibus reservatis*). On the doors and walls of the church printed letters were publicly posted, in which it was ordered that one should henceforth not sell the letters of indulgence and the full power at the close as dear as in the beginning, in order to give the German people a sign of gratitude for their devotion; and at the end of the letter at the foot was written in addition, '*Pauperibus dentur gratis,*' to the needy the letters of indulgence are to be given for nothing, without money, for the sake of God.

"Then I began to deal with the deputies of this indulgence peddler; but, in truth, I was impelled and urged to do so by the Holy Ghost, altho I myself did not understand at the time what I was doing.

"My dear father had taught me in my

STRUGGLES OF A YOUNG MAN

childhood the ten commandments, the Lord's prayer, and the Christian faith, and compelled me always to pray. For, he said, we had everything from God alone, gratis, for nothing, and He would also govern and lead us if we prayed with diligence. Of the indulgences and Roman remission of sins he said that they were only snares with which one tricked the simple out of their money and took it from their purses, that the forgiveness of sins and eternal life could certainly not be purchased and acquired with money. But the priests or preachers became angry and enraged when one said such things. Because I heard then nothing else in the sermons every day but the great praise of the remission of sins, I was filled with doubt as to whom I was to believe more, my father or the priests as teachers of the church. I was in doubt, but still I believed the priests more than the instruction of my father. But one thing I did not grant, that the forgiveness of sins could not be acquired unless it was purchased with money, above all by the poor. On this account I was wonderfully well pleased with the little clause at the end of the pope's letter, '*Pauperibus gratis dentur propter Deum.*'

“And as they, in three days, intended to

DOCTOR LUTHER

lay down the cross with especial magnificence and cut off the steps and ladders to heaven, I was impelled by my spirit to go to the commissioners and ask for the letters of the forgiveness of sins 'out of mercy for the poor.' I declared also that I was a sinner and poor and in need of the forgiveness of sins, which was granted thru divine grace. On the second day, around evening, I entered Hans Pflock's house where Tetzal was assembled with the father-confessors and crowds of priests, and I addressed them in Latin and requested that they might allow me, poor man, to ask according to the command in the pope's letter for the absolution of all my sins, for nothing and for the sake of God, '*etiam nullo casu reservato,*' without reserving a single case, and in regard to the same they should give me the pope's '*litteras testimoniales,*' or written testimony. Then the priests were astonished at my Latin speech, for that was a rare thing at this time, especially in the case of young boys; and they soon went out of the room into the small chamber which was alongside, to the commissioner Tetzal. They made my desire known to him, and also asked in my behalf that he might give me the letters of indulgence for nothing. Finally, after long counsel, they returned and

STRUGGLES OF A YOUNG MAN

brought this answer: 'Dear son, we have put your petition before the commissioner with all diligence, and he confesses that he would gladly grant your request, but that he could not; and altho he might wish to do so, the concession would nevertheless be naught and ineffective. For he declared unto us that it was clearly written in the pope's letter that those would certainly share in the exceeding generous indulgences and treasures of the church and the merits of Christ '*qui porrigerent manum adjutricem*,' who offered a helping hand; that is, those who would give money. And all that they told me in German, for there was not one among them who could have spoken three Latin words correctly with anyone.

"In return, however, I entreated anew, and proved from the pope's letter which had been posted, that the holy father, the pope, had commanded that such letters should be given to the poor for nothing, for the sake of the Lord; and especially because there had also been written there, '*ad mandatum domini Papae proprium*,' that is, at the pope's own command.

"Then they went in again and asked the proud, haughty friar, that he might kindly grant my request and let me go from him

DOCTOR LUTHER

with the letter of indulgence, since I was a clever and fluently-speaking young man and worthy of having something exceptional granted me. But they came out again and brought again the answer, '*de manu auxiliatrice,*' concerning the helping hand, which alone was fit for the holy indulgence. I, however, remained firm and said that they were doing me, poor man, an injustice; the one whom both God and the pope were unwilling to shut out of divine grace, was rejected by them for some few pennies which I did not have. Then a contention arose that I should give at least something small, in order that the helping hand might not be lacking, that I should give only a groschen; I said, 'I do not have it, I am poor.' At last it came to the point where I was to give only six pfennigs; then I answered again that I did not have even a single pfennig. They tried to console me and spoke with one another. Finally I heard that they were worried about two things, in the first place, that I should in no case be allowed to go without a letter of indulgence, for this might be a plan devised by others and that some bad affair might hereafter result from it, since it was clear in the pope's letter that it should be given to the poor for nothing.

STRUGGLES OF A YOUNG MAN

Again, however, something would nevertheless have to be taken from me in order that the others might not hear that the letters of indulgence were being given out for nothing; for the whole pack of pupils and beggars would then come running, and each one want the same for nothing. They should not have found it necessary to be worried about that, for the poor beggars were looking more for their blessed bread to drive away their hunger.

“After they had held their deliberation, they came again to me and one gave me six pfennigs that I should give them to the commissioner. Thru this contribution I, too, should become, according to them, a builder of the Church of St. Peter, at Rome, likewise a slayer of the Turk, and should furthermore share in the grace of Christ and the indulgences. But then I said frankly, impelled by the Spirit, if I wished to buy indulgences and remission of sins for money, I could in all likelihood sell a book and buy them for my own money. I wanted them, however, for nothing, as gifts, for the sake of God, or they would have to give an account before God for having neglected and trifled away my soul’s salvation on account of six pfennigs; since, as they knew, both God and the

DOCTOR LUTHER

pope wished that my soul should share in the forgiveness of all my sins for nothing, thru grace. This I said, and yet in truth, I did not know how matters stood with the letters of indulgence.

“At last, after a long conversation, the priests asked me by whom I had been sent to them, and who had instructed me to carry on such dealings with them. Then I told them the pure, simple truth, as it was, that I had not been exhorted or urged by anyone at all or brought to it by any advisors; but that I had made such a request alone, without counsel of any man, only with the confidence and trust in the gracious forgiveness of sins which is given for nothing; and that I had never spoken or had dealings with such great people during all my life. For I was by nature timid, and if I had not been forced by my great thirst for God’s grace, I should not have undertaken anything so great and mixed with such people and requested anything like that of them. Then the letters of indulgence were again promised me, but yet in such a way that I should buy them for six pfennigs which were to be given to me, as far as I was concerned, for nothing. I, however, continued to insist that the letters of indulgence should be given to me for nothing

STRUGGLES OF A YOUNG MAN

by him who had power to give them; if not, I should commend and refer the matter to God. And so I was dismissed by them.

✓ “The holy thieves, notwithstanding, became sad in consequence of these dealings; I, however, was partly downcast that I had received no letter of indulgence, partly I rejoiced, too, that there was, in spite of all, still one in heaven who was willing to forgive the penitent sinner his sins without money and loan, according to the words that I had often sung in church: ‘As true as I live, says the Lord, I desire not the death of the sinner, but that he be converted and live.’ Oh, dear Lord and God, you know that I am not lying here in this matter or inventing anything about myself.

“While doing this I was so moved that I, on returning to my inn, almost gushed forth and melted into tears. Thus I came to my inn, went to my room, and took the cross which always lay upon the little table in my study room, placed it upon the bench and fell down upon the floor before it. I cannot describe it here, but at that time I was able to feel the spirit of prayer and divine grace which you, my Lord and God, poured out over me. The essential import of the same was, however, this: I asked that you, dear

DOCTOR LUTHER

God, might be willing to be my Father, that you might be willing to forgive me for my sins, that I submitted myself wholly to you, that you might make of me now whatsoever pleased you, and because the priests did not wish to be gracious to me without money, that you might be willing to be my gracious God and Father.

“Then I felt that my whole heart was changed, I was disgusted with everything in this world, and it seemed to me that I had quite enough of this life. One thing only did I desire, that is, to live for God, that I might be pleasing unto Him. But who was there at that time who would have taught me how I had to go about it? For the word, life, and light of mankind was buried thruout the whole world in the deepest darkness of human ordinances and of the quite foolish good works. Of Christ there was complete silence, nothing was known about Him, or, if mention was made of Him, He was represented unto us as a dreadful, fearful Judge, whom scarcely His mother and all the saints in heaven could reconcile and make merciful with bloody tears; and yet it was done in such a way that He, Christ, thrust the human being who did penance into the pains of purgatory seven years for each capital sin. It

STRUGGLES OF A YOUNG MAN

was claimed that the pain of purgatory differed from the pain of hell in nothing except that it was not to last forever. The Holy Ghost, however, now brought me the hope that God would be merciful unto me.

“And now I began to take counsel a few days with myself as to how I might take up some other vocation in life. For I saw the sin of the world and of the whole human race; I saw my manifold sin, which was very great. I had also heard something of the secret holiness and the pure, innocent life of the monks, how they served God day and night, were separated from all the wicked life of the world, and lived very sober, pious, and virtuous lives, read masses, sang psalms, fasted, and prayed at all times. I had also seen this sham life, but I did not know and understand that it was the greatest idolatry and hypocrisy.

“Thereupon I made my decision known to the preceptor, Master Andreas Staffelstein, who was the chief regent of the school; he advised me straightway to enter the Franciscan cloister, the rebuilding of which had been begun at that time. And in order that I might not become differently minded in consequence of long delay, he straightway went with me himself to the monks, praised my

DOCTOR LUTHER

intellect and ability, declared in terms of praise that he had considered me the only one among his pupils of whom he was entirely confident that I should become a very devout man.

“I wished, however, first to announce my intention to my parents, too, and hear their ideas about the matter, since I was a lone son and heir of my parents. The monks, however, taught me from St. Jerome, that I should drop father and mother and not take them into consideration, and run to the cross of Christ. They quoted, too, the words of Christ, ‘No one who lays hands to the plow and looks back is fit for the kingdom of God.’ All of this was bound to impel and enjoin me to become a monk. I will not speak here of many ropes and fetters with which they bound and tied my conscience. For they said that I could never become blessed if I did not soon accept and use the grace offered by God. Thereupon I, who would rather have been willing to die than be without the grace of God and eternal life, straightway promised and engaged to come into the cloister again in three days and begin the year of probation, as they called it, in the cloister; that is, I wanted to become a pious, devout, and God-fearing monk.

STRUGGLES OF A YOUNG MAN

“In the year of Christ, 1510, the 14th of July, at two o’clock in the afternoon, I entered the cloister, accompanied by my preceptor, some few of my school comrades, and some very devout matrons, to whom I had in part made known the reason why I was entering the spiritual order. And so I blessed my companions to the cloister, all of whom, amid tears, wished me God’s grace and blessing. And thus I entered the cloister. Dear God, you know that this is all true. I did not seek idleness or provision for my stomach, nor the appearance of great holiness, but I wished to be pleasing unto you—you I wished to serve.

“Thus I at that time groped about in very great darkness.”

OUT OF MONASTIC CONFINEMENT INTO BATTLE

The storm is breaking loose. Flashes as of electric fire are passing thru the whole nation; the words of the Augustinian friar of Wittenberg are rumbling like claps of thunder, and every clap signifies an advance, a victory. Even now, after three and one-half hundred years, the monstrous movement of the nation attracts with an irresistible charm. At no time as long as the German people has been in existence has its innermost being been revealed in such a touching and grand manner. All the beautiful attributes of the German heart and character burst at this time into blossom—enthusiasm, devotion, a deep moral anger, heartfelt seeking after what was most sacred, and earnest joy in systematic thinking. Every individual person took part in the conflict. The traveling trader fought at the evening fire of the inn for or against the indulgence; the peasant in the remotest valley heard with astonishment of the new heretic whom his spiritual father was now cursing in every sermon; the money bag of the mendicant friar who went about collecting alms remained empty, not even did the women in the villages donate eggs and

OUT OF MONASTIC CONFINEMENT

cheese. The small forms of literature swelled to the size of an ocean; a hundred printing presses were at work to spread the numerous polemic treatises, scholarly and popular. At every parish church, in every chapter, factions are filled with wrath; everywhere resolute ecclesiastics declare themselves in favor of the new doctrine; the weaker ones struggle in anxious doubt; the cloister gates are opened, soon the cells are empty. Every month brings the people something new, unheard of.

It is no longer a quarrel among preachers, as Hutten in the beginning had contemptuously called the dispute of the men of Wittenberg with Tetzal. It has become a war of the nation against the dominion of Rome and the latter's helpers. Ever with greater power does the figure of Luther rise before the eyes of his contemporaries. Exiled, cursed, persecuted by pope and emperor, by princes and high ecclesiastic dignitaries, he becomes in four years the celebrated hero of the people. His journey to Worms is already described in the tone of the Holy Scriptures, and over-zealous ones compare him with the martyrs of the New Testament. But even the educated feel themselves irresistibly drawn into the battle; even Erasmus still

DOCTOR LUTHER

smiles his approval, and Hutten's soul burns up brightly for the justice of the new doctrine; no longer does he write in Latin; in the German language, more vehemently and fiercely than the men of Wittenberg, with a fire that consumes him himself, the knight fights his last combats for the peasant son.

Thus the image of the one in whom the best life of his nation had been concentrated during half a generation, draws very close to us. Before we attempt, however, to understand his soul, let us first indicate how his manner affected unbiased contemporaries. At first the testimony of a sober and clear intellect that never came personally close to Luther, that had later cause enough, too, standing midway between the men of Wittenberg and the Swiss reformers, to be displeased with Luther's stubbornness. It is a brother from the old Benedictine cloister, Alpirsbach, in the wildest part of the Black Forest, Ambrosius Blaurer, born in Constance of noble family, at that time thirty years old. He had left the monastery in 1522 (the 8th of July) and had made his escape to his family. At the request of his abbot his surrender to the cloister was demanded of the mayor and council of Constance by the governor of the principality of

OUT OF MONASTIC CONFINEMENT

Württemberg. Blaurer had a defence printed from which the following has been taken. He became a short time after this a preacher in Constance, a poet of spiritual songs, after the last restoration of Duke Ulrich, one of the reformers of Württemberg, and died, in advanced years and tired of achieving, at Winterthur, as an unimpeachable, worthy, temperate man. His praise and censure of Luther may be considered the universal opinion that the serious minds had in those years.

“I call upon God and my conscience to bear witness that no mischief or vain motive drove me out of the cloister and incited me to yield, as common report now declares that monks and nuns run away from the order in defiance of monastic peace and calm in order to live in sensual pleasure and give loose reins to their wantonness and worldly desires. But that which drove me out, consists of worthy, significant, great grievances, and urgent warnings of my conscience, based upon and directed by the divine word. And I hope that every occurrence and all the circumstances of my exit may not show levity, mischief, or any unseemly purpose; for I laid off neither cloak nor hood, except for a few days after my departure for my greater

safety, until I had reached my place of refuge; I ran away, too, neither in war nor with a pretty woman, but I betook myself without delay, just as quickly as it was possible for me to do so, to my very dear mother and to my relatives, who possess an undoubted Christian soul and enjoy such a reputation for uprightness in the town of Constance that they would not advise or help me in any unjust undertaking.

“I trust, moreover, that my life and behavior up to the present will easily turn away from me the suspicion of an unseemly, wanton design. For altho I pride myself on nothing in the presence of God, I may, nevertheless, I think, boast in the Lord before the people, because necessity now exacts it, that I have preserved a good reputation and name, much love and favor on account of my propriety of conduct in the monastery, at school, here, and everywhere that I have been. The message from Württemberg also gave me in your hearing the praise that there was no complaint or evil report in the cloister at Alpirsbach in regard to my character or behavior; but that I had behaved myself well and in a pious manner, except that I concerned myself too much, as they say, with the seducing and cursed doctrine of Martin

OUT OF MONASTIC CONFINEMENT

Luther, read, and kept his writings, teaching them publicly in the cloister and in my sermons to laymen contrary to the prohibition of the abbot; and, being prohibited from doing even this, I had, nevertheless, poured them secretly and in hidden places into the souls of some of the gentlemen of the cloister. With such praise from my fathers and fellow-brethren I am quite content and satisfied, and am quite willing to answer for this single misdeed in a Christian manner and on the basis of the divine word, and I hope that my excuse may be beneficial not only to me but also to some others for the purpose of turning aside a false and unfounded suspicion.

“As during the years that have just passed the writings and books of Martin Luther came out and became known, they fell into my hands, too, before they were forbidden and condemned by the ecclesiastic and secular authorities. And, like other newly printed writings, I examined and read them. At first such teaching seemed to me somewhat foreign and strange, also ungracious and in contradiction to the long-established theology and wise teaching of the school, also to some decrees of the papal ecclesiastic laws; and in contradiction to old, and, as it seemed to me at that time, praiseworthy traditions

DOCTOR LUTHER

and customs which had come to us from our forefathers. As I, however, noticed, none the less, in reading, that this man strewed everywhere into his teaching luminous, clear words from the Holy Biblical Scriptures, according to which all other human doctrines should be considered, judged, accepted, or rejected, I was much surprised and thereby induced to read such teaching not once or twice, but often, diligently and with serious attention, to weigh it and compare it with the evangelical writings to which it often appealed. But the longer and more diligently I did this, the better did I understand how this very learned, enlightened man treated the Holy Scriptures with very great dignity; how he dealt with it in an exceedingly clear and accurate manner; how he cited it everywhere very wisely and gracefully; how nicely and skilfully he compared and combined them one with the other, explained and made clear the indistinct, difficult sections by the aid of other clear, intelligible passages; and I saw that there is in his treatment of the Scriptures the greatest mastery and the most beneficial help toward a very thoro understanding, so that even every intelligent layman, looking at his books in the proper way and reading them with diligence, can clearly compre-

OUT OF MONASTIC CONFINEMENT

hend that this teaching has a very true, Christian, strong basis. On this account it struck my soul very much, too, and went deep into my heart, and by and by the mist of many old misapprehensions fell from my eyes. For this doctrine did not become to me in any way an object of suspicion, as that of many other school-teachers whom I had read before, for the reason that it aims neither at dominion, fame, or temporal enjoyment; but pictures unto us only the poor, despised, crucified Christ, and teaches us a pure, modest, quite calm life, conformable in all things to the teaching of Christ; on account of which reason, too, it is intolerable and too difficult for the swelled-up, bloated doctors who seek rather their own honor and fame in the Scriptures than the spirit of God, and for the priests with immoderate ambition and numerous prebends. On this account I will rather lose body and soul and all my worldly possessions than allow myself to be forced away from it, not on account of Luther, who, except for his writings, is a stranger and unknown to me; he, too, is a human being and can, therefore, err and make mistakes as other human beings; but for the sake of the divine word, which he bears in him in such luminous and clear fashion, speaks, and ex-

DOCTOR LUTHER

plains with such great victory and triumph out of a candid, fearless mind.

“His enemies wish to turn this honey, too, into gall for the most part by saying that Luther is so very touchy, easily irritated, combative, and caustic, and attacks, scolds, and abuses his opponents, especially the great princes and ecclesiastic and secular lords, in such a wanton mood, and forgets brotherly love and Christian modesty so much. In this he has truly often displeased me too. I should also hate very much to instruct anyone to do like unto him in this particular. I have, however, none the less, been unwilling on this account to cast aside and reject his good Christian doctrine or condemn him in this point; and, in truth, I did not do so because I cannot see thru his mind and the secret judgment of God, which will, perhaps, turn many people in consequence of this shortcoming from his teaching. And since he does not wish to champion his own cause, but the word of God, he may be pardoned for much, and everything interpreted as wrathful zeal in the service of the Lord. Why, Christ, the source and image of all meekness, often severely rebuked in the presence of others the hardened, cold-hearted Pharisees, cursed them, and called them false hypocrites,

OUT OF MONASTIC CONFINEMENT

painted sepulchres, descendants of profligates, blind men and leaders of the blind, even children of the devil, as the evangelical story narrates (Matthew, chapters 12, 15, 23; John, chapter 8). Perhaps Luther would like to give many a one a big title if he could do so in truth. But he may think that it is not fitting for him to call the benighted illustrious, the ravenous wolves good shepherds, the unmerciful merciful; for, without doubt, if God up to this time had not been more gracious to him than they, he would no longer be upon this earth. But however that all may be, I do not wish to defend it at this place. His scoffing and scolding let us reject, and thankfully accept for our improvement the seriousness of his courageous Christian writings.

