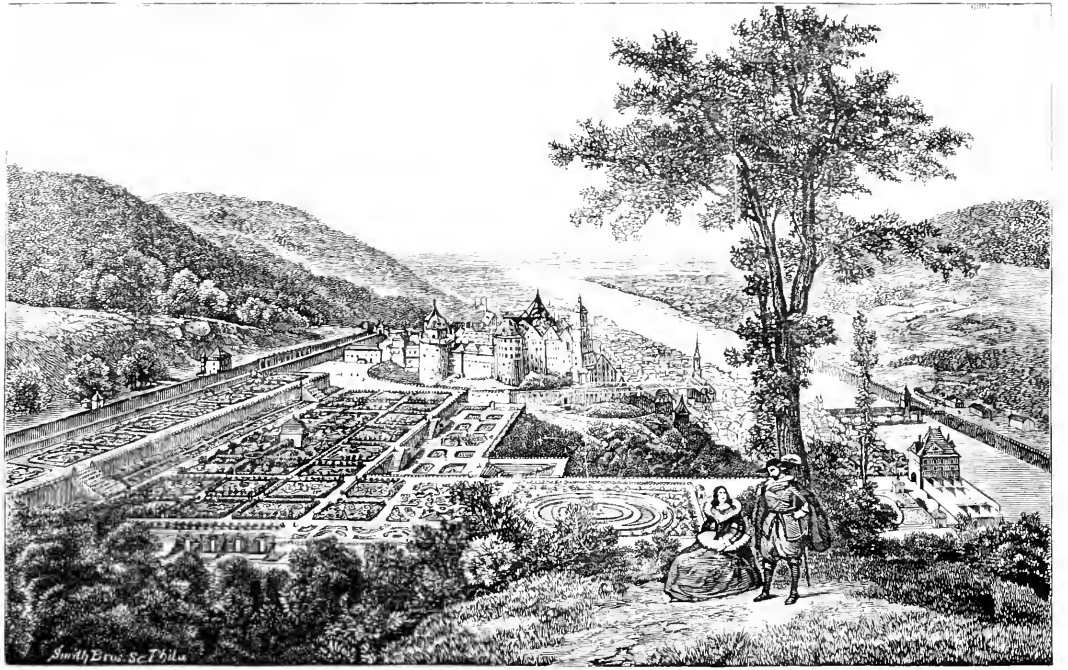

HEIDELBERG CASTLE IN 1620.

RAMBLES

ROUND REFORMED LANDS.

BY

REV. JAMES I. GOOD, D. D.,

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READING, PA.:
DANIEL MILLER, PUBLISHER.
1889.

TO MY PASTOR,

REV. B. BAUSMAN, D. D.,

TO WHOM I OWE, IN MY BOYHOOD, MY FIRST IMPULSE TOWARD FOREIGN TRAVEL,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

This volume is the result of three trips to the fatherland. On the first, the writer found it very difficult to find places interesting in the history of the German Reformed Church. So, after careful study of her history, the next two excursions to Germany and Switzerland were devoted to the study of sites sacred in our Church history. As the result of travel and reading, a great deal of material has gathered on his hands which it is a pleasure to give to those who may be interested in the subject. By blending his personal reminiscences with the history, he has hoped to make the book more interesting. Of course, there is time for only a brief sketch of the history of each place;* but he has endeavored to describe the present condition as fully as possible.

* A fuller description can be found in THE ORIGIN OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN GERMANY, published by Daniel Miller, Reading, Pa.

The object of the book is to interest the reader in the history of the Reformed Church in Germany and Switzerland. This branch of the Calvinistic Church has had a great history. Germany owes much to her. She once occupied a much more prominent position in the world's affairs than she does now. These splendid facts ought to be brought to the notice of her descendants in this far-off land, that they may be kept in the faith and gain an inspiration for her future.

JAMES I. GOOD.

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 9, 1889.

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RAMBLES ROUND REFORMED LANDS.

CHAPTER I.

Zwingli-Land.

It is Fourth of July. But how strange a Fourth to an American! No sight of fire-works or sound of shooting-crackers. Last night we spent in a very unpatriotic way at Ragatz, waiting for the King of Saxony to arrive at the hotel. A real live king is a curiosity to an American; so we stayed up to see him. He arrived, but he was not at all different from other men. He bowed very courteously to us as we rose to do him honor. So we prepared for the Fourth of July by doing honors to a king. What strange patriots we are!

Ragatz is a famous bathing place in north-eastern Switzerland. It contains near it a great natural curiosity, the gorge of the Tamina, a gorge from 30 to 50 feet wide, through which rushes a brawling torrent. High above you for hundreds

of feet is the mountain, while the gorge is so narrow that the one mountain seems to lean over and rest on the other, and yet does not touch it. In this gloomy gorge is a bath-house, to which many come to be treated for various diseases. To Ragatz it was that Zwingli came to rest after his herculean labors at Zurich. But he did not rest long, for the plague broke out at Zurich, and, faithful shepherd that he was, he hastened home to attend to the sick. In so doing, he was himself brought down very near to the gates of death by the plague.

A strange Fourth of July. No heat, nothing but cold. It is an Arctic Fourth, for Switzerland does not seem far from the North Pole. We are at a little out-of-the-way station in north-eastern Switzerland called Buchs. The place has only two houses in it, a railway station and a country hotel. And at this quiet little village, on this strange Fourth of July, I ask how I can be taken to Wildhaus, the birth-place of Zwingli. Wildhaus? Wildhaus? Nobody seems to know anything about such a place. We inquired of the ticket-agent, of the baggage-master, but nobody knew. It was a dismal outlook for a Fourth of July here, alone at this station, waiting till late

in the afternoon for the next train to take me away. So I try another question. Perhaps they know about Zwingli. Oh, yes, they know of him; but about Wildhaus they know nothing. At last one of them suggests that I go across the street and ask the proprietor of the village hotel. But he shakes his head as ignorantly as the rest. But stop, he has an idea. He says: "Perhaps it is Wildhaus you mean," pronouncing it as if the last syllable rhymed with 'goose.' I tell him it does not matter how they pronounced it, but I want to get to the place where Zwingli was born. "That is the place," he replies, "I will send my boy with you." So a horse and carriage are provided, and with his hostler as driver, we started for a three hours' ride up the Alps. Up, up, up we climb. Down, down, down comes the rain. It rains as it only can rain in Switzerland. The windows of heaven seem to be wide open. As we go up, it seems as if we had gotten almost high enough to be near the very springs of the skies. It is cold, very cold. The 'snow wind,' as the Swiss call it, is blowing. The higher we ascend, the colder becomes the rain. I bundle myself in my heavy overcoat, wrap my shawl about me, and over all throw my water-proof

overcoat. And still I am not warm. And yet it is the Fourth of July.

At length a little valley near the mountain-top bursts into view. The rain ceases. The sun seems to be kissing the mountain-side in spots. Before us is the little valley of the Tockenburg, where Zwingli was born on New Year's Day, 1484. It seems a New Year's Day to us rather than a Fourth of July. Down in the valley is a little Swiss hut. Its slanting roof has stones on it to keep the shingles from being blown away by the wintry wind. In the interior the walls are wainscoted, while there is some wood-carving on the joists. Zwingli's father must have been in comfortable circumstances to have lived in such a house. He was the magistrate of the valley. This cottage is unused now, kept as a relic of Zwingli. Here his father taught him the lessons of youth, and his mother told him Bible stories and church legends. When a boy only eight years old, he showed his noble character by the saying that "Truthfulness is the mother of all virtues." The pure air of this upper valley prepared him to be a Reformer. Yonder, up Mount Sentis, rising 5000 feet above the valley, the shepherd boy climbed to see his father's flocks. As

a friend said of him, "I have often thought that on these Alpine heights so near heaven, he must have imbibed something heavenly and divine."

Musing thus on the boyhood of great men, we take our way to the village church. A call on the pastor is made. He receives strangers very cordially. He says that not many strangers find their way to this upper valley, but that a few years ago an American minister had called, whose name he did not remember. Then over to the little church we go. Here Zwingli, a babe, was baptized. It is a little, plain country church. The seats are uncushioned, the floor is uncarpeted. Opposite the pulpit is an end gallery, and over the gallery are the words:

"Halt fest an Gottes Wort,
Es ist dein Glück auf Erden,
Und kann, so wahr Gott ist,
Dein Glück im Himmel werden."

The pastor tells us that in the valley there are about 800 Protestants and 400 Catholics. But there are none of Zwingli's relatives living in the valley, although there may be some at Buchs, the railway station from which we had started that morning.

Filled with such memories, we start on our ride

down the mountain to Buchs. The sun has come out and it is now as delightful a ride down, as it had been dismal up. In an hour and a half we are at the railway station, well satisfied with our Fourth of July visit to the birth-place of Zwingli, the apostle of gospel freedom.

A ride westward brings the traveller along the little lake of Wallenstadt. Here is grandeur sublime. This little lake is surrounded by mountain peaks on every side. Steep precipices 3000 feet high, with mountain peaks 4000 feet higher, surround it. It is a wild little gorge with numerous waterfalls, falling thousands of feet. At the west end of the lake is the little town of Wesen, where Zwingli's uncle, the dean of Wesen, was pastor of the village church. This uncle took a fatherly interest in the boy, and at the early age of ten sent him to Basel for further education.

And now again, as we journey, our way becomes hemmed in by mountains. Our railroad cannot go much farther or else it will run into a mountain. We stop at the station of a town surrounded on every side by mountains 7000 feet high. It is the town of Glarus, with 5000 inhabitants, famous for slate and sapsago cheese. It is interesting to us because it was Zwingli's first

parish. We go to the church of the town. The building is not the same as that in which Zwingli preached, for the old church was burned down in 1861, but it is a large new church. We enter and are surprised to find that the Protestants and the Catholics worship together in the same building and in the same room. There is a Catholic altar with its candles and its crosses. And about fifteen feet in front of it is the Protestant pulpit. But I doubt whether that stern Reformer, Zwingli, would have favored such a reunion of the Churches. Alas, the Protestant consciousness has died out sadly in the canton through the inroads of rationalism. And now the Protestants live as happily with the Catholics as the lion and the lamb. But we fear the Romanists are the lion still.

The communion service which Zwingli used when pastor there, was shown to us. It contained a broad silver cup, on which were the figures of the evangelists set with emeralds. Going out of the church, we asked our guide how long it would take to walk to the woods at the foot of the Glarnish Alps. We supposed it was a twenty minutes' walk. He said it was a three hours' walk. How deceptive are distances in the pure moun-

tain air of the mountain regions. It reminded me of the story of the man at Interlaken, who saw the Jungfrau, and it seemed so near that he thought he would walk out to it before breakfast. After walking for an hour or two and finding he came no nearer to it, he asked how far away it was. When told it was a day's journey, he concluded to come home and get his breakfast first before he started again.

Here in this little secluded valley Zwingli spent ten years of his early ministry. But though in such a secluded place, changes were in the air. The men of the canton were tempted by foreign gold to hire themselves as soldiers, and they came back bringing vices and extravagances with them. Twice Zwingli went with them to Italy as their chaplain. These visits had an effect in preparing him for the Reformation. In Italy he saw the great wickedness of the Italian people. While at Milan he saw how the Milan liturgy differed from his own. When he came back to Glarus, he found an old liturgy at the town of Mollis, near Glarus, which said that the cup should be given to the laity at the Lord's Supper. These influences, with his reading of the Bible, prepared him to break ultimately from Rome. But the

foreign influence became too strong against him in his canton, and he resigned his parish at Glarus to go to the monastery at Einsiedeln.

Let us start for Einsiedeln. The railway skirts for a while the beautiful lake of Zurich, with its gently sloping sides of green, dotted with villages and churches, and its waters speckled with boats and steamers. We change cars at a little station, and now our train mounts the mountain side higher and higher. The train seems to be a balloon as it rises, for we get a full view of the whole lake of Zurich, 25 miles long. Yonder, in the distant western end of the lake, is the city of Zurich. Just below in the lake is the island where Ulrich Von Hutten, one of the bravest knights of the Reformation, died and is buried. A little beyond this on the other side of the lake is Rapperschwyl, where Zwingli preached his first sermon on entering the ministry. This railroad gives a glorious view of Zwingli-land around Zurich. By and by, when we had ascended 1500 feet above the lake, the train turns into the mountains, and suddenly we are in a little valley on the mountain-top.

In this valley lies the monastery of Einsiedeln. Here is the shrine of the Black Virgin. We did

not know that the mother of Christ was a negress, but, according to their foolish tradition here, they say so. We refuse to believe it. At any rate, the image of the Madonna that is here is black, although Mary herself was not. This abbey of Einsiedeln is the largest abbey in Switzerland. It has 150,000 pilgrims coming to it every year. It contains 60 priests and 20 monks who spend their time in reading mass and in raising a fine breed of horses, for which the abbey is famous; but shepherds of souls they are not. The interior of the church presents a tawdry appearance, although there are some fine pictures. On the right is the pulpit, but we could see no stairway by which to get up to it. There is no preaching there now, at least not such as Zwingli gave.

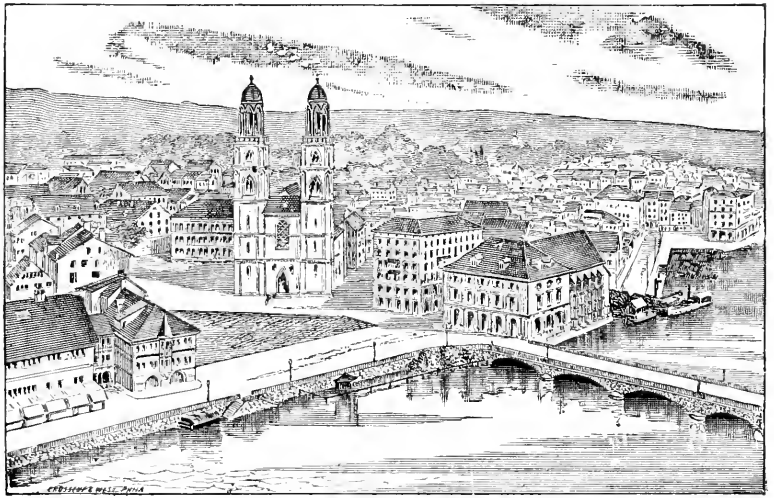
The first object the traveller sees on entering the chapel, is the shrine of the Black Virgin with a grating before it to prevent the pilgrims from coming too near the sacred altar. This Virgin is supposed to heal diseases of the body as well as of the soul. In a niche stand several crutches all covered with cobwebs, which, they say, were left by those who were cured. A little bent woman once asked a traveller there for money. She told him she had walked eighty times from Alsace in

order to be cured of rheumatism, and that she found herself much benefited by the visit. Judging from her crippled condition then, he wondered what must have been her state when she first came.

I remember seeing a scene of pride in poverty in the abbey. Among the number of those praying on their knees before the shrine of the Madonna was a poor man whose coat was very much patched. And yet in all his poverty he had taken the trouble to tie up his coat-tails behind him, so that they looked like wings, in order that his coat might not touch the ground and become dusty. Pride is in every place, even in church and among the poor. Indeed the poor are often prouder than the rich. It was said some years ago that in Five Points, the poorest section of New York City, the family who possessed one chair would look down upon and not notice a family who had no chairs at all.

In this abbey Zwingli began to preach the evangelical Gospel. Here, as early as 1516, a a year before Luther nailed his theses on the church door at Wittenburg, Zwingli preached Christ as the ransom for sin. Over the gate of the abbey were the words: "Here may be ob-

tained the complete remission of sins." But Zwingli boldly declared that "Christ alone saves and saves everywhere." So powerful were his words that the pilgrims who came there to be forgiven of their sins, went back home again. His preaching became so eloquent that even the lazy monks left their cells. Says a visitor, as he listened to Zwingli preaching there: "How beautiful and profound, how grave and how convincing, how moving and agreeable to the Gospel is that discourse." The Pope tried to bribe him to keep quiet by the offer of a cardinal's hat. But Zwingli rejected bribes and said, "By God's help I mean to preach the Gospel, and that will shake Rome." And his preaching did shake Switzerland as with earthquake throes. And God for his faithfulness called him higher, and he was elected to be the preacher of the great church at Zurich, the capital of the canton, while after his death Einsiedeln reverted back to the Catholics. So the abbey is as bigoted as ever, and through the town rosaries, wax images, pictures, crucifixes and small statues of the Virgin are sold. Einsiedeln needs another Zwingli to bring her to the truth.



ZURICH.

CHAPTER II.

Zurich.

What a fine city Zurich is! Beautiful for situation, like Jerusalem, is Zurich. Unlike Jerusalem, however, it is not compactly built together, but is spread out like a fan around the southern end of the lake of Zurich. Its population is about 24,000, but with its suburbs it numbers 65,000. Zurich is the manufacturing centre of Switzerland.

Like so many other cities, it owes its present prosperity to the Reformation. It is the centre of silk and cotton factories, there being about 10,000 looms in the canton; for in the year 1565 there was a Protestant church at Chiavenna, in one of the Swiss cantons on the southern side of the Alps, but the Catholics so greatly persecuted them that they finally fled to Zurich and brought their silk industry with them. So from that small beginning the manufacturing trade of Zurich began to develop.

It is also the commercial as well as the literary centre of Switzerland. Zurich is situated at the

mouth of the lake of Zurich, whose gently sloping sides are covered with villages, orchards and vineyards. Far in the distance across the lake lie the snow-capped Alps. To the west of the city is the steep peak of Utliberg, rising 1600 feet above the town, while northwest of the city is a gently undulating farming country. We walk through the railroad street with its handsome residences and fine stores. We cross the river Limmat, which divides the city into two parts, and whose clear but swift flowing tide carries off the waters of the lake. And we stand before the building sacred in our Church history, the minster or cathedral where Zwingli preached. It is of Romanesque style of architecture, and its front contains two towers, one at each corner. The statue of Charlemagne, who used to live frequently at Zurich and who gave large gifts to the church, is seated in the west tower. But a greater than Charlemagne came to this church in 1519, Ulric Zwingli. Born on the New Year, he came to Zurich on the New Year's Day to usher in a new year for its citizens, as he preached the acceptable year of the Lord. Called away from his quiet home at Einsiedeln, where, like Moses in the desert and Paul in Arabia, he had been silently pre-

pared for his life work, he came here to stand forth as one of the leading reformers of the Church. The church was filled to hear this celebrated preacher preach his first sermon. Zwingli declared, "It is to Christ I wish to guide you, to Christ the true spring of salvation." A new doctrine this in those days when they went to Mary rather than to Christ for salvation. Great was the delight of many in his audience at these words, but great was the hatred of others. He not merely preached on Sabbath, but also on market days to the people of the canton who came to Zurich to attend market. Thus his doctrines were spread throughout the whole canton. So eloquent was his preaching and so great his influence that in a short time the city council sympathized with him in his reforms in the Church. In 1523 they passed an ordinance requiring that the church service should be conducted according to the Scripture. They went from one reform to another until the reformation was finally completed by the introduction of the Protestant method of the Lord's Supper. Instead of the Romish altar was substituted the Lord's table covered with a simple cloth. A basket containing, not wafers, but bread which could be broken, was placed on this table,

together with wooden goblets in which wine was handed about. The people sat during the communion, while the students who assisted Zwingli passed the elements among the communicants. How simple, but how refreshing this service in contrast with the pomp and mummery of the mass! These changes reveal the thoroughness of Zwingli's reformation, which aimed to bring the service back to the simplicity of the Bible.

The side buildings of the minster, which used to belong to the monks, have been turned into a girls' school. Almost opposite the church is the house in which Zwingli lived. It was shown to us by Rev. Mr. Pestalozzi, one of the pastors of the church. But let us go to church on Sunday morning to the cathedral. It is a large church with galleries around it. The interior is very plain. There are no carpets on the floor, nor cushions in the seats. The only decoration is a large stained glass window in the choir, which contains pictures of Christ, Peter and Paul. The aged antistes or head minister (for there are two ministers) enters the church. As he goes into the chancel he holds his hat before his face as he prays. I remember a pious Swiss in our old Reformed church at Reading, who always prayed

in his hat as he entered church. It is a Swiss custom. The antistes gives out a hymn and then ascends the pulpit, where he reads the Scriptures, prays and preaches. The people all stand up as he reads the Bible, and when he begins to preach the people all rise again. I arise with them. I thought to myself, "Do these people stand during the sermon?" I involuntarily hoped the sermon would be short. But what is this noise? It seems out of place that there should be such a noise disturbing the quiet of the service. I look around and see the people are sitting down. But still I cannot understand what made the noise. Finally I discover that it is caused by the men sitting down. The men sat along the wall on board seats that folded up like our camp chairs. When they wanted to sit down they pushed down these folding seats, and that made the noise I had heard. But this strange custom reveals a significant fact in the history of the Reformed Church, namely, *the reverence of the people for the Bible.* Whenever the Bible is read, if it be only a text, the people stood up to do it reverence. But when the minister began the sermon with his own words, the people sat down. They thus signified that God's words in the Bible were different from

man's words in the sermon. The Reformed have always greatly honored the Bible in their creeds and customs. The antistes preached a plain sermon on the clause of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come." It was a sermon of intellectual power, but it lacked the earnest pointedness and grip of our American style. After the service I called on him at his house directly opposite the cathedral. He told me that the people still celebrate the communion as they did in Zwingli's time, by sitting at the table.

On the other side of the Limmat river is another church, the Church of our Lady, where a most earnest, pious preacher preaches. The town and canton are, alas, largely impregnated with rationalism, but this church is very evangelical. A little further down the Limmat is the St. Peter's Church, where Lavater, one of the poets of the Reformed Church, preached in the latter part of the last century. Goethe says of him: "He is the best, greatest, wisest and sincerest man I ever knew." He was cruelly shot by a French soldier while on an errand of mercy.

But from the cathedral we go to the library, situated right on the banks of the river. The building was originally called the Water-church,

because it stood in the water. It contains a very valuable library. In it are three letters of Lady Jane Grey to Bullinger, the successor of Zwingli; also a letter of Zwingli. But the most interesting book to me is Zwingli's Bible. The Testament is in Greek and his notes are written in his own hand-writing. Zwingli learned whole books of the New Testament by heart, which explains his readiness to meet his antagonists from the Bible. His hand-writing is very interesting, for it changes about the time he came to Zurich. But another very interesting volume is the Bible that Zwingli wrote, or rather that he arranged to write with Leo Juda. It is to the honor of the Reformed Church that her translation of the German Bible was the earliest of the Reformation. This Swiss translation was begun in 1524 and finished in 1529, while Luther's Bible was not finished until 1534. Indeed more than six editions of the Swiss Bible appeared before Luther's was completed. Leo Juda was one of the most learned men of his age. Indeed, Zwingli and Leo Juda were better Greek scholars than Luther, whose early studies did not include Greek, and who had to rely on Melanchthon, who, however, was one of the finest scholars of his age. The illustra-

tions of this Bible are very quaint. The most of them were designed by Holbein, the celebrated painter of the Reformed Church who lived at Basle.