“As I now frankly persisted at all times in my well-grounded purpose and did not want to allow myself to be turned away from it thru any human prohibition, as I, like a good Christian, you know, could not do, the anger of my master of Alpirsbach and of some of his monastery became even greater and more violent against me, and the sword of God’s wrath began to cut and cause discord among the brethren. At last I received the strictest orders to desist from my pur-

DOCTOR LUTHER

pose, and that I should not speak of this matter even to the others of the cloister who favored me and were inclined toward Christian teaching. Furthermore, I was not to preach or read in the monastery, but be at all times like one of the other cloister brethren. I did not wish to resist, but was quite willing to endure such violence with Christian patience; with the reservation, however, that I for my part, should by no means allow myself to be prevented from reading and following everything that was in my judgment in accordance with the Holy Scriptures and helpful to my soul's salvation. Further, that I wished to share teaching, writings, books, and brotherly instruction with the others who might desire the same of me or be in need of them. For thus the Lord my God had commanded me, and His bidding I wanted to value higher than any other human obedience. That, however, was received with great disfavor and called an unbearable crime; the daily discord was increased, the monastic calm undermined and disturbed. The one said that he did not want to remain any longer in this school of heretics; the second that the Lutherans would have to leave the cloister or he would go; the third alleged that the monastery had to endure

OUT OF MONASTIC CONFINEMENT

slander and suffer temporal loss on my account, for people would assume that the members of the cloister were all of my opinion; the fourth talked about thrashing; the fifth about something else, so that I did not wish to stand the affair any longer nor continue further in such discord without wounded my conscience. Therefore, I petitioned my abbot and monastery with seriousness and the greatest diligence for a gracious voluntary leave of absence, saying that I wished to support myself a year or two without any expense to the cloister at some school or elsewhere, for the purpose of seeing whether perhaps in the meantime the cause of our dissension might come to a peaceful end thru divine intervention, so that we, reconciled in the teaching of the gospels, might come together again in friendly, quite brotherly love.

“As they, however, refused me even this, I left the cloister myself after careful consideration and after having first held counsel with wise, learned, exceedingly intelligent, and God-fearing gentlemen and friends.”

So far Ambrosius Blaurer.

While Brother Ambrosius was still anxiously looking out of the window of his monastic cell over the fir trees of the Black For-

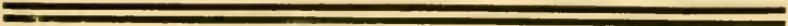
est into open space, another man was riding out of the gate of a princely citadel in the Thuringian forest-covered mountains. Behind him lay the dark "Dragon's Gorge," before him the long ridge of the magic Hürselberg in which a she-devil had her abode; back to her the pope, the wretched forgiver of sins, had at one time driven the penitent Tannhäuser. But the dry staff which the pope had at that time stuck into the ground, had become green over night. God Himself had refuted the pope. The poor, penitent human being, with childlike faith no longer needs the Roman bishop to find compassion and pardon with his heavenly Father. The wicked pope, however, shall pass down into the defile of the old dragon.

The outer appearance of the man who was riding down the Wartburg toward Wittenberg, shall now be depicted by a young student who was going with a friend from Switzerland to Saxony. His report is one of the best known of those days, and yet it could not be left out here. It has been preserved for us in John Kessler's "Sabbata," a chronicle of the years 1523-39, published by E. Göttinger.

John Kessler, born at St. Gall, of poor, middle-class parents, about 1502, visited the



Margarethe Luther
Mother of Martin Luther
From a Painting
by Lucas Cranach



OUT OF MONASTIC CONFINEMENT

monastic school there, studied theology at Basel, and journeyed with a comrade to Wittenberg in the early spring of 1522, in order to continue his studies in that place under the reformers. In the winter of 1523 he returned to his native town, and since the new doctrine had there as yet no footing, and he was poor, he, too, decided to learn a trade. He became a saddler. Soon a small group of worshipers gathered about him, he taught, preached, worked in his workshop, and wrote books, became finally a school-teacher, librarian, member of the board of education. He was an unpretentious, gentle, pure person, with a heart full of love and gentle warmth; in the theological disputes of his time he took no active part. His tale begins:

“As we were traveling toward Wittenberg to study the Holy Scriptures, we came to Jena in the land of Thuringia, God knows! in a dreadful storm, and after much inquiry in the town for an inn where we might stay over night, we were unable to procure or learn of one; everywhere we were refused lodging. For it was Shrove Tuesday, on which day one does not concern himself much about pilgrims and strangers. Then we turned from the town again in order to go farther, for the purpose of seeing whether

DOCTOR LUTHER

we might reach a village where someone would keep us after all. In the meanwhile an honorable man met us in the city gate, who spoke to us in friendly manner and asked where we wished to go so late, as we should nowhere thereabout reach, before the depth of night, either house or hut where the people would keep us. He said that it was besides a road easy to miss and to go astray on; for that reason he would advise us to stay right here.

“We answered: ‘Dear father, we have been at all the inns where we were sent hither and thither; everywhere, however, we were turned away and refused lodging; we must, therefore, of necessity continue our journey.’ Then he asked whether we had also inquired at the inn ‘To the Black Bear’? Then we said: ‘We have never heard of it; dear sir, tell us where shall we find this.’ Then he showed it to us, a short distance outside of the town. And as we saw the Black Bear, behold, as all the landlords had beforehand refused us lodging, the innkeeper here came into the doorway, received us, and kindly offered of his own accord to keep us, and conducted us into the main room.

“There we found a man sitting alone at the table, and before him lay a little book;

OUT OF MONASTIC CONFINEMENT

he greeted us in friendly manner, bade us draw nearer and sit beside him at the table. For our shoes were—if I may here write with your permission—so full of mud and dirt that we, on account of shame of the mud spots, could not cheerfully enter the room, and quietly sat down upon a little bench near the door. Then he offered us something to drink, which we could not refuse to accept. As we thus heard his friendliness and good nature, we sat down beside him at his table, as he had commanded, had a pot of wine sent in, in order that we for honor's sake might again offer him something to drink, too. We had, however, no other idea than that he was a trooper, who was sitting there according to the custom of the land with a little red leather cap, with breeches and jerkin, without armor, a sword at his side, his right hand on the pommel of the sword, seizing the hilt with the other. His eyes were dark and deep set, dazzling and sparkling as a star, so that they could not be well looked at.

“Soon he began to ask where we were born. But he gave himself answer, ‘You are Swiss. From what part of Switzerland are you?’ We answered, ‘From St. Gall.’ Then he said, ‘If you wish to go from here

DOCTOR LUTHER

to Wittenberg, as I hear, you will find there good countrymen, namely, Doctor Jerome Schurf and his brother, Doctor Augustin.'

"We said, 'We have letters to them.' Then we asked him again, 'Sir, can you not inform us whether Martin Luther is now at Wittenberg or at whatever place he may be?'

"He answered, 'I have certain knowledge that Luther is just now not at Wittenberg; he will, however, soon go thither. Philip Melanchthon, however, is there; he is teaching the Greek language; as also others, who are teaching Hebrew. In all honesty I want to advise you to study both, for they are the first thing necessary to understand the Holy Scriptures.' We said, 'God be praised! For if God spares our lives we will not desist until we see and hear the man; for on his account we have undertaken this journey, since we heard that he wants to overthrow the priesthood together with the mass as an unfounded divine service. Since we, from childhood up, have been educated and destined by our parents to become priests, we are quite willing to hear what instruction he will give us and with what right he intends to bring such a purpose to pass.'

"After such words he asked, 'Where have you studied until now?' Answer, 'At Basel.'

OUT OF MONASTIC CONFINEMENT

Then he said, 'How are things at Basel? Is Erasmus Roterodamus still there? What is he doing?'

" 'Sir,' said we, 'we do not know but that things are going well; Erasmus, too, is there, but what he is doing is unknown to and hidden from everyone, since he keeps very quiet and in secret.'

"These words seemed to us quite strange, coming from the horseman, that he could speak of both Schurfs, of Philip and Erasmus, likewise of the necessity of both the Greek and the Hebrew languages. Besides he spoke at times some Latin words, so that it almost seemed to us that he was a different person from a common trooper.

" 'Beloved ones,' he asked us, 'what does one think of Luther in Switzerland?'

" 'Sir, there are, as everywhere, various opinions. Some cannot sufficiently extol him and thank God that He has revealed His truth thru him and made it possible to recognize the errors; others, however, curse him as an intolerable heretic, and above all the clergymen.'

"Then he said, 'I can well imagine that it is the priests.'

"Amid such conversation we began to feel quite at ease in his presence, so that my

DOCTOR LUTHER

comrade picked up the book lying before him and opened it. It was a Hebrew psalter. Then he laid it down again quickly, and the trooper took it unto himself. From this still more doubt came over us as to who it was. And my comrade said, 'I would give a finger from my hand that I might understand this language.' He answered, 'You will indeed understand it, provided you apply yourselves with diligence; I, too, am desirous of learning it better and am exercising myself in it daily.'

"In the meantime the light of day disappeared entirely and it was growing very dark, and the landlord came to our table. As he had heard our great longing and desire to see Martin Luther, he said, "Dear comrades, had you been here two days ago you would have been successful, for here at this table he sat and"—he pointed with his finger—"at this spot." That vexed us much and we were provoked that we had missed seeing one another, visited our displeasure on the muddy and poor road which had hindered us. But we said, 'Now, however, we are glad that we are sitting in the house and at the table where he sat.' At this the innkeeper had to laugh and then went out thru the door..

OUT OF MONASTIC CONFINEMENT

“After a little while the innkeeper, outside the door of the guest-room, called me, asking that I come to him. I was scared and wondered what unseemly thing I had done, or for what I was being blamed without cause on my part.

“Then the landlord said to me, ‘Since I recognize that you truly wish to hear and see Luther—it is he who is sitting beside you.’

“These words struck me as joking, and I said, ‘Yes, landlord, you want very much to make sport of me and to satisfy my desire with a deceptive likeness of Luther.’ He answered, ‘It is really he. But do not act as if you took him for Luther and recognized him.’ I did not argue the point with the innkeeper; I could, however, not believe it. I went into the room again, sat down at the table again, should like to have told my comrade, too, what the landlord had revealed to me. At last I turned to him and whispered quietly, ‘The innkeeper told me that this is Luther.’ He, like me, did not want to believe it right away either, and said, ‘He said, perhaps, that it was Hutten, and you did not properly understand him.’ Because now the trooper attire and bearing reminded me more of Hutten than of Luther in the person

DOCTOR LUTHER

of a monk, I let myself be persuaded that he had said, 'It is Hutten,' since the beginnings of both names have almost the same sound. What I, on that account, said after this, was spoken as if I were speaking to Mr. Huldrich ab Hutten, knight.

"During all this two of the merchants who also wished to stay over night here, came, and, after they had taken off their street clothes and their spurs, one of them laid an unbound book beside him. Then Martinus asked what kind of book that was. He said, 'It is Doctor Luther's interpretation of some gospels and epistles, only recently printed and published; have you never seen them?' Martinus said, 'They will soon be sent to me too.' Then the innkeeper said, 'Now sit down at the table, we want to eat'; we, however, spoke up and bade the innkeeper to be indulgent toward us and give us something less expensive than the regular supper. Then the innkeeper said, 'Dear fellows, join the gentlemen at the table, I want to entertain you in a becoming manner.' As Martinus heard this he said, 'Come on, you need not worry, I will settle the account with the innkeeper.'

"During the supper Martinus spoke many devout, friendly words, so that the merchants

OUT OF MONASTIC CONFINEMENT

and we became silent in his presence, paying more attention to his words than all the food. During these remarks he deplored with a sigh the fact that the princes and lords, altho at this very time assembled at the Diet of Nuremberg on account of the word of God, the pending controversies, and the grievances of the German nation, should, nevertheless, be inclined to nothing more than to spend the short time in expensive tournaments, sleigh-riding, unchastity, pride, and prostitution, altho fear of God and solemn prayer to God would be of greater help. 'But so are our Christian princes.' He said, further, that he cherished the hope that the gospel truth would bear more fruit with our children and descendants who were not poisoned by the papal error, but were now being planted upon pure truth and God's word, than with the parents in whom the errors were so deeply rooted that they could, perhaps, not be easily rooted out.

"Thereupon the merchants also gave expression to their opinion, and the older one said, 'I am a plain, simple layman, do not especially understand the controversies; this, however, I do say, as the matter strikes me: Luther must either be an angel from heaven or a devil out of hell. I have a desire to

DOCTOR LUTHER

spend another ten florins out of love for him, to be able to make my confession to him; for I believe he would and could well direct my conscience.' In the meanwhile the innkeeper came beside us and said quietly, "Do not worry about the score, Martinus has settled for your supper.' That pleased us much, not on account of the money and food and drink, but that this man had hospitably entertained us. After the supper the merchants arose, went to the stable to attend to their horses. In the meanwhile Martinus stayed alone with us in the room; we thanked him then for his kind consideration and gift, and at the same time we showed that we took him for Huldrich ab Hutten. He, however, said, 'I am not he.'

"Then the innkeeper came, and Martinus said, 'I have to-night become a nobleman, for these Swiss take me for Huldrich ab Hutten.' The innkeeper said, 'You are not he, but Martinus Luther.' Then he smiled, while jesting thus: 'They take me for Hutten, you for Luther, soon I shall become, I suppose, even Markolfus.' And after such words he took a tall beer glass and said, according to the custom of the land, 'Swiss, let us drink another friendly drink for our blessing.' And as I was about to take the glass from him,

OUT OF MONASTIC CONFINEMENT

he exchanged the glass, offered me a glass of wine instead, and said, 'Beer is foreign to you, and you are not accustomed to it, drink the wine.' Then he arose, threw his military coat on his shoulders, and made his departure. He offered us his hand, and said, 'When you come to Wittenberg, greet Dr. Jerome Schurf for me.' We said, 'We will gladly do that, but what shall we call you, that he may understand the greeting from you?' He said, 'Say nothing further than the one who is going to come, sends you his greetings—then he will straightway understand the words.' Then he took leave of us and retired.

"After this the merchants came into the room again and asked the innkeeper to serve them another drink, during the drinking of which they had much conversation concerning the guest who had sat near them, wondering who it might be. But the innkeeper showed that he took him for Luther; and they, the merchants, soon let themselves be convinced, and expressed their regret and sorrow that they had so improperly spoken about him; and said that they would get up all the earlier the following morning, before he would ride off, and would bid him not to be provoked at them nor think ill of the fact

DOCTOR LUTHER

that they had not recognized him. That was done, and they found him in the stable on the following morning. But Martinus answered, 'You said last night during supper you would spend ten florins on account of Luther, in order to confess to him. If you ever confess to him, you will, I think, see and learn whether I am Martinus Luther.' Further he did not reveal his identity, mounted his horse then and rode toward Wittenberg.

"On the same day we journeyed toward Naumburg, and as we came to a village—it lies at the foot of a hill, I think the hill is called Orlamunde and the village Nasshausen—thru it a stream flows which had flooded its banks on account of the excessive rain and had carried away a part of the bridge, so that no one could cross it on horseback. In this village we put up and found by chance the two merchants in the inn, who entertained us there in hospitable manner for the sake of Luther.

"On the following Sunday, the day before the first Sunday of Lent, we called at the house of Dr. Jerome Schurf, in order to deliver our letters. As we were called into the living-room, behold, we found the trooper, Martinus, just as at Jena. And

OUT OF MONASTIC CONFINEMENT

with him was Phillipus Melanchthon, Justus Jodocus Jonas, Nicolaus Amsdorf, Dr. Augustin Schurf; they told him what had transpired at Wittenberg during his absence. He greeted us and laughed, pointed with his finger and said, 'This is Philip Melanchthon, about whom I spoke to you.' "

In Kessler's true-hearted presentation there is nothing more remarkable than the merry calm of the powerful man who was riding thru Thuringia under ban and excommunication, his heart full of passionate anxiety concerning the greatest danger that was threatening his doctrine, concerning the fanaticism of his own followers.

DOCTOR LUTHER

Even to this day do well-meaning men regret that great abuses of their ancient church led to such a great revolt; even the liberal Catholic still sees in Luther and Zwingli the zealous heretics whose wrath brought about a schism. May such a view soon disappear from Germany. All denominations may well attribute to Luther what in their faith to-day is heartfelt, full of feeling, and rich in blessing for their lives. The heretic of Wittenberg is a reformer of the German Catholics just as much as of the Protestants. Not only is that true because the teachers of the Catholic church, too, grew out of the old scholasticism in their struggle against him, and fought for their sacraments with new weapons which they had taken from his language, culture, and moral virtue; not merely either because he in reality struck the church of the Middle Ages to pieces and became the factor that caused his opponents at Trent to put up a firmer structure, apparently altogether in the ancient forms and proportions; but still more because he gave such powerful expression to the common basis of all Ger-

DOCTOR LUTHER

man confessions, to our courageous, devout, honorable sincerity and depth of feeling, that doctrine and language, civil order and morality, the spiritual inclinations of the people, science and poetry, still retain very much of his character, in which we all share even to this day. Separate details of that which the defiant, quarrelsome head of Luther contended for, against Calvinists and Catholics, have been condemned by the unbiased perception of the truth in modern times. His doctrine, a passionate, high-strung doctrine, wrenched during convulsive battles from a soul full of reverence, did not strike the right thing in a few weighty points; at times he was harsh, unjust, yes, cruel toward his opponents; but the like of that is no longer to disturb any German, for all the limitations of his character and education disappear in the face of the abundance of blessing which has streamed out of his great heart into the life of his nation.

But, it will be said, he should not have deserted the faith; his deed has divided Germany into two camps; with alternating battle-cry the dispute rages even to our day. Those who are of this opinion, may, with equal justice, assert that the well-known, sacred, mysterious revolt from the Jewish faith was

DOCTOR LUTHER

not necessary; why did the apostles not improve the venerable office of the high priest of Zion? They may assert that the Englishman, Hampden, would have done better to pay the ship-money and teach the Stuarts in peaceful manner that Orange committed a crime when he did not, like Egmont, lay his head and sword into Alba's hands; that Washington was a traitor because he did not deliver himself and his army to the English; they may condemn, like a crime, every great new thing in doctrine and life that has ever come out of fighting against the old.

To few mortals was an equally great influence upon contemporaries and posterity granted. But, like every great human life, the life of Luther also gives the impression of a thrilling tragedy as soon as one crowds its main factors together. It appears to us tripartite, like the career of all heroes of history to whom it was allotted to live out their lives. In the beginning is formed the personality of the man, powerfully governed by the constraining influences of the surrounding world. Irreconcilable opposing elements, it also tries to assimilate; but within the depths of the human soul thoughts and convictions are gradually crystalized into

DOCTOR LUTHER

will; a deed bursts forth, the individual enters the battle with the world. Subsequently comes a second period of powerful activity, rapid development, great victories. Greater and greater does the influence of the individual upon the many become; he draws the whole nation powerfully into his paths; he becomes its hero, its model; the life-force of millions seems concentrated in one man.

But such a dominion on the part of an individual, rounded-out personality, is not long endured by the spirit of the nation. However mighty a power, however great its aims may be, the life, strength, and needs of the nation are more varied. The eternal contrast between man and people becomes visible; the soul of the nation is also finite, and, in the eyes of the Eternal, a personality; but, compared with the individual, it seems boundless. The individual is constrained by the logical conclusion of his thoughts and acts; all the spirits of his own deeds force him into a path firmly hedged in; the soul of the nation requires for its life irreconcilable contrasts, an unceasing endeavor in the most varied directions. Much that the individual was unable to take up in his being, rises in combat against him. The reaction of the world begins. At first in weak manner from several

DOCTOR LUTHER

directions, with different tendency, with slight justification, then stronger and stronger, more and more victoriously. At last the spiritual content of the individual life is confined within its own school; it crystalizes into a separate element of the national culture. The last part of a great life is always filled with a secret resignation, with bitterness and quiet suffering.

That was true also of Luther. Of these periods, however, the first extended to the day on which he posted the theses, the second to the return from the Wartburg, the third to his death and to the beginning of the Schmalkald War. It is here not the author's intention to describe his entire life; only how he grew and what he was to us is to be briefly told. Much in him appears strange and ungracious as long as one considers him from the distance; but this human being has the remarkable attribute of becoming greater and greater and more and more lovable the closer one approaches. And it would fill even a good biographer, from the beginning to the end, with admiration, emotion, and some good humor.

From the great source of all national power, from the free peasant class, Luther rose. His father moved from Möhra, a

DOCTOR LUTHER

forest village in the Thuringian Forest, where his relationship filled half the district, northward into the region of Mansfeld, to work in the mines.

His father was stout and stocky, firm in resolution, endowed with an unusual measure of wise common sense; and he worked his way, after a hard struggle, thru to some wealth. In his home he observed strict discipline; even in his advanced years Luther was wont to think with a feeling of tender sadness of the severe punishments that he had suffered as a boy, and of the grief which they had caused his tender, childlike heart. Old Hans Luther had, however, an influence on the life of his son even until his death in the year 1530. As his Martin had secretly entered the cloister at the age of twenty-two years, he was exceedingly angry; he had at that time already thought of providing his son with a good marriage. And when friends at last succeeded in bringing the angered father to a reconciliation, when he faced the imploring son again, and the latter confessed that a fearful apparition had driven him to the quiet vow of the monastery, his father retorted with the anxious words, "God grant that it was no deception and devilish spirit." And still more did he

DOCTOR LUTHER

shake the monk's heart with the angry question: "You believed that you were obeying a commandment of God when you entered the monastery, have you not heard, too, that one is to obey his parents?" This word pierced the son deeply. And as he, many years later, was sojourning at the Wartburg, thrust out of the church, outlawed by the emperor, he wrote to his father the touching words: "Do you still wish to pull me out of the monastic life? You are still my father, I still your son; upon your side stands divine command and power, upon my side stands human wantonness. And see, in order that you may not boast in the presence of God, He has anticipated you, He Himself has taken me out." From that time on the old man felt as if his son had been given back to him. Old Hans had at one time made his calculations on having a grandson for whom he wanted to work; he stubbornly came back to this thought, unconcerned about the rest of the world. And soon he zealously admonished his son to marry, and it was not least of all his persuasion to which Luther yielded. And as the father, advanced in years, at the end of his life alderman of Mansfeld, was drawing his last breath, and the clergyman bowed over him and asked

DOCTOR LUTHER

the departing one whether he, too, wished to die in the purified faith in Christ and the Holy Gospel, old Hans once more powerfully collected his strength and said abruptly, "A rogue that does not believe in it." When Luther told this later, he added with admiration, "Yes, indeed, that was a man of the days of old." The son, however, received the news of his father's death at the castle of Coburg. As he looked at the letter in which his wife had enclosed the picture of his youngest daughter, Magdalene, he said only these words to his companion, "Well, my father, too, is dead"; arose, took his psalter, went into his bed-room, prayed, and wept so much that his head, as the faithful Veit Dietrich wrote, was unfit for anything on the following day, and came forth again with calm soul. And on the same day he wrote with deep emotion to Melanchthon concerning the heartfelt love of his father and his intimate relation to him. "Never have I despised death as much as to-day; we die so often before we finally die. Now I am the oldest in my family, and I have the right to follow him."

From such a father the son received that along with him thru life which remained the basis of his character—truthfulness, firm

DOCTOR LUTHER

will, true-hearted trust, and yet circumspect treatment of men and affairs of business. Rugged were the years of his childhood; he experienced much that was harsh in the Latin school and as choir-boy, but also kindness and love; and he retained that which is more easily preserved in the small circles of life, a heart full of faith in the goodness of human nature and full of reverence for all that is great on this earth. At the University of Erfurt his father was already able to support him with greater abundance, he felt himself in the strength of youth and was a merry fellow with music of stringed instruments and song. Of his inner life at that time we know little, only that death drew nigh unto him and that he was called during a storm by a "terrible apparition from heaven." In the fear of death he made a vow to enter a cloister, quickly and secretly he carried out his resolve.

From that point begin our reports concerning the state of his soul. At variance with his father, full of fear of an incomprehensible eternity, frightened by the wrath of God, he began with convulsive effort a life of renunciation, devotion, and penance. He found no peace. All the most significant questions of life stormed with fearful force

DOCTOR LUTHER

upon his unsupported, isolated soul. Remarkably strong and impassioned was the need in his case of feeling himself in harmony with God and the world; his religion gave him only things incomprehensible, bitter, and repellent. His nature considered problems of the moral world-order most important. That the good were troubled, the wicked happy; that God condemned the human race with a monstrous curse of sins because an inexperienced woman had bitten into an apple, and that the same God again bore our sins with love, indulgence, and patience; that Christ at one time turned honorable people away from Him with harshness, at another time made up with prostitutes, publicans, murderers—"human reason with its wisdom becomes mad over it." Then he was, indeed, wont to lament to his spiritual father, Staupitz, "Dear Doctor, why, our Lord treats people in such horrible manner, who can serve Him if He strikes about Him thus?" But when he received the answer, "How could He otherwise restrain the obstinate fellows?" this sensible argument could not comfort the young man. In his ardent craving to find the incomprehensible God, he would examine with self-torment all his thoughts and dreams. Every earthly thought,

DOCTOR LUTHER

all the surgings of his youthful blood became, in his mind, a horrible injustice; he began to despair in regard to himself, wrestled in endless prayer, fasted, scourged himself. At one time his brethren had to break open his cell, in which he had lain for days in a condition that was not far removed from madness. With warm interest Staupitz would look upon such convulsive tortures, and, doubtless, seek to calm him with words of comfort, which were somewhat harsh. At one time when Luther had written to him, "Oh, my sin, sin, sin!" his spiritual father gave as answer: "You wish to be without sin, and yet have no real sin. Christ is the forgiveness of true sins, as for instance, to murder one's parents, etc.; if Christ is to help you, then you must have a register in which the true sins are recorded, and must not come to Him with such frippery and doll-sins and make a sin out of every little oversight."

Decisive for the whole life of Luther became the manner in which he gradually raised himself out of such despair. The God whom he was serving was at that time a God of fear; His anger was to be quieted only by the means of grace that the old church specified, above all thru continuous confessions, for which it gave endless rules and directions

which the heart found empty and cold. Thru prescribed actions and the practice of the so-called good works, the feeling of real reconciliation and inner peace had not come to the young man. Then, at last, a word of his spiritual adviser hit the mark like an arrow. "Only that is true penance which begins with love to God. Love to God and inner exaltation is not the sequel of the means to grace which the church teaches; it must precede them." This doctrine from the school of Tauler became for the young man the basis of a new spiritual and moral relation to God.

It was for him a sacred discovery. The change of one's own heart was the main thing. For this he had to put forth his efforts; from the depth of every human heart remorse, repentance, reconciliation had to come. He himself, every human being, could raise himself alone to God. Not until now did he surmise what free prayer is. The place of the far-removed divine power which he had sought in vain until then in hundred rules and childish confession, was now taken in his case by the image of an all-loving Protector, to whom he himself could speak joyfully and in tears at any hour, to whom he could bewail every doubt, who took an un-

DOCTOR LUTHER

ceasing interest in him, cared for him, granted or refused his heartfelt requests, He Himself as warm-hearted as a good father. Thus he learned to pray, and how fervent his prayer became! Now he lived in secret with his beloved God whom he had finally found, daily, hourly. The intercourse with that which is highest became for him more intimate than with the dearest beings of this earth. When he had poured out his whole soul before Him, then calm and a sacred peace, a feeling of unspeakable loveliness came over him; he felt himself a part of God. And this relation he retained from then on during his entire life. At present he no longer required the distant outer paths of the old church; he could, with his God in his heart, offer defiance to the whole world. He already dared to believe that those had taught wrongly who laid such great weight upon the works of penitence, that beside these, cold making of amends and detailed confession, alone, were all that was left. And as he later learned thru Melanchthon that the word for penitence, "*metanoia*," in the Greek gospel signified in itself literally the change of the heart, it seemed to him like a wonderful revelation. Upon this basis is rooted the devout assurance with which he

DOCTOR LUTHER

set the words of the gospels over against the prescriptions of the church.

Upon such a course Luther gradually worked his way in the cloister thru to inner freedom. His entire later teaching, the fight against the remission of sins, his unwavering firmness, his method of interpreting the Scriptures, rest upon the inner process thru which he, as monk, found his God. And it may doubtless be said that the new epoch in German history began with Luther's cloister prayers. Soon life was to take him under its hammer, to temper the pure metal of his soul.

It was with reluctance that Luther accepted, in 1508, the professorship of dialectics at the new university of Wittenberg. He would rather have taught the theology which he even then considered the true one. It is known that he went to Rome in 1510 on matters of business concerning his order, how devoutly and piously he tarried in the Holy City, and with what horror the heathenish conduct of the Italians, the moral corruption and secularization of the clergy filled him. It was there that he, while reading mass, was disturbed in his worship by base jokes that the Roman brethren of his order called out to him. He did not forget the infernal

DOCTOR LUTHER

words as long as he lived. But however deeply the corruption of the hierarchy agitated him, the latter embraced none the less also all his hopes; outside of it there was no God and no blessedness. The exalted idea of the Catholic church and its victories of fifteen hundred years held the mind of even the strongest enchained. And as he, in the Roman priestly dress, examined the ruins of ancient Rome with danger to his life, and stood astonished before the gigantic pillars of the temples which, according to legend, had once been broken by the Goths, the valiant man from the hills of the ancient Hermunduri had as yet little premonition of the fact that his own fate would be to strike to pieces the temples of the Middle Ages more thoroly, angrily, imposingly, than the cousins of his ancestors had done in past ages. As yet Luther returned from Rome a loyal son of the great mother; all the heretic behavior, for example, of the Bohemians, was to him an object of hatred. Warm interest was taken by him, after his return home, in Reuchlin's struggle against the Cologne inquisitors; and about 1512 he stood on the side of the humanists. But even then he felt that something separated him from this form of culture. When he was in Gotha a

DOCTOR LUTHER

few years later, he did not visit the estimable Mutianus Rufus, altho he wrote him a very courteous letter of apology. And soon after this the dialogues of Erasmus offended him by the inner coldness and worldly tone in which the theological sinners were derided. The secular worldliness of the humanists never became quite congenial to Luther's soul, so full of joy in its faith; and the pride with which he later offended the sensitive Erasmus in a letter that was to be conciliatory, lay perhaps even then in his soul. Also the forms of Luther's literary modesty at this time give the impression that they are wrested from a firm heart thru the constraint of Christian humility.

For in his faith he felt himself secure and great; as early as 1516 he wrote to Spalatin, who brought about the relation between him and the elector, Frederic the Wise, that the elector was the wisest of all men in matters of this world, but where it was a question of God and the salvation of the soul he was struck by a sevenfold blindness.

And Luther had reasons for this utterance; for the sense of this temperate prince, like that of the father of a family, was shown also in the fact that he was anxious to garner the means of grace of the church with wise

DOCTOR LUTHER

care. Among other characteristics he had an especial liking for holy relics, and just at that time Staupitz, vice-general of the Augustinian order of monks in Saxony, was occupied on the Rhine and elsewhere in collecting treasures of relics for the elector. For Luther this absence on the part of his superior became significant, for he had to fill his place. He became a powerful man in his order; altho a professor—since 1512—of theology, he still dwelt in his monastery at Wittenberg, and generally wore his cowl. Now he made visits in the thirty cloisters of his congregation, dismissed priors, pronounced severe censure upon poor discipline, and urged austerity toward monks who had fallen. But he still retained some of the believing simplicity of the friar.

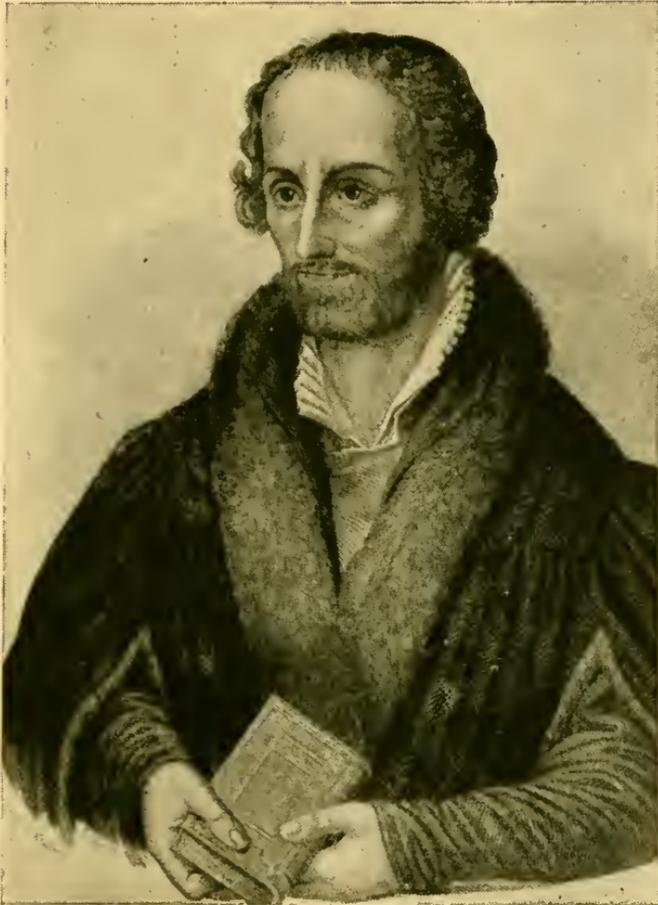
For in such a frame of mind he wrote, with confidence and German uprightness, to the protector of the seller of indulgences, the Archbishop Albert of Mainz, on the 31st of October, 1517, after he had fastened the theses against Tetzal on the church door. Full of the good popular belief in the intelligence and goodwill of the highest rulers, Luther thought—he often said so later—that it would depend only upon one's presenting the disadvantage and the immorality of

such abuses in an upright way to the princes of the church. How childish, however, the sleek and humane ecclesiastical prince found this zeal of the monk! What provoked the honest man so deeply had long since been settled from the archbishop's point of view. The bartering in indulgences was an evil of the church, complained of a hundred times; it was, however, unavoidable, as the politician finds many institutions, which, tho not good in themselves, must be preserved for the sake of some great interest. The greatest interest in the eyes of the archbishop and the curia was their dominion, which was gained and kept thru such an acquisition of money. The great interest in the minds of Luther and the people was the truth. Thus the roads parted.

And so Luther entered the battle, full of faith, a loyal son of the church, full of German devotion for authorities. But again he bore within him that which strengthened him against a too powerful influence on the part of such authority, a firm relation to his God. He was at that time thirty-four years old, in the bloom of his strength, of medium size, with a body that was still slender, but strong, which seemed tall beside the small, delicate, boylike figure of Melanchthon. In a face in

DOCTOR LUTHER

which one saw the evidence of night-watching and inner conflicts, there glowed two fiery eyes, the powerful brightness of which was hard to bear. A respected man, not only in his order, but also at the University; no great scholar—he learned Greek from Melancthon not until the following year, right after it Hebrew; he possessed no comprehensive book learning and had never had the ambition of shining as a poet in the Latin verses which he occasionally wrote. But he was remarkably well versed in the Holy Scriptures and the writings of separate church fathers, and what he had taken into his mind he had digested with German thoroughness. He was an untiring minister to his parish, zealous preacher, a warm friend, even at that time again of a sincere cheerfulness, of a firm bearing, courteous and affable, in social intercourse of an inner assurance that often brightened up his countenance like a merry humor. It is true that little events of the day were able to move and disturb him, he was excitable, he wept easily; but when a great task was exacted of him, and he had overcome the first excitement of his nerves—which, for instance, still made him feel embarrassed at his first appearance at the Imperial Diet of Worms—then he was of a wonderful calm



Philip Melancthon
Born, 1497; Died, 1560
From a Painting
by Lucas Cranach



DOCTOR LUTHER

and assurance. He knew no fear; yes, his lionlike nature found pleasure in the most dangerous situations. Chance dangers of death into which he fell, malicious plots on the part of his enemies were in his mind at that time hardly worth mentioning. The basis of such, one may say, superhuman heroic courage, was again the firm, personal relation to his God. He had long spells when he wished the tortures of a martyr for himself, smiling and joyful in heart, in order to serve the truth and his God. As yet fearful battles were in store for him, but they were not of the kind in which human beings stood face to face with him. The devil himself he had to lay low for years to come, again and again; he overcame, too, the fear and pain of hell, which was busily occupied in obscuring his reason. Such a man was, perhaps, to be killed, but hardly to be conquered.

The period of the conflict which now follows, from the beginning of the controversy over indulgences until his departure from the Wartburg, the time of his greatest victories, of a monstrous popularity, is, perhaps, most generally known, and yet his character, thus it seems to us, is not always correctly judged even here.

DOCTOR LUTHER

Nothing during this time is more remarkable than the manner in which Luther gradually became estranged from the Roman church. He was modest in life and without ambition; with the deepest reverence he clung to the lofty idea of the church, the community of the faithful for fifteen centuries. And yet he was to be separated, in four short years, from the faith of his fathers, hurled away from the soil in which he was so firmly rooted. And during this whole period he was to stand alone in the fight; alone, or, at least, together with few loyal comrades—after 1518 with Melanchthon. All the dangers of the fiercest war he was to pass thru, not only against countless enemies, but also against the anxious dissuasion of honorable friends and protectors. Three times did the Roman party attempt to bring him to silence—thru the commission of Cajetan, the persuasive skill of Miltitz, the untimely assiduity of the disputatious Eck; three times he himself addressed the pope in letters which belong to the most valuable documents of those years. Then the separation came; he was cursed and exiled. According to ancient university custom he burned the hostile declaration of enmity, at the same time also the possibility of return. With

DOCTOR LUTHER

joyous confidence he journeyed to Worms, in order that the princes of his nation might decide whether he should die or live on among them without pope and without church, according to the Scriptures alone.

At first, when he had put into print the theses against Tetzal, he was astonished at the great sensation which they caused in Germany, at the venomous hatred of his enemies, and at the signs of joyous recognition which he received from many sides. Had he really done anything so unheard of? Why, what he had given expression to was believed by all the best men of the church! As the bishop of Brandenburg sent the abbot of Lehnin to him with the request that Luther might suppress the printing of his German sermon on indulgence and divine grace, however right he might be, it moved the brother of the poor Augustinian monastery deeply that such great men should speak to him in a friendly and heartfelt manner; and he was willing rather to give up the printing than make himself a monster that would interfere with the church. He zealously endeavored to refute the report that the elector had caused his controversy with Tetzal. "They wish to entangle the innocent prince in the hatred which is hitting me." He was will-

DOCTOR LUTHER

ing to do everything to preserve peace, before Cajetan, with Miltitz; one thing only he was not willing to do: not retract what he had said against the unchristianlike extension of the traffic in indulgences. But it was the recantation alone that the hierarchy desired of him. For a long time he still wished for peace, conciliation, the return to the peaceful activity of his cell, and again and again a false assertion of his opponents set his blood aglow, and every contradiction was followed by a new, sharper blow of his weapon.

Even in his first letter to Leo X, of May 30, 1518, Luther's heroic assurance is surprising. He is still entirely the loyal son of the church; at the conclusion he still lays himself at the feet of the pope, offers him his whole life and existence, and promises to honor his voice like the voice of Christ, whose representative, in his opinion, the lord of the church was. But out of this devotion, which was becoming of a brother of the Order, the impetuous words already flash: "If I have merited death, I do not refuse to die." And in the letter itself, how powerful the expressions are in which he shows the rudeness of the peddlers of indulgences! Sincere is here, too, the surprise that his theses are really causing so much sensation,

DOCTOR LUTHER

their sentences difficult to understand, and, according to old usage, involved and enigmatical. And good humor resounds thru the manly words: "What am I to do? Recant I cannot. In our century full of intelligence and beauty, which could force a Cicero to the wall, I, untutored, weak, not finely cultured man! But necessity impels, the goose cannot but cackle among swans."

In the year that followed almost all who revered Luther united in bringing about the reconciliation. Staupitz and Spalatin, back of these the elector, reprovved, entreated, and urged. The papal chamberlain, von Miltitz, himself praised Luther's standpoint, whispered in his ear that he was quite right, made entreaties, drank to his health, and kissed him. Luther, to be sure, believed he knew that the courtier had the secret commission of bringing him, if possible, as a captive to Rome. But the mediators happily found the point on which the defiant man heartily agreed with them: that the respect for the church would have to be preserved, and its unity not destroyed. Luther promised to keep quiet and leave the decision of the points of dispute to three worthy bishops. In this position he was urged to write a letter of apology to the pope. But also this letter of

DOCTOR LUTHER

the 3rd of March, 1519, without doubt approved by the intercessors and wrested from the writer, is characteristic of the progress which Luther had made. Of humility, which our theologians read out of it, there is little to be found; thruout, however, it is true, a cautious diplomatic bearing. Luther deplores the fact that that should be considered lack of reverence in him which he had really done to protect the honor of the Roman church; he promises to remain silent henceforth in regard to indulgences—that is, in case his opponents are willing to do the same. He promises to address a letter to the people in which he will admonish them to obey the church in upright manner and not to become estranged from it because his opponents had been impudent, he himself harsh. But all these respectful words do not cover the chasm which even now separates his heart from the affairs of Rome. And it sounds like cold irony when he writes: "What am I to do, Most Holy Father? I lack all counsel. The power of thy wrath I cannot endure, and yet I do not know how I am to make my way out. A recantation is demanded of me. If it could bring about what one purposes to do with it, I should without any doubt recant. But the opposition of my opponents has

spread my writings farther than I had ever hoped; they are too deeply seated in the souls of human beings. In our Germany talents, culture, free judgment are now flourishing. If I should wish to recant, I should cover the church, in the judgment of my Germans, with still greater shame. And it is they, my opponents, who have brought the Roman church to shame with us in Germany." At the end he closes in polite manner: "If I should be able to do more, I shall, without any doubt, be very ready to do so. May Christ preserve your Lordship. M. Luther."