But let us go up to the University, situated on the right bank of the Limmat, on a high point of land which commands a fine view over the city and the lake and the Alps. It was founded in 1832 and has included in it a complete theological seminary with six professors and ninety-three students. The most famous of these professors in our day was Prof. Alexander Schweitzer. He was an intense follower of Schleiermacher, and a valuable historian of the Reformed Church. Having a letter of introduction to him, I started out to make a call on him. I heard he was living in the western part of the city, and boarded a street car. With my American abruptness I asked the street car conductor whether this car went to the suburb of Aussersihl. Now it is customary among the Germans for a stranger to first apologize for speaking, by an expression like "Excuse me." I had, however, forgotten this introductory phrase in my hurry, and asked him abruptly whether his car went to Aussersihl. For a moment he was dumbfounded by the ab-

ruptness of my question, and was quite distant and cool toward me. The Swiss say they always know an American. We are always in a hurry, they say. The Americans are practical. We don't waste words. We go to the root of the matter at once. Travelling some years before through Lucerne, one of my companions, a young Philadelphian, went into a store to buy something. I suppose he worried the store lady, for she became impatient with him, as he had been with her. Finally she said to him, "If all Americans are like you, I don't want anything more to do with them. They are always in a hurry." My street car conductor, however, afterward became quite chatty, and as we rode together on the platform, he pointed out to me the street that I sought. I tried to find Professor Schweitzer's house, but alas, to my disappointment he had just moved farther into the country, and as night and a thunder storm were coming, I deemed it best to hasten back to the hotel. Thunder storms! We know nothing about them in America. Every afternoon we had an exhibition of these magnificent fireworks of nature. The thunder, as it reverberated again and again through the hills, dying away in distant echoes, was terrific. The

battle of the heavens far exceeded any of the battles of men; while the lightning, as it flashed through the sky and up and down the hills, was blinding in its brilliancy. The grandeur of nature as seen in a Swiss tempest is awe-inspiring.

West of Zurich is a fine mountain peak called the Utliberg. An inclined railway runs to its top, where there is perched a fine hotel. We climbed up to it and found Zurich and the lake lying at our feet, with the white Alps in the far distance. From this mountain top the road which the army of Zurich took through Horgen to the battle-field of Cappel, can be distinctly seen. We also visit the arsenal, where are the arms of Zwingli. His battle-ax, taken at the battle of Cappel, his sword, his coat of mail and helmet are here. We also saw his colors, which consist of a red band on top, and below a white and blue shield on silver.

But let us go to Cappel, where Zwingli died. Rev. Dr. Bomberger and myself take the train for Zug near Lucerne. There we hire a carriage. It is very hot, excessively hot. The farmers are in the fields, gathering in their hay. But what are these flies hovering over us in clouds. They look like Jersey mosquitoes, only larger. We

soon find that they are not unlike mosquitoes; for without a moment's warning one lights on my hand, and what seems like a needle is run into the flesh. They are the hay-fly of the Swiss. As we do not care to become a pincushion for these flies, we tie knots to the ends of our handkerchiefs, and flinging them about like fans, we keep the insects away. We ride past the quaint old church of Cappel, and finally come to a quiet nook along the roadside, where rises a rude stone about fifteen feet high. In the centre of it is a metallic slab bearing an inscription stating that Ulric Zwingli for truth and the Christian faith died the hero's death, October 11, 1531. His dying words are inscribed on it: "They may kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul." At one side of the monument is a pear tree. Zwingli died under a pear tree. So every time the pear tree that marks the place of his death dies, another tree is planted.* Let us, as we stand here, go back to that death of the founder of our Reformed Church. Zwingli had come out to Cappel with the army as a chaplain. He was ministering to a wounded soldier, when he was struck

* We photographed the monument, and copies of it have been printed for any who desire them.

by a stone from the enemy. As he fell he supported himself on his knees for an instant, and exclaimed, "They may kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul," and then sank back and lay with folded hands and uplifted gaze toward heaven. His lips moved in prayer. Some one asked him if he wanted to see a priest and confess to him. Another told him to call on the saints. He only shook his head. "Die, then," said a captain as he gave him his death stroke. After his death his bitter enemies held a trial over his body, which was condemned as that of a heretic. It was then quartered by the executioner of Lucerne. It was burned and the ashes mingled with those of swine.

Just as Wickliff's ashes, carried by the Severn to the sea, and thus to all lands, were a type of his evangelical doctrines, which were spread to the ends of the earth by the English nation; so Zwingli's ashes, cast on the Reuss, were carried to the Aare and then down the Rhine, so his doctrines spread from Switzerland down the Rhine into Germany and Holland. They could kill the body, but his soul goes marching on. Thus died like a hero and martyr, Zwingli, the patriot, the theologian, the preacher, the musician, the

Christian. His life and his death are a lasting legacy to the Reformed people. While in Zurich, I remember seeing a Swiss sunset while sitting along the lake and looking eastward toward the distant Alps. I saw the sun set on them ; but after the sunlight no longer touched them, gradually they became tinged with pink. This pinkish tint increased into a red—into a dark red, until the mountains glowed like red torches, while the lake below was tinted with a delicate blue. The sun had set, but this was the Alpine-glow after the sunset. Such an Alpine-glow crimsoned Zwingli's death. And the glory of his death lit up the hills and valleys of Switzerland with a light that is shining yet.

CHAPTER III.

Berne.

The Rigi mountain is not far from Cappel. It consists of a group of mountains, rising 6000 feet high, and so isolated from the other mountain-peaks as to command a magnificent view in all directions. We take the steep railway up its side just about sunset. The little engine begins to climb up its cog-wheel track. The engines are constructed in a slanting shape, so that when they are on the level ground they lean; but as they go up the mountain, they resume an upright position. In an open car we start to ascend. As we ascend, the sun sets behind the mountain. We enter a tunnel; and lo, as we emerge, the sun, which we thought had set, bursts upon us again, lighting up a splendid view at our feet. Instantly every passenger is lifted off his feet by the magnificence of the sight, and each one in his own language is giving vent to his admiration by an exclamation of wonder and enjoyment. One cried out in German, "schoen," another in French gives utter-

ance to a word I cannot understand. An Englishman cries out, "magnificent." All I can say is "Oh!" But the party are unanimous that it is the finest view they have ever seen. After a ride through the deepening twilight, we finally arrive at the top of the Rigi, at a large hotel where we spend the night.

What sound is this, a most doleful groan, as if some giant were in his death throes? It is the sound of the Alpine horn, waking us at 4 o'clock in the morning, that we may see the sun rise on the Rigi. We find that almost every one has come out on the open plateau on the mountain top to salute the coming king of day. It is light already. The faint streaks of the early morning are already appearing. But below us the valleys and towns are still enshrouded in darkness. In the distance are the ranges of the Alps, filling more than half the horizon. Suddenly one of the distant snow-capped mountains is tipped with gold. The morning sun has touched it, although we are still in comparative darkness. Suddenly another peak is tipped with light, and then another, and another. But as these lighted peaks are not all together, the sun seems to play a game of hop-skip-and-jump among the mountain peaks,

striking now this peak and now that. They shine out like brilliant torches of the morning, those snow-capped peaks, lit up with the glory of the rising sun.

Finally the sun strikes us. But, although on us in this upper world the day has dawned, the valleys and lakes far below us are still in the twilight of the morning. Most interesting is it to watch the line of sunlight creeping down the mountain, lighting up the valleys and villages. It reveals the onward march of the king of day. Finally the lake below is touched with daylight, and another day has dawned on all. But so high are we, that towns below seem to be toy villages, and lakes seem to be travelled by toy steamers. It is like living up in the clouds to be on the Rigi. It is like an ascension in a balloon. The view from the Rigi is an event of a lifetime. When the sunrise is finished, we take the train down the mountain. Before this railroad was built, it was a difficult thing to climb up this steep mountain, and a dangerous one to climb down.

Miss Sarah Smiley thus gives a beautiful description of her descent and its spiritual lessons: "In the Summer of 1879," she says, "I descended

the Rigi with one of the most faithful of the Swiss guides. Beyond the services of the day, he taught me unconsciously a lesson of life; for his first care was to put my wraps and other burdens on his shoulders. In so doing he called for all, but I chose to keep back a few for special care. I soon found them no little hindrance to the freedom of my movement. But still I would not give them up to my guide, until he, returning to where I was resting a moment, kindly but firmly demanded that I should give him everything but my Alpine-stock. Putting them with the utmost care upon his shoulders, with a look of intense satisfaction he led the way. And now with my freedom I found I could make double speed with double safety. Then a voice spake inwardly, 'O, foolish, wilful heart, hast thou indeed given up thy last burden? Thou hast no need to carry them.' I saw it all in a flash. And then as I leaped lightly from rock to rock, down the steep mountain side, I said within myself, 'And ever thus will I follow Jesus, my guide, my burden-bearer. I will rest all my care on Him, for He careth for me.'"

Lake Lucerne, which nestles at the foot of the Rigi, is at once the most beautiful and the most

grand of the Swiss lakes. Its scenery is a combination of beauty and grandeur. We take a steamer ride around it. At its south-eastern end is the land of William Tell, the patriot of Switzerland. At Altorf, thirty miles away, is the place where Tell shot an apple off his son's head, at the command of the tyrant Gessler. Along the lake is shown Tell's chapel, where Tell sprang from Gessler's boat and escaped. But we are studying the life of a greater than William Tell, the life of a greater religious patriot, of the spiritual liberator of Switzerland, Ulric Zwingli. So we will leave the beautiful scenery of Lake Lucerne and the Rigi, and pass on to the quaint old town of Berne.

Berne is the capital of the republic of Switzerland, and is one of its most important towns, having a population of 40,000, almost all of them members of the Reformed Church. The city is surrounded on three sides by the river Aare, which flows through a gorge a hundred feet below it. Berne is famous for its bears. The bear is its tutelary deity. You see bears everywhere. In an open square is a grotesque figure of a bear about to devour a child; while other children, doomed to the same fate, protrude from its pockets

and girdle. We did not know before that bears had pockets. A neighboring fountain or spring consists of a statue of a bear, having on him a shield, sword, banner and helmet.

But the most interesting bear scene is the bear clock, where a whole group of wooden bears go through a performance two minutes before the clock strikes the hour. First a wooden rooster gives the signal by clapping his wings and crowing. We have heard many roosters, but never one like this. Its voice had become so hoarse and weazened that it sounds as if it had a hundred colds all crowded into one. It sounds as if it were dying of pneumonia, and yet could not die. Had we lived near this rooster, we would have been tempted to do to him as a friend of ours once did to a rooster which disturbed his morning nap. He tied the rooster so that he could not stretch his neck; and as a rooster must stretch his neck in order to crow, he was compelled to forego the pleasure of that performance. When this wooden rooster had crowed, the wooden bears, some of them standing, some of them on all fours, march around a seated figure, and a harlequin strikes the hour. The rooster again crows, an old man turns the hour-glass, while a bear at his side most ridic-

ulously jerks his head, now this way and now that. The whole performance is ended by the cock crowing a third time.

Passing through the arcades or covered sidewalks that line the streets, and which are a distinguishing feature of Berne, we go out the eastern gate to the Bear Den, a place very much like the bear-pit at the Zoological garden in Philadelphia. Here a few live bears are kept at the expense of the government. Indeed so great is the veneration of the Bernese for bears that the taking away of these live bears by a hostile power almost resulted in a war. Berne without its bears would not be Berne any more.

But let us go to the Council Hall. Here the Congress of the Republic of Switzerland meets. Switzerland is the United States of Europe. It is composed of twenty-two states or cantons, but in its Congress three languages are spoken, German, French and Italian, as there are representatives from cantons which speak these three languages. The Council, like our Congress, consists of two houses, the upper house having forty-four members, or two to each canton ; the lower house having 135 members, according to the population. Switzerland is a miniature of the United States ;

or rather the United States is an infinite enlargement of Switzerland; and her Council chamber at Berne is a miniature of our Capitol at Washington. From the roof of this building a fine view is obtained of the Bernese Alps. Next to the bears of Berne, the Alps that surround it are its most attractive feature. For many miles snow-capped peaks stretch along the horizon, until one almost seems to be in the Arctic region. And when the sun shines on these Alps, the view is brilliant in its shining splendor.

And now we come to the old cathedral, a fine Gothic structure. This old church is interesting to us in our Church history. Berne is connected with Zwingli's life. To this town Zwingli came at the early age of thirteen to study the classics. He was a fine musician, and soon attracted the attention of the Dominican monks, who labored hard to get him to join their order. Had he done so, he would, doubtless, like Luther, have been compelled to repent of such a step. But his father, hearing of the attempt, called him home and sent him to Vienna.

Thirty years after Zwingli again appears at Berne, no longer a scholar, but a leader. In the meanwhile the Reformation had broken out, and

he had become famous as its leader. The Reformation had reached Berne. In order to fully introduce it into Berne, a conference of theologians and priests and ministers was assembled there in 1528. A hundred of them came together. Of these Zwingli was the leader. He preached every day in this cathedral on the twelve articles of faith in the creed. His sermons made a marked impression.

As an illustration of his eloquence and power, the following story is told about his preaching here. On Sunday morning Zwingli preached on that part of the Apostles' Creed, "He ascended to heaven and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead." "These three articles," said he, "contradict the Romish mass." The people listened with greater attention as he went on to prove this. Now it happened that a priest, robed in his vestments, was preparing to celebrate mass in one of the side chapels. As Zwingli began preaching, he stopped in astonishment at his words. As he listened to Zwingli's electric words, he underwent a great struggle. Finally, overcome by the truth of the Bible as given by Zwingli; there before the sacred altar,

and in the presence of the people, he resolved to give up his priesthood, for Zwingli's eloquence had made him lose faith in it. And in the presence of the whole congregation, he stripped off his priestly robes, and throwing them on the altar, he exclaimed, "Unless the mass reposes on a more solid foundation, I can celebrate it no longer." His conversion made a profound impression in the Church, and created a great stir throughout the town. As a result of this conference, Protestantism was fully introduced into Berne, which has ever since been Reformed in its religion.

Just south of Berne is the city of Freiburg, famous for its suspension bridge and organ. I start for it one evening, giving myself just time enough to hear the concert in its cathedral, and take the train in return. As my time is so limited, I ask a gentleman who sits opposite in the train, and who lives in Freiburg, how I can get to the cathedral most quickly. He is very kind and gives me all the information. But he is kinder than that. When I step out of the station at Freiburg to start for the cathedral, he asks me to step into his carriage, and he drives me down to the cathedral, giving me all needed help. It

is an act of kindness to me, a stranger, that I shall never forget.

The Swiss are a generous-hearted people, especially toward Americans, probably because they feel that we are citizens of a republic like theirs. For the silken thread of liberty binds men's hearts together all over the globe. After awhile the concert begins. The peculiar attraction of this organ is its Vox Humana stop, which imitates the human voice. Almost every church organ has a Vox Humana stop; but most of them are most miserable imitations of the human voice. But the stop in this organ is so like the voice, that it is almost impossible not to believe that some one is singing. It sounds as if some one were humming a tune without pronouncing the words. As I listened to the music, several times my eyes closed out of sheer delight, and I lost myself in its harmonies until the music would stop. And then, having forgotten in the music where I was, I opened my eyes and was surprised and bewildered for a moment to recollect where I was. The music had wafted me away to another sphere. It made me forget the world, and I seemed to have entered Paradise,

and heard the song of the angels. Such a heavenly strain was being heard in Switzerland in Zwingli's time. The angels were singing, not over Bethlehem's plain, but over the mountains of Switzerland, the song of the gospel of the Reformation.

CHAPTER IV.

Geneva.

"Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view,
The stillness of their aspect in each trace,
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue."

How calm and beautiful is this Lake of Geneva. Its northern end nestled amid the mountains; its southern end reaching out through the plain on which the city of Geneva stands. Geneva is the richest and largest city of Switzerland, having a population of 50,000. It is a fast French city. It lies where the still waters of the lake, with the swiftness of an arrow, pass into the river Rhone. It lies just above the junction of the Rhone with the Arve, where the pure crystal waters of the former meet and mingle with the muddy, turbid waters of the latter. It is a famous town in history, and is famous at present for its watchmaking and its music boxes.

The Geneva watches are famous the world over. They are made by hand, and not by ma-

chinery, as in our land; and their manufacture is the chief industry of many a Swiss family. They are very carefully made. Indeed, I heard it said that they are baked before they are sold, so that they might be tested to see whether heat or cold would affect their time-keeping.

We are continually reminded of music boxes. The Swiss are very fond of music. They will play their Alpine horns in the mountains, and on the music box in their homes. A friend of mine wanted to buy a music box, and so went to one of their large establishments in Geneva to look at them. He said it seemed to him as if everything had turned into a music box. As he sat down to listen to them, lo, his chair began to play a tune from a music box under the seat. The proprietor opened a window to let in more light, and the window began to sing its melody. He took up a pitcher to get a drink of water, and lo the pitcher had a music box in it, which began to play. He opened an album to look at the photographs, and it began to serenade him. Everything seemed to be turned into music. Music boxes were everywhere, music enough to drive him wild.

We had an amusing experience at the hotel. While my companion, Rev. Mr. Hoyt, of Ball-

ston Centre, N. Y., and myself were dining, suddenly we heard the most beautiful singing by a canary. We looked around the room, we looked out through the windows, but the bird we did not see. As we did so, we noticed that some of the older guests were smiling at us. By and by we discovered that the canary was a music box hidden in a pot of false flowers right in front of us on the table. On the top of the boquet of flowers sat a canary bird which opened its mouth (by machinery), and out of it seemed to come the exquisite imitation of a bird's song from the music box underneath. The next day some new comers were placed just opposite to us at dinner. And by and by the music box or canary, right in front of them on the table, began to sing. They looked, as we had done the day before, around the room and out the window. It was now our turn to smile at the ignorant, until they finally discovered the singer in the flowers right in front of them.

But let us start out to view the city. We go across the river Rhone, past Rosseau's isle in the river, over to the old city. As we walk along over the Rhone with its clear blue waters, my companion, himself a Presbyterian minister, says:

"I now see why Calvinism is generally considered so blue. It is because the river Rhone is so blue that it has colored their theology."

We finally arrive at the church of Calvin, the St. Peter's church. It is an old church, having been built in the eleventh century. But it is a very plain building, both within and without. We find in its interior, near the pulpit, Calvin's chair, in which he used to sit. His house is shown near by. His grave in the cemetery is unknown; as he, with characteristic modesty, forbade any monument in his memory. But his monument is not of marble, but on paper, in his master-piece of theology, his Institutes. When Zwingli died, Calvin was raised up to take his place as the leader of the Reformed Church. The workers die, but the work goes on. Religion can say, as the brook does in the words of the poet:

> "Men may come, and men may go,
> But I go on forever."

Zwingli dies, but Calvin lives to take his place.

Now the call of Calvin to be a leader of the Church is one of the most dramatic in Church history. And as it took place at this city of Geneva, we will pause to see it. Calvin, the re-

former of France, had been driven out of his native land. He had fled to Italy, but was now fleeing from Italy, back to Germany. On his way he spent a night at Geneva. That proved to be a night of destiny to him. Farel, the fiery reformer of French Switzerland, the Elijah of the Alps, happened to be in Geneva at that time. He had been longing and praying that Providence would send some competent man to preach the Gospel to this gay and learned city of Geneva. He happened to hear that Calvin was stopping over night. The fame of the author of the Institutes of Theology had already reached him. He decided that Calvin was the man for whom he had been seeking as the Reformer of Geneva. He called on Calvin and urged him to stay and preach to the Genevese. Calvin replied to him with astonishment, "I can not stop here more than one night." Farel pointed out to Calvin that the Reformation had been miraculously established in Geneva; that if he did not take up the work, it would probably perish, and he would be the cause of the ruin of the Church. But Calvin could not make up his mind. He did not want to bind himself to any particular Church. He wanted to travel. He wanted to

study. "Study, leisure!" said Farel, "what must we never practise? I am sinking under my task. Pray, help me." Calvin then pleaded another excuse. "The frail state of my health needs rest." "Rest," exclaimed Farel, "death alone permits the soldiers of Christ to rest from their labors."

But still Calvin held back. He felt he was too weak to undertake the burdens and endure the opposition of reforming a great city. At this Farel could not restrain any longer a feeling of anger and almost of contempt. "Ought a servant of Christ to be so delicate," he exclaimed, "as to be frightened at warfare." This blow touched Calvin. The thought of preferring ease to his Savior's service frightened him. His conscience was troubled. He became greatly agitated. But still his modesty held him back. "I beg of you," he said to Farel, "to have pity on me." But Farel, seeing that urging did not succeed, then goes to threatening. He reminded Calvin how the Lord once dealt with a case similar to his own. "Jonah also," he said, "wanted to flee from the presence of the Lord, but the Lord cast him into the sea." Calvin became still more deeply agitated. Farel's heart was hot within

him. Finally, lifting his hand to heaven, Farel said, "In the name of Almighty God I declare that, if you do not answer the summons, He will not bless your plans." And then, fixing his eyes of fire on the young man, and placing his hands on the head of his victim, he, with a voice of thunder, cried out: "May God curse your repose, may God curse your studies, if in such a great necessity you withdraw and refuse to give us help and support."

Calvin at these words shook and trembled in every limb. God was calling him, as He had called the prophets of old. The call of Calvin was like Paul's call outside of Damascus. He bowed his head. He gave up his life. He stayed at Geneva, and became the great reformer of that city. For two years he preached; and then was driven out because his rules were too strict for the citizens. But after three years of absence, they were glad to call him back again. He remained in Geneva for twenty-five years, until his death. Through his efforts Geneva became a model city of the sixteenth century. Men in our age may smile at the strictness of Calvin. There is, however, no doubt but that under his rule the city became a Utopia, an earthly paradise.

One Sabbath morning my companion who is a light sleeper, wakes me up very early. As our hotel faces the river Rhone looking eastward, we have a grand view of Mount Blanc, forty miles away, whose snow-capped peak rises far above the distant hill. I follow him to the window of my room. The sun has not yet risen, but above Mt. Blanc is a cloud, colored yellow and red by the sun below the horizon. This cloud burns in the early morning just like a live coal from off the altar of God; until finally it seems to burn itself away. While below it Mt. Blanc reflects its colors until its whiteness is changed into a delicate pink and then a rosy hue. Finally the sun rises over the mountain, and floods the earth with golden light.

Such a sunrise there was at Geneva in Calvin's day. The light of the new day of the Reformation was dawning—a day that made Geneva under Calvin the wonder of the world.

Just south of Geneva the waters of the Rhone and of the Arve rivers come together. The Rhone's waters from the still lake are as clear as liquid crystal. The Arve's waters, coming from the glaciers and snows, are muddy and turbid. It is a very interesting sight to see the waters of

these two rivers meet and mingle. At first they seem to flow side by side, then they seem to quarrel and repulse each other. But by and by they mingle, a little of the clear Rhone with a little of the yellow Arve, until by and by the two flow as one river. And so, although Calvin made Geneva as pure as the waters of the Rhone that flowed through it, yet there was a wonderful substratum of wickedness held in check while he was living, which revealed itself after his death. A century passed away, and Geneva had forgotten Calvin. Voltaire and Rosseau were the leaders of Geneva, and their names are synonymous with infidelity.