Much can be read back of this measured reserve. Even if the vain Eck had not right after this driven the whole University at Wittenberg into choler, this letter could hardly be considered at Rome as a sign of penitent submission.

The thunderbolt of excommunication had been hurled, Rome had spoken. Then Luther wrote, again wholly himself, once more to the pope that famous great letter which he dated back to the 6th of September, 1520, at the request of the untiring Miltitz, in order to be able to ignore the bull of excommunication. It is the beautiful transcript of a resolute mind which surveys its opponent from its lofty standpoint, at the same time

DOCTOR LUTHER

so grand in its uprightness and of the noblest sentiment! With sincere sympathy he speaks of the person and the difficult position of the pope, but it is the interest of a stranger; he still deplores the church with sadness, but one feels that he himself has already grown away from it. It is a farewell letter, with cutting sharpness, nevertheless, dignified bearing, silent sadness; thus a man takes leave of that which he has once loved, and found unworthy. For the intercessors this letter was to be the last stepping-stone, for Luther it was an inner emancipation.

Luther himself had become a different man during these years. He had, in the first place, acquired wise assurance in his intercourse with the most illustrious of this earth, and obtained insight for a high price into the policy and the private characters of those ruling. To the peaceful nature of his prince nothing was in reality more grievous than this embittered theological controversy, which at times furthered his political affairs, always disturbed him in spirit. The people of the court continually tried to hold back the men of Wittenberg, and Luther was always careful that it was too late. As often as the loyal Spalatin advised against the publication of a new warlike document,

DOCTOR LUTHER

he received the answer that nothing could be done, that the sheets were printed, already in many hands, could no longer be kept back. Also in his dealings with his opponents Luther acquired the assurance of a tried combatant. He still took bitter offence when Jerome Emser had cunningly taken him in Dresden to a supper in the spring of 1518, at which he was forced to argue with angry enemies; especially when he learned that an alms-gathering friar had listened at the door and circulated in the town the next day that Luther had been given a sound drubbing, and that the listener had with difficulty refrained from jumping into the room and spitting in Luther's face. At his first meeting with Cajetan he still sank humbly at the feet of the ecclesiastic prince; after his second, he already permitted himself to have the opinion that the cardinal was adapted to his work as a donkey to the harp. The genteel Miltitz he treated with corresponding civility. The Romanist had hoped to tame the German bear; soon the courtier came into the position himself that suited him, he was made use of by Luther. And in the Leipzig debate with Eck the favorable impression which Luther's upright and firm manner caused, was the best counterpoise to the conceited

DOCTOR LUTHER

assurance of his skillful opponent.

But Luther's inner life demands greater sympathy. It was for him, as we know, a dreadful period; right beside exaltation and victory there lay for him deadly anxiety, torturing doubt, terrible trials. He with but few against all Christendom in arms, more and more inexpably at variance with the strongest power that still embraced everything within itself that had been sacred unto him since his youth. What if he should be mistaken in the one thing or the other? He was responsible for every soul which he bore along with him. And whither? What was there outside of the church? Ruin, temporal and eternal destruction. When opponents and timid friends slashed his heart with reproofs and warnings, incomparably greater was his grief, the secret gnawing, the uncertainty which he could confess to no one. Yes, in prayer he found peace; as often as his soul, seeking God, glowed in a powerful elevation, there came to him abundance of strength, calm, and cheerfulness. But in the hours of exhaustion, when his irritable temper was quivering under repulsive impressions, then he felt constrained, divided, under the spell of another power which was hostile to his God. From his childhood he knew

DOCTOR LUTHER

how busily the evil spirits soar about man, from the Scriptures he had learned that the devil works against the purest man in order to cause his ruin. Also upon his paths busy devils were lurking for the purpose of weakening, misleading him, making countless others wretched thru him. He saw them at work in the cardinal's angry features, in Eck's derisive countenance, yes, in thoughts of his own soul; he knew how powerful they were in Rome. In his youth he had already been tortured by apparitions, now they were coming back again. Out of the dark shadow of his private study the specter of the tempter raised its claw-hand against his reason; even in the shape of the Redeemer did the devil approach him while praying, shining as the Prince of Heaven with the five wounds, as the old church was wont to picture him. But Luther knew that Christ appears before poor mankind only in His words, or in a humble figure, as He had hung on the cross. And he made a vehement effort, and called out to the apparition, "Depart, thou infamous devil!" Then the image disappeared. Thus the man's strong heart labored in wild indignation for years ever anew. It was a dismal struggle between reason and delusion. But he always rose

DOCTOR LUTHER

as victor, the native power of his sound nature conquered. In long prayer, lasting often for hours, the stormy surging of his emotions was made smooth; his solid intellect and his conscience led him each time out of doubt to certainty. As a gracious inspiration of his God he felt this liberating process. And from such a moment on he, who had only just been filled with anxious fear, was indifferent toward the judgment of men, unshakable, unrelenting.

Quite different does his personality appear in conflicts with earthly enemies. Here he almost always makes good a certain superiority, most of all in his literary feuds.

Gigantic was the activity as author which he developed from this time. Until the year 1517 he had had little printed; from that time he became all at once not only the most productive, but also the greatest popular author of the Germans. The energy of his style, the force of his arguments, the fire and passion of his conviction carried everything before them. In this manner no one had yet spoken to the people. To every mood, to all the musical keys was his language suited; now brief and concise and sharp as steel, now a powerful stream in rich expansion, his words pressed among the peo-

DOCTOR LUTHER

ple; figurative expression, convincing comparison, made the most difficult things comprehensible. It was a wonderful, creative power. With sovereign ease he made use of the language; as soon as he laid hold of his pen his mind worked with the greatest freedom; in his sentences the cheerful warmth is seen which filled him; the full charm of warm-hearted endeavor is poured out over them. And such power is not least visible in the attacks with which he favors individual opponents. And it is closely allied to a bad habit which already gave his admiring contemporaries cause for reflection. He liked to play with his adversaries; his imagination clothes the figure of his enemy with a grotesque mask, and this image of his imagination he teases, derides, and strikes with expressions which do not sound mild and not always proper. But just in his scolding his good humor had, as a rule, a conciliatory effect, naturally not upon the parties concerned. Almost never is any small hatefulness visible, not seldom his indestructible goodness of heart. At times he falls, to be sure, into a real artist-zeal; then he forgets the dignity of the reformer and pinches like a German peasant child; yes, like a mischievous hobgoblin. How he worried all his ad-

DOCTOR LUTHER

versaries! Now with blows of a club, wielded by an angry giant, again with the paddle of a fool. He liked to distort their names into the ridiculous. So they lived in the circle at Wittenberg as animals, as fools. Eck became Dr. Geck; Murner received head and claws of a tomcat; Emser, who had his coat of arms, the head of a horned goat, printed at the beginning of most of his polemic treatises, was abused as a goat; the Latin name of the humanist, Cochläus, who had abandoned the cause, was translated back into German, and Luther was wont to salute him as a snail with impenetrable armor. Worse still, fear-inspiring even to his contemporaries, was the vehement lack of consideration with which he went at hostile princes. It is true that he often granted his ruler's cousin, Duke George of Saxony, an unavoidable consideration. The two considered each other a prey of the devil, but in secret each respected in the other a manly virtue; again and again they fell into discord, also into one in writing; but again and again Luther prayed in heartfelt manner for the soul of his neighbor. On the other hand the wicked arbitrariness of Henry VIII of England was repulsive to the innermost soul of the German reformer, he scolded him horribly, and

DOCTOR LUTHER

without end; and even toward the end of his life he dealt with the vehement Henry of Brunswick as with a bad school-boy; Hanswurst (merry Andrew) was the most innocent among many dramatic characters in which he presented him. If such a discharge of haughty zeal later looked at him from the printed page, and his friends complained, then, it is true, he was himself vexed at his rudeness, he censured himself and felt sincere sorrow; but his regret would not help him much, for at the next opportunity he made the same mistake. And Spalatin had even then some cause for looking with distrust upon a projected publication when Luther undertook to write in a very calm and gentle manner. His adversaries could not be his equal in this particular. They scolded with just as much zeal, but they lacked the inner freedom. Unfortunately it cannot be denied that just this addition to the moral dignity of his character was at times the salt which made his writings so irresistible to the honest Germans of the sixteenth century.

In the autumn of 1517 he had fallen out with a depraved Dominican friar; in the winter of 1520 he burned the papal bull; in the spring of 1518 he had still laid himself at the feet of the pope, Christ's vicegerent; in

DOCTOR LUTHER

the spring of 1521 he had to declare before emperor, princes, and papal legates at the Imperial Diet of Worms that he believed neither the pope nor the ecclesiastic councils alone, but only the testimonies of the Holy Scriptures and reasonable judgment.

After September, 1520, Luther knew that his cause was to be dealt with at the Imperial Diet which was summoned to meet at Worms. He knew, furthermore, that the cardinal legate, Aleander, was constantly urging the emperor to severity against him, that the emperor felt averse to the bold monk and had already had his books burned as heretical in the Netherlands. At the beginning of January the Elector of Saxony arrived at Worms where he already found the emperor present; tardily and slowly the majority of the great lords of the German empire came together; not until the end of February could the Imperial Diet be opened.

The reports which passed from Worms to Wittenberg—they required as much time as now a letter to North America—became more unfavorable. Soon it seemed improper to the emperor and Luther's enemies that the excommunicated one should really be admitted to the Imperial Diet; and Elector Frederic, in conjunction with the other

DOCTOR LUTHER

imperial princes who considered a condemnation without hearing unjust, or imprudent on account of the great excitement, had to make strenuous efforts to bring it about that the heretic was in fact still asked whether he would recant, and that he received free escort for the purpose.

It was, therefore, no secret for Luther that the outlawry of the empire was threatening him and that his death was probable. Such a prospect, one should think, would impair, to some extent, the joyousness and the purity of the literary efforts even on the part of the strongest man. With him the opposite was the case. Hardly ever thruout his life did he write so much and such varied things in the same length of time as just during these months. He took his old literary adversary, Ambrosius Catharinus, by the hair, and with even greater zeal the tedious Leipzig Emser, whom he thoroly chastised, derided, and soundly beat in a long series of pamphlets. In a harsh mood, he caused the pope himself, the legates, and the courtiers of the papal court to be depicted by his friend, Lucas Cranach, in wood-cuts that placed the humility of the suffering Christ over against the splendor of the ecclesiastics. But also in his endeavors towards education

DOCTOR LUTHER

and care of the soul he was untiring. Besides separate sermons and the "Instruction for Confessional Children," there appeared during this time the first part of his homilies, one of his chief works; he wrote further on his explanation of the psalms and on the beautiful and earnest book, "Interpretation of Mary's Magnificat."

At last the imperial herald, Casper Sturm, who was called "Germania" in the Italian language of heraldry, brought the letter of safe-conduct to Wittenberg, and rode ahead of Luther's carriage, as the latter started for Worms on the 2d of April with Amsdorf and two other companions. In the towns of Thuringia the people came with congratulations to Luther's carriage; at Erfurt the humanists, the dominant party of the University, went out to meet him in a large procession on horseback and instituted a splendid celebration.

But this concurring acclamation was drowned by a shrill, discordant sound. The emperor, it is true, had promised him safe-conduct for the journey to Worms and return, likewise had the princes, thru whose districts he had to travel, sent him letters of safe-conduct; but the emperor did not wish, after all, that the excommunicated monk should

DOCTOR LUTHER

arrive at Worms, and in order to frighten him, he ordered even now, before the hearing, an edict to be proclaimed and posted in the towns, that all Luther's books should be delivered up to the authorities. The placard was found by Luther in the towns. His friends at Worms were amazed. Spalatin sent a warning to meet him that the fate of Huss was threatening him; even the herald asked whether he even now wished to journey farther. Luther, too, was frightened, but he did not let himself be disturbed, and sent the answer ahead to Spalatin, that Huss had been burned, that the truth had not been burned, that he would come to Worms even if the place contained as many devils as tiles upon its roofs.

A gentler manner of turning him aside was also tried. The emperor's father-confessor, Glapio, came as of his own free-will to Sickingen at the Ebenburg, said many kind and appreciative things, and urgently advised Luther to avoid Worms, and come to Ebenburg, in order that they might there try to find some way of arriving at an understanding.

If Luther agreed to this, it was impossible to keep within the period during which he was protected by the letter of safe-conduct.

DOCTOR LUTHER

Luther answered the well-wishing bearer of this exhortation that if the emperor's father-confessor had anything to discuss with him, he could be found at Worms.

As he drove into Worms on the last day of the time allowed him for the journey, a procession of a hundred horsemen, for the most part Saxon lords, who had gone to meet him, conducted him; the people curiously filled the streets, and to his quarters which were assigned to him in the house of the Order of St. John, there came even into the night many aristocratic visitors, curious and sympathetic. The following day he was already invited before the Imperial Diet.

That Luther had, after all, ventured to come was an untoward surprise to the papal party; it was also very inopportune for the emperor; therefore it was now important to put aside as soon as possible, by means of a rapid decision, the excitement which his presence was causing among the Germans. On the other hand his protectors and the majority of the German princes who wished an adjustment and amicable settlement of the perilous controversy, had the opposite interest: not to make too short work of the affair. More than others, Elector Frederic the Wise, whose cautious manner found the violent and

DOCTOR LUTHER

superficial procedure quite repugnant, and who had, in consequence, come into the worst kind of a position in his relation to the empire. He required time to be able to satisfy his conscience and come to some conclusion. It had long since been known to his trusted advisers that the question would be pointed merely at recantation, and that there could be no thought at all of discussing and debating before the Imperial Diet; Luther, however, had definitely told them that he would recant nothing. He was, therefore, to satisfy his lord and all who were inclined to mediate, in the first place, by asking for time to reflect, in the serious and difficult matter. It was a matter of importance to postpone the last decision, and Luther had to yield to this constraint whether he wished to or not.

On the 17th of April, four o'clock in the afternoon, Luther was called for by the imperial marshal, Ulrich von Pappenheim, and the herald, to be taken to the Imperial Diet. In the streets the people thronged and climbed upon the roofs to see Luther, so that he was conducted on side streets to the court of the bishop, where the Imperial Diet was assembled. The court had once been, according to ancient popular belief, the kingly

dwelling of the Burgundian Gunther; there the latter had made the secret plot with the gloomy Hagen against the life of the hero Siegfried. Since then the French have completely destroyed the famous structure. In the large hall, which was opened on the side toward the ante-room, the princes and lords of the Imperial Diet sat, so that they could be seen from without, the spoken words, doubtless, heard too. But the princes themselves were wont not to speak during the sessions, their counsellors did that for them; and the lords withdrew for private counsel when they had to make some decision.

As Luther was brought in, Papenheim admonished him by saying that he must say nothing before the distinguished assembly except in answer to questions put to him. At his entrance he did not kneel down, as was at that time expected of a monk, before the eminence of the emperor and the papal legates, but remained standing erect. He saw before him the pale countenance and the sad look of the young emperor, close beside him the red legates of the pope; he saw the worried look in the kind face of his elector, and found himself in the presence of all the illustrious princes and lords concerning whose attitude and opinion he had heard so much

DOCTOR LUTHER

in the last years. The official of the archbishop of Trier began, as spokesman of the emperor, from where he was sitting: "His majesty the emperor has sent you, Martinus Luther, order and summons for the present Imperial Diet, in order that you give answer first as to whether you acknowledge the authorship of the books and documents which have appeared under your title and name everywhere in the Holy Roman Empire, and whether you wrote the same as they lie before us." He pointed at a heap of books which was lying upon a bench. Then Jerome Schurf, who together with five other doctors formed Luther's legal advisers, cried out, "Have the titles read," and Luther repeated the request.

The official read the titles of the books that had aroused the nation for four years, as never before nor after the publication of any man. Then he continued: "Further, however, if you acknowledge the authorship of the books, his imperial majesty desires that you here recant the same; and for that reason he orders you to be asked whether you will do that or not, since many wicked, false doctrines form parts of them, that can arouse excitement and dissatisfaction in the common, plain people. Consider and take

DOCTOR LUTHER

that to heart." Thereupon Luther answered about thus: "Most high and mighty emperor. After I have appeared very obediently upon gracious summons, I make answer to this charge, in the first place: The authorship of the booklets, the titles of which have now been read, and of several others that were written for the teaching and instruction of the people, I acknowledge, and will abide by this acknowledgment to the end of my life. In the second place, however, since your imperial majesty desires me to recant their content, I will answer: This is in truth an important matter; for it is a question here of the eternal life, and concerns one who is more than anyone among those present, to Him belongs the cause and action. In order that I may now not mislead the poor Christian people and myself, I desire and request that your imperial majesty may be graciously willing to fix for me a day of hearing and a period for reflection in respect to the recantation."

The emperor entered into a short conference with the princes. The majority were in favor of conceding the delay, and the official made known to Luther that the kindness of the emperor granted him time for reflection until the next day at four o'clock. Luther left with the words, "I will deliberate." In this

DOCTOR LUTHER

session he had spoken humbly and softly, and, as his enemies assert, indistinctly. It may be that the first impression of the assembly embarrassed him; it doubtless lay more heavily on his heart that he was not allowed to speak everything with frankness, as he wished.

By temporizing only a short delay had been gained. All too great was the zeal of the opponents to put the trouble-maker out of the way; it now depended upon what kind of effect Luther's refusal would produce. For that he would not recant a stroke of the pen, he had declared anew after his return to his quarters. On the 18th of April he was again called for at four o'clock, and had to tarry in the throng, I dare say, for two hours. As he now, however, entered the assemblage, he was quite himself, unconcerned about the opinion of all men. This time he greeted the assemblage according to court custom by bending both knees a little; he spoke respectfully but firmly, and his voice which was clear and high as that of Charles the Great, was understood everywhere in the hall. With well considered words he greeted the emperor and the assemblage, and he begged pardon at first in case he should act in word, gesture, and bearing contrary to court cus-

DOCTOR LUTHER

tom, since he had not been brought up at princely courts, but had grown up in the cell of a monk. "In simplicity of heart I have until now written and taught and sought nothing else upon earth than the honor of God and the instruction of believers in Christ." Then he continued: "To the two questions which were put to me, I answer thus: I acknowledge, as yesterday, that the books enumerated come from me and were published in my name. Unless some change or false extracts were made in some copy, either by deception or the imperfect knowledge of others; for I acknowledge the authorship only of that which comes from me. Now, however, my books are not of one and the same kind, for in some I have treated of faith and morals in quite an evangelical and simple manner. These pamphlets have to be considered useful also by my opponents and in every respect worthy of being read by Christians. The angry and cruel papal bull, too, calls some of my books harmless, altho it condemns the same contrary to reason. If I should wish now to begin to recant these writings, which friends and enemies alike acknowledge as right, I should fall into opposition to the concurring approbation of everybody.

DOCTOR LUTHER

“The second division of my books is written against the papacy and the doings of the papal party, against those who have ruined and corrupted the Christian world by wicked teaching and example, have oppressed, burdened, and afflicted the consciences of believers in the most pitiable manner, and, by means of incredible tyranny, have swallowed up, too, in unjust manner, the property and riches of the very illustrious German nation. If I should want to recant these books, I should do nothing else than strengthen such tyranny and unchristian conduct, and open unto it not only the windows, but also the doors, that it would rage and do harm more freely and widely; and its boldest and most blamable wickedness would be confirmed and strengthened even beyond the endurance of the poor, miserable people. Above all, if one could say that such increase of the evil had ensued thru the command and at the instigation of your imperial majesty and the whole Roman Empire, dear God, what a big cloak for wickedness and tyranny I should become thru such recanting.

“The third class of my books I wrote against various individual persons who sought to protect the Roman tyranny and to destroy the divine service that I have taught.

DOCTOR LUTHER

I confess having been more vehement toward these opponents than was fitting, for I do not make myself out a saint; I did not contend for myself, but for the honor of Christ. These books, too, I cannot recall, for thru my recantation and retreat the tyrannical wrath and mad rule of my enemies would be strengthened.

“My Lord Christ said, as He was questioned by the High Priest in regard to His doctrine and was struck on one cheek by a servant, ‘If I have spoken evil, give testimony of the evil.’ Since the Lord did not refuse to listen to any evidence against His doctrine, even from the lowliest servant, how much more is it fitting of me, the erring man, to desire and expect to see whether anyone can give me a testimony against my doctrine? Therefore I beseech the highest as well as the lowliest by the mercy of God, to show me my error and to overcome me with the evangelical and prophetic writings. When I have been shown this, I will be the first to cast my books into the fire.

“Yesterday I was earnestly admonished to stop and think that discord, rebellion, and revolt can arise in the world thru my teaching. That I have sufficiently considered and weighed. In truth, it is to me the most joy-

DOCTOR LUTHER

ful thing to see that dissension will henceforth arise in the world on account of the word of God; for that is the sequel and destiny prepared by the word of God. The Lord Himself says, 'I did not come to bring peace, but the sword; for I have come to arouse man against his father.' Let us guard, therefore, against condemning the word of God under the pretext of annulling parties and dissensions, in order that no flood of insufferable evil may come over us; that would be an unfortunate beginning for the reign of the noble young Emperor Carolus. I do not say that as if such great minds were in need of my teaching and advice, but because I am under obligations to show this service unto my home country, Germany. And so I commend myself to your imperial favor and beseech that your imperial majesty may not be willing to let me fall into ill-favor thru the wicked intentions of my enemies."

Thus spoke, on the 18th of April, 1521, a German before emperor and empire about the government of the highest ecclesiastic ruler of the Christian world. The courteous modesty of the introduction, the cautious manner in which he made distinctions among his books, could appear a good speech

DOCTOR LUTHER

even to his opponents. But soon he stood as a stranger in the assembly, as from another world, like unto an ancient warrior who swings his iron rod among genteel knights. The pleasant confidence with which he pictures the heads of the clergy as base rascals in the presence of the two cardinals; and finally even the joyous assurance, "The most joyful thing for me is to see how rebellion is now arising," spoken in the presence of the illustrious assembly which feared nothing more than dissension among the people; those were not the words of one full of anxiety, pleading for his life, but the proud declaration of a ruler who was chosen for victory or defeat.

Dreadful did the official, too, find the bold words and the dæmonic eyes of the man, and he tried with censure to set him right. "In your answer there was thrust and bite, no open declaration. It is not necessary to argue anew over your propositions. What you teach Huss and other heretics have already propounded, and this teaching has already been condemned with sufficient reason by pope and emperor at the Council of Constance. Therefore I desire a plain, simple answer; are you willing to recant or not? If you recant, your innocent pamphlets

DOCTOR LUTHER

will be preserved; if you do not recant, no regard will be paid to the Christian words which you have written besides, and you will give his imperial majesty cause to deal with you as was done with Huss and others." Thereupon Luther spoke the well-known words: "Since his imperial majesty desires a plain and frank answer, I will give an answer that is not offensive and not biting. I believe neither the pope nor the councils alone, because it is apparent that the same have often erred and contradicted themselves. If I am not overcome by testimony from the Scriptures or with clear and evident reasons, I do not care to and will not correct or revoke a word, because it is bad and dangerous to act contrary to one's conscience."

The official and Luther had at first spoken in Latin, then repeated their speeches in German. After Luther's words tumult and murmuring arose in the hall, and the following Latin discourses of the two combatants were not everywhere understood. The incensed emperor, however, asked further, thru the official, whether Luther dared to assert that the councils had erred. And as Luther answered: "Councils can err and have erred, and the one at Constance decided contrary to the clear and plain text of the

DOCTOR LUTHER

Holy Scriptures, and I will prove that," the emperor had heard enough; horrified at such presumptuousness, he gave the sign for the end and dispersal; and in response to the emperor's hostile gesture and amid the cries of his opponents, Luther called out at the end the German words which run, according to the version which is handed down by Luther's theological friends in the editions of his works: "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen." They were, however, probably really spoken thus: "I cannot do otherwise. God come to my assistance. Amen. Here I am."

It was these two days, the 17th and 18th of April, 1521, on which the two men looked into each other's faces who have divided the life of Germany into two parts, the great opponents who contend with each other even to-day in the descendants of their spiritual thoughts, the Burgundian Hapsburger and the German peasant son, emperor and professor; the one who spoke German only to his horse, and the other, translator of the Bible and moulder of the New High German literary language; the one ancestor of the patrons of the Jesuits, originator of the Hapsburg family politics, the other predecessor of Lessing, of the great poets, historians, and philo-



Frederick the Wise
Prince Elector of Saxony
From a Painting
by Lucas Cranach



DOCTOR LUTHER

ophers. It was a momentous hour in German history, as the young emperor, ruler of half the earth, spoke the contemptuous words at Worms: "He shall not make a heretic of me." For at that time began the conflict of his dynasty with the family spirit of the German people. A battle of more than three centuries, victories and defeats on both sides. We, however, as far as human judgment is able to recognize the rule of providence in the fate of nations, have lived to see the conclusion.

It was, too, the first and the only time, as long as there has been a German history, that a man from the people so firmly defended, in peril of death, the demands of his conscience before the emperor and the Imperial Diet. The effect of this firmness upon the German princes was great; immeasurably greater was the effect upon the people. As Frederic the Wise came out of the Imperial Diet to his apartments, he said with admiration and anxiety to his confidante: "Doctor Martinus spoke well, in Latin and German. He is, in my opinion, much too daring." Also in case of the princes who looked with indifference or disfavor upon Luther and his doctrine, the respect and awe felt for the courageous one had increased.

DOCTOR LUTHER

Luther, however, as he had returned from the Imperial Diet to his quarters, cried out, raising his hands joyously unto heaven, "I am thru, I am thru!" He had made his escape into free and open space, out of the thorn bush in which they wished to hedge him.

Now he was free, but excommunication and the ban of the empire were hovering over his head; he was inwardly free, but he was free as the animal of the woods is, and behind him the blood-thirsty pack of hounds was barking. He had arrived at the height of his life, and the powers against which he had rebelled, yes, the thoughts which he himself had aroused among the people, worked from that time on against his life and teaching.

More than ever before was the emperor anxious that the affair with the stubborn heretic should be brought to a close; for just during these days he had concluded the alliance with the pope, in which he obligated himself to destroy the false doctrine of Luther. But the majority of the German princes still desired to carry on further negotiations in a small circle, where personal persuasion was possible, above all the archbishop of Trier himself; and regard for the

DOCTOR LUTHER

unwelcome frame of mind on the part of the Germans forced the emperor to yield a second time. Luther, however, had now the task of opposing the wise and urgent persuasion of those whom he, too, respected. During these negotiations many concessions were made to him; he was only to recognize a general council as the highest judge of his doctrine. He, however, firmly persisted in his assertion, that a council, too, could err, as that of Constance had erred. At last Richard von Trier perceived that nothing could be gained from such a man by negotiating; Luther himself asked that he might be dismissed, and with respectful greeting the mediators parted with him. The hours of these noiseless negotiations did not help to hush the conflict; but as Luther, on leaving, spoke the devout words, "As it pleased the Lord, so has it turned out, the name of the Lord be blessed," he could rejoice in high spirits over a great victory of his cause; he had upheld it before emperor and empire. In vain did his enemies try to weaken the great impression by criticising his appearance and his demeanor; in the eyes of his Germans he had become a hero to whom they looked up with admiration and anxious sympathy. Every intelligent person realized that this

DOCTOR LUTHER

teacher of the people, if he continued to live, would be henceforth of great significance not only for the doctrine of the church, but also for the political destinies of the empire. It was now above all a matter of concern to his friends to see whether he could be saved from destruction.

At Worms it had already been revealed to Luther that he would have to disappear for some time. The practices of the Frankonian knights, among whom he had warm admirers, suggested the idea of having him captured by armed men. Elector Frederic consulted with his followers in regard to carrying him off. And it was wholly in accordance with the manner of this prince that he himself did not want to know the place of keeping, in order, in case of necessity, to be able to swear to his ignorance. It was, too, not easy to reconcile Luther to the plan; for his courageous heart had long since overcome earthly fear, and with enthusiastic joy, which contained much wild fancy and some humor, he looked upon the attempts of the Romanists to get him out of the world, whom, as was known, Another had to dispose of, Who was speaking from his lips. With reluctance he complied. The secret was not easily kept, however skillfully the carrying-off was con-

DOCTOR LUTHER

summated. At the beginning Melanchthon alone of the Wittenbergers learned of the bidding place. But Luther was not at all the man patiently to submit to any concealed game. There began soon a busy running of messengers between the Wartburg and Wittenberg; whatever precaution was exercised in forwarding the letters, it was hard to prevent the spreading of rumor. Luther learned in the castle what was going on in the great world sooner than the Wittenbergers; he received knowledge of all the news of his university and tried to strengthen the courage of his friends and direct their diplomacy. Pathetic is the way he endeavors to encourage Melanchthon, who was grievously caused to feel the absence of his strong friend by his own unpractical way and manner. "Things will go without me," he writes to him. "Just have courage, you do not need me any more at all; if I get out and can no longer come back to Wittenberg, I shall go into the world. You are the men to hold the citadel of the Lord without me against the devil." His letters he superscribed from the air, from Patmos, from the desert, "among the birds which sing lovely from the twigs and praise God with all their might day and night." Once he tried to be cunning.

DOCTOR LUTHER

He enclosed in a communication to Spalatin a factitious letter, saying that one believed without reason that he was at the Wartburg; that he was living among loyal brethren; that it was surprising that no one thought of Bohemia; as an appendage follows an—innocent—thrust at Duke George of Saxony, his most zealous enemy. This letter Spalatin is to lose with careful inadvertence in such a way that it may fall in the hands of his opponents. But in such diplomacy he was, to be sure, not consistent; for as soon as his lionlike nature was aroused by some report, he was quickly resolved to depart for Erfurt or Wittenberg. It was hard for him to endure the leisure of his hiding place. The captain of the castle treated him with the greatest attention; and this care showed itself, as was customary then, first in the fact that the faithful man did his best with food and drink. The luxurious living, the lack of exercise, the fresh mountain air into which the theologian had been removed, had their effect upon his body and soul. He had already brought a bodily ailment with him from Worms, to this were added hours of gloomy melancholy, making him unfit even for work.

Two days in succession he went hunting

in company with others. But his heart was with the few rabbits and partridges that were driven into the net by the crowd of men and dogs. "Innocent little animals! In this way the papists do their setting-on." To keep a little hare alive, he had wrapped it in the sleeves of his coat; then the dogs came and broke the limbs of the animal in the sheltering coat. "Thus Satan gnashes his teeth, too, at the souls that I am trying to rescue." It is true that Luther had cause to defend himself and his followers against Satan. All the authority of the church had been cast down by him; now he stood dreadfully alone, the last thing only was left him, the Scriptures. The old church had represented Christianity in a continuous development. A living tradition which ran alongside of the Scriptures, councils, decrees of the popes, had kept the faith in constant movement; it had adapted itself like a gentle stream to the sharp edges of national characters, great exigencies of time. It is true, this exalted idea of an eternally living organism had not been preserved in its original purity; the best part of its life had vanished, empty cocoons were being conserved, the old democratic church had been transformed into an irresponsible reign of a few, stained with all the sins of a

conscienceless aristocracy, already in glaring opposition to reason and public feeling. But what Luther could put in its place, the word of the Scriptures, gave freedom from a chaos of lifeless malformations; on the other hand it threatened with other dangers. What was the Bible? Between the oldest and the most recent documents of the Holy Book had elapsed, perhaps, two milleniums. Even the New Testament had not been written by Jesus Himself, not even always by those who had heard the holy doctrine from His lips. It had been collected long after His death. Separate parts of it could have been inaccurately transmitted. All was written in a foreign language that was hard for the Germans to understand. Even the greatest intellect was in danger of interpreting falsely if God's grace would not enlighten the expounder just as it had enlightened the apostles. The old church had made short work of it; in it, the sacrament of the priestly office gave such enlightenment; yes, the holy father laid claim even to divine authority, to desire the right even where his will was in contradiction to the Scriptures. The reformer had nothing but his weak human knowledge and his prayer.

In the first place it was inevitable that he

had to make use of his reason, even over against the Holy Scriptures; a certain criticism was also necessary. To Luther, it was no secret either that the books of the New Testament were of different value; it is known that he had, for a long time, not cared much for the Revelation of John, and that he considered the Epistle of James a "dull" epistle. But his objection to details never made him grow doubtful of the whole. Unshakable was his belief that the Holy Scriptures, few books excepted, contained divine revelation even to word and letters. They were to him the dearest treasure on earth, the basis of his whole knowledge; he had felt his way so deeply into it that he lived among its characters as in the present. The more threatening the feeling of his responsibility, the more ardent the fervor with which he clung to the Scriptures. And a strong instinct for the reasonable and expedient helped him in reality over many dangers; his acuteness of intellect had none of the hair-splitting sophistry of the ancient teachers; he despised unnecessary subtilities, and with wonderful tact gladly left undecided what appeared to him unessential. But if he did not want to become godless or insane, there was, after all, nothing else for him to do but to

DOCTOR LUTHER

base the new doctrine upon the words and cultural conditions which had been alive fifteen hundred years before him. And he fell, after all, in various cases, a prey to that which his opponent, Eck, called the black letter.

Under such constraint his method was formed. When he had a problem to solve, he collected all the passages of the Holy Scriptures which seemed in his mind to contain an answer; each passage he examined and tried to understand in its connection, then he summed them all up. The points in which they agreed he placed first; for those in which they differed from one another, he strove, with resignation, to find a solution which would also combine the parts that were contradictory. The result he fixed in his heart amid temptations, fervent prayers. In the case of such procedure he was bound at times to come to results that were assailable even to ordinary human intelligence. As he, for instance, undertook in the year 1522 to place marriage from the Holy Scriptures upon new moral bases, reason and the need of the people were, to be sure, on his side when he subjected the eighteen reasons of the ecclesiastic law to prevent and to dissolve marriage to a sharp criticism, and con-

DOCTOR LUTHER

demned the unworthy favoring of the rich over the poor. But it was, nevertheless, strange when Luther wished to prove from the Bible alone, which grades of relationship were allowed and forbidden, especially as he also made use of the Old Testament, in which several strange marriages were consummated without opposition on the part of Jehovah. Indubitably God had a few times allowed His chosen ones to have two wives.

And it was this same method that made him so stubborn in the year 1529, during his negotiations with the Calvinists, at the time when he wrote, "This is my body" before him on the table, and gloomily looked across the table upon Zwingli's tears and outstretched hand. Never had he been narrower, and yet never more powerful, the fearful man who had wrenched his conviction from doubt and the devil amid the most violent inner struggle. It was an imperfect method, and his opponents directed their attacks, not without success, upon it. With it his doctrine fell a prey to the fate of all human wisdom. But in this method there was, too, a strong, kindly-disposed process, thru which his own intelligence, culture, and heart's desire had much more influence upon his epoch than he

DOCTOR LUTHER

himself suspected. And it became the starting point from which a conscientious research has raised the German nation to the highest spiritual freedom.

In addition to such a grand trial there came to the ejected monk on the Wartburg also smaller temptations; he had long since overcome by almost superhuman mental activity that which was regarded with great distrust as sensual impulse; now his nature was powerfully aroused, and on that account he often asked his Melanchthon to pray for him.

Then it was the will of fate that Karlstadt's restless mind should fall in Wittenberg on the subject of the marriage of priests, and come to the conclusion, in a pamphlet on celibacy, that priests and monks were not bound by the vow of single life. The Wittenbergers were in general agreed, above all Melanchthon, who stood most impartially face to face to this question. He himself had never received the consecration and had already been married two years.

Thus a coil of thoughts and moral problems was just now cast into Luther's soul, the threads of which were destined to spin a web about his entire after-life. That which was henceforth granted him of earthly, heartfelt

joy and earthly happiness, rested upon the answer which he found to this question. That which made it possible for him to endure the later years was the happiness of his family, only from there was the flower of his rich heart to unfold. So graciously did fate send to the lonely one just now the message which was to bind him anew and more firmly to his people. And characteristic again is the way in which Luther treats this problem. His pious soul and the conservative trend in his character rebelled against the hasty and unthoro manner in which Karlstadt reasoned. One may assume that many a thing that he himself was just feeling, made him distrustful as to whether the devil was not making use of this critical question for the sake of tempting the children of God. And yet he now felt so sorry in his confinement for the poor monks in the constraint of the cloister. He searched in the Scriptures; he easily settled the question of the marriage of priests. But about the monks there was nothing in the Bible. "The Scriptures are silent, man is uncertain." And at the same time it seemed to him a ridiculous idea that also his nearest friends could marry; and he writes to the cautious Spalatin: "Goodness, our Wittenbergers want to give the monks wives, too!

DOCTOR LUTHER

Well, they shall not hang one unto me." And ironically he warns, "Just be careful that you don't marry, too!" But the problem busied him unceasingly; man lives rapidly during such great times. By and by, thru Melancthon's arguments, and, we may assume, after ardent prayer, he came to certainty. What turned the scale, unknown to him, was, doubtless, the realization that it had become reasonable and necessary for a more moral foundation of civil life, to open the monasteries. He had struggled almost three months with the question; on the 1st of November, 1521, he wrote the above mentioned letter to his father.

Immeasurable was the effect of his words upon the people; everywhere there was a stir in the cloisters, out of almost all cloister gates monks and nuns slipped; at first one by one, in secret flight, soon entire convents were broken up. As Luther returned to Wittenberg in the following spring with greater anxiety in his heart, the nuns and monks who had run away from the cloisters caused him much trouble. Secret letters were despatched to him from all quarters, often by excited nuns who had been thrust as children into the cloisters by hard-hearted parents, and were now, penniless and without

protection, seeking help of the great reformer. It was not unnatural that they forced their way to Wittenberg. Nine nuns from the aristocratic convent of Nimpschen came riding up, among them a Staupitz, two Zeschaus, Catherine von Bora; then again sixteen nuns were to be provided for, and so on. He pitied the poor people very much; he wrote for their sake, made efforts to find shelter for them with respectable families. At times, to be sure, he felt that there was too much of the good thing; especially did the crowds of monks who had run away molest him. He laments: "They want to marry right away and are the most awkward people for any task." He caused great offence thru his bold solution of a difficult question; he himself had grievous feelings, for among those who now returned in the tumult to the civil society, there were, to be sure, high-minded men, but also coarse and bad ones. But all that did not make him doubtful for one moment; he became, as was his manner, only more resolute thru the opposition. As he published the history of the sufferings of a young nun, Florentina of Oberweimar, in 1524, he repeated in the dedication what he had already preached so often: "God has often borne witness in the

DOCTOR LUTHER

Scriptures to the fact that He does not want any forced service, and no one shall become His unless he do so with pleasure and love. Help, God! Are we not to be reasoned with? Have we no sense and ears? I say it again, God wishes no forced service; I'll say it the third time, I'll say it a hundred thousand times, God wishes no forced service."

Thus Luther entered the last period of his life. His disappearance in the Thuringian Forest had produced great excitement. His opponents trembled at the wrath that arose in town and country against those who were called murderers. But the interruption in his public activity turned out, nevertheless, critical for him. As long as he was the center of the conflict at Wittenberg, his word, his pen, had masterfully controlled the great movement of the minds in the south and the north; now it was at work arbitrarily, in various directions, in many heads. One of Luther's oldest associates began the confusion, Wittenberg itself became the scene of an adventurous movement. Then Luther could stand it no longer on the Wartburg. He had already made a secret journey to Wittenberg; now he returned thither openly, contrary to the wish of the elector. And now he began an heroic struggle against old

DOCTOR LUTHER

friends and against the conclusions that were drawn from his own teaching. Superhuman was his activity. He thundered without ceasing from the pulpit, in his cell his pen flew. But he was not able to bring back every mind that had revolted; even he could not prevent the rabble of the towns from bursting out in wild disorder against institutions of the old church and against hated persons; the excitement of the people, from gathering, too, political storms; the knight, from rebelling against the prince, the peasant against the knight. And, what was more, he could not hinder the spiritual freedom which he had gained for the Germans from producing in the minds of pious and learned men an independent judgment concerning faith and life, a judgment that was contradictory to his convictions, too. There came the dark years of the iconoclastic movement, of the Anabaptists, of the Peasants' War, of the unpleasant conflict over the sacraments. How often the figure of Luther arose during this time in gloomy and powerful manner over the wranglers, how often the perversities of men and his own secret doubt filled him with anxious care in regard to the future of Germany!