In the centre of the Rhone river is an island called Rosseau's isle. Voltaire's tomb is found in a little village just outside of Geneva. Where Calvinism once reigned, rationalism and infidelity now hold sway. Even the church of Geneva is no longer orthodox, although there are orthodox pastors in it. The Genevese have degenerated into a pleasure-loving people. But how short-lived have been the boasts of these infidels. Voltaire said he was living in the twilight of Christianity, and that our religion would soon be dead. What has been true? The very press that

Voltaire used to print his infidel books, has been used to print the Bible that he hated. And Voltaire's house is now used as repository of the Bible Society. He said that the circulation of the Bible would cease; but now there is a Bible sent forth every time the clock ticks.

Still such was the influence of Voltaire, that religion degenerated to a very low ebb. The Church and ministers were largely given to rationalism. But by and by, as always happens, there came a reaction, and there was a revival of religion at Geneva. Robert Haldane, an Englishman, who settled at Geneva about the beginning of this century, became deeply impressed with the godlessness around him; and he invited the theological students of Geneva to his house to conferences on religion. As a result, ten or twelve of these students were converted. Among them was Felix Neff, one of the most consecrated men of our age, who laid down his life to preach to the Swiss who lived away up in the Alps, and who had no religious influences around them. Another, most famous of his converts, was Merle D'Aubigne, the author of the History of the Reformation. Their conversion produced a stir in the rationalistic Semi-

nary. So the Church authorities required the students to sign a contract, binding them not to preach the evangelical doctrines. This some would not do; so they separated from the Church and founded the Free Church of Geneva, which now numbers about 700 members; but which has exerted a marked influence on that canton, and also a wide influence on France and Belgium, as well as on Switzerland.

Another of Haldane's converts was Cæsar Malan, who exerted a great influence for vital piety wherever he went. We really owe one of our most famous English hymns to the inspiration of this man. He was visiting London, and one evening he asked the daughter of his host whether she was a Christian. She resented the question. He said he did not want to press the subject, but he would nevertheless continue to pray for her. She went on in her pleasures, but she was not at rest. Finally she came to him, saying, "I have been miserable for three days. What must I do to be saved?" He pointed her to the Lamb of God. "What," she said, "I, a sinful creature, come to the Lamb of God." "Yes," he answered, "God wants you to come, *just as you are.*" Charlotte Elliott went home,

knelt beside her chair, and asked God to take her just as she was. Reaching to the chair, which stood by the bed, she took a piece of paper and pencil, and under the holy influences of her conversion, wrote the hymn:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

O, how lasting are the results of religious work. Let me just pause to gather up the succession. Haldane's brother was converted at sea in a naval battle. His conversion led to the conversion of his brother Robert, who went to Geneva. Robert held these meetings at which Neff, D'Aubigne and Malan were converted. Malan is the instrument of Charlotte Elliot's conversion. She wrote the hymn, "Just as I am." And God alone knows how many conversions this famous hymn has produced. Who can measure the influence or the end of a single conversion to Christ?

What a contrast, the blessed influence of these devoted Christians with that of Voltaire. There are two graves at Geneva—the one of Voltaire,

the other of Calvin. But how different their deaths. Voltaire's death was so dreadful that his physician withdrew in terror, and the nurse said afterward that she would never on any account witness the death of another infidel like him.

How opposite was Calvin's death. He gathered the ministers around his bed, and spoke to them words of cheer and hope. His last days were spent in prayer. And one evening, at sunset, his soul went to its rest. But its sunset here was the sunrise of an eternal day in heaven. "How blest the righteous when he dies." How glorious the Christian's hope. A visit to Geneva with such memories is an inspiration and a blessing.

CHAPTER V.

Basle.

Let us now go from southern to northern Switzerland. Geneva is situated on the shores of the quiet lake of Geneva. Basle is located on the banks of the rapid Rhine. Basle is an old town, having been founded by the Romans as a camp. Situated, as it is, near the junction of three lands, France, Germany and Switzerland, it has grown during the centuries to a large and wealthy city of 45,000 inhabitants. Down to 1798 the clocks of Basle went an hour in advance of those in other parts of Europe. This singular custom was the result of a tradition. It is said that on one occasion there was a conspiracy to deliver the town to the enemy at midnight. But it was defeated by the clock striking one, instead of twelve. In commemoration of this, they always kept their clocks one hour too fast.

Here I had another of my pleasant experiences of Swiss kindness. On one of my visits to it I happened to have an old gentlemen as

a companion in my car. Finding he was from Basle, I asked him a few questions. I had only an hour to stay, and as I wanted to get some photographs, I asked him whether there was a good photographer near the railway station. When the train arrived, he with great kindness waited at the station until I was hurried through the custom house. And that was not enough. When I went with him out of the door of the station, there was his carriage and his coachman in livery with a fine pair of horses. He insisted on my entering the carriage with him. I said to him, "This is too kind." But he insisted, and I took my seat with him. He ordered his coachman to take me to the photographer's. When I came out of the photographer's, there was the carriage still waiting. And his coachman then drove me back to the station. How beautiful such an act of unselfish kindness to a stranger like myself. But the Swiss seem to have warm hearts for the Americans, for we are both citizens of republics. I have, however, on this visit an experience quite the opposite from that. I was told there is a famous picture of Zwingli painted by Holbein, the great painter of Basle and of the Reformed Church. So

I start to find it. I enter a picture store. The owner knows nothing about it. I go to another store. The owner shows me a picture which I buy as Zwingli's portrait by Holbein. But I want to see the original. I am sent to a photographer to see it. He in turn sends me somewhere else to a private family. My search is in vain. At length, disheartened, I come back to the picture store where I bought the portrait of Zwingli; and the owner comforts me by telling me that the picture I bought of him is not Zwingli, but Erasmus. Then I want him to take it back. But he will not do it. So all my time and money is spent in buying the wrong picture which I do not want.

I also try to find the house of Calvin, where he wrote his celebrated Institutes, the most famous theology ever written. I go to an antiquarian. He sends me to another. Finally one tells me that Prof. Stahelin, who lives away over the river in Little Basle, will know where the house is. I start over there, although the weather is oppressively hot. Finally, after walking a mile in the hot sun at noon-day, I find him; but I also find, after all my search, that Calvin's house has been torn down, and that all I got out of my

search was a long and hot walk. Such are some of the tribulations and disappointments of the traveller who studies history. But one can smile at them after they are over.

As I am thus searching through the streets of the city, I come to a quaint old church. Let us look through the grating at the door into its interior. I look at my guide-book and find it is the church of St. Martin. This church at once becomes very interesting; for to it Zwingli came at the age of eighteen as schoolmaster in its school. It was while teaching here, that he came to a crisis in his life. He met Thomas Wittenbach, a teacher of Greek, who introduced him to the study of the New Testament. He urged Zwingli to read the Scriptures. And Zwingli read them so faithfully that he could quote whole books of the New Testament. Wittenbach implanted into the young man's heart the thought that afterwards became the key-note of his faith and preaching; namely, that the Church does not save men, but that it is the ransom of Christ that saves. This meeting with Wittenbach settled Zwingli's future. It prepared him to break from Rome. And his study of the Bible made him the Reformer he afterwards became.

But the most imposing building at Basle is the old cathedral. It is one of the finest Protestant churches in Europe; certainly one of the finest in the Reformed Church. It is built of deep red sandstone; and, with its two towers in front and its elaborate architecture, it presents an imposing appearance. Its interior is large, and yet homelike. The cloisters that adjoin it are interesting; for they were the favorite resort of Erasmus, the oracle of Germany and the pet of the sixteenth century, who lived at Basle, and who translated the New Testament.

Back of the church is a museum, where they show a most curious picture called the Dance of Death. This painting consists of forty-two scenes, each representing death as coming to various persons in different occupations of life. Death is represented by a spectral, rather a grotesque, figure. Indeed he has almost a festive appearance, as he seems to leap about those whom he is leading away hence. So the picture is called "The Dance of Death." He comes to the pope in one picture, to the king in another, to the queen in another, to the cook, to the farmer, to the blind, to the cripple; and all are equally unwilling to go with him. The expression on

all their faces is most woe-begone, as they find they must follow him.

This painting is unusually severe on the Pope and the bishops of the Catholic Church, as it represents them as among the most unwilling to die. It has, therefore, been supposed to have been painted by some one with Protestant sympathies, and has been referred to Holbein. But it was painted fifty years before him. The painter may have had in mind the plague or black death, which was sometimes called the death of Basle, and prevailed in the fourteenth century. This picture may represent how death came to different classes of men at that time.

But the most interesting character in connection with the cathedral and with the city is Ecolampadius. He was the mild and gentle saint of the Reformation, one of its most beautiful characters. He had not the impetuosity of Luther or Zwingli; but he also had not the vacillating character of Melanchthon. He was firm in his convictions, but gentle and winning in his way of stating them. He was, with Zwingli, the twin Reformer of our Church. When a boy, he had been disgusted by the profanity and immorality of the priests. He, how-

ever, entered a monastery as a refuge for his soul. But he soon after left it, saying, as he did it, "I have lost the monk, but found the Christian." He preached at first in the small St. Martin's church at Basle, and his sermons were very earnest and made a deep impression on the people hungering for the word of God.

While he was quietly preaching there, Wm. Farel, whom we learned about at Geneva and who was the fiery reformer of the Alps, came to Basle. Farel announced a disputation in 1524. This disputation caused great excitement in the city. Meanwhile Ecolampadius kept on quietly preaching the evangelical doctrines. Ecolampadius was afterwards appointed preacher of the great cathedral. He gradually introduced one reform after another, while his earnest preaching of the gospel made him many friends.

Finally matters came to a crisis in 1529. Some of the Protestants entered the St. Martin's church, and broke in pieces the altars and images. This led to an uproar between the Protestants and the Catholics. Most of the Catholic party were from Little Basle, which lay across the Rhine. And there had always been a sort

of rivalry between the old city and this Little Basle across the river. The various guilds of the city almost came to arms against each other. Finally the Protestant party gained the victory, and the city council and the university became Reformed. Ecolampadius was made the successor of the bishop of Basle, and many of the Catholics moved across the river to Little Basle. And Basle has ever since been Reformed. Ecolampadius was the guardian angel of the Reformation through all these difficult movements. His wise, but kind and firm spirit led them through the Red Sea of their dangers to dry land again. Basle became the seat of a famous Reformed university with a large number of students. This university has at present within it a large theological seminary, numbering 105 students and seven professors, of whom Professor Riggenbach in Dogmatics, and Professor Orelli in Old Testament, are the most famous.

But one of the most intesting places in Basle to the Christian traveller is the Basle Mission House. Europe has its mission societies as well as America, and we can learn some lessons from their methods of work. There are several mission societies in Switzerland. The one is com-

posed of the Reformed Free Churches of Southern or French Switzerland, called the Mission Romande. There are also two small missionary societies, one at Glarus, the other at St. Chrischona. But this mission at Basle is the largest and oldest of the European Foreign Missionary Societies. It is located just outside of one of the old Roman gates of the city. In a large plot of ground, shaded with trees, stands a long four-story building. This is the Mission House.

This mission has an interesting history. It was founded as a thank offering to God for saving the city of Basle from bombardment. In the year 1815 Basle was in imminent danger of being bombarded. A pious minister during the threatened bombardment held his missionary meeting as usual. At its close a young man presented himself as a candidate for a missionary. It had been their custom to send their candidates to Berlin for preparation for missions. But the war prevented this. So they were compelled to educate these candidates at Basle; and from this grew this mission house. At the meeting of its board of directors, held about six months after, one of them suggested that the city of Basle should, out of gratitude to God for

its deliverance from bombardment, contribute to the spread of God's kingdom throughout the world. The mission house at once began receiving students and money from Switzerland and neighboring Wurtemberg in Germany. It began work in Russia in 1821, but afterwards was compelled to withdraw. Now it has missionaries in four fields—in East India, China, the Gold Coast and the Cameroons in Africa. It now has 44 stations, 89 ordained laborers, 9,497 communicants and 7,486 pupils in its schools. It has the largest receipts in money of any mission societies in Europe, receiving 200,000 dollars annually (one writer says 260,000 dollars).

This Mission House differs in its training from our custom of training missionaries in the United States. It does not require a missionary to take a college course before it sends him abroad, as do most of our missionary societies. And it is industrial as well as educational. It receives young men from their trades and makes them work a certain number of hours at their trade in the institution. Indeed, if they have no trade, they are expected to learn either book-binding, printing, carpentering, or blacksmithing. If, for in-

stance, a young man, proficient in some trade, enters the institution, he is taken on trial for a year; and then for five years more he pursues the usual course of studies. When they are through, they are sent out to the mission field, and are expected to largely support themselves by their trade. Indeed, by it they have enriched the mission itself. Thus for instance, in 1884, in Mangelese, where they taught the natives weaving, their weaving establishments produced 45,000 yards of cloth in that year; and in Cananore, 100,000 yards of cloth. The simple-hearted piety of the students, their thoughtfulness of each other and their perfect resignation to God's will in sending them out whithersoever he would, is very remarkable. Their devotional meetings are very soul-stirring, and the visitor comes away with an inspiration.

I am shown through the Mission House by a young German who expects to come to America as a home missionary. He takes me through the various rooms. I find their Missionary Museum especially interesting. It is a novelty to me, as we have almost nothing of the kind in America. This museum contains articles sent home by the missionaries. There are heathen idols and hea-

then implements of war; also household utensils and the curious dresses of the natives in their mission fields. I find a series of rude pictures descriptive of their missionary life, drawn by one of the missionaries. These are very interesting.

I come away from Basle, feeling that the Lord has much people in the city. Of the churches, about half of the pastors are evangelical. The evangelical influence has always been strong. But heterodoxy is making sad inroads, owing to the unfortunate union of the State with the Church. O, that some new Ecolampadius would arise; O, that some new Zwingli of the nineteenth century would come, to dispel the darkness of rationalism to-day, as they had driven away the darkness of Romanism in the sixteenth century.

CHAPTER VI.

Strasburg.

A ride through the flat plain down the upper Rhine brings me to Strasburg. Long before the city is reached, the tall spire of its cathedral can be seen, rising like a gigantic needle out of the flat plain that surrounds the city. But it seems as if we will never get into the city. The railway winds around the city, until at last the train rushes through strong fortifications and enters within the walls; for the city is magnificently fortified. The Germans have made it almost impregnable by increasing the fortifications. And so all trains, no matter from what direction they come, must enter the city at one gate only. The city contains about 100,000 inhabitants, and is the headquarters of the fifteenth corps of the German army. Strasburg was originally a German city, but was wrested from Germany by France two hundred years ago. Only in 1870 it was restored to Germany, after the Franco-Prussian war. The city is, therefore, largely French, and its sympathies

are entirely with the French. Only a strong army prevents it from going back to France.

Strasburg is a quaint old-fashioned city. The long steep roofs of its houses, with their gable ends pointing to the streets, give it this appearance. And to complete the picture, on the high chimney of many of the houses is a stork's nest, with perhaps one of these white birds sitting on the nest, or standing on one leg, while it rests itself. These storks look like white watchmen perched on the roof; and while the German soldiers watch the city without, these birds of peace watch over the city within as the silent sentinels. The people treat them very kindly, and consider it an omen of good luck if a stork makes a nest on their house. The birds go south before the winter, but return in the spring, and return, it is said, to the same nest year after year.

As we go into the city, it seems we see nothing but soldiers. The magnificent soldiers of the German empire are represented here by one of their best corps. In the streets, at the restaurants, everywhere, one is continually meeting them. As we walk through the street, the peculiar dress of the women also strikes our notice. Many of them, especially the country women, wear the Alsatian

head-dress, whose bows look not unlike Japanese kites, whose wings are flapping on their heads as they walk. They look not unlike variegated bats resting on the heads of the ladies. The storks made their nests on the houses, but these Alsatian bows are like birds' nests on the heads and hair of the people.

It happened that my companion, Rev. Mr. Hoyt, was wearing an English helmet hat. This style of hat was a novelty to those Germans. Indeed, in Italy, when all three of us wore these hats, they were such a novelty that when the people half a square off caught sight of us, they would begin to smile; and as they passed us they would laugh; and when they got behind us, they would burst out into a loud ha-ha. One of the gentlemen was so glad to get rid of his helmet-hat that he used it for a lunch basket one day, and then left it behind him on the train.

Now the helmet-hat of my companion must have struck the fancy of these three women of Strasburg, for they stopped stock still on the other side of the street to gaze at him. He had been annoyed before by the people looking at his hat; so he was rather nettled by their gaze and stood stock still, too; while he looked at the Al-

satian head-dresses of these three women, which were as strange to him as his hat was to them. I watched with interest to see what would be the outcome of this effort to outlook each other. Finally the women evidently were satisfied, for they turned away. My companion then also turned around to me and (referring to their fashions) said: "Well, if they can stand it, I can."

The next day was Sunday. I had heard a great deal about the church singing of the German people, so I determine to hear a congregation sing. The porter of the hotel tells me there is a large Lutheran church near the hotel, so we start for it. When we arrive at it, the door is shut; but we gently push it open, and suddenly find ourselves in the midst of people kneeling on the floor around us. I said: "This must be a Catholic church," for there was also a scent of incense in the air. Walking carefully among the kneeling worshippers, so as to see whether we had made a mistake or not, we got sight of a priest at the altar performing the Romish ceremonies. Then we knew that we had gotten into a Catholic church, and we hasten back to the hotel. I said to the porter, "You told us that that was a Lutheran church, but it is a

Catholic church." "Oh," he said, "it is a Lutheran church, but you got into the wrong end of the building." The church was a very large building, erected before the reformation; and was then divided by a wall—the Lutherans worshipping in one end of the building, and the Catholics in the other. And we had gotten to the Catholic end of the building. So we start out again to find the service. But by this time it has gotten late, and as we come to the door of the church, we can hear that the minister is preaching. We will try and slip in quietly, so as not to disturb the service. But alas for us again, we make quite a sensation; for when we go in the door, we find we have by mistake gotten on the women's side of the church (for in Germany the sexes sit separate), and the women around us turn their heads to see what strange interlopers have come into their part of the church. The best we can do is to sit down quietly and wait until the end of the sermon, and then go to the men's side, which we do afterwards. After the sermon, a German hymn is sung with German heartiness, and the congregation is dismissed. The next day we visit a beautiful monument to Marshal Saxe in the St. Thomas' church.

The great building of Strasburg is the cathedral. It towers high above all the other buildings of the city, and is the one conspicuous object of the town, and it is interesting as it is imposing. It is an immense structure, covering probably a whole square of ground, according to our American calculation. Its spire is 465 feet high, being one of the highest in Europe. It is a weary climb up to the platform on the roof of the church, 200 feet above the ground. But there is a fine view over the wedge-shaped roofs of the city, with storks as their watchers, and out over the flat plain to the Rhine, two miles distant. Here one gets a fine conception of the immense earthen fortifications that surround the city. The interior of the church is also imposing. Its nave is 99 feet high and several hundred feet long.

The most interesting object in the cathedral is the famous Strasburg clock. This is a piece of wonderful mechanism. It is, I suppose, 40 to 50 feet high. Its machinery is the growth of centuries of improvement. It was begun in 1352, and the last improvement to it was made in 1842. At noon every day it goes through quite a performance, which is attended by a large crowd. I suppose there are about a hundred people present to

watch it. When noon arrives, the figure of death strikes the hour. Around him are grouped figures representing boyhood, youth, manhood and old age. A genius at his side turns the hour glass. In a higher niche the twelve apostles move round the figure of the Saviour who lifts his hands to bless them. On the top of the side tower of the clock a rooster flaps his wings, stretches his neck and crows three times, so that the echoes can be heard all through the vast building. The clock is wonderful in its machinery, but the most wonderful part of it is, that it can regulate and adapt itself to the seasons for an almost unlimited number of years.

Leaving the clock, as I stroll through the immense edifice, I hear a sound. It seems like the croaking of the frogs, such as I used to hear in my boyhood days in a pond near my home in Reading. It sounds so strange in a church that I conclude to investigate it. As I listen, I find it proceeds from a chapel on the other side of the church, the chapel of St. Lawrence. The croaking of the frogs turns out to be the droning of the priests, as they repeat parrot-fashion their morning service. They go through it in a perfunctory, drawling way, which, as it re-echoed through the building, sounded so very strangely to me.

And here we come to a very interesting fact in history. This great cathedral of Strasburg, now a Catholic church, was once a Protestant cathedral; yes, it once had Reformed preaching in it. For here it was that Matthew Zell, one of the preachers of the cathedral, began preaching the evangelical faith in 1521, by expounding the Epistle to the Romans. He began preaching thus in this very chapel of St. Lawrence, in which I heard the droning of the priests. This small chapel soon became too small for his audiences, so he began to preach in the great auditorium of the Cathedral. But as the bishop would not allow him to preach such doctrine from the great pulpit of the Cathedral, the carpenters of the neighboring street made a portable wooden pulpit for him, which was taken out as soon as he was done preaching. But he had large congregations to hear his earnest sermon.

When Martin Bucer, the great Reformer of Strasburg, came, Zell, whose house was an asylum for persecuted Protestants, received him into his home. He also loaned Bucer his wooden pulpit, so that he could preach in the Cathedral. One day, when Bucer was preaching in the St.

Lawrence chapel (for this chapel was the birthplace of the reformation in Strasburg), the monks went into the choir of the church and began singing their services; thus trying to drown his voice in preaching. Bucer's hearers became enraged at this interruption, and, after expostulating with the monks, were about ejecting them from the choir. A riot was threatened, when the city authorities appeared. This brought matters to a crisis, for both parties were brought before the city council. It, however, decided in favor of the Evangelicals, and Bucer was then called to the St. Aurelian church.

It happened that the tomb of St. Aurelian in that church was famous for the cures it wrought. But Bucer preached so strongly against this superstition that the saint's body was taken out of the church, and Protestant worship introduced.

Bucer inclined more and more toward Zwingli's views, and away from Luther's; so that at the Marburg conference he sided with Zwingli. Both Ecolampadius and Zwingli stayed twelve days at Strasburg on their way to Marburg, and Zwingli preached with great acceptance to large crowds, perhaps in this Cathedral. Strasburg also became a refuge for the persecuted Protestants.

Calvin, the great reformer of France, came here in 1538, as pastor of a church of French Reformed refugees numbering 1500. When he came, he preached first in the church of the Dominicans. But afterwards the church of St. Nicholas, near the Ill river, was given to his French congregation for worship. Under his wise management and strict church discipline, his church became a model church for piety and activity. Calvin's visit to Strasburg may have saved Germany from going back to the Catholic Church; as Melanchthon was very vacillating at that time, and needed Calvin to stiffen and brace him up.

Calvin found a wife for himself at Strasburg in Idellette De Bure. But he went back to Geneva, and Bucer left for England, and a new leader appeared in Strasburg in Marbach. He introduced strict Lutheranism into the churches, against the protests of Sturm, the rector of the Reformed High School, and of Zanchius, professor of theology there.

The first discussion about predestination after the Reformation took place at that time at Strasburg. But Zanchius left and Sturm died; and Strasburg, after being mainly Reformed for 60

years, drove out the Reformed as heretics; so that thay had to go to Wolfisheim to worship. (The site of Wolfisheim is now occupied by Fort Prince Bismark.) And for two hundred years no Reformed worship was permitted in Strasburg, until 1789.