DOCTOR LUTHER

For during a savage epoch, which was accustomed to kill with fire and the sword, this German conceived the spiritual battles as high and pure as no second man did. Every use of earthly power he considered during the time of his own highest danger as mortally hateful; he himself did not wish to be guarded by the ruler of his province; yes, he wanted no human protection for his doctrine. He fought with sharp quill against his enemies, but the only funeral pile which he enkindled was against a paper; he hated the pope as the devil, but he always preached peaceableness and Christian forbearance toward the Catholics; he suspected many a one's standing in secret alliance with the devil, he never burned a witch. In every Catholic country the stakes were burning over confessors of the new faith; even Hutten was strongly suspected of having cut off the ears of some monks; Luther had heartfelt sympathy with the humiliated Tetzl, and wrote him a letter of comfort. So humane was his feeling. To be obedient to the authority which God has established was his highest political principle; only when the service of his God commanded, did his opposition flame up. At his departure from Worms he had been commanded not to preach, he who

DOCTOR LUTHER

was to be declared just then an outlaw; he did not let them prevent him from preaching, but the honorable man was, nevertheless, worried lest one might construe that as disobedience. His conception of the coherence of the empire was still quite ancient and quite popular. As the subject to the magistrates, so did the rulers of the provinces and the electors have to be obedient, according to imperial law, to the emperor.

In the person of Charles V he took a human interest all his life, not only during that first period when he greeted him as the "dear young man;" but also still later in life, when he well knew that the Spanish Burgundian was granting the German Reformation forbearance at best only for diplomatic reasons. "He is pious and quiet," he said of him. "He does not speak as much in one year as I in a day, he is a child of fortune;" he liked to praise the emperor's moderation, modesty, and patience. When he had already long since condemned the emperor's diplomacy and in secret mistrusted his character, he insisted that the ruler of Germany should be spoken of with reverence among his guests, and said apologetically to the younger ones: "A politician cannot be so frank as we ecclesiastics." Even in 1530 his opinion was

that it was wrong for his elector to offer resistance to his emperor by the use of arms; not until 1537 did he reluctantly yield to the more liberal view of his associates—but he maintained that the endangered prince could not attack first. So vivid was still in the man who had come from the people, the venerable tradition of a firm, well-organized, federated state, at a time when the proud structure of those old Saxon and Frankish emperors was already so badly broken to pieces. But in such loyalty there was no trace of a slavish mind; when the ruler of his province appointed him at one time to write a letter that could be made public, his feeling of truth struggled against the title, "Most gracious lord;" for the emperor, he thought, was not graciously minded toward him. And in his repeated dealings with aristocrats, he showed an inconsiderate frankness that became more than once a cause of fear to the courtiers. To the governor of his province he told truths with all submission, the like of which only a great personage may express, to which only a good-hearted man is able to listen. On the whole, he cared little for the German princes, however much he respected individual ones. Frequent and just are his complaints over their incapability, dis-

DOCTOR LUTHER

soluteness, their sins. The nobility, too, he liked to consider with irony; the coarseness of the majority displeased him greatly. And he felt a democratic dislike for the hard and selfish jurists who attended to the business affairs of the princes, strove for favors, tortured the poor people; to the best among them he conceded only a very doubtful prospect of the grace of God. On the contrary, his whole heart was with the oppressed; he criticised at times the peasants, their stubbornness, their usurious trade in grain; but he often praised, too, their class, looked with heartfelt sympathy upon their burdens, and, doubtless, remembered that he belonged to them by birth.

But all that belonged to the secular power, he was serving the ecclesiastic. The popular conception was firmly seated in his soul, too, that two reigning powers had to rule the German nation side by side—the power of the church and the power of the princes. And he was well justified in proudly placing his realm of duties and rights over against secular politics. In his spiritual realm there was a common spirit, a sense of sacrifice, an abundance of ideal life; in the worldly government he found everywhere narrow-minded selfishness, robbery, deception, and weakness. An-

DOCTOR LUTHER

grily he strove to bring it about that the magistrates might not presume to dispose of that which belonged to the minister and the autonomy of his congregation. From the interest of his faith, according to the law of his Bible, he judged all politics. Where the word of the Scriptures seemed to him endangered by worldly politics, he raised his voice, indifferent as to whom it struck. He was not to blame that he was strong and the princes weak; and he, the monk, the professor, the curate, must not be censured if the league of the Protestant princes stood like a herd of stags over against the emperor's cunning diplomacy. He himself was well aware that Italian politics was not his affair; if the active Landgrave of Hesse did not follow the ecclesiastic council sometimes, Luther admired him in secret all the more for it. "He has a head of his own, he is successful, he has a head for worldly things."

Now, since Luther's return to Wittenberg, a democratic stream flowed high among the people. Luther had opened the monasteries, now a remedy for many other social abuses was asked for: the distress of the peasants, the ecclesiastic taxes, the corruption in the disposal of church livings, the poor administration of justice. Luther's upright heart

DOCTOR LUTHER

sympathized with this movement. He admonished and censured the lords of the soil and the princes. But as the wild waves of the Peasants' War also poured themselves over the fields which he had sown, as bloody deeds of violence offended his heart, and he felt that the fanatics and ringleaders were exercising a sway over the crowds of peasants that threatened annihilation unto his doctrines, too, he threw himself in the greatest wrath against the coarse masses. Furious and warlike did his call to the princes sound; in his mind, the most dreadful thing had been committed, the gospel of love had been violated by the bold arbitrariness of such as called themselves its confessors. His policy was on this point, too, the right one; there was in Germany, unfortunately, no better power than that of the princes; upon them rested, in spite of all, the future of the fatherland; neither the unfree peasants nor the robberlike noblemen nor the scattered imperial cities which stood like islands in the swelling surge, gave any guarantee. He was quite right in the matter, but the same stubborn, unyielding manner which had made his struggles against the hierarchy so popular until then, was turned now against the people themselves. A cry of horror and disgust

DOCTOR LUTHER

went thru the masses. He was a traitor. He who had been the hero and favorite of the people for eight years, became all at once the most unpopular man. Again his life and safety were threatened; even five years afterwards it was dangerous for him, on account of the peasants, to journey to Mansfeld to his sick father. The anger of the masses worked also against his doctrine, the hedge-preachers and new apostles treated him as a lost, corrupted man.

He was excommunicated, he was outlawed and cursed by the people. Also many well-meaning men had not approved of his attack upon celibacy and the monastic life. The country noblemen threatened to seize the outlaw on the highway because he had destroyed the nun cloisters, into which, in the same manner as into foundling hospitals, the legitimate daughters of the poor nobility were cast, even in early childhood. The Roman party was triumphant, the new heresy had been deprived of that which had until then made it powerful. Luther's life and his doctrine seemed close to destruction.

Then Luther decided to marry. For two years Käthe von Bora had lived at Wittenberg in the home of Reichenbach, the town clerk and subsequent mayor, a robust, stately

DOCTOR LUTHER

girl, she, too, the deserted daughter of a family of the country nobility of Meissen. Twice Luther had endeavored to procure a husband for her, as he in his fatherly care had already done for several of her companions; at last Catherine declared that she would wed no man unless it be Luther himself or his friend Amsdorf. Luther was surprised, but he soon made up his mind. Accompanied by Lucas Cranach, he asked for her hand and had himself wedded to her straightway. Then he invited his friends to the wedding feast, applied to the court for the roast venison which the governor of the district was accustomed to present to his professors in case of marriages, and received the table wine as a wedding present from the town of Wittenberg. How things looked in Luther's soul at that time we should like to know. His whole being was at its highest tension, the wild native force of his make-up struck out in all directions; he was deeply moved at the misfortune that arose round about him from burned villages and slain men. If he had been a fanatic in his ideas, he would probably have now ended in despair. But over the stormy unrest which was noticeable in him until his marriage, there shone for him just now, like a pure light, the con-

DOCTOR LUTHER

viction that he was the guardian of divine right among the Germans; and that he, for the purpose of protecting civil order and morality, had to direct the opinion of men, but not to follow it. With whatever violent zeal he acts in particular cases, he seems just now especially conservative, more self-reliant and independent than ever. Besides he was, to be sure, of the opinion that he was destined not to live much longer, and frequently he waited with longing for martyrdom. Thus he concluded his marriage, too, in perfect harmony with himself. He had brought himself fully to realize that marriage was a necessity and in conformity with the Scriptures; in recent years he had urged all his acquaintances to marry, at last even an old opponent, the Archbishop of Mainz. He himself gives two reasons that brought him to a decision. He had robbed his father of his son for many long years; it seemed to him like an atonement to leave old Hans a grandson if he should die himself. There was, too, some defiance connected with it; his opponents were exulting that Luther had been humiliated; everybody now took offence at him; he wanted to give them still more cause for offence in his good cause.

He had a strong constitution, but there

DOCTOR LUTHER

was no trace of coarse sensuality in him. And we may assume that the best reason, which he confesses to no friend, was in the end, after all, the deciding one. For a long time the gossip of the people had known more than he, now he knew, too, that Catherine was favorably disposed toward him. "I am not in love and not led by passion, but I am fond of her," he writes to one of his dearest friends. And this marriage, consummated contrary to the opinion of his contemporaries amid the cries of derision on the part of his opponents, became a bond to which we Germans owe just as much as to the years during which he, an ecclesiastic of the old church, had borne arms for his theology. For from the present the husband, the father, the citizen, became also a reformer of the domestic life of his nation; and the very blessing of his days on earth, in which Protestants and Catholics are on even terms with each other, springs from the marriage between an ejected monk and a nun who had fled from her convent.

For twenty-one more toilsome years was he to work as the moulder of his nation. Now his greatest work, the translation of the Bible, was finished; and over this work, which he brought to a conclusion in conjunction with

DOCTOR LUTHER

his friends at Wittenberg, he acquired complete mastery over the language of the people, a prose which learned first thru this work how to use its wealth and its power. We know in what great sense he undertook the task, he wished to produce a book for the people; with diligence he studied for the purpose mode of speaking, proverbs, and technical expressions that lived on the lips of the people. The humanists had often written an awkward, involved German, with unwieldy sentences, in homely remembrance of the Latin style. Now the nation received for its daily reading a work which expressed the deepest wisdom and the best spiritual possession of the time, with simple words in short sentences. With Luther's remaining works the German Bible became the basis of the new German language. And this language, in which our whole literature and our intellectual life has found expression, has become an indestructible possession which, tho distorted and disfigured, has reminded the separate German races, during the hardest days, that they belong together. Every individual with us still grows up out of the dialect of his home, even to-day the language of culture, poetry, and science, of which Luther created more than anyone else, is the

DOCTOR LUTHER

bond that joins all German souls into unity.

And not less was that which the same man did for the civil life of the Germans. Family devotion, marriage, and the education of children, life of the community and school-system, custom, amusement, all heartfelt emotions, all social joy were consecrated by him thru his teaching and writing; everywhere he endeavored to set new milestones, to dig deeper foundations. There was no realm of human duty concerning which he did not force his Germans to reflect. By means of his numerous sermons and small pamphlets he exerted an influence upon the public in general; by means of innumerable letters in which he gave advice and counsel to those asking, upon the individuals. When he urged his contemporaries without ceasing to examine for themselves whether a heart's desire was just or not, what the father was under obligations to concede to his child, the subject to persons in authority, the alderman to his community. The progress which was made thru him was so significant from the fact that he made the conscience of the individual free here, too, and substituted self-control everywhere for outer compulsion, against which selfishness had defiantly revolted until then. How beautifully he com-

DOCTOR LUTHER

prehends the necessity of educating the children thru school instruction, especially in ancient languages; with what warmth he commends his beloved music to be introduced in the schools; how large his look becomes when he advises the aldermen to establish also city libraries. And, again, how conscientiously he endeavored to assure the hearts of the lovers a right, in case of betrothal and wedlock, over against the hard parental authority. It is true that his field of vision is bounded by the words of the Scriptures; but everywhere there resounds thru his preaching, urging, and censuring the beautiful fundamental tone of his German character, the need of freedom and discipline, of love and morality. The old sacrament of marriage he had rejected; but higher, nobler, freer did he shape the inner relation between husband and wife. The unwieldy monastic schools he had attacked; everywhere in town and village, as far as his influence reached, better centers of culture for the young began to blossom. The mass and Latin church songs had been abolished by him; in return for them he gave to persons revering him as well as to his opponents the regular sermon and the German hymn.

The great significance which Luther's

DOCTOR LUTHER

teaching had acquired, not only in the souls of the Germans, but also in the political relations of the empire, is already recognizable in the life of Luther nine years after the days of Worms. At Worms he was in the minds of his enemies an isolated, notorious heretic, whose death could remove the dangerous false doctrine. In the year 1530, however, the princes and estates who had absolved themselves from the old church, handed the emperor at the Imperial Diet at Augsburg a confession of their faith, and this confession became the basis of an assured political position for Protestantism. It was, in spite of all the clauses which were still clinging to it, in truth, the first treaty of peace that the victorious new doctrine concluded with the Holy Roman Empire. It was now a strange dispensation that the honorable Luther, again in concealment and in the attire and with the beard of a knightly person, was compelled to wait for the outcome upon another firm seat of his elector, upon the citadel of Coburg, just as at one time upon the Wartburg. And again he dated his letters in mysterious manner from solitude and from the realm of the birds, and admonished Melanchthon to courageous perseverance. For while his friends and fellow-workers

DOCTOR LUTHER

were busied at Augsburg with the great confession document, he, who was still under the ban of the empire, was not to be led into the territory of Catholic rulers and before the eyes of the emperor who had put him under the ban. But this outlawry of 1521, how meaningless it had become! A few months after it had been declared, the increasing excitement among the people, and the unbounded zeal of others who were dissatisfied, had forced Luther's enemies to the confession that it would be the greatest bit of fortune if the vanished Luther were still alive. Since then he had arisen, just as vehemently as against the pope, against the socialist activity among the people; and he had done so much for discipline and order among the people thru the charm of his strong nature and with the fullness of his German heart, that even some of his opponents felt some of the blessing. But, of course, alongside of great success he had experienced, too, great restriction in his activity. At Worms he had been the only one, in truth, the champion of the German conscience and the spiritual guide of the whole strong movement which was rising among the German people; in the year 1530, he was chief and leader of a great



Katharina von Bora
Wife of Luther
From a Painting
by Lucas Cranach



DOCTOR LUTHER

party, of one party only, alongside of which other tendencies and parties were coming up. The fear of public opinion had become greater also in the old church, the faith more fervent and heartfelt. Alongside of Luther's, Zwingli's doctrine had also spread in Germany; and down among the people the socialistic doctrine of the Anabaptists was hostilely working against him, as against the system of the old church. He, too, was a different man, no longer the martyr rejoicing in death, but the cautious adviser of his princes and a zealous, stern builder on his new church. And he who had struggled on the Wartburg in qualms of conscience on account of the celibacy of monks, was now writing with good humor, besides interpretations of Biblical writings, heartfelt letters to his own home, to his table companions, and to his little son, about the Imperial Diet of the jackdaws which were blustering about the towers of the citadel of Coburg, and about a beautiful heavenly garden in which pious children run and sing, ride upon little horses with golden bridles, and shoot with crossbows. The apostle of the Germans had become a great spiritual family chief in Germany.

Clearer and clearer with the years did the

DOCTOR LUTHER

need become in his soul of feeling as divine everything charming, good, and heartfelt which the world brought him. In such a sense he was always devout and always wise, in the open air, in honorable cheerfulness among his companions, when he teased his wife, held his children in his arms. Before the fruit tree which he saw hanging full of fruit, he stood rejoiced at the splendor: "If Adam had not fallen, we should always have admired all trees thus." A large pear he took with astonishment into his hand: "Behold, a half year ago it was deeper under the earth than it is long and big, and sat at the farthest tip of the root. These smallest and most insignificant creatures are the greatest miracles. God is in the smallest creature, for instance, in the leaf of a tree or a blade of grass." Two little birds were building their nests in the doctor's garden and were approaching on the wing in the evening, often frightened by people passing by; he called to them: "Oh, you dear little birds, do not flee, I gladly let you have your home, if you could only believe me! But in this way we do not trust our God either." Great joy was to him the society of loyal men; then he would drink his wine contentedly, the conversation would fly nim-

DOCTOR LUTHER

bly over great and small things; he would pass judgment with splendid humor upon enemies and good acquaintances, would laugh and tell merry stories, and rub with his hand over his knees if he got into discussions—for this gesture was peculiar to him—or he would himself sing, strike the lute, and get up a class of choristers. What made men honorably cheerful was dear to him; the most splendid art, music; he passes mild judgment on dancing, and spoke—fifty years before Shakespeare—well-meaningly of the comedy; for, he said, it taught, like a mirror, how each one is to bear himself.

When he sat together thus with Melancthon, then Magister Philip was the gentle one, the scholar, who, doubtless, added at times the wise qualification to his rugged friend's too hazardous assertions. If the conversation then concerned rich people, and Mrs. Käthe could not refrain from remarking in longing manner: "If my husband had been so minded, he would have become very rich," Melancthon would decide, full of earnestness: "That is impossible; for those who strive thus for the general welfare cannot follow up their advantage." There was, however, one subject on which both men

liked to attack each other. Melanchthon was a great friend of astrology, and Luther looked upon this science with sovereign contempt; Luther, on the other hand, had come to the conviction, thru his method of Biblical exegesis—alas, and thru secret political anxieties—that the end of the world was near. That, again, seemed very doubtful to the scholarly Melanchthon. When, therefore, Melanchthon began to talk about celestial signs and aspects, and explained Luther's successes from the fact that he was born under the sign of the sun, Luther would cry out: "I do not set such high value on your Sol. I am a farmer's son, my father, grandfather, great-grandfather were genuine farmers." "Yes," retorted Melanchthon, "even in the village you would have become a leading man, a magistrate, or a head servant over the others." "I, however," cried Luther victoriously, "have become a bachelor of arts, a master of arts, a monk, that is not to be read in the stars; after that I attacked the pope, and he, me in return; I took a nun to wife and have had several children with her; who has read that in the stars!" And again Melanchthon would continue in his astrological interpretations, begin with Emperor Charles, and declare that this lord was des-

tined to die in the year 1584. Then Luther would burst out vigorously: "The world won't last as long as that. For if we defeat the Turk, the prophecy of Daniel is fulfilled and at an end. Then the judgment day is certainly at hand."

How charming he is as father in his family. As his children stood before the table and looked with all zeal upon the peaches and other fruit, he said: "Whoever wants to see the image of one rejoicing in hope has here the real copy. Oh, that we might look upon the judgment day so joyously! Adam and Eve probably had much better fruit, ours are mere crab-apples in comparison. The snake, too, I believe, was at that time the most beautiful creature, friendly and amiable; even now it wears its little crown, but after the curse it lost its feet and its beautiful body." Thus he watched his three-year-old little son, who was playing and chattering to himself: "This child is like an intoxicated person, it does not know that it is living, and yet lives on securely and merrily, runs and jumps. Such children like to be in large, expansive rooms, where they have room." And he drew the child to himself: "You are our Lord God's little fool, under His grace and forgiveness of sins, not under the

DOCTOR LUTHER

law; you have no fear, are safe, and do not worry about anything; the manner in which you do things is without corruption. The parents at all times love the youngest children the most dearly; my little Martin is my dearest darling; such little children need the parent's care and love most. On that account the love of the parents always simply passes downward. How must Abraham have felt, as he wanted to sacrifice his youngest and dearest son; he probably said nothing about it to Sarah. This commission was probably disagreeable to him." His beloved daughter, Magdalene, lay sick unto death, he lamented then: "I love her very much, but, dear God, since it is your will that you wish to take her from here, I will be glad to know her with you. Magdalene, my daughter, you like to stay here with your father, and are glad to pass to the Father yonder." Then the child said, "Yes, dear father, as God wills." And, as she was dying, her father fell upon his knees before the bed, wept bitterly, and prayed that God might deliver her. Then she fell asleep in her father's presence. And as the people came to help bury the dead body, and addressed the doctor according to custom, he said: "I am, you know, joyous in spirit, but my flesh will not take part

DOCTOR LUTHER

therein; parting troubles one beyond all measure. It is strange to know that she is certainly in peace and well, and, in spite of all, still be so sad."

His dominus, or Lord Käthe, as he liked to call his wife in letters to his friends, had soon developed into an excellent housekeeper. And she had much trouble. Small children, her husband often sickly, a number of boarders, masters of arts and poor students; a house at all times open, in which learned and distinguished guests were seldom lacking; and, in addition, a small sum to run the house, and a husband who would give rather than take, who even assailed, in his zeal to give alms, at one time when she was lying in, the children's silver gifts from their godparents. Luther can, for instance, not advance eight florins in the year 1527 for his former prior and friend Briesger. With sadness he writes to him: "Three little silver cups (wedding presents) are pawned for 50 florins, the fourth is sold again, the year has brought 100 florins of debts. Lucas Cranach does not want to accept my security any more, in order that I may not ruin myself altogether." A few times Luther declines gifts, even such as the ruler of his district offers him; it seems that the consideration of

DOCTOR LUTHER

wife and children gave him, however, some sense of economy in his last days. When he died, his legacy amounted, with approximate valuation, perhaps to 8000 or 9000 florins, in which are included a little farm, a large garden, two houses; that was certainly especially due to Frau Käthe. From the manner in which Luther treats her, we see how happy his home life was. When he makes allusion to the rapid talking of women, he had little right to do so, for he himself was by no means a man who could be called sparing of words. When she heartily rejoices in being able to serve all kinds of fish from the little pond of her garden, and the doctor is again thoroly rejoiced at her joy and does not fail to append a pleasant observation in regard to the good fortune of contentedness. Or when she sometimes tires of the reading in the psalter and tells him that she heard enough of the Holy One, that she read much daily and could also talk about it, only God wished that she should act in accordance with it, and the doctor heaves a sigh at her sensible answer: "In this way weariness of God's word begins; nothing but new books will come, and the Scriptures will again be thrown in the corner." But this firm relation between two good persons was, for considera-

DOCTOR LUTHER

ble time, not without secret pain. We can only surmise what was gnawing at the woman's soul, if Luther, in dangerous illness, took his last farewell of her even in the year 1527, with the words: "You are my wedded wife, you shall certainly consider yourself that."

In the same manner as with his dear ones Luther dealt also with the high powers of his faith. All the good figures of the Bible were to him like loyal friends; his vivid imagination had brought their characters close to him, and he liked to paint their conditions with the true-heartedness of a child. As Veit Dietrich asked him what kind of a person the apostle Paul had been, Luther answered quickly: "He was an insignificant, lean little man as Philip Melanchthon." A charming picture was to him the Virgin Mary. "She was a fine girl," said he with admiration; "she must have had a good voice." And the Redeemer he liked best of all to imagine as a child with His parents, as he carries the dinner to His father in the lumber yard; and as Mary, when He stays too long, asks, "Where, pray, have you been so long, little boy?" Not upon the rainbow in glory, not as a fulfiller of the law is one to imagine the Savior, that conception is for man too ex-

DOCTOR LUTHER

alted and fearful; only as a poor sufferer who lives among sinners and dies for them.

His God was to him too, out and out, Host and Father. He liked to become absorbed in the economy of nature. He indulges in observations, full of astonishment, as to how much wood God must have to provide. "No one can calculate just what God needs merely to feed the sparrows and useless birds which cost Him in one year alone more than the king of France has in revenue. And let one now imagine the rest. God understands all trades. In His tailor shop He makes the stag a coat that lasts a hundred years; as a cobbler, He gives it shoes for its feet, and with the sun He is a cook. He could, indeed, become rich if He wished to, if He stopped the sun, shut up the air, if He threatened the pope, emperor, bishops, and doctors with death as soon as they did not pay Him on the spot a hundred thousand florins. Since He, however, does not do that, we are ungrateful, nasty fellows." And he reflects seriously as to where the means of support for so many people come from; old Hans Luther had asserted that there were more human beings than sheaves of grain; the doctor believed, to be sure, that more sheaves grew than human beings, but yet more human

DOCTOR LUTHER

beings than shocks of grain; the shock of grain, however, yields scarcely a bushel, "and from that a human being can surely not live thru the whole year." And if God often punishes the Godfearing man more than the godless, He acts, in his opinion, like an earnest master of the house, who punishes his son oftener than the bad servant, but secretly collects for his son a treasure for a legacy; the servant he finally thrusts from the door. And joyously he draws the conclusion: "If our Lord God can pardon me that I have provoked Him probably for twenty years with reading of masses, He can also pardon me for taking a good drink in His honor sometimes. Let the world interpret it as it wishes."

He is also much surprised that God is so much enraged at the Jews. "For fifteen hundred years they have been praying with earnestness and zeal, as their little prayer books show, and He does not disclose Himself unto them with a syllable. If I could pray in the way in which they pray, I would give two hundred florins' worth of books for it. O dear God, punish with pestilence rather than keep so silent!"

Like a child Luther prayed every morning and evening, often during the day, yes, while

eating. Prayers that he knew by heart he said again and again with warm devotion, preferably the Lord's Prayer; then he would recite to his God the shorter catechism; the psalter he always carried with him as a little prayer book. When he was filled with passionate anxiety, his prayer became a storm, a struggle with God, whose power, greatness, and holy simplicity it is hard to compare with other human emotions. Then he was the son who lay full of despair at the feet of his Father, or the loyal servant who appeals to his prince. For his conviction was unshakable that God's resolves could be influenced by asking and urging. And so, outpouring of the emotions alternates in his prayer with complaint, yes, with earnest remonstrances. It has often been reported how he brought Melanchthon, sick unto death, back to life again at Weimar in the year 1540. When Luther arrived, he found Magister Philippus in the act of passing away, without consciousness, with eyes dim. Luther was greatly frightened and said, "God forbid! How the devil has disfigured this body!" Then he turned his back to the company and stepped to the window, as he liked to do when he prayed. "Here," Luther himself said later, "our God had to suffer at my hands; for

DOCTOR LUTHER

I had nothing more to do with Him, and importuned Him with all the promises of prayer that I could relate from the Holy Scriptures, so that he had to listen to me, if in fact, I should have trust in His promises." Thereupon he seized Melanchthon by the hand: "Be comforted, Philip, you will not die." And Melanchthon began straightway to draw breath under the charm of his strong friend, and obtained consciousness again. He was restored.

As God was the source of all good things, so, in Luther's mind, the devil was the producer of the harmful and bad. Luther sprang from a hut in which the old fear of the spirits of the pine forest and the dark crevice in the earth, which was considered as entrance to the metal veins, was still strong and alive. The imagination of the boy had certainly often been occupied with obscured traditions of the belief in heathen gods. He was accustomed to feel mysterious powers in the terrors of nature as in the life of men. As he became a monk, such remembrances of childhood assumed the gloomy figure of the Biblical devil; but the busy tempter who was lurking everywhere for the life of man, always retained in Luther's belief much of the character of the old Germanic pagan

DOCTOR LUTHER

spirits. In Luther's speeches which his guests wrote down, the devil still produces the harmful storms; an angel, however, the good winds, as the giant eagles once did from the edge of the world with the beat of their wings; he sits as a water sprite under the bridge and draws girls into the water, with whom he lives in wedlock. He serves in the cloister as a family spirit, kindles the fire as a cobold; lays, as a dwarf, his exchange children in the cradles of human beings; entices, as a nightmare, the sleepers to mount upon the roof, and storms, as a hob-goblin, in the chambers. Chiefly thru this last activity did he disturb Luther several times. To be sure, the ink stain on the Wartburg is not sufficiently attested; but Luther could, indeed, tell of an unpleasant noise which Satan made in that very place in the night time with a sack of hazelnuts. Also in the cloister at Wittenberg, while Luther was studying in the refectory, the devil continued making a noise in the "Kirchenhölle" below until Luther gathered up his books and went to bed. Later he was provoked that he had not defied the "Hanswurst."

About this kind of devils he was not much concerned; the evil spirits that work thus he called, to be sure, bad devils. His opinion

was that there are countless devils. "Not all are inferior, bread-seeking devils, but country devils and prince devils, which have thoroly tried and trained themselves for a very long time, perhaps for more than five thousand years, and have become most wise and cunning." "We," he said, "have the big devils that are doctors of theology; the Turks and Papists have bad and inferior devils that are not theological, but legal devils." From them came all the evil on earth, sickness—Luther had great suspicions that the dizziness which had plagued him a long time was not natural—conflagration—where a fire starts a little devil is always sitting behind it and blowing into the flame, failure of crops, and war; "and if God had not given us the dear holy angels as guards and arquebusiers that lie encamped about us like a bulwark formed by the wagons and carriages of an army, it would soon be up with us." And as Luther was quickly ready to paint things characteristic, he knew, too, concerning the devil that he was haughty and could not endure contemptuous treatment. He, therefore, liked to give the advice to drive him away thru mockery and derisive questions. Satan was also a sad spirit and could not stand joyous music at all.

DOCTOR LUTHER

But the most fearful activity, according to Luther's conception, was exercised by the devil in the soul of man. There he instilled impure thoughts, but also doubt, melancholy, and depression. Everything which the thoughtful Luther proclaimed with such firmness and joy lay first with dreadful power upon his conscience. Especially at night when he awoke, did the devil stand maliciously at his couch and whisper fearful things to him; then his spirit would wrestle for freedom, often for a long time in vain. Every new search in the Scriptures, every important sermon on a new theme threw him again into struggles of conscience. Then, it is true, he would get into such excitement that his soul became incapable of systematic thinking, and trembled for days in anxiety. As the question of the monks and nuns was occupying his attention, a passage in the Bible came in his way, which, as he believed in his excitement, made him in the wrong. His heart sank within him, he was almost strangled by the devil. Bugenhagen then visited him. Luther led him out into the corridor and showed him the threatening words. And Bugenhagen, probably affected by his friend's haste, began to doubt, too, without surmising the great-

DOCTOR LUTHER

ness of the torture that Luther was enduring. Only then was Luther frightened. Again he passed a fearful night. The next morning Bugenhagen stepped in again. "I am very angry," he said, "not until now did I look at the text carefully. Why, the passage has quite a different sense." "And it is true," Luther related later, "it was a ridiculous argument. Yes, ridiculous for him who is in his own senses and not assailed by temptations."

He often complained to his friends concerning the horrors of these struggles that the devil caused him. "He has never from the beginning been so enraged and angry as now at the end of the world." Luther did not tire censuring the pope as antichrist, and the papal conduct as devilish. He, however, who looks more carefully, will recognize behind this hatred of the devil also the indestructible piety with which the man's loyal heart was bound to the old church. What became a disturbance for him was often only pious memories from the days of his youth, which stood in the most glaring opposition to the changes which he as man had experienced.

For no man is entirely transformed by the great thoughts and deeds of the years of his

DOCTOR LUTHER

manhood. We ourselves do not become new thru new acts, our inner life abides in the sum of all the thoughts and feelings that we have ever had. He who is chosen by fate to do the greatest new things by destroying great old things, strikes to pieces at the same time a part of his own life. He must violate duties, in order to fulfill greater duties. The more conscientious he is, the deeper does he feel, too, in his heart the incision which he has made in the order of the world. That is the secret pain, yes, the sorrow of every great historical character. There are few mortals who have felt this agony as deeply as Luther. And the greatness about him is just the fact that he was never prevented by such grief from doing the most courageous deeds. To us, however, this appears as a tragical factor in his entire life.

And another factor, the most critical for him, lay in the position which he himself had to take toward his doctrine. The authority of the Scriptures only had he left his nation, with fervor he clung to its words as to the last firm anchor of the human race. Before him the pope, together with his hierarchy, had interpreted, misinterpreted, supplemented the words; now he was in the same position. He, together with a circle of

DOCTOR LUTHER

dependent friends, had to lay claim to the privilege of correctly understanding the words of the Scriptures and applying them properly to the life of his time. That was a superhuman task, and he who took it upon himself had to fall of necessity a victim to some of the abuses which he himself had so grandly attacked in the Catholic church. Firmly knit and steel-like was the structure of his spirit; he was created a ruler, as ever mortal man was; but it was just the gigantic and dæmonic element of his will power that had to make him at times a tyrant. If he, after all, practised tolerance on several important occasions with inner self-mastery or with inner freedom, that was only the blessing of his good nature, which asserted itself here too. But often he became the pope of the Protestants. For him and his people no choice was left. He has been censured in recent times for doing so little to draw the laymen into co-operation by means of a constitution of elders. Never was a reproach more unjust. That which was possible in Switzerland, in the case of rugged peasant communities, was at that time quite infeasible in Germany. Only the citizens of the larger towns embraced enough intelligence and power to control the Protestant clergymen;

DOCTOR LUTHER

but almost nine-tenths of the Evangelicals in Germany were oppressed country people, for the most part, indifferent and reluctant, and, since the Peasants' War, intractable; the new church had to force its discipline upon them as upon spoiled children. Let him who doubts this, look upon the results of the visitations and mark the reformers' unceasing complaints concerning the rudeness of their poor parishes. But still other matters cramped the great man. The ruler over the souls of the German people lived in a little town among poor university professors and students, in a weak community of which he often had cause to complain. He was not spared all the sufferings of German narrow-mindedness, the odious conflict with small scholars and clumsy neighbors; and there was much in his character that made him especially sensitive to it. No human being bears in himself with impunity the feeling of being a preferred instrument of God; he who lives in that way, no longer fits into the narrow and small structure of civil society. Had Luther not been modest in the depths of his heart, of an unending good-heartedness in his intercourse with others, he would have had to appear quite unendurable to the sober, intelligent people who stood coolly be-

DOCTOR LUTHER

side him. Thus it happened only at times that he got into violent conflict with the citizens of the town magistracy, with the law faculty of his university, with the counsellors of his ruler. He was not always right, but he almost always carried his wish thru against them, for seldom did anyone venture to defy the force of his wrath. In addition came, too, severe bodily sufferings. During the last years of his life his huge strength was also exhausted by their frequent return; he felt that very bitterly, and prayed unceasingly to his God that He might take him unto Himself. As yet he was, according to his years, no old man; but he seemed old to himself, very old, and uneasy in a foreign, earthly world. Just these years, not rich in great events, rendered grievous by political and town quarrels, filled with embitterment and gloomy hours, will, such is our hope, fill everyone with sympathy who glances without bias over the life of the great man. The fire of his life had warmed his entire nation, called forth in millions the beginnings of a higher human development, unto millions fell the blessing; he himself felt in the end almost nothing but the affliction! At one time he had so joyously hoped to die as a martyr; now he wished for himself the peace of the

DOCTOR LUTHER

grave, as a strong, tired workman of many years. That, too, is a tragic human lot.

The greatest grief, however, which he felt, lay in the position of his doctrine to the life of the nation. He had built a new church upon his pure Gospels, had given the spirit and conscience of his nation incomparably greater content. A new life began to bloom about him, so much more prosperity, so many good arts, painting, and music on stringed instruments, pleasant enjoyment, finer culture in the middle class. And yet something was hovering in the German air, mysterious, threatening danger. The rulers angrily at variance, foreign forces marching against the nation, the emperor from Spain, the pope from Rome, the Turk from the Mediterranean; the fanatics and factious spirits powerful, the hierarchy not yet fallen. Yes, his Gospels themselves, had they united the nation to greater harmony and power?

The lack of peace had become only greater, the future of his church was to be dependent on the worldly interests of separate German princes. And he knew, too, the best among them! Something dreadful was approaching; the Scriptures were to be fulfilled, the judgment day was near. Back of that, however, God would build up a new

DOCTOR LUTHER

world, more beautiful, purer, full of peace and blessing, a world in which there was to be no longer any devil, in which every human soul would feel more joy over the blossom and fruit of the new heavenly trees than the present generation rejoices over gold and silver; in which the most beautiful of all arts, music, should resound in melodies much more charming than the most magnificent song of good choristers upon this earth. There the good human being would find all the dear ones again that he had here had and lost.

More and more powerful became in him the desire of man for ideal purity of existence. When he expected the end of the world, it was obscured remembrances of the German people from the most distant past that were still hanging on the sky of the new reformer. And yet it was at the same time a prophetic premonition of a near future. The end of the world was not being prepared, but the Thirty Years' War.

Thus he died. As the carriage with his body drove thru the Thuringian districts, all the bells in town and village were rung, and the people thronged with sobs to his coffin. It was a good portion of the German national strength that was encoffined with this

DOCTOR LUTHER

one man. And Philip Melanchthon said before his remains in the church of the castle at Wittenberg: "Everyone who learned to know him well must bear witness to the fact that he was a very kind man, gracious in all words, friendly, and charming, and not at all bold, impetuous, headstrong, or quarrelsome. And there was, withal, a seriousness and a courage in his words and gestures, the like of which should be in such a man. His heart was true and without guile. The harshness which he made use of in writings against the enemies of his doctrine did not come from a quarrelsome and malicious heart, but from great earnestness and zeal for the truth. He showed very great courage and bravery, and did not let a little rustle frighten him right away. He was not intimidated by threats, danger, and fear. He had, too, such excellent, keen intelligence that he alone could see sooner than others in confused, dark, and perplexing troubles what was to be done and how. He was not, as some probably thought, so inattentive either for him not to have noticed how matters stood everywhere with the government. He knew very well how the government is constituted, and looked with especial zeal upon the sense and will of the people with whom he had to deal.

DOCTOR LUTHER

We, however, must preserve a constant, unending memory of this our dear father and not drop him from our hearts.”

Such was Luther. A dæmonic nature, stubborn and sharply defined his mind, powerful and moderate his desires, pure his morality, full of love his heart. Because no other human power besides him arose, strong enough to become a leader of the nation, the German nation has for centuries lost its sovereignty upon earth. The sovereignty of the Germans in the realm of the spirit, however, rests upon him.

In order now, at the conclusion, to let him himself speak, permit a letter to Elector Frederic the Wise to be made known here, written in the days when Luther's whole power was the most powerfully concentrated. The cautious prince had commanded him to remain on the Wartburg, because, according to his belief, he could not protect him at Wittenberg; for the anger of the Duke of Saxony, his cousin, would insist straightway on the execution of the imperial ban against Luther. Then Luther wrote to his ruler:

“Most serene, noble Elector, most gracious Lord! The letter and kindly fears of your princely grace reached me Friday evening,

DOCTOR LUTHER

when I intended to ride off on Sunday morning. That your princely grace has the best of intentions needs, of course, with me neither proof nor testimony; for I consider myself convinced of it, as far as human knowledge reaches.

“In my cause, however, most gracious lord, I shall answer thus: Your princely grace knows, or, if you do not, then let yourself be herewith informed, that I do not have the Gospels from men, but only from heaven, thru our Lord Jesus Christ, so that I might well have called and written myself, as I intend to do from now on, too, a servant and evangelist. That I, however, offered myself for a hearing and trial, was done, not because I had doubt about the truth, but from exceeding humility, for the purpose of alluring the others. I have done enough for your princely grace that I left my place for this year to serve your princely grace. For the devil knows very well that I did not do it on account of any fear. He well saw my courage as I arrived at Worms; for if I had known that so many devils had lain in ambush for me as there are tiles upon the roofs, I should, nevertheless, have jumped into the midst of them with joy.

“Now, Duke George is still very unlike

DOCTOR LUTHER

even only a single devil. And since the Father of unfathomable mercy has made us thru the Gospels joyous lords over all devils and death, and has given us the riches of assurance so that we may say to Him, 'Dearest Father,' your princely grace can see for yourself that it would be the highest disgrace to such a Father if we did not believe that we are lords, too, over Duke George's wrath. Of myself I well know that I would ride into his Leipzig—may your princely grace pardon me for my foolish words—altho it rained nothing but Duke Georges for nine days, and each one was nine times more furious than this one is. He considers my Lord Jesus a man made of straw; my Lord and I can, indeed, endure that for some time. I will, however, not conceal from your princely grace that I have prayed and wept for Duke George not once, but very often, that God might wish to enlighten him. I will also entreat and weep once more, after that never again. And I beg that your princely grace may also be willing to help and have entreaties made, in order to see whether we cannot turn the evil from him, which—O Lord God! is pressing in upon him without ceasing. I would quickly strangle Duke George with a word if that would end it.