For one hundred years after the driving out of the Reformed, the cathedral was Lutheran; and then, when King Louis the XIV. conquered Strasburg, it became Catholic, as it is to-day. As a result of these political changes, the Reformed church of Strasburg and of Alsace-Lorraine, to which it belongs, was for two hundred years under the French government and a part of the Huguenot Church of France. Only lately has this Church become a part of Germany. As a result of their sufferings from the Catholic power of France, they are the more devotedly attached to the Reformed Church and customs. The Evangelical or United Church of Germany is trying hard to get them to join it, but as yet without success.

This Reformed denomination of Alsace-Lorraine numbers about 50,000 members. Its government is by consistories. The Reformed congregation at Strasburg numbers nearly a thou-

sand members, of which Rev. Mr. Piepenbring is pastor. There is a large university at Strasburg, which has in it a professor of Reformed theology. This chair is now occupied by Prof. Alfred E. Krause.

There is a beautiful story told in connection with this university about Yung Stilling, one of the best devotional writers of the Reformed Church of Germany. He was very poor when he started for this university. He had only forty-six dollars with which to begin a course that would cost him a thousand. But, though poor in money, he was rich in faith. When he arrived at Strasburg, he had but a dollar left. As he walked the street, he met a gentleman, who asked him what he was doing there. He answered that he was there to study medicine. "Where do you get the money from?" the gentleman asked. "I have a rich father in heaven," was his answer. The gentleman looked steadily at him and asked him, "How much money have you now?" "One dollar." "Well, I am one of the Lord's stewards," he said, and he gave him thirty-three dollars. Stilling, with tears in his eyes, says, "I am now rich enough; I want no more." By and by his thirty-three dollars

were all gone. But he prayed the more earnestly. Just then his room-mate said to him: "Stilling, I believe you did not bring much money with you," and he offered him thirty dollars in gold. Some time after that he had to pay his lecturer's fee or have his name struck from the list. The whole day before this came due, was spent in prayer. The last moment had almost arrived. He was in agony. His faith began to fail. His face was wet with tears. Just then there was a knock at the door. It was the gentleman who rented him his room. He said he had called to ask how Stilling liked the room. But he then asked Stilling whether he had any money. Stilling had to confess that he had none. Then he answered: "Here is forty dollars for you." After his departure, Stilling threw himself on the floor, thanked God with tears, and paid his fee. What led these people to give him this money? It was his prayer to God and faith in God that brought these blessings, for he was a man of God.

These are some of the scenes associated with Strasburg. The city is to-day an artificial Gibraltar prepared for war. But over and above it the tall needle-like spire of the cathedral rises,

pointing to heaven. Some day these fortifications will be razed to the ground. But that steeple will ever point men to heaven. May that day return when this great cathedral shall not be given to monks and forms, but to the purity of the gospel, as in centuries past.

CHAPTER VII.

Heidelberg.

Heidelberg is the Mecca of the German Reformed. It is the most picturesque city in Germany, as well as most interesting historically! It lies in a little narrow valley between steep hills, and stretches its winding length along the little river Neckar. Above the city, perched like an eagle's nest on the hill side, is the quaint old castle, the grandest ruin in Germany; its red sandstone towers hung with nature's drapery of ivy. Underneath the castle, almost like chickens huddled under the mother's wing, are the houses of the town gathered at the foot of the castle, so as to be under its shadow and protection.

Of the present city we shall have more to say in the next chapter. In this we propose to speak of the Heidelberg of the past. Heidelberg is full of history. Every place in it has historic significance. The traveller is continually reminded of the past. In a quiet, secluded

nook in the mountains southeast of the town is a spring, called the Wolfspring, which takes one back to Roman times. Here in the days of the Roman empire, the enchantress Jetta was killed, in spite of her enchantments, by the wolf. And Prof. Hausrath, of the University of Heidelberg, has written an interesting novel about her, entitled "Jetta's death at the Wolfspring."

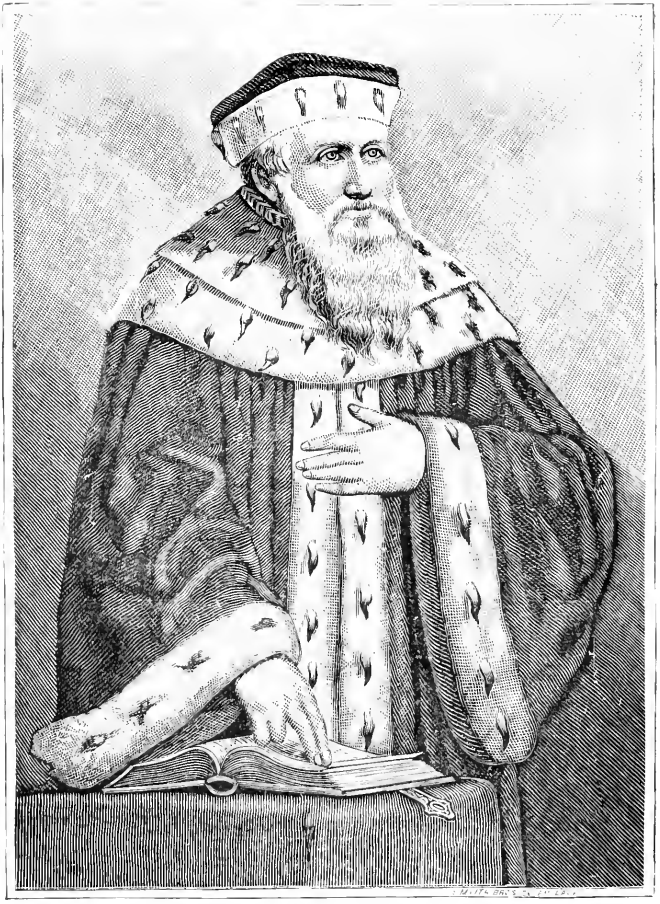
The town originally consisted of a collection of fishers' and sailors' huts along the river, while the nobleman's castle was perched half a mile away, up in the mountain at the Molkencur. But the houses of the fishermen grew up toward the hill, while the prince brought his castle further down the mountain; so castle and village were finally united into the present city. The most interesting building, next to the castle, is the Church of the Holy Ghost, situated right in the centre of the town, at the market place. It is a fine Gothic church, erected at the beginning of the fifteenth century. Around this church almost all the religious history of Heidelberg clusters. There is another old church nearer the mountain, called the St. Peter's church, which was the court church, while this was the people's church. But the Holy Ghost church being the larger, was the centre of religious life.

Heidelberg was for many centuries the capital of the prince of the Palatinate, whose territory surrounded the city. (As that princely family died out, it is now included in Baden.) The Elector of the Palatinate was really prime minister to the Emperor of Germany—his leading noble. If the Emperor died, he it was who acted as Emperor until another was elected. As the Emperor was a Catholic, and the Elector was kept so near to him, Heidelberg remained Catholic until long after the beginning of the Reformation. Jerome of Prague, co-laborer of John Huss, as early as 1406 had nailed theses on the door of St. Peter's church. But as the university declared him a heretic, no one heard his disputation, except "the farmers and old women." But he scattered gospel seeds. Luther, too, visited Heidelberg in 1518, and made an address in the Augustinian cloister (which stood where the University Place now is). His eloquent defence of the doctrine of justification by faith caused a great sensation at the time. But the city and its ruler still remained Catholic for forty years longer. However, as the people around Heidelberg were becoming Protestant, the city began to feel its influence. And Protest-

antism burst out suddenly in the city. For on the Sabbath before Christmas, 1545, as the priest at the altar was about celebrating mass, the people began to sing a Protestant hymn. Congregational singing was something new in a Catholic church. But the people on that day sung the victory song of the Reformation, the hymn by Paul Speratus: "Es ist das Heil uns kommen her." Rendered into English, the first verse reads thus:

"Salvation hath come down to us,
Of freest grace and love;
Works cannot stand before God's law,
A broken reed they prove.
Faith looks to Jesus Christ alone,
He must for all our sins atone,
He is our one Redeemer."

This hymn is not the highest kind of poetry. It is formal and sounds like the Augsburg confession put into rhyme. But this single hymn opened cities to the Reformation. Luther is said to have given his last coin to a beggar, from whom he heard it for the first time. After this outburst of popular feeling, Elector Frederick II. permitted them to have their church service in German, instead of Latin; and also allowed



ELECTOR FREDERICK III.

the priests to marry. So Protestantism was allowed. But it was not fully introduced until under the reign of the next prince, Otto Henry, who was an ardent Protestant. He was a learned, pious prince. He re-arranged the university; said he would endow it, if it took his last dollar; called new professors, among them the famous Olympia Morata, one of the most gifted women of her day, whose tomb is in St. Peter's church. She was a beautiful Christian, who, in dying, left as her last legacy: "I distinctly behold a place filled with ineffable light."

Otto Henry was fond of art and architecture. He built an addition to the old castle, called the Otto Henry Building, which is the finest part of the castle, and one of the finest specimens of Renaissance architecture in Germany. He was an enlightened prince, whose life was cut short by death.

His successor was Elector Frederick III., one of the most pious princes of that age of pious princes—the Reformation. When he came to the throne, he found the clergy sadly divided. Some were conservative in their reforms, others were progressive. Hesshuss was the leader of the former, Klebitz the leader of the latter.

Matters came to a crisis one Sabbath morning at communion, in the Church of the Holy Ghost. For Hesshus tried to take the cup from Klebitz, because he claimed that a heretic had no right to administer the communion. Finally the Elector, wearied of the strife, ordered two of his theologians, whom he had recently called to Heidelberg, to prepare for him a catechism. The Elector evidently was wearied at the bigotry of the conservatives like Hesshuss, who was a very arrogant man ; for he appointed two men who were Calvinists to compose this catechism. Olevianus was a student of Calvin, and Ursinus a student of Peter Martyr. They composed the Heidelberg Catechism, one of the most honored symbols of the Protestant Church. And Frederick gathered his ministers to his castle to a synod (or his superintendents to Kaiserlautern), and they approved it. His catechism was received with joy by the people, although attacked by theologians outside of his territory. He was compelled to defend it at Augsburg before the Emperor, but afterwards he was permitted to use it.

For thirteen years the Reformed Church ruled the Palatinate, and then the good Elector Fred-

erick died, rejoicing in Christian hope. His son Lewis was an intense Lutheran. He put Olevianus under house-arrest, forbade the Reformed from preaching and drove them out. They went to Neustadt, west of Heidelberg, where Prince Casimir, the brother of Lewis, who was Reformed, gave them an asylum. But seven years later Lewis died, and the Reformed faith was again introduced into Heidelberg. The Holy Ghost and St. Peter's churches, which had been made Lutheran, were restored to the Reformed. Elector Frederick IV., the new Elector, was a progressive prince. Before this day the royal chapel in the castle had been the plain, unsightly building called the Bandhaus. In it Olevianus had preached. But he now built a fine wing to the castle, facing northward, on which are the statues of all the Electors before his time. In this is a castle chapel in which he used to worship. He became the great leader of the Reformed princes of Germany, and organized the Protestant Union, which prepared the way for the Thirty Years' War. His son, Frederick V., ascended the throne when little more than a lad. He married the daughter of the King of England, the beautiful princess Elizabeth. His wedding trip from

England up the Rhine was like a triumphal procession. That his bride might live in comfort, he built for her the western end of the castle, with its large tower, and its fine view over the town and the Rhine valley beyond. He also had the castle ground laid out and beautified with grottoes, arbors, terraces and fountains, so that they were the wonder of the age. They were so beautiful that King Louis XIV. of France was jealous lest they outrivaled his parks at Versailles.

But Frederick was too young for the responsibilities of his position. And when the throne of Bohemia was offered him, he rashly accepted it. For it inveigled him into a war which made him lose his crown and his capital at Heidelberg.

Then began for Heidelberg an era of sorrows. In 1622 Tilly, the Austrian general, the butcher of the Thirty Years' War, captured the city. The sufferings of the people were terrible, as his cruel soldiers plundered the city. But the greatest loss was the removal of the celebrated Palatinate library from Heidelberg to Rome, where it now is in the Vatican palace of the Pope. The people felt the disgrace of the loss of this library so much that the Austrians could not get any one in the city to pack it up to be sent

away; so they had to get packers from other places to do it. What the citizens of Heidelberg suffered during that war, is difficult to describe. The city dwindled, the country went to waste, wild animals increased so much around Heidelberg that it was unsafe to go through the woods unarmed, because of the wolves. The Reformed people of the city had to suffer a good deal of persecution.

Tilly brought in the Jesuits again and drove out the Reformed ministers. After the Thirty Years' War, Heidelberg had rest for forty years, and then came the more terrible wars under Louis XIV. of France. The daughter of the Elector having married the brother of King Louis XIV., he laid claim to the territory. Louis gave orders to devastate the Palatinate. Lizzie Lotte, his sister-in-law, almost wept out her eyes for her beloved Palatinate, but could not stay his cruel hand. French troops attacked Heidelberg in 1688. In 1689, before the French troops under General Melac, the French Attilla, left Heidelberg, they blew up the castle (which was left a magnificent ruin), and they proceeded to burn the city. The city continued suffering until 1693, when the soldiers drove the people

whom they met in the streets into the Holy Ghost church, locked them in and then proceeded to set fire to the steeple of the church. The imprisoned people, says a writer, uttered cries enough to melt a stone. But the soldiers kept the people there until the burning steeple had fallen over on the houses, and the roof was in flames, and the bell began to melt. Then they left the affrighted people out. In the crush quite a number in the church were killed or injured.

Directly opposite the Holy Ghost church is the Ritterhaus, or the house of the knights. This house is a beautiful specimen of the Renaissance architecture, like the Otto Henry building at the castle. It was planned by a French architect, who fled to Heidelberg and built it in 1592. This house, though the fires of 1693 blazed around it, was not burned in either of the conflagrations of the city, and is still standing, a very interesting relic.

During all these years the Reformed people had to undergo great persecutions. As the ruling prince then was a Catholic, they had to bear much suffering for their faith. The Heidelberg catechism was forbidden, because its eightieth

question called the mass an accursed idolatry. Indeed, the use of the Reformed churches was taken away from them, and this church of the Holy Ghost was closed to them.

In 1719, the Reformed having had their churches in the city shut against them, as they dared not worship in the city, were compelled to go to a little village across the Neckar, called Monchhof, and there worship in the open air. This Monchhof was already a historic place in Protestantism, for Luther stayed there when he came to Heidelberg in 1518. There, too, the Reformed two centuries later worshipped amid storm and persecution, rather than give up their faith and worship.

But Reformed princes took up their cause and threatened to retaliate on the Catholics by closing up some of their churches, unless this prince would restore the church of the Holy Ghost to the Reformed. The king of England threatened to do this, and the king of Prussia was on the point of closing the Catholic churches at Minden and Halberstadt, when finally the Elector restored this church to the Reformed.

These are a few of the persecutions that our Reformed ancestors had to bear. Such historic

memories as these make Heidelberg deeply interesting to us. But enough for the Heidelberg of the past. Let us visit the Heidelberg of the present.

CHAPTER VIII.

Heidelberg (Continued).

The Heidelberg of to-day, how different from the Heidelberg of three centuries ago! The fortifications that once made Heidelberg a walled town, have all been taken away. The once well-nigh impregnable castle is in ruins, and the once war-like city lies peacefully in the narrow valley beside the Neckar river; while forests and vineyards cover the hill-sides around. The railroad station where the traveller lands, is at the extreme western part of the town, where the little Neckar valley spreads out into the broad plain of the Rhine. From the station I take a hotel coach and am driven through the Anlage, with its fine residences to my left and the forests of the hill to my right. After passing the St. Peter's church, our coach begins to ascend the mountain-side by a steep road winding up along the hill-side. Finally, the coach has attained a height of 330 feet above the valley below, and it enters the road through the park back of the

castle. Ascending this road, we finally arrive at the Schloss or Castle Hotel. This is *the* hotel of Heidelberg, with the best of accommodations, and commanding an unrivalled view over the valley and over the castle. Indeed, the view is so fine that I can not stay in the hotel, but I rush to the parapet in front of the hotel. Below me is the Neckar, below me is the town, below me is the castle, below me is everything, except the mountains around. One seems to be suspended in mid-air.

Here I spend several days in an earthly paradise, with such scenery and memories around me. It is only a short walk to the castle. The winding path leads through shady groves. The trees in the park around the castle are so thick with foliage that neither rain nor sunlight can easily pass through them. In the park back of the castle is a restaurant. A band is playing, and one can enjoy the concert. Finally I come to the rear gate of the castle, which leads from the mountain into the castle. I enter and find myself in an open square surrounded by ancient buildings. These reveal various styles of architecture, and were evidently erected at various times. The Elector Rudolph I., about the year

1300, finding his castle, a little higher up the hill at the Molkencur, too small for him, determined to move his castle down to this present site, and he it was who erected the oldest of these buildings. His successors added building after building, until finally Otto Henry in his day added the crown of the castle, the famous Otto Henry building, which is the finest specimen of the Renaissance. It rises in three stories, richly ornamented and sculptured. In the niches are statues of Joshua, Samson, Hercules, David, Saturn and Mars, thus curiously intermingling Biblical and Classical characters. Allegorical figures of Strength, Justice, Faith, Charity and Hope also adorn the wall. If this building is so beautiful in its ruins, how must it have appeared when new and complete? On the north side of the castle is the building of Frederick, which contains the new chapel, and beneath which is the famous tun of Heidelberg, an immense cask holding 49,000 gallons. It is now, however, as every such cask ought to be, empty. At the western end of the castle is the beautiful English building erected by Frederick V. for his English bride (the present Queen Victoria is a descendent of the intermarriage of

this Palatinate family with the royal line of England).

After a climb through various parts of the castle, up stairs and down stairs, now in the cellar, now on top of a tower, now inside of rooms, now out in the open air amid the ruins, I enter the castle museum. Here is a collection of portraits of princes and princesses, and various other antiquities. The benignant face of Frederick III. beams down on us, while Casimir, his son, stands before us in warrior's guise. The beautiful English princess Elizabeth and other famous women are there in portrait. Many other interesting relics of Heidelberg's former greatness are gathered here. But the most interesting to me is the early edition of the Heidelberg catechism in 1563. I asked the young man who had charge of the museum, about this catechism. He said nobody but Americans seemed to show much interest in the catechism. The people of Heidelberg had, alas, forgotten their Heidelberg catechism. But he was very kind to me. Seeing I was intensely interested in the book, he tried to open the case to get it out. Finally he pried it open with a screw driver, and took the precious relic out and permitted me to handle

it. I examined it and found it did not contain the 80th question of the catechism. It was printed in 1563, and bore the Palatinate coat of arms in its front. Near it, in a case, are medallion portraits of Olevianus and Ursinus, the authors of the catechism.

After the examination of this museum, I go out into the park around the castle. I happen to have a novel entitled "Heidelberg," by Henry James, the American novelist. It describes in vivid colors the destruction of Heidelberg castle at the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. I finish reading it while sitting in the park. My interest in it becomes so intense that I do not see that the sun has set, and the twilight has come. Finally, after the full moon had come out, I finish the book, and with my mind filled with weird scenes of the fall of the castle, I walk through the castle again. It does not take a very vivid imagination for me to people the castle with faces of the past, nor would I have been very greatly surprised if some of the shadowy forms of the past had come out of the arches and niches as I pass through the castle. As I look from the parapet in front of the castle, the moon is bathing the city and river and plain

with her silvery light, and the castle has attained a weirdness and beauty to me as never before.

The next day I go through the leafy park down to the town. It is an old-fashioned place of 25,000 inhabitants, with narrow streets and fine houses. It is a cross between a rural and a university town. I want to see the far-famed university, so at last I find the university to be a very unpretentious building, not nearly so fine as many of the college buildings in our own land. But they put their money into brains, not into bricks, as we often do. As I want to see the Aula or hall where the disputations are usually held, I have to face the secretary of the faculty. But I find this august individual very obliging. The Aula is a rectangular room with two rows of benches on each side near the wall, and a platform at the upper end.

I also visit the excellent library of the university, where its librarian, Dr. Jacob Wille, aided me greatly. Then I hear that they have a cat in the university. Having always been a great friend of the feline race, I am anxious to see what kind of a cat so great a university would honor. I discover that the cat is the

prison of the university. Why it is called the cat, I am sure I can not understand. Perhaps it is meant for men that scratch and bite. At any rate, the university authorities can there imprison any of the students for their offences. I find it consists of two bare rooms, in one of which is a rude pallet or bed; and on the wall are a number of caricatures by various prisoners, some of them so poor that I should think they ought to be put in prison, if for nothing else, for making such daubs. Although it is vacation time, I find there is one student in prison, and he, strange to say, is a theological student. This does not argue well for the future ministers, if theological students must be up to such pranks.

After leaving the university, as I walk along the street, I am continually meeting students, who are easily recognized by the low jaunty caps they wear. Every one carries a cane and a cigar, and many are followed by a dog. As far as outward appearances go, the chief aim of the Heidelberg student seems to be to drink beer and fight college duels. Most people try to make themselves look as beautiful as possible, even if they have to resort to paint. But the

Heidelberg student tries to make himself as ugly as possible; for he will fight a duel, just so that his face may be cut, and hacked and sliced.

Across the Neckar river, running along the hillside, is a fine carriage road called the Philosopher's Way. We do not know where their philosophies end, but we do know that this Philosopher's Way stops at its upper end near a house in which the students fight their duels. The students of the different societies challenge each other, and they must fight it out. Each takes a small sword, and they proceed to cut, and slash and thrust to their hearts' content, according to the latest approved methods of modern barbarism. A doctor is always at hand to render assistance, and a number of students are also there to watch the brutal scene. It is not a bull-fight, as in Spain; it is worse, it is a man-fight. After the one or the other has come out victorious, then the doctor binds up the wounds in their faces. But the nerviest of them have been known to tear open the wounds, so that the scars might be larger. For they consider it an honor to bear a scar in the face. As a result, I am continually meeting students whose faces are either bound up with plasters, or bear the

purple scars of wounds received in these duels. The German universities will never command the respect of the world, until they purge themselves from such relics of barbarism like this.

But here we come to the church of the Holy Ghost, the cathedral church of the city. The church stands in the large market place or open square, in the centre of the city. It is not often that you see a church hung with old clothes. But there are a number of stores around its walls, many of which have dry goods and clothing for sale; so that business and religion seem to meet on the walls of this church. The church is divided into two parts by a wall. The small part, or the choir, has been given to the Old Catholics, while the Protestants worship in the nave of the church. This middle wall which separates the Catholics and the Protestants, has an interesting history. After the city had been captured by Louis XIV., there was issued an edict in 1698, by which 240 Protestant churches in the Palatinate were given to the Catholics, to be used in common with the Protestants. This made trouble. For the Catholics were aggressive and selfish. The result was that the Catholics soon gained the exclusive control of many

of these churches, among them this Holy Ghost church, which was closed to the Reformed. But Protestant princes took up the cause of the persecuted Reformed, and threatened to shut the Catholics out of churches in their lands; so the matter was compromised by building a wall in the Holy Ghost church, and giving part of the church to the Catholics and part to the Reformed. This wall was built in 1705, and was taken down in 1886 on the occasion of the 500th anniversary of the University. The church is now used by both Protestants and Old Catholics. But as the Old Catholics of Heidelberg are not Roman Catholics, and are almost Protestants, there is not so much difference. (The Old Catholic minister lately became a Protestant.)

On Sunday morning I attend service at this ancient church. The interior of the building is very plain, but it is large and roomy. A fair congregation is present. The minister preaches on the anointing of Christ by the woman. It is a very ordinary sermon, with not much gospel in it. The minister is evidently rationalistic. But I am comforted when I hear the people sing the German hymn: "Jesus nimmt die Suender an." (Christ receiveth sinful men.)

This hymn is sung both before and after the sermon, and there is more gospel in the hymn than in the sermon. For it is a very sad fact that although Heidelberg in the sixteenth century was the seat of gospel light and influence, which led to the publication of our Heidelberg catechism, to-day it is the seat of heterodoxy and religious indifference. There is not a single distinctly evangelical preacher in any of the pulpits of the city.

All the ministers of the city churches are rationalistic. About forty years ago there came to Heidelberg a Professor Schenkel. Although elected as a Reformed professor, he soon began attacking the evangelical faith, and carried the university with him. Heidelberg has since become noted as the seat of liberalism. And as these professors preach in the city pulpits, they filled the town with their views. But as they filled the town, they emptied their churches. A great part of the population do not attend church. The only place where there is evangelical preaching, is in a city mission, a little unpretending chapel on a side street.

Several years ago, when in Heidelberg, I went to this city mission and found on Sunday after-

noon a few faithful people gathered there to a prayer meeting. So now again, after four years' absence, I hunt up that city missionary, in order to see how the Christian work in Heidelberg is going. For from him I learn the religious pulse of the community. I find that he is no longer a missionary, but that as the work has enlarged, he has gone into another branch of Christian activity.

There is a form of religious activity in Germany unknown in our land. It is the opening of homes or lodging-places for the young men. There are in Germany thousands of young men who are "Burschen" or apprentices learning their trades. They are expected to spend several years in travelling through the country perfecting themselves in their trade, supporting themselves all the while by odd jobs that fall in their way. Now it is evident that these young men, being away from the restraints of home, would have a great many temptations. The only places where they could get cheap boarding, would often be a tavern with a beer garden attached, so that their scanty earnings often went for beer; or they were exposed to the worse temptations of immorality. The Christian

people of Germany, realizing the temptations that gathered around these young men, have begun to open Christian lodging-places, where they can get board at a very low rate, and yet be protected from temptation and be surrounded by Christian influences. The result has been most successful and beneficial. Many of the cities have these homes, and they are becoming the centres of religious life and activity to the places in which they are located.

The city missionary of Heidelberg has given up his former position, and is now house-father of this Home for young men. Although it has been opened only three months, yet they have an average of 70 or 80 young men, who lodge there every night. They pay from 5 to 12 cents a night for lodging. The house-father has family worship with them every night, and the Young Men's Christian Association find an open door and a successful field in these homes.

The house-father gave me a very interesting description of the way in which evangelical religion again entered Heidelberg. After the arrival of Prof. Schenkel in 1851, church-life and activity became dead. But there were still a few faithful Christians left, who prayed and

longed for some one to come and give them the evangelical gospel. They sent petitions to the government asking that one of the ministers appointed to their city might be evangelical; but they were refused. Then they offered to bear the expense of such a minister, so that the city would need to pay nothing for his services. But even this was refused. Everything looked dark to these faithful saints. Finally, Prof. Frommel, a professor in the gymnasium, began holding services in his own house. It happened that the queen of Sweden (the Swedish royal family is among the most pious in Europe) was staying at Heidelberg. She attended these services regularly. This gave prominence to the meetings and the movement. Finally, as their quarters became too small for the increasing audiences, they bought the chapel, in which they now worship, on Plock street, and called a city missionary to preach to them. When he first came, the citizens, and especially the clergy, turned a cold shoulder to him. But he called on each of the ministers, and told them he had come, not to interfere with their work, but to help them as far as possible, and to supplement their work, when they had not time to do it. If they had

any extra work, like visiting the sick or seeking the lost, he would be glad to do it for them. He, however, never heard from them afterward. He went about his work. By and by he was called into the hospital to visit and pray with some sick people there. His visits gave such pleasure to the sick that they asked him to preach for them ; and as the city clergy never took time to come and preach for these sufferers, he did so. Finally the city clergy brought complaints against him, that he had no right to do this, and that he was interfering with their labors. So he stopped. But the sick people begged so hard for some religious privileges, that the city council finally allowed him to preach there. This opened a wide door of influence to him, as it brought him in contact with the careless population of Heidelberg.

This evangelical work in Heidelberg has been slowly but steadily growing. There is now an attendance of 300 to 400 at the mission. They are allowed to have the Lord's Supper in their chapel. On almost every night in the week there is a meeting of some kind in the city mission. The young men's lodging house and the city mission are closely linked together, so that

young men of the home are urged to attend it. There is now the beginning of a Young Men's Christian Association in Heidelberg, numbering forty-three members, some of them, I am glad to say, being students. The Sunday school of the mission numbers from 300 to 500 scholars. Like our American Sunday schools, it reaches its highest attendance about Christmas time. All these agencies are but beginnings of greater things in Heidelberg. The missionary says that the outlook is hopeful for the regeneration of the city, but the clergy are as dead as ever.

It is a sad fact that Zurich, the city of Zwingli; Geneva, the city of Calvin; and Heidelberg, the city of our catechism, are at present so largely given over to rationalistic influences. In the days of the Reformation their danger was Romanism; to-day it is rationalism. Does not our Church, which received its gospel from these cities, owe them a debt of gratitude? She could show it in no better way than by aiding the earnest efforts of the Christian people there, as they struggle in the face of many difficulties to reclaim the cities to Christ.

Heidelberg is beautiful for situation in men's eyes—a garden, a paradise. But in God's eyes

it is a waste. O that some new Olevianus or Ursinus would arise, to bring back the gospel of Christ, and make the desert and solitary place to blossom as the rose.

CHAPTER IX.

The Palatinate.

While Heidelberg, the capital, is the most interesting place in the Palatinate, yet a number of towns around Heidelberg are also of great interest. Let us visit some of them. My first visit is to Neustadt. This is a town of about 10,000 inhabitants, situated in the beautiful district of the Haardt mountains, west of the Rhine. It lies in a broad valley, surrounded by sloping, green, woody hills. On these hills are here and there seen the picturesque ruins of many castles, which were destroyed when Louis XIV. sent his ravaging hordes to devastate the Palatinate.

But Neustadt has a special charm to the Reformed. To this little country town among the hills came the Reformed of Heidelberg in 1578. When the Lutheran Elector Lewis drove out the Reformed, his brother Casimir, who had been their defender, received them into his little province of Neustadt. The Reformed professors of Heidelberg University, like Ursinus, Zan-

chius and Tossanus, came to Neustadt and established a Reformed university there, which they named the Casimirium, after Prince Casimir. In its second year it had already eclipsed the old university of Heidelberg. Students filled its streets, many of them from distant lands, who were brought hither by the fame of Ursinus. And this little quiet country town was not only the religious centre of the Reformed, but it was also the political centre. For Prince Casimir was then the leader of the Reformed in offsetting the plans of the High Lutherans to introduce the Formula of Concord. There were seen at Neustadt not only students and professors, but ambassadors from France, England and Poland were also there, to concert the best measures to protect and disseminate the Reformed faith through Europe. This university continued in full bloom for six years, until in 1583 Elector Lewis died and Casimir went back to Heidelberg to introduce the Reformed faith there, and Neustadt relapsed into its former quietness again.

I visited Neustadt in 1884, and as I had only an hour and twenty minutes to stay, I hastened from the station to the city church. Finding an

obliging bookseller opposite the church, I ask him if the Casimirium is still standing. "Oh, yes," he says, "here is a picture of it as it appears to-day." I hastened along a little street, and there, beside a water-course, at the corner of a street, stands a little building, in which Ursinus taught. This is the only relic I could find of Ursinus. The other places in his life have been either lost or destroyed. I walked reverently into the little door and into the school-rooms (the building is now used as a school), and tried to picture the scene when sage professors and busy students crowded its halls.

Then over to the old city church, which contains the tomb of Ursinus, I went. Ursinus, after a life spent in study and teaching, died here on March 6, 1583. Over the door of his room were these words: "Friend, whosoever you may be, when you come to me, make the matter short, or leave soon, or assist me at my work." This was good advice to intruders. His busy life sometimes inclined him to melancholy and overwork. His Sapienz College at Heidelberg, where he prepared students for the ministry, became "his tread-mill," as he says. The various adversities of his life deeply affected

him. But finally God called him from his asylum in Neustadt to the new city above, the heavenly Jerusalem, to rest from his labors. He died in the full assurance of faith, the doctrine he so beautifully emphasizes in the Heidelberg Catechism. He was a modern Thomas A. Kempis, a man of books and prayer. I understand there is this inscription to his memory on his tomb at Neustadt: "A great theologian, a victor over the errors concerning the person of Christ and the Lord's Supper, peculiarly gifted with mighty words and a mighty pen, a keen-sighted philosopher, a wise man, a mighty teacher of the youth." I asked the sexton of the church where his tomb was to be found. But the sexton seemed as ignorant as sextons often are. I carefully examine the tombs in the floor, which contain inscriptions to the dead. But the church was dark and many of the tombs were covered by the benches, so I finally gave it up. The fact is, the church was so often ravaged by the French, and also washed by freshets, that the old monuments were destroyed or effaced. So I go into the choir, for the church, like the church of the Holy Ghost at Heidelberg, has a division wall in it, separating the choir from the main part of

the church. The choir is given to the Catholics and the nave to the Protestants. So I enter the choir, where Ursinus is said to have been buried. But I could find no inscription to his memory. The tawdry ornaments of the Catholic altar illy suited the place where their opponent Ursinus was buried. So after enjoying the quaint old church, but failing to find his tomb, I bid farewell to this shrine of Ursinus.

Another interesting and yet an almost unknown place in the Palatinate is the Abbey of Maulbron in Germany, south of Heidelberg. Here there was a great disputation in 1564 between the Lutherans of Wurtemberg and the Reformed of Heidelberg about our Heidelberg catechism. Ursinus and Olevianus were the leaders in defending our catechism. They debated for six days, and when these were ended, they were as far apart as ever before, both sides claiming the victory. I conclude to make a pilgrimage to this Protestant abbey. After a railroad ride for two hours, I find myself at the station of Maulbron.

But where is the Abbey? I am landed at a station out in the woods. I might as well be out on the prairies of our far west as here.

There is no building but the station and the stable of the German post-office. I ask how far it is to the Abbey. About a mile. As my time was limited, that is little comfort; for I do not know how to get there and back in time for the next train. Besides, it is raining hard, and my waterproof and overshoes I have left at Heidelberg. As for walking through the high grass and forest in such a rain, it is out of the question. Must I sit at this station for two hours until the next train comes along to take me away? The outlook is doleful. My next thought is to get a carriage. But the reply is that there is no carriage to be had for miles. Can I get a horse? They send over to the German post, to find out whether they would loan me a horse. But the German post-office is a vast machine moved by red tape; and no one, especially an American, could hire one of their horses.

In despair I am about settling down to a two hours' penance in this backwoods station, when a pleasant gentleman, seeing my predicament, steps up to me and says: "I think the rain will stop in a few minutes. The sky is brightening now. If you will wait a few moments, I will walk with you to Maulbron over a fine road,

and there we can get you a carriage to bring you back." I gladly accept the kind invitation, and find him to be the attorney of the little country town of Maulbron. He is very obliging and very well informed; so that the long walk to the Abbey is not tiresome, because whiled away with such pleasant conversation. The road was a fine one, and it soon led out of the woods into an open farming country, until after a three-quarters of an hour's walk we arrived at Maulbron. My first duty on arriving there is to get a carriage to take me away. There are only two taverns in the little town where carriages can be had. I go to the first, but am refused, because (great is Germany for beer) they say the horses are all away, taking beer to Bretten. I turn anxiously to the other tavern for a carriage. Finally the lady says that I can have a carriage, if I will pay the price, which is rather high. Remembering the extortionate charges of American hackmen, I ask her somewhat anxiously the price. You can imagine my surprise, when she said that the whole bill for a ride of six miles (or double that for my driver) would be seventy-five cents. I willingly agree to such extortion; for in the country dis-

tricts of Germany living and travelling are very cheap. Having arranged to get away to Bretten, in time to meet an express train which does not stop at Maulbron, I now turn to examine the Abbey.

The whole building is a surprise. What a large, capacious abbey this is. It is not a single building, but it has a whole village included within its walls. It contains twenty or twenty-five buildings of various sizes, besides the large abbey church and its cloisters. It covers many acres of ground; and the wonder is that so capacious an abbey has not attracted more attention from travellers. But then perhaps most travellers had the same difficulty in getting there that I have had. No wonder the princes and the clergy liked to come here and have disputations, for it is large enough to house and feed a thousand men. At one time a fort as well as an abbey, it is now used as a training school for the Lutheran clergy of Wurtemberg. I enter the old doorway and find myself surrounded by buildings. The old sexton, who looks almost as antiquated as the abbey, opens the church door with the key. I try to impress on him the fact that I want especially to see everything connected with the

conference of 1564 about the Heidelberg catechism. He says he will show me all. But, alas for the ignorance of church sextons in Germany, as well as in America, I very nearly miss just what I came to see. The front of the church is very plain and old. It was begun in the twelfth century, and its interior contains some fine wood carving. From the church he takes me to the cloisters. They are very capacious and large; some of them were refectories, where the monks used to spend their time in eating, drinking and making merry. He shows me a large room (one of the refectories), where the conference of 1564 took place; and I, in blissful ignorance, believe him.

Then he leads me out of the cloisters to a tower in the abbey garden, called the Faust tower. This tower was not built in memory of Faust, the inventor of printing, but it was the place where the other Faust sold himself to the devil. The story is a typical one. Having mastered all the secret sciences, and become dissatisfied with the shallowness of all knowledge, Faust made a bargain with Satan that the devil was to serve him for twenty-four years, and then Faust's soul would be delivered to him for eternal damnation.

Faust revelled in all sorts of sensual enjoyments, the devil catering new joys to him. As the end of the twenty-four years approached, Faust tried to seek salvation from the priests, but they fled from him as a reprobate—a Judas sold to the devil. Finally, the tradition has it, one midnight amid the howling storm, unearthly sounds came from his tower, and the next morning his room was found empty and his corpse mangled in a most horrible manner. It is only a tradition, but there is a good deal of truth in it. How many men, like him, have sold themselves to the devil, to rue their bargain in vain.

But I am hearing a good deal about Faust and Satan from my guide, and nothing about Olevianus and Ursinus, who defended the Reformed doctrines here. I am more interested in them than in his Satanic majesty. So I leave the abbey and am about taking my carriage, when I suddenly discover in my guidebook that the sexton has shown me the wrong room in the abbey as the place where the conference of 1564 took place. I have not a moment to loose, but I must see it before I get away. I hasten back to the abbey and hurry the sexton away from supper, and make him take me to the upper room in the

cloister used in Winter as the church. He hastens to show me a plain upper room, seating about two hundred persons. Here the conference of 1564 took place. I then hurry away to my carriage, only to find after I had left Maulbron, that I have missed another interesting relic of that disputation through the sexton's ignorance. My guidebook tells me that the two baldachines or pulpit coverings under which Olevianus and Ursinus spoke, are in the church, and I had missed seeing them. But it is now too late to go back.

The whole afternoon has been a comedy of errors to me. Faust's was a tragedy, but mine a comedy, as I went from one difficulty to another, from one mistake to another. But it is a rare treat to visit so large and interesting an abbey. And I rode away to Bretten for an express train, only to get unexpectedly at Bretten a sight of Melanchthon's statue in that town; for the great reformer was born there.

Neustadt and Maulbron are a few of the many interesting places of the Palatinate around Heidelberg. There are many others, as Kaiserlautern, and Manheim, and Zweibruecken.* But we forbear and hasten down the Rhine to Frankford.

* Where my ancestors came from.

CHAPTER X.

Frankford.

One of the largest cities of western Germany is Frankford. It spreads itself over a flat plain along the Main river. It was a free city, and, like free cities, it became wealthy. It was for centuries the seat of the German Diet, and therefore a sort of capital to Germany. Here most of the German emperors were chosen; and the "Roemer-Hall," or hall of the Romans, was the place where the emperors were elected.

Frankford is noted for its fine streets and buildings. The Art Institute contains famous and beautiful paintings. A beautiful palm garden brings the equator to our northern zone. Frankford is also famous for its Jews, or rather its Jews have made Frankford famous. The Jews were allowed to settle here, although other cities and lands drove them out. But down to 1806 the Jewish quarter was closed every evening and on Sundays. Still, although the Jews were kept under lock and key, they flourished, and

the famous Rothschild family has made Frankford and its Jews famous the world over.

The story of the rise of this family is interesting. Maier Anselm Rothschild was the son of a poor Jewish family. He, however, opened a banking-house at Frankford. One day General Estorff, who noticed Rothschild's financial genius, recommended him to the Landgrave of Hesse. When he arrived, that prince was about being badly beaten at chess by the general. "Do you understand chess?" asked the Landgrave. "Yes, your highness." "Then step up and look at my game." Rothschild did so and suggested moves that made the Landgrave win. That game of chess settled his future. He who had managed the game of chess was appointed to manage the Landgrave's fortune. It happened that the Elector fled from Napoleon in 1806. But before leaving, he deposited with Rothschild five millions of dollars for safe keeping, to be preserved for him in his time of danger. The Rothschilds so judiciously invested this that it became the basis of their colossal fortune. His sons became the heads of leading houses in the capitals of Europe, and the family is now worth so many millions that they virtually rule the commercial world. There used

to be a conundrum current in Europe. "What is the difference between ancient and modern times?" The answer was that in ancient times all the Jews had one king; in modern times all the kings have one Jew. It is said that none of the great empires can go to war unless the Rothschilds are willing to lend them the money. They are, therefore, the uncrowned kings of Europe. And the Rothschilds owe their present greatness to the honesty of their ancestor, to whom the Landgrave of Hesse entrusted his money without any security. Honesty is always the best policy for Jews and Gentiles alike.

There are many other attractions at Frankford, among them monuments to Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, and to Goethe. But the most interesting building is the Roemer Hall. It is situated on an open square or market place, in which up to the end of the last century no Jew was allowed to appear. The Roemer Hall is a Gothic structure, with lofty gables and pointed doorways. In it is the Saloon of the Emperors, a large hall decorated with the portraits of the emperors from Charlemagne down to Ferdinand III. Next to this hall is a room decorated in red, called the election room, where the Electors, the

leading princes of Germany, elected their emperor.

But this Roemer Hall is interesting not merely for its political, but for its religious history. Frankford is intimately connected with the religious history of Germany, and on more than one occasion this Roemer Hall figures in it. The Reformation was introduced into Frankford early. As early as the conference at Marburg in 1529, between Luther and Zwingli, a number of the Frankford ministers, like Melander and Ibach, inclined to Zwingli rather than to Luther. By and by Reformed refugees from Holland, France and England arrived, as early as 1554. The Lutherans of Frankford at first gladly received them, and gave them two churches in which to worship—the White Lady and All Saints churches. The English party soon became involved in a controversy between high church and low church, the prophecy of the future controversies that have racked the Church of England for centuries. John Knox was pastor of this English church for a while, but soon resigned. After Knox had left, another of the great leaders of the Reformed Church came to Frankford to take charge of the Dutch Church,

John A. Lasco. But Westphal in Hamburg began thundering out denunciations against Lasco as a heretic, and warning the Lutherans of Frankford against him. So there grew up a good deal of opposition to Lasco and the Reformed. And Calvin came all the way from Geneva to try and heal the difficulty, so that the Lutherans would allow the Reformed to remain. While here, Calvin, the uncrowned king of theology, addressed an assembly of ministers in this Roemer Hall. He was "the noblest Roman of them all." Lasco soon left and the Reformed were soon after compelled to leave, in 1572. Quite a number of them went to the neighboring province of Hanau, whose prince was Reformed, where they built a new part of the city, also a church and a gymnasium. Others of them went to Bockenheim in Hesse to attend church.

In 1661 those who still lived in Frankford gained permission to build a Reformed church just outside of the gate of the city, but even this was burned down. Finally the Reformed were allowed to build churches again in Frankford, but on condition that these churches would have no steeples and would look like ordinary houses, so as not to attract passers-by into them.

The result of this was that in seeking the German Reformed church on Sunday morning, I walk past it, because its exterior does not look at all like a church. Its services are impressive and profitable. Rev. Dr. Ehlers, the pastor, ascends the pulpit, and after a hymn and Scripture reading and prayer, preaches a plain, practical sermon on "hungering and thirsting after righteousness." I shall not soon forget the singing of the chorals by the boys in the gallery, whose sweet voices lead the praises of the congregation. As I am leaving the church, a tall gentleman who looks like a Westerner from our prairies, asks me whether I am not an American. (It is strange how Americans know each other in every part of the world.) When I answer that I am, he says he was born in Germany, but left that land in 1848 for America. He has now gone back to see the little country town in which he was born. "But," says he, "it is the saddest pilgrimage I ever made. All the old people that I knew, have died off; and the young people whom I knew, have grown up and forgotten me. I came away with a heavy heart, to seek a sister in Frankford." As he tells me of the

changes that have taken place since he left, I can not help thinking of the lines:

> "Change and decay in all around I see,
> O Thou that changest not, abide with me."

Just north of Frankford is a very interesting colony of Reformed people. They are descendants of French refugees driven out of France in 1689. A railroad up the hills leads to the beautiful watering place of Homberg, whose medicinal waters lure 11,000 visitors to it every summer. Its Kurhaus is beautifully situated, facing the pleasure grounds, in which are the springs. The castle of the Landgrave of Hesse Homberg is situated in the upper end of the town. It is an antiquated castle, the most prominent building being the White Tower, which is 188 feet high; and rising as it does above the trees of the magnificent parks around Homberg, it commands a fine view southward toward Frankford. Country towns and villages dot the hillsides of the Taunus range, and to one of them we bend our way—to the town of Friedrichsdorf. It is a ride of two hours over smooth roads, often shaded on both sides by overhanging trees.

The history of this colony at Friedrichsdorf

is very interesting; and it is at present one of the most unique places in Europe. When King Louis XIV. of France revoked the Edict of Nantes, about a half a million of Frenchmen left their homes and land, rather than give up their Reformed faith. Of these, 60,000 found a home in Germany. Prominent German princes, like the Elector of Brandenburg and others, opened their lands as asylums to them. As Frankford was so near the French border, that city received and aided more than a hundred thousand refugees, who traveled through it. Now among the princes who opened their hearts and lands to these refugees, was the Landgrave of Hesse Homberg, whose capital is at Homberg. Although possessed of a small land, he was a large-hearted and kind prince. He received several hundred of these refugees into his land and assigned them to two villages, one of which was Friedrichsdorf. Nor did his liberality end there. They not merely received their land, but they were also exempted from taxes for ten years, and were allowed to manage their own colony, elect their own mayor, pastor and schoolteacher. The result has been that, although this colony was founded two hundred years ago,

it is still French to this day. Although surrounded by Germans, it has not intermingled or intermarried with them. It is a bit of France right in the heart of Germany. The sexton who shows me the French church of the village, still speaks French. He takes me to their church, which, like the French churches, is called a temple. With its plain communion table in front of the pulpit, and its bare seats and floors, it reminds one of the Protestant churches of France.