DOCTOR LUTHER

“Permit this to be written to your princely grace with the intention of having you know that I am coming to Wittenberg under a very much higher protection than that of the elector. I do not have in mind either to desire protection from your princely grace. Yes, I am of the opinion, I should protect your princely grace more than you could protect me. Even if I knew that your princely grace could and would protect me, I should not come; no sword can be of any help or aid in this cause; God must here work alone, without any human assistance. Therefore, he who has the greatest faith will here offer the most protection.

“Because I now notice that your princely grace is still very weak in faith, I can in no way look upon your princely grace as the man who could protect or save me.

“Since your princely grace now desires to know what you are to do in this matter, especially since you think that you have done much too little, I shall answer in humble manner that your princely grace has already done too much and should do nothing at all. For God will not and cannot endure your, or my worry and urging. He wishes to see it left to Himself, to Himself and no other. Let your princely grace direct yourself ac-

ording to that.

“If your princely grace believes this, you will be safe and have peace; if you do not believe, I shall, nevertheless, believe, and must let the unbelief of your princely grace be tortured with the anxiety which all unbelievers suffer with justice. Since I then do not want to obey your princely grace, you are excused before God if I should be captured or killed. Before human beings your princely grace is to bear yourself thus. You are to be obedient to your superiors, and let imperial majesty administer body and possessions in your towns and lands, as is fitting according to imperial order, and shall by no means resist or offer opposition, or seek resistance or any hindrance against the authority, if the latter wishes to capture or kill me. For no one is to violate the authority except the one who established it, else it is revolt against God. I hope, however, that they will make use of reason and realize that your princely grace was born in too noble a cradle that you yourself should become a jailer in my case. If your princely grace leaves the gate open and keeps the free conduct of an elector, in case my enemies should themselves come to fetch me, or their ambassadors, your princely grace has satisfied obedience. They

DOCTOR LUTHER

could, you know, not demand more of your princely grace than that they wish to learn Luther's abiding place from your princely grace. And they shall obtain that without your princely grace's anxiety, toil, and danger. For Christ has not taught me to be a Christian for the injury of another. If they, however, will be so unreasonable and order that your princely grace should yourself lay hands on me, I will then say what is to be done. I will make your princely grace secure from harm and danger in body, goods, and soul in my cause, whether your princely grace believes this or does not believe it.

“Herewith I commend your princely grace to the grace of God; concerning the rest we will speak as soon as it is necessary. For this letter I have hastily despatched, in order that your princely grace might not be filled with sadness at the report of my arrival; for I shall and must become to everyone a cause of comfort and not of harm, if I want to be a real Christian. It is a different man from Duke George with whom I am dealing; He knows me very well, and I know Him pretty well. If your princely grace had faith, you would see God's glory. Because you, however, do not yet have faith, you have not yet seen anything. To God be love and

DOCTOR LUTHER

praise forever. Amen. Written at Borna, at the house of the guide, on Ash Wednesday, in the year 1522.

“Your princely grace’s humble servant,
“MARTIN LUTHER.”

BIOGRAPHIC AND GEOGRAPHIC NOTES*

Albert of Brandenburg (1490-1545) was elected Archbishop and Elector of Mainz when still a young man. In 1515 he began to supervise the sale of indulgences in Germany, receiving as compensation half the proceeds.

Hieronymus Aleander, an Italian by birth, was sent by the pope to Germany in 1520 to work against Luther. From Charles V he obtained an edict to burn Luther's writings in the Netherlands.

Nicolaus Amsdorf (1483-1565), a close friend and co-worker of Luther, was professor of theology at Wittenberg, accompanied Luther to Worms in 1521, and assisted him in the translation of the Bible.

Annaberg, a small mining town near Chemnitz, in Saxony.

Arivovistus, the first German of history who tried to check the Roman invasion. Julius Cæsar defeated him in 58 B.C.

Arminius, "the liberator of Germany from the Roman yoke," who checked the advance of the Romans into Germany by destroying their army under Varus in the Teutoburg Forest, in 9 A.D.

Augsburg, a city of southern Germany, once imperial.

Black Forest is a mountain district in southwestern Germany.

Katharina von Bora became Luther's wife.

Borna lies south of Leipzig. Luther stopped here March 5th, at the house of the guide, Michael von der Strassen.

Bishop of Brandenburg (Hieronymus Scultelus) had supervision over the Church and University of Wittenberg.

John Bugenhagen (1485-1558) came to Wittenberg in 1521. He was a very active co-worker of Luther,

* Hereby I acknowledge my debt to the notes in F. P. Goodrich's "Doktor Luther" (Ginn & Co.).

BIOGRAPHIC AND GEOGRAPHIC

a teacher at the university and a preacher in the town. He did much to help organize the new church in Germany.

Cajetano or *Cajetan*, Thomas de Vio of Gaeta (Cajeta), was made cardinal, and soon after was sent by the pope as a legate to Germany to bring Luther back to fellowship with the church.

Ambrosius Catharinus, a Roman Dominican, wrote a book against Luther, whom it caused "now laughter and now disgust."

Charles V (1500-1558), king of Spain in 1516, and emperor of the Holy Roman Empire in 1519, dreamed at one time of world power. He had wars with the French, the Turks, and the Protestants. In 1555 he abdicated in favor of Philip II.

Coburg lies near the center of Germany. In a castle nearby Luther stayed while the Diet of Augsburg, of 1530, was in session.

Cochläus (1479-1552), one of Luther's most active enemies, was really Johann Dobeneck of Wendelstein by name, having changed his name into Latin.

Lucas Cranach (1472-1553), the famous German painter, who painted portraits of Luther and many other contemporaries.

Veit Dietrich was for several years Luther's amanuensis and constant companion.

John Mayer of Eck in Swabia is generally known as Eck. By 1510 he was professor of theology at Ingolstadt, and was renowned for his scholastic learning and for his skill as a disputant. In 1518 he attacked Luther's theses and became involved in a controversy with Karlstadt, which led to the famous Disputation of Leipzig, in which Eck met both Karlstadt and Luther. Luther saw on this occasion how greatly he was at variance with the church.

Hieronymus Emser (1477-1527) was one of the most prominent of Luther's opponents. He entered the service of Duke George of Saxony, and after the Disputation of Leipzig he took a hostile attitude to Luther.

Erasmus of Rotterdam (1465-1536) was the leading representative of Humanism. His most famous writings are "Adagia," a collection of proverbs; "Encomium Moriae, or Praise of Folly," a satire against all classes,

BIOGRAPHIC AND GEOGRAPHIC

but especially against the monks and the dignitaries of the church, and the "Colloquies." In 1516 he did the Reformation a kind service by publishing the first printed edition of the Greek New Testament. With men of action like Luther and Hutten he had little sympathy.

Franconia lies in south central Germany, being now a part of Bavaria.

Frederic the Wise (1463-1525), an intelligent, pious, and benevolent ruler, did much to promote the Reformation thru his patronage of learning and his protection of Luther. (Cf. the note on Meissen.)

Duke George (1471-1539), an earnest, efficient prince, was one of the most important of Luther's enemies. He was ready to reform the church thru "legitimate powers," but he was not willing to follow Luther. (Cf. the note on Meissen.)

Gotha is a town of considerable significance in central Germany.

Richard von Greifenklau, Archbishop of Trier, (1467-1531), played a prominent part as statesman and as soldier.

Hermunduri formed an old German tribe that first appeared in the Thuringian Forest.

Hohenstaufen. The Hohenstaufen emperors ruled from 1138 to 1252; Frederic I (Barbarossa) and Frederic II were two of the greatest rulers of the Holy Roman Empire.

Hörselberg is a mountain ridge near Eisenach in central Germany.

John Huss (1370-1415), the famous Bohemian Reformer, adopted and taught the views of the English Reformer, Wickliffe. For this he was excommunicated and his writings burned. He continued writing and preaching. While appearing before the Council of Constance to vindicate himself publicly, he was thrown into prison, and finally condemned and burned at the stake for adhering to his teachings.

Niklas von Hussinetz was an enthusiastic follower of Huss and a leader of the Hussites.

Ulrich von Hutten (1488-1523) was a knight, Humanist, and national poet. Next to Luther he is the most interesting figure of the German Reformation. In him

BIOGRAPHIC AND GEOGRAPHIC

Humanism and the Reformation were united, and the national character of the movement found its best expression. He made the movement a national cause.

Jena, a small university town in central Germany.

Justus Jodocus Jonas (1493-1555), a friend and co-worker of Luther, studied at Erfurt, accompanied Luther to Worms in 1521, was later active at Wittenberg as professor and preacher, and assisted Luther in the translation of the Bible. He was with Luther on his last journey from Halle to Eisenach in 1546.

Karlstadt (Andreas Bodenstein, 1483-1541) was professor of theology at Wittenberg, and an enthusiastic follower of Luther's ideas of reform. While Luther was at the Wartburg, Karlstadt became for a time the leading spirit of Wittenberg. Being carried away by the fanatic "prophets" of Zwickau, who considered themselves inspired, and, therefore, wanted no priests or Bible, he preached violent changes. Luther was in this way brought back to Wittenberg, restored order, and drove out the fanatics. Thru this Karlstadt became an opponent of Luther. He is called Karlstadt after his native town.

Lehnia lies near Potsdam.

Lichtenfels is situated in central Germany, near Bamberg.

Mansfeld, the name of a town in the district over which the counts of Mansfeld ruled. Eisleben, Luther's native town, also belonged to this county.

Markolfus was a comic popular character of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Maximilian I was a very popular emperor. During his reign (1493-1519) the House of Hapsburg became one of the great powers of Europe. To the national movement, led by Luther against Rome, he remained indifferent. He could not appreciate great political and religious reforms. In 1500 he gave his consent to the establishment of an "administrative council," a triumph of the estates in their strife with the emperor.

Meissen. In 1485 the Saxon lands were divided between the two brothers, Ernest and Albert. The latter received the eastern part, including the margraviate of Meissen; the former got the western part, Wittenberg, Thuringia, etc. Ernest was succeeded by Frederic the

BIOGRAPHIC AND GEOGRAPHIC

Wise, Luther's friend; Albert's successor was Duke George, Luther's enemy.

Philip Melanchthon. The name is the Greek equivalent of the German name, Schwarzerd. He was born in Baden, in 1497. Having devoted himself to the study of the humanities, especially to Greek, he became professor of Greek at Wittenberg in 1518. He was an intimate friend and fellow-worker of Luther, aiding him especially in the translation of the Bible (1522-1534). In the year 1521 he published an able defence of the Reformed doctrines, and in 1530 he drew up the famous "Augsburg Confession." He died in 1560, after having been the recognized leader of the Reformation in Germany after Luther's death.

Karl von Miltitz, a Saxon nobleman, was sent by Leo X as nuncio to Germany in order to conciliate Luther. They met in Altenburg, near Leipzig, in 1519.

Möhra is a small place in central Germany.

Thomas Murner (1475-1537) was the most important German writer among Luther's enemies. His satires are witty and often very sharp and harsh.

Mutianus Rufus (Konrad Mudt, 1472-1526) was a very refined and cultured German Humanist.

Naumburg is a town close to Leipzig.

Nimpschen is located in Saxony.

Oberweimar lies near Weimar.

Pfeffercorn, a converted Jew, was the tool of the Dominicans of Cologne.

Philip, Landgrave of Hesse (1504-1567), an able German prince and a constant friend of the Protestant cause, introduced the Lutheran religion into his territory in 1526, and was a leading member of the Protestant League.

Pirna, a small town, lies near Dresden.

Johann Reuchlin (1455-1522) was the recognized leader of the German Humanists. In 1506 he published "the first text-book of the Hebrew language that had sprung up on Christian soil." He opposed the Dominicans in their effort to suppress Judaism by burning all Hebrew literature except the Old Testament.

Schmalkalden lies in central Germany. In 1530 the Protestant princes met here to discuss measures of defence against the decree to exterminate all the Prot-

BIOGRAPHIC AND GEOGRAPHIC

estants, passed at the Diet of Augsburg during the summer of the same year. The League of Schmalkald was then formed. The Schmalkald Articles were drawn up in 1537, which were really a declaration of war against the papacy. In 1546 Charles V made war against the princes and came off victor during the following year.

Jerome Schurf (1481-1554), a Swiss by birth, but a professor of law at the University of Wittenberg. He was a close friend and staunch supporter of Luther. Augustin was his brother, teaching medicine at the same university.

Franz von Sickingen (1481-1523) was won to Luther's side by Ulrich von Hutten. He was the most powerful German knight of the period.

Spalatin or *Spalatinus* (George Burkard of Spalt, 1484-1545), statesman, historian, and theologian, came into frequent touch with Luther when he was secretary of Frederic the Wise. From 1527 he was active in organizing the Lutheran Church. His writings on the Reformation have been a source of important information in reference to that epoch.

Johann von Staupitz (?-1524) became acquainted with Luther while vicar-general of the Augustinian Order for Germany. For his kind counsel Luther was always very grateful. His sister was a nun who subsequently left the cloister.

St. Gall, the seat of a famous monastery near Constance in Switzerland.

John Tauler (ca. 1300-1361), a German mystic who preached in Strassburg. He taught the complete union of the soul with God, believing that man attained the higher religious life only thru personal conversion and the communion of the soul with God.

John Tetzel (1455?-1519), the well-known peddler of indulgences.

Thuringia is a term applied to quite a large district in the center of Germany, about as we use "New England."

Duke Ulrich (1487-1550) was driven out of the duchy of Würtemberg in 1519, and again restored in 1534. He introduced the Reformed religion into his lands.

BIOGRAPHIC AND GEOGRAPHIC

John Vesalia (1410-1481) was called thus from the name of his birthplace, Oberwesel, on the Rhine. His real name was John Ruchrath. He wrote a "Disputation Against Indulgences," declaring them to be wrong and refusing to teach anything in any way conflicting with the faith of the Scriptures.

Wartburg, a castle near Eisenach in central Germany.

John Wessel (1419-1489), a professor of theology, was greatly admired by Luther. After having taken his stand and made known his views, Luther found doctrines in Wessel's writings that were much like his own.

Winterthur, a town near Zürich.

Worms is a city on the Rhine.

Württemberg, then a duchy, has been a kingdom in southwestern Germany since the days of Napoleon.

Ulrich Zwingli (1484-1531), the famous Swiss Reformer, differed from Luther in character, life, and aims. The general tendency of his reforms was quite like that of Luther's, and their life experiences were not unlike either. He had a famous meeting with Luther and Melancthon at Marburg in central Germany in 1529. They could not agree as to the Eucharist.

TABLE OF DATES

1415. John Huss was burned at the stake in Constance, Switzerland.

1450. Printing was invented by John Gutenberg.

1453. The Turks made conquest of Constantinople.

1456. University of Greifswald was founded; 1457, the University of Freiburg; 1460, the University of Basel.

1466. The first complete German Bible was printed at Strassburg, being a translation of the Vulgate.

1472. University of Ingolstadt was founded; 1477, the University of Tübingen.

1483. Luther was born at Eisleben on November 10.

1492. America was discovered.

1494. Sebastian Brant wrote his "Ship of Fools," a didactic, satiric poem that ridicules the weaknesses and sins of the time. It shows the moral baseness of the days before the age of the Reformation.

1495. Diet of Worms. An attempt was made to reform the constitution of the empire: *der ewige Landfriede*, or the perpetual peace of the land, was proclaimed; an Imperial Chamber Court was established.

1496-1517. Maximilian waged war in Italy.

1497-1501. Luther attends school in Magdeburg and Eisenach.

1500. Diet of Augsburg. A *Reichsregiment*, or Administrative Council, was established. This gave the estates, for a brief period, more power in their dealings with the emperor.

1501-05. Luther was a student at the University of Erfurt.

1502. University of Wittenberg was founded.

1505. Luther entered the Augustinian Convent at Erfurt.

1506. University of Frankfurt on the Oder was founded; Reuchlin published the first Hebrew grammar.

1507. Luther was ordained priest.

1508. Luther was transferred to Wittenberg, where he was given a chair at the university.

1509. Erasmus's "Praise of Folly" and "Manual of

TABLE OF DATES

the Christian Soldier" were published. These two famous books were written against the abuses of Catholicism, but from the standpoint of the scholar and of learning. Reuchlin's conflict with the Dominicans of Cologne began. He was accused of too much sympathy with the Jews.

1511-12. Luther made his journey to Rome, where he was shocked by the worldliness of the pope and clergy.

1512. Luther became Doctor of Theology. Murner published his "Exorcism of Fools," a didactic, satiric poem of the nature of Brant's "Ship of Fools."

1513. Leo X was chosen pope.

1514. Reuchlin published the "*Epistolæ clarorum virorum*," expressing the sympathy of the greatest men of his time with him in his conflict with the Dominicans.

1515-17. The "*Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*" appeared, forming a very bitter and powerful attack upon the church party. They, doubtless, helped the coming of the Reformation.

1516. Erasmus published his edition of the Greek New Testament. Luther preached against the sale of indulgences.

1517. Tetzel began to sell indulgences. On October 31 Luther nailed his ninety-five theses against the sale of indulgences on the door of the Wittenberg church.

1518. Luther met Cajetan at Augsburg. On this occasion the latter said to Luther, "Recant and see thine error; thus the pope wills it and not otherwise, whether thou like it or not."

1519. The death of Emperor Maximilian occurred on January 12; Charles V was elected emperor on June 28. In June the famous Disputation of Leipzig took place. Luther and John Eck discussed the question of the divine right of the papacy. Luther here sealed his breach with Rome.

1520. Luther published his three famous pamphlets: (1) "To the Christian Nobles of the German Nation: On the Improvement of the Christian Body; (2) Concerning the Babylonian Captivity of the Church; (3) On the Liberty of a Christian." He burned the papal bull on December 10. Hutten declared war against

TABLE OF DATES

Rome, and embraced Luther's cause. In November Hutten appealed to his countrymen in German; his writings had so far appeared in Latin.

1521. The Diet of Worms opened on January 28; Luther was summoned in March; he arrived at Worms on April 16, appeared before the Diet on April 17 and 18, and left Worms again on April 26. On May 4 Luther was taken captive and conducted to the Wartburg. The edict of the Diet was pronounced against Luther on May 26. Hutten made known his espousal of Luther's cause in his famous song, "*Ich hab's gewagt*," or "I have dared." In this year appeared, too, Hutten's "A Little Book of Discourses," a strong attack on clerical abuses.

1522. Murner, a powerful opponent of the Reformation, published his witty and bitter satire, "Concerning the Great Lutheran Fool." He tried his best to make the Reformation ridiculous. The radical "prophets" at Wittenberg caused Luther's return to Wittenberg on March 6. They declared themselves inspired of God, and wished to overturn the existing order of things. Karlstadt was won over by them.

1523. Hans Sachs wrote his poem, "The Nightingale of Wittenberg," in which he showed himself an ardent admirer of Luther.

1524. First Lutheran hymn book was published, containing twenty-five hymns, eighteen of which were by Luther.

1525. The Peasants' War broke out. On June 13 Luther married Katharina von Bora, a former nun.

1526. At the first Diet of Spires Germany was divided into Catholic and Protestant states on the principle of *cujus regio, ejus religio*. Albrecht Dürer painted his famous Four Apostles.

1527. The University of Marburg was founded.

1529. The Conference of Marburg was called in October, to bring about harmony between Luther and Zwingli. They differed on the Eucharist, and could come to no understanding. Using Psalm 46, Luther composed "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*," "A mighty fortress is our God," which formed the battle hymn of the Reformation. Luther prepared his German catechism.

TABLE OF DATES

1530. "The Augsburg Confession," written by Melancthon, to give expression to the Protestant faith, was read at the Diet of Augsburg. In December the Protestant princes formed the League of Schmalkald, to keep their Catholic opponents from taking the lands that had fallen into the possession of the Protestants thru the change of faith on the part of the land owners. Luther translated the "Fables of Æsop."

1534. Luther's complete translation of the Bible appeared.

1541. Luther's Bible was revised.

1544. University of Königsberg was founded.

1546. Luther died in his native town on February 18. The Schmalkald War began.

1547. The armies of Charles V won the battle of Mühlberg, which brought about the end of the Schmalkald War.

1555. Charles V abdicated, discouraged and despondent. The Peace of Augsburg was signed, which allowed the Protestants to retain all lands that had come to them before the Treaty of Passau in 1552. Church officers, changing their faith, were to abandon their lands and offices; each prince was to decide the form of faith in his lands on the principle of *cujus regio, ejus religio*.

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