These French colonists clung to their customs through hundreds of years. Although educated in the schools of Germany, they still remained French. Indeed, it is a question whether you will find in all France a colony like this one. In France the language has changed during the past 200 years. New words and new phrases have come into use; the dialect has changed. It would be impossible to find in France a town that still speaks the French of the time of Louis XIV. But what cannot be found in France, is found in Germany. These people of Friedrichsdorf speak the French of 200 years ago. This colony is a literary puzzle, an ethnological curiosity. And yet while they are French in lan-

guage and custom, they are German in sympathy. They entered loyally the German army and fought against the land that drove out their fathers. Indeed, it is significant that eighty of the guard of Emperor William when he entered Paris, were descendants of the Huguenots, whose fathers had been driven out of France. The German Emperor has no more loyal subjects than these Frenchmen, whose ancestors his forefather befriended. And while France has been devastated by war and revolution during the past two centuries, these colonists have lived peaceably. The Reformed faith, for which they left their land, they have been privileged to enjoy here. The colony now numbers 1,200 souls, but is gradually becoming German.

CHAPTER XI.

Bavaria.

Southern Germany is mainly Catholic, northern Germany mainly Protestant. But there are a few places in Catholic Bavaria interesting to the Reformed. So before going northward from Frankford, we will pause to visit them. After a long ride on a rainy day, Rev. Dr. Bomberger and myself arrived on Saturday evening at the city of Augsburg.

Augsburg is one of the oldest of the German cities, dating back to the Roman times. It used to be the principal centre of trade between Europe and the East, before the passage around the Cape of Good Hope was discovered. And the Fuggers, merchant princes, owned vessels in all known seas before the days of the Reformation. Augsburg is still a large and wealthy city of 50,000 people.

The next morning is Sabbath. The German churches begin service early, generally at 8 or 9 o'clock, A. M. My companion says they

begin so early because they want to get religion over for the day and go out to the parks. My own impression is that the early hour of service is a relic of Catholic days, when they had mass early, before breakfast. We start out for church. We have difficulty in finding it, as the houses are built close up around it and the entrance is a side door on a side street. It is a Lutheran church. The minister is performing the altar service at a distant part of the room, and then, preceeded by the sexton, he walks to the pulpit. There is a large congregation, but the sermon is poor, and the service formal.

Coming out of the church, we find the stores open on the main streets. Alas for the Sabbath in Europe. It is no longer a holy day, but it has degenerated into a holiday. We notice a crowd in the street and go to see what has drawn them together. We find it is a chicken and rabbit market, and this on Sunday. As we pass by there later in the day, we find a large crowd gathered, and a band playing at a street concert. They do not know the blessings of the American Sabbath. In the morning, the more piously inclined go to church. But by dinner time worship and business are over; all

go visiting or to the parks; and the latter half of the day is given to social dissipation. From such a Sabbath may the good Lord deliver us in America. And yet these foreigners who are coming to our shores, are bringing it with them. In the western part of the United States there is no Sabbath. The papers, railroads, base ball clubs, theatres are in full blast on Sunday. There will be a coming eclipse of our Sabbath, unless we stop this tendency to Sabbath breaking that is coming in on us like a flood. Far better would it be for us to show the stiff, sturdy stuff of that native of Belgium who had been converted from Catholicism to Protestantism, and who, when urged by his employer to work on Sunday, answered: "I am yours during the week, but on Sunday I belong to God alone."

But I am wandering from Augsburg to America. After the service is over, we pass the old Episcopal palace of Augsburg, where the bishop of the Catholic Church still lives. This palace has a very interesting history. It is of interest to all Lutherans the world over, for here Melancthon laid before the Emperor of Germany, in 1530, the famous Augsburg Confession, the symbol of the Lutheran Church. That diet of

German princes in 1530 was a famous one. The pope had fulminated a bull against Luther. And now it was a question whether the Emperor would carry out that bull and put Luther to death. But the Protestants were very bold. Before the Emperor arrived at the city, Landgrave Philip of Hesse opened the Catholic cathedral and had his Protestant minister preach there. Many of the people were inclined to Zwingli rather than to Luther. Cellarius, a Zwinglian, preached in the cathedral. But when the Emperor arrived, he stopped these manifestations of Protestantism. Then Melanchthon presented the Augsburg Confession to the Emperor as a statement of Lutheran doctrines. The Emperor was not a theologian, and so, like some people in our Churches, he went to sleep while this confession was read to him. The Zwinglians or Reformed, finding that they were not allowed to sign this Augsburg Confession, presented a confession of their own called the 'tetrapolitana,' or the confession of the four cities, because four cities signed it. This was the first Reformed confession of Germany.

In 1555, twenty-five years later, the Protestants had the control of the German Diet at

Augsburg and wrung, from the unwilling Emperor, the right for Lutherans to exist in Germany. In 1566, eleven years later, Frederick III. of the Palatinate wrung from the Emperor the right of the Reformed to exist in Germany. This was a great event for our Church. The Emperor and the German princes held that Frederick had violated the law of the Empire by the publication of his Heidelberg Catechism. They combined against him, and so threatened to strangle our Reformed faith in its cradle. Frederick's defense was memorable. It marked an epoch in our history. When the Emperor summoned him to come into the council of the Diet, he came, followed by his son Casimir, the latter bearing the Bible. And in a defense as eloquent as it was brave, Frederick revealed himself as a theologian as well as a prince, an orator as well as an Elector. The Emperor may have gone to sleep when Melanchthon read his Augsburg Confession, but Frederick woke him up by his defense. Frederick declared he was willing to give up his Heidelberg Catechism, if it were shown to be contrary to the Bible. And as for leaving Lutheranism (as they charged), he had signed the Augsburg Confession as a sign of his

adherance to it. But if it were necessary, he would be willing to die for his catechism and his faith. His eloquence and firmness astonished the Diet. It saved the Reformed Church in Germany, for the Diet tacitly allowed the use of the Heidelberg Catechism, and so also this allowed the Reformed to exist there as well as the Lutherans. Frederick's defence at Augsburg is on a par with Luther's defense at Worms. The remark of a hostile prince after his defense reveals the effect of his address. "Why trouble ye this man? He is more pious than all of us." Frederick's was a noble defence by a nobleman.

Another place in Southern Germany well worth a visit is Erlangen. This place is interesting, because to it a colony of French refugees fled in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The Margrave of Brandenburg-Baireuth, Christian Ernst, was a Lutheran; but the influence of his near relative, the Elector of Brandenburg, who had received these refugees, led him to open his land to them. A thousand refugees arrived. The people of the town refused to have these strangers among them, especially as they did not have the same faith as theirs. So the Reformed for their faith would have been cast out by the

people, if it had not been for the friendship of the ruler. He ordered them to build up the southern end of Erlangen. The result was that these industrious colonists soon made that part of Erlangen the most beautiful part. The French colonists became wealthy and influential. And when the Palatinate was devastated by Louis XIV., Christian Ernst again threw open his land to the Reformed refugees, who came in number about three hundred. These Palatines were Germans, and so there were two Reformed congregations in Erlangen, a French and a German. They worshipped together at first, but finally separated. So there are now two churches there, a French church with 340, and a German church with 236 members. The pastor of the French church has been Prof. Ebrard, one of the leading theologians of the Reformed Church. Erlangen is the seat of a large university of which Prof. Frank is the leading theologian (after Dorner, the leading theologian in Germany). In this university Prof. Ebrard was a professor, one of the few Reformed professors in Germany.

Dr. Ebrard was a typical Huguenot. He was born in 1818 at Erlangen, where his father was pastor. After a course of studies at Erlangen

and Berlin, he was called to the University of Zurich, because he had so boldly attacked Straus' "Life of Christ." In 1846 he was called to Erlangen as professor. Then in 1849 he was called to Baden. He was always in demand to defeat the inroads of rationalism, and he went to Baden to meet the rationalism of Heidelberg under Schenkel. But he came back to Erlangen in 1861, and was made pastor of the French Reformed church in 1875, after the death of Prof. Herzog. He was always a great opponent of heterodoxy, and a defender of the Reformed faith, although on some points he was influenced by the mediating school of theology. But he called himself an old theologian of the French school of Amyraut of the seventeenth century. He was a genius, for he was a poet and novelist as well as a theologian. His novels are mainly historical. His poetry is pleasing. I had the pleasure of meeting him at Marburg and found him genial and very bright and keen in his conversation. His death leaves unfilled a vacancy in the Reformed Church of Germany.

But there is another city in southern Germany of exceeding great interest. It is Nuremberg. Nuremberg is one of the most unique cities of

Europe. Venice for its canals, Moscow for its varieties of color, Nuremberg for its mediaeval walls, are the unique cities of Europe. The peculiarity is that it is a city of the middle ages, that has somehow or other come down to this nineteenth century. It is a city with high stone walls and surrounded by a moat, and whose gates you enter by drawbridges. Enter the city and you find yourself in narrow streets with antique houses, whose gable ends face the street and whose roofs slant to a point, and are so long coming to a point that you think they will never get there. In these high slanting roofs are small windows which look like goblin's eyes peeping out; whilst the fronts of the houses are often of the finest architecture, indeed sometimes their exterior is adorned by fine paintings. The churches are black with age, but are filled with beautiful paintings and sculpture. The houses all display artistic taste.

Indeed Nuremberg everywhere shows that for centuries she has been a city of culture and refinement. Four or five centuries ago she was one of the most cultured cities of Europe, as well as one of the wealthiest. She was also one of the most progressive. Watches, for instance, were

first made here, and were then known as Nuremberg eggs. Such a city soon became famous in the arts. Albert Durer with his paintings, Adam Krafft with his sculpture, Veit Stoss with his wood carving, Vischer, the bronze artist, made Nuremburg famous.

Such a progressive city naturally drifted into the Reformation. Here lived

> "Hans Sachs, who was a shoemaker, and a poet too."

Hans Sachs by his songs and satires did almost as much as Luther to arouse the common people against the Church of Rome. In 1523 he published a poem called "The Nightingale of Wittenburg." It describes the Church by picturing a flock of sheep among wolves and especially exposed to a lion (the Pope Leo), who had craftily undertaken to defend them. Suddenly they hear the clear notes of a nightingale (Luther) foretelling the day's dawn, and the sheep who follow this voice are led out into a sunny safe meadow.

This being her history, it is somewhat significant that in Nuremberg are gathered together so many instruments of the inquisition. I saw them in the museum near the castle. It makes one's

blood run cold only to see them. There was the Virgin, that horrible instrument of torture in which the victim was placed, and as it closed over him, it pierced him and then dropped him into a well to be cut to pieces and floated away. There was also a rack on which the victim was laid and his body pulled apart. Thumb-screws were there on which he hung by his thumbs, and the cradle which rocked him to death. Ah, Rome possessed the refinement of cruelty. These are the terrible reminders of Rome's power.

Nuremberg is now Protestant, mainly Lutheran. There is one Reformed church there. For the Reformed or Zwinglians early found supporters here. Albert Durer always held to the Reformed faith. And a colony of Walloon refugees, driven out of Holland by the Duke of Alva, found an asylum here. Their descendants still preserve a Reformed church, which numbers 380 members. But the man whose memory enshrines Nuremberg is Albert Durer. He is the darling and pride of the German people in his varied excellencies, and the beauty and spirituality of his conceptions. He has painted many more famous paintings, but one of the most beautiful stories I have ever read is told of an etching by him en-

titled "Folded Hands." When a young man, he, with a very dear companion, Franz Knigstein, were studying painting together under Wolgemuth. As the years rolled by, their friendship deepened. But Franz did not succeed, while Durer became famous. Albert feared Franz would never succeed, so they planned together to make an etching of the Passion. But when they both brought their pictures, Franz's was cold and lifeless, whilst Albert's was full of beauty. Then for the first time Franz saw his failure as an artist. Half of his life was wasted in an art at which he could never succeed. He did not, however, murmur. Only for a moment did the passion of disappointment go over him. He buried his face in his clasped hands and prayed: "The good Lord gave me no gift as this, but he has something yet for me to do—some homely work shall be found for me. I was blind so long. Be you the artist of Nuremburg, and I"—

"O, Franz, be quiet for a moment," said Albert, as he made a quick rush for the paper on the table. A few lines on the paper by Albert's swift pencil; Franz, as he waited with folded hands, thought Albert was adding another stroke to the Passion. But the next day Albert showed him

the sheet. "Why," said Franz, as he looked at it, "those are my hands, where did you get them?" "I took them," said Albert, "as you were making the sad surrender of your life so very bravely, and I murmured to myself, 'Those hands that may never paint a picture, must certainly make one. I have faith in those folded hands, my brother friend. They will go to men's hearts in the years to come.'"

The prophecy came true. Those "folded hands" have become famous. The picture is now in Vienna. But Franz never appeared so beautiful, so noble as when he folded his hands, resigned to God's will. And Albert never did a nobler deed than embalm this scene. Blessed is the soul that in some moment of Gethsemane, can utter with folded hands the Master's prayer, "Not my will, but thine, be done." And Albert Durer is preaching a picture sermon to future ages by this picture and by his art.

CHAPTER XII.

Marburg and Herborn.

Two towns north of Frankford attract our notice. Both are interesting from their association with our history. I first visit Marburg, situated about seventy miles from Frankford. It lies in a small valley of the Lahn, surrounded by green woody hills; while it in turn surrounds, in the shape of a semi-circle, the precipitous hill on which the castle stands. It is a beautiful country university town, a quiet cultured place. The prominent building in it is the church of St. Elizabeth, whose twin towers rise in beauty above the roofs of the houses. The story of the Holy Elizabeth is one of the most beautiful of the Romish legends. She was the daughter of the King of Hungary, and lived in the thirteenth century. Married at fourteen, she soon developed the rigid piety that distinguished her. Her husband dying in the crusades, she, with her three children, was turned out of their home without money, provision or change of clothing. After a season of utter

destitution, her son was finally acknowledged as the prince of the land. Then it was that she gave herself up to minister to charity. She wore beneath her garment the hair cloth of St. Francis, devoted herself to the poor, ministered to loathsome diseases, even taking lepers into her home. She died at Marburg, was buried in the odor of sanctity in this church which bears her name, and was sainted by the pope four years afterward. This church of St. Elizabeth is a fine illustration of the early Gothic architecture, in its simplicity, and yet impressiveness. When Marburg became Protestant, the Landgrave, to stop the pilgrimages of those who worshipped her, removed the bones of the saint and had them buried in an unknown place.

One of the first preachers of Protestantism in Marburg was Limburg, the Franciscan friar, who was thrown into prison for preaching it. It happened that in his prison there was an open window. He preached the Gospel through this window. When the Catholics heard of the mysterious gatherings under his window at night, they removed him to an inner dungeon, where he was chained to a crucifix. He was spirited away one night, and probably died in some dungeon as a martyr for the truth.

But the most important event that took place at Marburg was the Conference held there between Luther and Zwingli in 1529. Landgrave Philip of Hesse, one of the keenest statesmen of his day, looking from a political standpoint, and seeing the danger that came from divisions among Protestants, concocted the idea of uniting all the Protestants against the Romish Church. So he arranged a conference between the leaders of its leaders, hoping it would bring them together. Luther at first was very unwilling to come. He did not believe in fraternizing with heretics, such as he felt Zwingli to be. But finally, at the command of his prince, he came to the Conference. Still, all the way up the castle steps, tradition has it, he said at each step to strengthen himself, "This is my body, this is my body." Zwingli, having greater dangers and distance than Luther, came with Ecolampadius down the Rhine through Strasburg. So the leaders of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches met here October 1st, 1529. The castle in which they met was a commodious one and the Landgrave wisely arranged that the Reformers should pair off in private conference before the public meeting. So Ecolampadius and Luther, and Melanchthon and Zwingli, met privately.

On the next day, Saturday, October 2nd, the public Conference was held. It was a memorable occasion. The eyes of the Christian world were fixed on this little town of Marburg, to see whether the Protestants would unite. Luther, to strengthen himself, wrote on the velvet of the table in chalk, "This is my body." Zwingli quoted Biblical passages to show that these words were not meant literally, but figuratively. But they could not agree. The next day, the Sabbath, the English plague broke out in the crowded town and shortened the Conference. Again the Landgrave brought them together, hoping to unite them. Zwingli was ready to unite, and reached forth his hand to Luther. But Luther refused it, saying: "You have another spirit." Finally Luther drew up the Marburg Articles of Faith, to which they all agreed except the article on the sacraments. In this article, while they agreed to differ, they yet compromised with a statement, and so the Conference broke up. A great opportunity was missed then. The leaders separated for their homes, and the two Churches are not united.

As I walk around the castle, I find the knight's room, a beautiful Gothic structure in which they

say this Conference took place. But this is not probable, as this part was not built until later. The Conference was held in a room opposite the sleeping apartments of the Landgrave in the east wing of the castle. But, although I do not find the exact room in which this Conference took place, I find a most choice collection of letters and autographs in this knight's room. There, by a peculiar fitness, I see one of the two copies of the Marburg articles in existence, signed by all the Reformers, both Lutheran and Reformed. There is the protest of Spires, signed by Protestant nobles. There, too, is the letter of Melanchthon acquiescing in Landgrave's Philip's bigamy; also other historic documents.

Going down from the castle, I pass the old Lutheran church, where, seventy-five years after the conference, occurred a riot against the Reformed. During all that time Hesse remained Lutheran, but moderately so. It did not sympathize with the high Lutherans of northern Germany. So Landgrave Maurice went over to the Reformed, and undertook to introduce the Reformed customs into his land. He attempted to do so at Marburg, which occasioned this riot. Here one morning in 1605 the people in the church rose up

against the Reformed ministers. They put them out of the church. One of them was thrown out of the door. One of them tried to get into the parsonage, but the late preacher's wife kept him out, and he fled through the streets, now pursued by a woman with a washing beetle, and now by a laborer with a flail. But the Landgrave soon appeared and quelled the disturbance. And Lutheran Marburg has a Reformed church to-day.

But I am in this historic city not merely to recall the Conference of Luther and Zwingli, but to be present at a Conference of the nineteenth century, instead of the sixteenth. An effort is being made to bring the scattered Reformed congregations of Germany together. As each prince organized his Church in his own land, there have always been many different Reformed churches scattered all over the empire. Many have been swallowed up by the Union in 1817. Some others are held by rationalistic pastors. Some are dying, some are dead. To "strengthen the things that remain" is the object of this Conference. They meet, like the Conference 350 years ago, to show their willingness for union, but at the same time to emphasize the Reformed principles. As I step out of the cars, a strong voice saluted

me in English, saying: "I am glad there is one civilized man here." Surprised that any one in that German town speaks to me in English, I am pleased to find that the speaker is Rev. Dr. Matthews, Secretary of the Alliance of the Presbyterian and Reformed Churches. He says: "I have been riding with a number of ministers to this Conference, but as they don't speak English, I am helpless in their company. Now," he says, "I am glad to find one so civilized that he can talk English." I thank him for considering me civilized. He proves a most genial and profitable companion. But his coach is off for one hotel and mine to another. After supper I start out to find the Reformed Conference, which I understand is to be held in the aula or hall of the university. After awhile I find the university, and ask every one I meet in it, where the Reformed Conference meets. Nobody seems to know. They seem to know less about the Conference than strangers do. They, however, tell me that the buildings of the university are scattered all over the town. So I start out again to find the place. Again I am disappointed, for I am told to go back to the first building. In despair I start back to the hotel, when I see crossing my street at a dis-

tance some ministers with silk hats on their heads, such as the German clergy often wear. I conclude to follow them. They finally turn aside into a low, long building. I enter, and, sure enough, it is the aula of the university I am seeking. About a hundred ministers and laymen gather and take seats around the small hall. Dr. Matthews presents the salutations of the Reformed Alliance; and I, at the request of Rev. Dr. Bausman, present the salutations of our General Synod. Next morning I attend the old Reformed church to hear Prof. Ebrard preach. His text is Isaiah 65: 8, "Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it." He preached an able, scholarly sermon on the history of our Reformed Church. After the church service, we adjourn to the hall again, where they discuss the constitution. There are a few liberals in the body, but the evangelical majority by vote make the Heidelberg Catechism the symbol of the Bund or Alliance. An evening session was held, when Rev. Dr. Dalton, of St. Petersburg, spoke of Russia; and also a morning session, when various matters were discussed. I am requested to speak on the emigrants to America. I go forward to speak, as I suppose, in English. But I find my interpreter

of the day before has gone away, so on the spur of the moment I am compelled to speak in German, which, I fear, sounded to them very much like pigeon English does to us. However they listened attentively (as probably they had to do, in order to understand me at all), and seemed very glad to hear about their brethren in America.

This Reformed Conference has held two meetings since 1884—one at Elberfeld in 1885, and another at Detmold in 1887. This year (1889) it meets at Bentheim. There are about 1½ millions of Reformed people and about 800 congregations in Germany. The aim of this Alliance, founded at Marburg, is to draw them together. This it is gradually doing. The Reformed consciousness is becoming more pronounced. Large Synods are entering this Alliance. Indeed it is not unlikely that it will prove to be the germ of a General Synod for the Reformed Church of Germany. Certainly something must be done, or the scattered Reformed churches will go to pieces or be swallowed up.

The outlook is encouraging. A new church has been built at Osnabrueck. Several churches have been helped by mission money. Efforts are being made to found a Reformed seminary in

Germany. These movements will take time to perfect, but they reveal an onward progress.

But there is another town not very far away from Marburg, and south-west of it. It is a little country town, situated in a winding valley beautifully variegated by woods and fields. Like Marburg, it was once a university town. It is the little town of Herborn. As I enter it, I realize that I have gotten into a forgotten part of Germany. The place is so seldom visited by a stranger, especially by an American, that he is a curiosity. I had people follow me in the street because I was a stranger. In some parts of China where an American is a curiosity, they follow him because the whiteness of his complexion makes them say he is made of chalk. But the good people of Herborn look at me with kindly curiosity, to see what a stranger from over the sea would find of interest in this out-of-the-way, antiquated town.

Herborn is interesting, because it is the place where Olevianus, one of the authors of our catechism, is buried. When the Reformed were driven out of Heidelberg by Elector Lewis, the Count of Nassau-Dillenberg invited Olevianus to come and found a university in his little

county. Olevianus introduced the Reformed faith and customs into this little county of Nassau, and then founded the university. Not every prince is so enlightened and public-spirited as to give away a castle to be used for a school. But this Count had a castle here which he did not need; so he gave it to the university which was founded here on July 10, 1584. The school grew. Like its sister university at Neustadt, where Ursinus was the attraction, this school flourished under Olevianus, even outrivaling Heidelberg. The little town had more students than it knew well how to take care of.

This university was most prosperous until the opening of the Thirty Years' War. It continued in existence until it was disbanded by the German government in 1817. But it was for two hundred years a blessing to the Reformed Church. Many of the early ministers who came to our land and founded our Church in the United States, came from this university. The six students that Rev. Mr. Schlatter influenced to come to America, were from this school, as Otterbein, Stoy and Waldschmidt. So this university is peculiarly interesting to us.

But the particular event that makes this place

sacred to Reformed people, is that it was the death-place of Olevianus. His death-bed was a glorious one. A few days before he died, he said: "Yesterday I was filled for more than an hour with inexpressible joy. It seemed to me as if I walked on a splendid meadow; and while I went round it, heavenly dew fell not in drops, but in streams." Prof. Alsted asked as he sank in death: "My brother, are you without doubt about your salvation, as you taught to others?" He answered: "I am most certain," and fell asleep in Jesus, rejoicing in the comfort in life and death of which he spoke in the Heidelberg Catechism.

I go into the quaint old parish church, to find his tomb. Around the choir I find a number of iron slabs placed in memory of the professors of the university. The slab of Olevianus is cracked and a corner is broken off. From the church I go to the old university building. It is now used as a seminary for the training of young ministers of the province of Nassau. It has two professors. But there are not many students, as the needs of this province are small.

This whole county of Nassau was originally Reformed. But since the Union it seems as if

they had tried to forget that they were ever Reformed. Nevertheless, the Reformed people of our Church in America have not forgotten that this place is the shrine of Olevianus, for they have placed a monument in his memory costing several hundred dollars. This was dedicated in 1888 by Prof. Maurer, of Herborn, and Rev. Dr. Calaminus, representing the Reformed Union of Germany. Under the inscription are the words, taken from the first answer of our Heidelberg Catechism: "Christ our only comfort in life and death."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Rhine.

The Rhine, the Rhine, the beautiful Rhine! Most beautiful, picturesque river in Europe, calmly flowing toward the sea, its sides are covered with vineyards and castled crags. These, with the legends connected with them, make the Rhineland very weird and romantic. While the Rhine has not the grandeur of our Hudson, it is yet more picturesque and romantic. To us the Rhine is interesting, because the Rhineland was largely Reformed. From Switzerland, where it rises, down past Basle, Strasburg and Heidelberg to Duesseldorf, many Reformed churches and cities are found. The Reformed Church was strongest in the western part of Germany, where this river flows. Some one has beautifully suggested that the course of the Rhine is a type of the progress of our Church. Our Church sprang into existence near where the Rhine rises, in Switzerland. It followed the course of the Rhine until it reached Holland, where it flows

into the sea. The Catholics burned Zwingli's body near Lucerne. But his ashes, wafted down the Rhine, proved that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, as his doctrines spread all along this river. Of course, since his day many changes have come over this western region, and the Reformed Church is not as strong as before her wars and persecutions along the Rhine. But still her customs and traditions hang over this River. It is a strange fact that, in a general way, the Reformed Church of Europe may be said to be the Church of the mountains and rivers; the Lutheran the Church of the plains.

Bingen is the beginning of the finest scenery of the Rhine. There the famous Mouse Tower stands in the middle of the Rhine river as the gateway to the Rhine. This tower was originally a lighthouse, to guide sailors around a dangerous curve in the river. But as legends, like ivy, cling to everything in the Rhine, this, too, has its legend. The legend has it that the cruel archbishop Hatto, of Mayence, having caused a number of poor people (whom he compared to mice) to be burnt in a barn during a famine, the mice resented the comparison and the cruelty, and followed him day and night until he took refuge in

this tower in the river. But they boldly swam the river in such numbers as to devour him alive.

Going still farther down the Rhine, one is surrounded by steep, vine-clad hills and ruined castles covered with ivy. We pass the Rheinstein, a picturesque castle, 262 feet above the river. It also has its legend, that a knight of the thirteenth century had a beautiful daughter with many suitors. He finally offered her hand to the one who gained the prize at a tournament—Kurt, who cruelly vanquished Kuno, whom the beautiful princess Gerda loved. But Gerda on the day of her marriage ran away from the bridal procession on her horse, had him swim the Rhine, and escaped to Kuno's castle; while Kurt, in pursuing, fell from his horse and broke his skull. And so everything ended happily to the lovers.

Passing still further down, we come to the most romantic part of the Rhine. Here on the Lurlei rock in mid-river, the legend says, there used to appear a beautiful fairy. She was kind to the good, but cruel to the wicked, causing those who dared to climb her rock, to loose themselves and die. It happened that a young Palatinate prince became enamored with this fairy. He was held by the magic cord of love,

and again and again visited the fated place. His father, seeing his love and danger, ordered him away from home. On the night before his departure he went down to the river for the last time. As he, from his boat, serenaded her, she rose from the water; and he, overpowered by love, threw himself into the waves and was lost forever. The legend has it that even though the fairy disappeared then, yet the listening sailor can still at times hear the song of her siren voice from her crystal castle in the river bottom. The Rhine is as full of such legends as it is of water, and they are as romantic as the hills that surround it.

But having passed through the most lovely scenery of the river, we arrive at Coblentz, a city of 30,000 inhabitants, on the west bank of the Rhine, at its junction with the Moselle. It is a great railway centre at present. Its promenade, extending for more than a mile along the river bank, and shaded with trees, brings together a beautiful combination of park and river scenery.

Just opposite Coblentz is the almost impregnable fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. This solitary hill rises almost 400 feet above the river, and is inaccessible on three sides, while the fourth is so

strongly fortified as to be almost unconquerable. There is nothing romantic about this fort on the Rhine; it is a stern reality. In going up to the hill top, I passed no less than five gateways marking different walls of fortifications along the hill side. This fortress is the key to the Rhine and to western Germany, and is well garrisoned. As long as Germany watches France with lynx-like eyes, this fort will be kept strongly garrisoned.

Passing down the Rhine, the scenery is uninteresting until above Cologne, when Roland's Arch and the Drachenfels come in sight. Roland's Arch is the ruin of an old castle on the west hillside of the Rhine, which of course has its traditional legend. The legend is, that Roland, the knight of the castle, fell desperately in love with the beautiful Hildegunde. But when does the course of true love ever run smooth! For just before their marriage, Roland was summoned by the Emperor to the Crusades. From the distant East the report came that Roland had fallen into the hands of infidels, and the world lost its charm for his Hildegunde; so she entered the convent, which was situated on an island in the river, just beneath his castle. Years after, Roland returned; but when he found she

was shut in the convent, he took up his residence in his castle, watching daily and hourly for the sight of a form he knew so well among the nuns on the island below him. Finally she died; and, never speaking a word after that, he, too, died broken-hearted soon after.

Just opposite is the high mountain of Drachenfels, rising 900 feet above the river. Here, the legend has it, there used to live a great dragon, which received human beings as his food from the people who worshipped him. A Christian maiden was once about to be offered to him. But she made the sign of a cross, and at that sign the dragon fled and leaped into the river, and was never heard of any more. By this act our faith conquered heathenism in the upper Rhine.

The Rhine is the scene of castles and legends, but it is more than that. It is as interesting in its religious history as it is in its scenery.

We are approaching Cologne with its matchless cathedral. Cologne is one of the largest cities of western Germany, having 150,000 inhabitants. From the flat plain on which it is located, its cathedral rises in grandeur, overtopping it and crowning it with glory. Words fail to describe

this cathedral. It is a marvel of stone. It is the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in Europe. The Milan cathedral with its forest of white marble on its roof, is more gorgeous; but this cathedral with its massive solid granite is more impresive. We get some idea of its size when we remember that it is almost a square long, 444 feet. Its roof is 208 feet high (as high as and higher than most of our church steeples). Its twin towers are the highest church-towers in Europe, 512 feet high. The area covered by the building is 250,000 square feet. It is not the vastness that impresses one, it is the wonderful harmony of all the parts. It is ornamented with a profusion of flying buttresses, cornices, gorgyles, and yet all blend in wonderful symmetry.

The past history of its building is almost as wonderful as its present appearance. Six hundred years ago this cathedral was planned by an unknown architect. He planned it on so magnificent a scale that only the choir and the west end were completed at the time. Then the work stopped. The architect died, and there was not money enough to complete it. The city grew around it; streets were run through between the two ends of the building, and houses separated

the one end from the other. Then the plans for the building were lost, and no one was found who could complete the massive structure. Finally, after six centuries, the plans were found again in this century, and the Emperor of Germany contributed liberally toward its completion, so that now it stands complete and perfect—a model of beauty, a poem in stone. The effect of its exterior is wonderfully beautiful, whilst its interior is deeply impressive.

In one of its chapels they will show you the bones of the Wise Men of the Bible (a tradition which is believed by men not so wise), for this cathedral is Catholic. Indeed Cologne has always been a Catholic stronghold. It is, however, interesting to remember that about the close of the sixteenth century, two of the Electors of Cologne went over to Protestantism. And the Protestant service was then held several times even in this great cathedral. But the Catholic people came up and threatened a tumult, and they had to be given up.

Those were exciting days. No Protestant minister was allowed to preach in Cologne. So the Count of Neunar held Protestant service at Mechtern, just outside of one of the gates of Co-

logne in 1582. Thousands of the people flocked from the city to hear the gospel. The Catholic authorities threatened to bombard this place of preaching. But Protestant nobles around Cologne prevented it. The result was that the city gates were shut, and the Protestants were ordered to quit the city. Two of the Electors of Cologne, Herman and Gebhard, had become Protestant, but the city and the chapter of the cathedral remained strongly Catholic. But in spite of all restrictions, Protestantism crept in. Reformed ministers, disguised as merchants, would come in and hold services in private houses; and when they went to Classis, they would write out their parochial reports in mercantile form, for fear of discovery. When these secret services were held, it was customary for an elder to watch the house on the outside, and a deacon on the inside. They were thus literally soldiers of the cross, for they were posted as sentinels. But it was this secret worship that made the Reformed Church of the lower Rhine so spiritual.

The organization of this Cologne church was very thorough. The city was divided into ten parts, over each of which an elder had oversight. Would that we had elders in our churches

to-day who would do such work. It was his duty to visit the members, to watch over their conduct, to visit the sick, and to give them notice when and where church services would be held.

But in 1608 the Protestants were again driven out, and many of them settled at Muehlheim, three miles away from Cologne, on the other side of the Rhine. After that the Reformed people who lived in Cologne had to go to one of the neighboring towns to church service. This they did, sometimes in cold weather and at the risk of their lives. Indeed it was customary, when they wanted to have a child baptized, to go for a stay of weeks in one of the Reformed villages near by, so that it would not be baptized in Cologne, and claimed by the Catholics. But during the last century the number of Protestants in Cologne has increased very much, and there are now 26,000 there with a large Evangelical church.

While at Cologne, I determine to visit Bonn, a university town up the Rhine. After writing a few letters in the reading-room of the hotel, I rush to the train, only to find, after I am half way to Bonn, that I have by mistake gotten the wrong hat. Hats are very exchangeable articles. What can I do? I can not go back,

as there is no train. But the hat that I have is not as good as the one that I have lost; neither does it fit so well. My only way is to go on and then fix matters when I get back to Cologne a few hours after. When I get back there, I tell the porter that I have exchanged hats that morning. "Well," he said, "you are the third person to-day who has lost his hat here." I go into the reading room and there, lo, on the writing table, is my hat. I rush out to the porter to ask him what the man, whose hat I had taken, had done. "Oh," says the porter, "there was one man who had not time to wait for his hat to come back. He just tied a handkerchief around his neck and went off for the train." He left no name, so I have no means of returning the hat. But, strange to say, the hat is from Philadelphia, too, and it is strange that two Philadelphians should exchange hats in that distant city.

Bonn is the seat of a famous university, at which Prof. Lange used to be the leading Reformed professor. Profs. Krafft and Sieffert are the present Reformed professors there. But I do not visit Bonn to see the university, but to examine a new movement just begun in Germany.

I may be wrong, but I question whether this new movement will not do more good for Germany than this famous university has done. Religion in Germany is closely allied to the state. The churches, therefore, are formal and not aggressive. The minister is limited in his work by his parish, and as many of the parishes are exceedingly large, (some in Berlin having 50,000 to 100,000 residents), the minister has too much to do to spread the gospel among all the families committed to his care. But if he cannot, who will? No one. The result has been that only a small part of the population in the cities attend church.

Something must be done. The cities are lapsing back to paganism. So Prof. Christlieb, one of the most famous of the Bonn professors, and one of the most aggressive of the German ministers, founded at Bonn, in 1886, a school for evangelists or city missionaries, called the Johanneum. The idea is to train up young men, who, although not ordained as ministers, will yet help the ministers as lay missionaries. They cannot administer the sacraments, marry or bury. Those duties belong to the clergy; but they can visit the sick and the poor, and hold prayer-meetings in

the homes, and organize Sunday schools, and invite people to come to church. This Johanneum is the beginning of a great work for Germany. It is the completion of the Inner Mission work begun by Dr. Wichern a half century ago.

Prof. Pfleiderer, the superintendent of the Johanneum, showed me all kindness in taking me through it and explaining its condition and the plans of the work. The course of studies requires three years. They already have six students and the number is increasing. As they graduate, evangelical pastors in the large cities secure them as assistants.

But while this is the present condition, there is a future outlook of hope, greater than any that Germany has seen for many a day. Germany does not have a Mr. Moody, to go up and down the land preaching to the multitudes, but there are several very efficient evangelists who have been holding meetings at various places. Among them are Rev. Mr. Von Schlumbach, Rev. Mr. Schrenk, of Marburg, Dr. Ziemann and Dr. Badecker. They work entirely within Church lines, although when the clergy will not invite them into their pulpits, they hold their meetings in halls. They hold prayer-meetings (Bibel-

Stunden), and other meetings, which have proven a great blessing to the churches and cities.

Dr. Ziemann tells some very interesting stories of his work; how, when he was preaching at Frankfort, a commanding officer of the hussars arose and testified to the blessing he had received from these services. As a result he resigned his command and brilliant prospects, and has entered a mission house to devote himself entirely to Christ's service. Dr. Ziemann preached at Hamburg to audiences as large as 4,000, and at Frankford to audiences numbering 3,000. Evidently the people are hungering for less formal and more earnest meetings.

Rev. Mr. Schrenk, formerly a Swiss Reformed missionary, but now living at Marburg, has also been evangelizing. He went some years ago to Cassel at the request of thirteen ministers, most of them Reformed, and held two services a day for eighteen days. The great Reformed church (St. Martin's) was filled, the services being often attended by 3,000 persons. Two thousand men attended a separate service. Eleven of the ministers of Cassel signed a vote of thanks to him, and the secular press spoke in highest terms of his meetings.

Evidently there is a new spirit rising in Germany, a stirring up among the dry bones. The ultimate hope of this Johanneum at Bonn is that out of the students who graduate from it, there will develop some who will go up and down Germany like angels of light, reviving the churches and turning many from darkness to light. Germany to-day is under the heel of rationalism and indifference. But such movements as these indicate that the Church is awakening. She is not quite ripe yet for such movements, but she is ripening. O that the land of Luther would be baptized with a new revival in this nineteenth, as it was in the sixteenth century, and that this beautiful Rhineland would become Immanuel's land.

CHAPTER XIV.

Treves.

West of the Rhine, up the beautiful Moselle river, is the city of Treves. It is a city that is generally passed by travellers, because out of the ordinary line of travel. Indeed, I had considerable difficulty in getting there and in getting away. As I was going to it, the railway guard by sheer force pulled me off the right train, telling me I was on the wrong train. I insisted that he was wrong; but I could do very little, as the country was French and I am no Frenchman. Finally, at the last moment, he acknowledged that I was right; and, to atone for his mistake, put me on the train, placing me in a first-class coach on a second-class ticket. And in coming away, I very nearly missed the train again, owing to the slowness of the hotel coach at Treves. But in spite of all difficulties, Treves is worthy of a visit. It lies right in the heart of a valley running north and south, whilst the wooded hills on each side of the valley overlook it like the walls of a fort.

Treves is interesting because of its early history. It is the oldest town in Germany, having belonged to the Treverei or Belgic Gauls, 56 B. C. Then came the Romans, who founded the Roman town, which became the capital of a Roman province, and was frequently the residence of the Roman emperors. Treves is full of relics of the old Roman period. As I enter the city from the station, I am driven through an old Roman gate, called the Porta Nigra or Black Gate, which is literally black with age. It is a magnificent relic, being nearly a hundred feet high. It rises in three stories or galleries, one above the other, with two gateways beneath them. It is built of huge blocks of sandstone. Its antiquity is shown in that its blocks are fastened together, not by mortar, but by iron braces. This gateway is a suitable introduction to so ancient a city. Nor is this all of the Roman relics. The old basilica or judgment hall of the Emperor Constantine is still there. The ruins of the old Roman palace, some of them 65 feet high, still remain.

One of the most interesting relics is the Roman amphitheatre, situated on the outskirts of the city. It was large enough to hold 30,000

people (almost half as large as the Colosseum at Rome). It is built in the side of a hill, while around it can still be traced the dens of wild beasts and chambers for the captives. Here, in the year 306, Constantine the Great sullied his fame by casting thousands of Franks to the wild beasts, and in 313 thousands of the Bructeri were sacrificed to the amusement of the people.

The city museum also contains many relics of the Roman occupation. The extensive Roman baths, 660 feet long, have been unearthed, and the cold baths and heating apparatus can still be clearly traced, though well nigh two thousand years have elapsed since they were used.

But Treves is as interesting in its religious history as it is in its Roman history. Christianity was introduced among those barbarous German tribes as early as the fourth century. Constantine worshipped here. The most important church, the cathedral, was at first a Roman court of justice. This cathedral is famous as the place where the holy coat, the seamless garment of Christ, is said to be kept. It is occasionally shown to the superstitious pilgrims. Treves also became the seat of a powerful Catholic prince, the Elector of Treves, and a centre of the most bigoted Romanism.

But in the latter part of the sixteenth century the influences of Protestantism began to be felt in Treves. A young man Olevianus (named after a suburb of Treves, Olewig, where his father had lived) was born here, between the market place and the moat. After elementary studies at Treves, he was sent to France to complete his education for the law. But man proposes, and God disposes. God meant him for the ministry. While in France, he joined the secret Reformed church, for Protestantism was under the ban. After his conversion occurred an event that changed his whole life. While walking along the borders of the river at Bourges, with the prince of Simmern, his companion and bosom friend, some fellow students came with a boat and urged them to go with them. The prince stepped into the boat, which was upset in the stream. Olevianus, forgetful of his own danger, rushed into the water to save his friend, only to find himself caught in the muddy bottom of the river. While thus suspended between life and eternity, he made a vow that if God would spare his life, he would devote himself to the gospel ministry. A servant of the prince happened to come at that moment, and,

mistaking Olevianus for the prince, pulled him ashore. His life was saved, and that life ever afterwards was Christ's.

Having finished his law course, he went to Geneva to study theology at the feet of Calvin. But this young man became very anxious about the salvation of his birthplace. He wanted his relatives and friends to hear the gospel. For Treves was a priest-ridden city, and it was difficult to get an entrance there. At last he succeeded in obtaining a position as teacher of an endowed school at Treves. He found that already quite a number of the citizens were friendly to the gospel. So he nailed on the city hall of Treves, one Summer day in 1560, a notice inviting the citizens to a discussion at his school on Sunday morning. His school was crowded. People, instead of going to mass, came to hear what he had to say. He declaimed against the worship of saints and relics, and against processions, for which Treves was famous; and then pressed home on his hearers the doctrine of justification by faith. The secretary of the city council was there, and being a good Catholic, he laid the matter before the council the next day. This brought matters to a crisis. But it was found

that so many members of the council were favorable to the new doctrines that, although they ordered Olevianus to cease preaching in his school, because it was endowed, they yet gave him a small church which belonged to the city, the St. Jacob's church.

Here he preached to ever increasing crowds. Nearly half of the citizens were inclined to the gospel. This was very remarkable, when we remember what a hot-bed of Catholicism Treves had been. Olevianus had the great joy of leading his brothers to Christ. His church became so full that the chancel and door and church steps were crowded with people. It looked as if this stronghold of Catholicism were about being captured.

The Elector of Treves, hearing of the evangelical revolt in his own city, came with troops and ordered them to submit. But even the liberal Catholics resented his interference with their rights as citizens, and the people closed the gates against the Elector. He then besieged the city, cutting off food and worrying them. Thus he soon gained allies in the city, who opened the gates to him; and he marched in and put the leaders of the Protestants, among them Olevi-

anus, under arrest. Finally he ordered all the Protestants to leave the city. They went to neighboring cities, who were friendly to them.

Olevianus was called from his prison to a professorship in Heidelberg; for the Elector of the Palatinate had not forgotten how Olevianus had befriended his son, who had been drowned at Bourges. Olevianus left Treves, to go to Heidelberg to aid in the composition of our catechism. Thus his effort to convert Treves failed, and for 250 years no Protestant service was allowed in the city.

But Treves, by driving out the Protestants, drove out her best and most industrious citizens. Ever since she has been a second-rate city. Other towns, built up by these Protestants, have outranked her in size and influence. Bitterly did she suffer for her persecution. After Olevianus departed, the Catholics inaugurated a procession to commemorate the purging of the city from heresy. This was called, after Olevianus, the Olevian procession. This procession took place yearly on Whitmonday. Treves remained Catholic; and over the valley to-day, on the high hilltop overlooking the city, is the colossal statue of the Virgin, whose faith still rules the region.

Now, remembering these facts, Treves becomes very interesting to the traveller. It is a fascinating study to visit, and, perhaps, to discover these old historic sites. I find that the red sandstone hotel where I am staying, was the city hall, on whose walls Olevianus nailed his challenge to the Catholics in 1560. I take my supper in this historic building, and my meal is seasoned with such memories. Then I inquire of a bookseller where the St. Jacob's church is. He says there is no church of that name in the city. I tell him it was located on the Fleisch Gasse. (Some of the names of the streets in Germany are very suggestive. This Fleisch Gasse—Flesh Street—was probably so called, because it used to be the butchers' street. Another street there is called the Sugar Mountain Street, I suppose because it is so sweet.) The bookseller looks surprised at me when I insist that there was a church on the Fleisch Gasse, where Olevianus preached. But, finally, after racking his brain, he remembers that there used to be a hospital on that street called St. Jacob's Hospital, which might mark the site. I go around to that street and find an old building (still bearing the outlines of a church), which is,

however, now tenanted by families. This, then, was the long lost St. Jacob's church. The probability is, that after it had been "desecrated" by Protestant worship, it was condemned by the Catholics, and either left idle or reduced from a church to a hospital as a punishment. And when the city hospital was built, a few years ago, it was unused and forgotten. But this little church was once the seat of evangelical activity in Treves.

Just before leaving this interesting city, I go over to the cathedral. Next to the cathedral is a much finer building architecturally, the Liebfrau Kirche, most beautiful, with its early Gothic exterior, and its twelve slender pillars in its interior. I enter the cathedral; but as it is toward evening, there are few worshippers. Yonder in the high altar, the Catholics fondly believe, is deposited the Holy Coat of Christ, as well as a nail from the cross and a part of the crown of thorns. But what are these branches of the trees set up along the walls, which are now covered with partially withered leaves? I ask, and lo, at once these branches become profoundly interesting to me. They were carried in the Whitmonday or Olevian procession just two weeks

before I visit Treves. The clergy and some of the Catholic societies on that morning marched through the streets, carrying these branches; while in the streets through which they passed, the houses were covered with decorations of green leaves. After the procession was over, these branches were brought into the cathedral and left there, where they are now withering as I look at them.

So Treves still keeps the procession in honor of the driving out of Olevianus and the Protestants in 1560. It is true, it is no longer called the Olevian procession, as it used to be. Its connection with Olevianus is forgotten, and it now goes by the name of the Whitmonday procession. But still it commemorates the driving out of the Protestants. However, with all its processions, Treves has not been able to keep out the heresy of Protestantism. Although for 250 years no Protestant worship was allowed, still Protestants came and settled there. Finally a congregation was organized in 1817, which now numbers 3,500 members (including the soldiers stationed there) and has two pastors. By a curious coincidence this evangelical congregation now worships in the old Roman basilica

built by Constantine, and where he in all probability worshipped in the pure faith before Romanism was known. And now again, in the same place, the Protestants have revived his early worship. Persecution can not keep out the truth.

Treves, the city of the Holy Coat, will yet learn that not Christ's robe, but Christ's righteousness will save.

> Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness,
> My beauty is, my glorious dress,
> Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed
> With joy shall I lift up my head.

CHAPTER XV.

Elberfeld.

A beautiful Saturday evening finds me entering Elberfeld, about thirty miles north of Cologne. I am making a special effort to spend a Sabbath in this Reformed centre of Germany; for Elberfeld is the most Reformed city of the fatherland. And this is significant in this age, when in so many places the Reformed consciousness seems to be fading out. A Sabbath at Elberfeld will give one a better idea of the old customs of the Reformed Church than at any other place in Germany; for, the Reformed being in the majority, they have clung tenaciously to our customs.

Indeed, the whole make-up of this city is peculiar. There are really two cities, rather than one. They are twin cities—Barmen and Elberfeld; and this chapter might be called "the tale of two cities." They lie along a very narrow valley, not more than a mile wide, through which flows, in serpentine course, the Wupper

creek; while the hillsides, on each side of the creek, rise almost precipitously along the edges of these two towns. Into this narrow valley, and along this little stream, are crowded almost 200,000 people, who make up these two cities.

Elberfeld is not only the centre of religious life, but also of business. The little valley throbs with manufactories. There are numerous and extensive factories for cotton, calico, soap, silk, ribbons, candles and chemicals. The production of silk and cotton manufactories is forty-two millions of dollars annually. The place is a seething cauldron of business activity. One sees here a good deal of the rush and push of American industry, which is so rarely met with in Germany, where workmen are proverbially slow.

And there is a curious history connected with the business of the city. Elberfeld, like Zurich, owes its business prominence to Protestantism. In the early part of the seventeenth century two princes had an unfortunate quarrel, because the one boxed the other's ear. This boxing of the ear was one of the causes that led on the unfortunate Thirty Years' War. The Elector of Brandenburg and the Duke of Pfalz-Neuberg

both claimed to be heir to the duchy of Julich-Cleve-Berg and Mark, which is situated near Cologne. They had agreed to a compromise, when, in a moment of passion, the Elector of Brandenburg boxed the ear of the prince of Pfalz-Neuberg. The latter vowed vengeance, and, to win the support of the Catholics in gaining this duchy, he left Protestantism and joined the Catholic Church. This led to much fighting and bloodshed along the lower Rhine. Finally, the duchy was divided, and the county of Berg, in which Elberfeld was located, was given as his share to the Duke of Pfalz-Neuberg. This Catholic prince at once proceeded to persecute the Protestants. The Reformed pastor of Elberfeld, Kalman, was forbidden to use the church ; and it was given to the Catholics, although only six families in the town were Catholics. The Reformed, in some parts of this region, held services in the open air, when the church was closed against them. The Duke finally allowed them to worship in their churches. But he did not permit the Protestants to hold any government position. So, as they were shut out of politics, they went into business. And so successful were they in business, that they built up

the present trade of Elberfeld. So their persecution led to their prosperity. And Elberfeld owes its business success to Protestantism and the Reformed faith.

This church of Elberfeld has always been prominent in our Church history. It is to-day the largest Reformed congregation in Germany, numbering 35,000; while Barmen has in addition 15,000 more, so that there are 50,000 in this little valley. It is about the largest Reformed congregation in Europe. The only one to compete with it is the Reformed congregation at Debretzin in Hungary, where the Reformed number 36,000. This congregation has had prominent pastors for many years. Perhaps one of the most eloquent ministers that ever graced the Reformed pulpit of Germany, was Frederick William Krummacher. His autobiography, which has been translated into English, has all the charm of a religious romance. He became pastor of this church at Barmen in 1825. Here at his week-day services he delivered his lectures on Elijah and Elisha, which have since been published in book form, and which have added so much to his fame. They are very helpful and spiritual studies in the lives of these great proph-

ets. Crowded congregations listened to him. His fame increased. He was, until a few years ago, the German preacher best known to English readers. His fame led our theological seminary at Mercersburg to call him to a professorship, and Rev. Drs. Hoffeditz and Schneck went to Europe as a committee to press on him the call. He did not accept it, but recommended Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, who came to this country and adorned the professorship.

Dr. Krummacher remained at Barmen until 1847, when he was called to Berlin, then largely under rationalistic influences. His undaunted preaching of the old gospel had a marked influence on that German capital. He was probably one of the finest pulpit orators Germany has produced in this century. Thorwaldsen, the great sculptor, once met him at Frankford, and was attracted by his noble forehead and appearance, and asked him, "Are you an artist?" "No, a theologian." To which the sculptor replied: "How can one be only a theologian?" But Krummacher proved that the theologian could be the highest type of an artist.

Another prominent minister who preached at Elberfeld was Kohlbruegge. He lived there from

1834 to 1875. He was a very earnest preacher, and his preaching led to a revival all through this region. He was also a bitter opponent of the union of the Reformed with the Lutherans to form the state Church of Germany. As a result, a part of the Reformed congregation at Elberfeld broke away from the state Church and became independent, and he became its pastor. Although he has died, yet the congregation still exists, and his influence remains.

But the strength of the Reformed Church here is in the state Church. This church at Elberfeld has six pastors. They are Krummacher, a relative of Frederick William, of whom I have just spoken, and the president of the Young Men's Christian Association of western Germany; Calaminus, the editor of the Reformed Church paper, the "Kirchenzeitung"; Hornemann, Stoltenhoff, Geyser, and Neuenhaus. The congregation has two churches. The Barmen congregation has three or four pastors and two churches. The Elberfeld congregation has a beautiful church building in its second church.

The Barmen congregation is just about building a fine new church. This large congregation is a hive of activity. It has a Sabbath school of

600 at Elberfeld. It has prayer-meetings (Bibelstunden) once or twice a week. There is a large and successful singing society in connection with the Reformed church, and also a publication society for the dissemination of Reformed literature.

I asked Dr. Calaminus how closely the church was united to the state; whether the pastors were paid by the state. He answered, no; that the congregation was rich enough to pay all the pastors without state aid. And yet, though so loosely bound to the state, they are afraid to separate from it; afraid, indeed, to do anything that the consistory appointed by the government may not approve. (The consistory in Germany is often a religious fetish worshipped or feared.)

But these cities are not only a hive of industry in the Reformed churches, but also outside of them. At first there were almost none but Reformed living here. But as the city grew, many Lutherans came in from neighboring Lutheran states; and there are now several Lutheran churches, and also Catholic, besides Jews. Other sects have since come in to work on a population naturally religiously inclined. The Baptists, Irvingites, Albright Methodists and others have small congregations there. As I

look over the religious announcements for Sunday, I am surprised at the number of religious services of all kinds. The city seems full of religious life, although there is also much religious indifference, too.

As there is nothing to do on Saturday evening, I go up to the Haardt park, a most beautiful promenade overlooking the two cities, while the setting sun is bathing the valley in glory. On Sabbath morning I attend the Second Reformed church, to hear Rev. Dr. Calaminus. Having made myself known, I am invited by the presbytery or eldership to sit with them; for the elders occupy a front pew aside of the pulpit, as they do in the Holland churches. Then I remember that this church, with all the northern Rhine Reformed churches, was originally a part of the Dutch Church, and has thus retained this custom of an elders' pew. From my pew I am able to hear and see the minister, but my neck is almost broken as I look up at him in the pulpit. For the pulpit is high and my seat is almost under it. Such a pew would be a good place for stiff-necked people. Perhaps some of the stiff-necked elders in our consistories would be less cranky, if their

spirits were broken thus. For the old German name of consistory was "still-stand;" and sometimes it stood still, because some member of it became balky.

This reminds me of a story I once heard Rev. Dr. Burns, of Halifax, tell, that in a session of the Presbyterian Church an elder was asked by a minister what he could do. Could he lead in prayer? No. Could he visit the sick? No. Could he teach in Sabbath school? No. "Well, what can you do?" "I can raise an objection," was the reply. That was the only thing he could do, raise an objection to whatever came up in the session. But an elder's duty is more than to raise an objection; it is to help the pastor. The eldership of Elberfeld has always been an honor to the church, as elders should always be.

But the service in the church is very interesting, as it reminds me of the old customs of the Church. They generally sing psalms, for the early Reformed Church was a psalm singing Church. They cling tenaciously to the old Calvinistic doctrines of the Church. I remember meeting a gentleman, a member of this church, at Barmen. When he found that I was from America, he began questioning me about the

Reformed people over here. And his first question was: "Do you believe in the election of grace?" I told him: "Yes, I believe in election." But where else in the world, except in Scotland, would such a question be the first to be asked? I knew what he referred to. In Germany, where the evangelical Churches must combat rationalism so continually, he wanted to satisfy his mind that I was not a rationalist; and the best way to do that was to ask me whether I believed in election. And he was right. For the man who believes in God's sovereignty, will not believe much in man's sovereignty, as the rationalists do.

After their psalm was sung, there was a short prayer, in which the pastor prayed for the meeting of the Reformed Alliance just closed in London; and also for evangelistic work everywhere, but especially in Germany. He then preached an earnest and able sermon on the parable of the great supper. The simplicity of the church and the service and the sermon was in entire keeping with the genius of the Reformed Church.

Having heard there was to be a catechetical sermon in the afternoon at the old Reformed church, I hasten to attend it. In America we

have our catechetical lectures on week days or nights. But the ancient custom of our Church was to have a sermon preached on it on Sabbath afternoons. The Elberfeld church still keeps up this old custom. Another of the pastors, Rev. Mr. Hornemann, preached on the second commandment. But it is not so much an exposition of that commandment as a sermon on the text: "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth." The service is attended by young and old; and not merely by the young, as is so often the case in our churches. When I return to my room in the evening, I find a young German friend had been seeking me. He is the agent for the Reformed Publication Society, and is an enthusiastic Reformed. He has just come from a catechism prayer meeting. I tell him that I wish I had been with him to see this another relic of former Reformed customs. It used to be the custom in the country of Meurs, near here, for the elders to gather together the members and hold a catechism prayer meeting. They would talk over the answers among themselves, examining the doctrines and proof-texts, and have prayer and praise with each other.

This young friend tells me that in Barmen they have a meeting of that kind, from which he has just come.

So we can easily see that these cities are the seat of religious activity of western Germany, as well as the centre of the Reformed Church of the land. This religiousness reveals itself in the many religious institutions, with which the place is blessed, as hospitals and asylums. There is a large building at Barmen, called the Vereinshaus, which is the centre of all kinds of religious work. It contains a Home for the travelling artizans, a Y. M. C. A., &c.

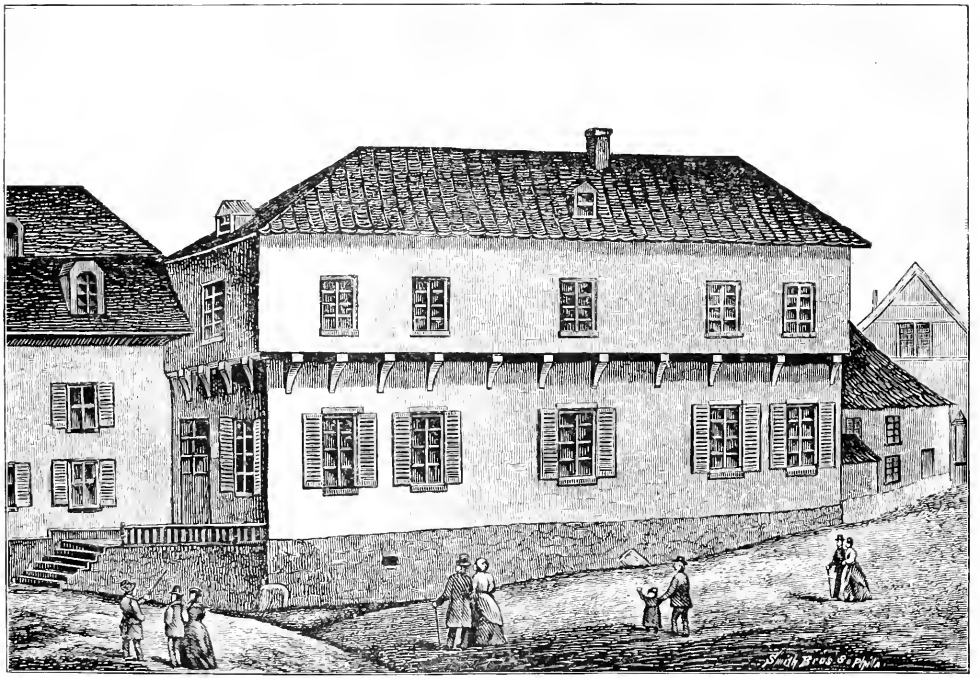
But not the least of the institutions of Barmen is the Mission House. We have already taken a glimpse at the mission house at Basle. Here we come in contact with the German missionary societies. We in America must not think that English speaking races have the monopoly of missions. There are fourteen missionary societies in Germany, having 323 stations, which have 68,000 communicants, have baptized 5,600 last year and raised almost $500,000 annually.

This mission at Barmen, which belongs to the Rhenish Missionary Society, is a fair sample of the German missions. The religious life of

these people in this valley was so fervent that they were not satisfied until they sent the gospel to the heathen. So a missionary society was started in Elberfeld as early as 1799, another at Barmen later. These were finally consolidated into the Missionary Society of the Rhine in 1828. This Rhenish society is now one of the leading German missions. It has 48 stations, 8,500 communicants, has baptized 1,225 last year, and has had an income of $71,000 last year. This mission, like almost all the German missions, is a manual mission; that is, it teaches its young men trades which they use at the mission stations. In this respect it is like the mission at Basle. It is undenominational, sending out alike Lutheran and Reformed missionaries. It has done a remarkable work in South Africa, where it was one of the first agencies to oppose the slave trade; and also in the East Indies, in Borneo and Sumatra, where it has done a grand work. It has also missionaries in China. Its mission in Borneo has been destroyed again and again. But still these brave missionaries continued. The society has sent out 175 persons during the last 60 years. This is a grand record and worthy of the mission. It also possesses a

fine missionary museum, consisting of idols, implements of war, and articles of dress of the heathen. Indeed, no more eloquent appeal could be made for missions than is made by such missionary museums. I wonder that our missionary societies in America do not have them.

But some of the Reformed people near Elberfeld at Neukirch were not satisfied to belong to an undenominational society, so they have formed a missionary society that is purely Reformed, and which is growing rapidly. Germany has the reputation among English people of being rather a godless land. But when we see such religious life and activity, there is hope for the future. Elberfeld and Barmen are the double stars of hope in the religious firmament of western Germany.



TERSTEEGEN'S HOUSE AT MUEHLHEIM.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mühlheim and Kaiserswerth.

Muehlheim and Kaiserswerth, two gems in the crown of the German Reformed Church, the one a star of the past, splendid in its religious history; the other a star of the future, which will never set till its light shines the whole earth round. Muehlheim, the home of a mill,—but also the home of God's spirit in days past; Kaiserswerth, meaning "worthy of a kaiser," or emperor, —yes worthy of the King of kings; Muehlheim, the birth-place of pietism and the home of Tersteegen; Kaiserswerth, the birth-place of deaconesses and the home of Fliedner.

Muehlheim was a hard place to find, and hard just because there are too many Muehlheims. Frequently there are several places of the same name, and the traveller is sure, of course, to get to the wrong one. My time was very valuable, because I want to see a great deal in a very short time. But of that valuable time I wasted a whole day, without being able to find out the place

where Muehlheim lay. I first visit Muehlheim along the Rhine, just below Cologne, a prosperous town built by Reformed people who were driven out of Cologne in 1608, because they would not give up their faith. Some years after, the citizens of Cologne, jealous of the prosperity of Muehlheim and hating their religion, came over one night and razed the city to the ground, so that not one stone was left on another. But Muehlheim has since risen to prosperity again, and is now a large and flourishing manufacturing town. I inquire at Muehlheim where Tersteegen's hut or cottage could be found, but no one seems to know. The station master does not know, the hotel keeper does not know. In despair I seek the parsonage of the Reformed church and ask for the pastor, but he is out; and when I ask the girl who comes to the door, whether she knows where Tersteegen's house is, she only answers me by a shake of the head. I come to the conclusion that strangers know more about Muehlheim than the people who live in it. So I spend and waste Saturday afternoon for naught.

After a Sabbath spent at Elberfeld, I return again on Monday to the search. I had learned

there that this house was located at Otterbeck, near Muehlheim. So I hire a carriage and search the country around. I stop about three miles from the town to ask. The hotel keeper says that the schoolmaster yonder will know. I go to the schoolmaster, two miles off, only to find that he is a Catholic, and of course knows nothing about such a staunch Protestant as Tersteegen. But he says the minister of the church, two miles further, will be able to tell me. I arrive at the pastor's house to find that he, too, is a Romish priest, and of course knows nothing; but he sends me to the evangelical pastor, two miles further on. There at last I get on the track of the place. But I learn from him, after having spent the whole morning in a vain search, that I am at the wrong Muehlheim;—that the Muehlheim that I want is nearly fifty miles away. All I can do is to leave the past go, (for a day lost is never regained), and go away wiser than I came.

Finally, one cloudy, lowering morning, I come to the right Muehlheim—Muehlheim on the Ruhr, farther down the Rhine, and north of Duesseldorf. It is a town of 22,000, situated in the Westphalian coal district, which is filled with mines, manufactories and foundries. Essen, seven

miles away, is where Herr Krupp makes for Germany the arms and cannons that shake the world. But from Muehlheim went forth an influence greater than war, the influence of the Spirit of God which shook all western Germany, and reached to lands beyond. Passing the city church, beside which is a statue of Tersteegen, I come to his cottage, a plain wooden building with an ancient roof. The door is open, so I enter. The building appears as if tenanted by several families. I knock at the first door, but get no answer. Then I climb the plain rude stairs and meet a woman on the second floor. I ask her whether Tersteegen had lived here. She pauses, thinks a moment, and replies that she does not know any one living there by that name. "No," I reply, "he used to live here." Again she thinks, but says that nobody by that name had lived there since she had; he must have lived there before her time. "Oh, yes," I reply, "he lived here a century ago." "Oh," she says, "then I don't know anything about him. You must go to the gentleman who lives next door. He owns the house and can tell you all about it." So to the gentleman next door who kept a small store, I go. He proves to be a relative of

Tersteegen, and shows me some relics of him, as his knife. I ask him which was the room in which Tersteegen used to hold his prayer meetings. He replies that it was on the second story back, a room that has small panes of glass. So back to the house to seek this room I go again alone. By some inadvertence I climb to the third story, instead of the second, where a man, who lives there, comes out of his door and looks at me as an intruder, if not a robber. I beat a hasty retreat down again to the second floor, where I again meet the woman with whom I had the first conversation. I tell her which room I want to see, and she shows it to me. There in the back part of the house is a room seating about fifty, perhaps more. Probably in crowded times the entries and stairways were full of earnest worshippers. It is only a small room, but from that room went forth an influence a century ago that quickened Germany and Holland; yes, touched our own land, and whose influence remains to this day.

Who was Tersteegen? Gerhard Tersteegen was born at Meurs in 1697, but in early life came to Muehlheim. Untereyck as early as 1665 had started prayer meetings here and given

a pietistic tinge to the religion of the people. Tersteegen's religious soul opened quickly to these influences. But for five years he was under conviction for sin, before he saw the light. But one day sweet peace came to his heart, when it is supposed he wrote in his own blood the dedication that is found in his works. He did not become a minister, but remained working at his trade, which was silk-weaving. He worked ten hours at the loom, spent two hours in prayer, and after a while spent whole nights in prayer. He gave up his trade, so as to minister in spiritual things to those who came to see him. Having obtained some knowledge of medicine, he aided the body as well as the soul. When some opposition was made to him, because he as a layman had no right to hold religious services, he demanded an interview with the clergy of his town, and so justified himself in their eyes that they never allowed him to be interfered with. Here for thirty years he held his prayer meetings and preached and taught out of the Word of God. The number who flocked to him for counsel was sometimes so great that there would be twenty or thirty persons waiting in the outer room to see him. His meetings were attended by as many

as could crowd into his room, yes into his house. People came from distant lands to hear him. Sick people would send for him, and he would spend whole hours, yes, nights at their bedside. Sometimes when he went to a neighboring land, as Holland, in order to rest, the people would watch for him by the roadside and carry him off to the nearest barn, where a congregation would immediately assemble, (so great was his fame), in order to hear him preach.

Tersteegen had a wide correspondence with Christian people of many lands. He also wrote poems and hymns. One of the hyms he composed is that solemn revival hymn, "God calling yet, shall I not hear?" Its last verse was a type of his character:

> "God calling yet, I cannot stay,
> My heart I yield without delay,
> Vain world, farewell, from thee I part,
> The voice of God hath reached my heart."

He was a most consecrated man, a pietist, and a revivalist in our Reformed Church a hundred years ago. He is dead, but his influence still rests on northwestern Germany, and wherever his book, "The Spiritual Flower Garden," is

read. Prayer meetings and quiet revival services are not foreign to our Reformed Church. She had them from her beginning—from Lasco, Untereyck, Lampe, Neander, Tersteegen. They are part of her genius and history. She owes much to them. They saved her from formalism. They are her hope for the future. O that God would again breathe His Spirit in pentecostal shower on our Reformed Church, as He has in days past.

Leaving Muehlheim, it is but a short journey to Kaiserswerth, northwest of it, situated on the banks of the Rhine. Its railroad station is Kalcum, where there is nothing but a house in the woods. As I have only about two and a half hours until my train leaves, I am anxious to waste no time. Kaiserswerth is two miles off. I ask for a horse or carriage, but there is none to be had. There is nothing to do but to walk. So, leaving my baggage at the railroad station, I start out alone, across the flat plain along the lower Rhine. The rain has been falling. But, as I walk through the green fields, and along the road shaded often by high trees, the sun comes out between the clouds, and it is a glorious afternoon. Three-quarters of an hour of the

little time at my disposal is spent in walking to the place. Then, finally, the little town of Kaiserswerth is reached. All around me are the buildings of the deaconess institution. There are so many of them that it seems to me there could have been very little of a town here before the institutions were founded. Having arranged for a carriage to take me back to the railroad station, I now give myself up to the study of the deaconess work.

To this little village there came in 1822 a young man named Theodore Fliedner, a Reformed minister. Kaiserswerth is a Catholic settlement. The young pastor has a membership of only 200 out of a population of 1,800, so that he had ample time to devote to other work. He had not been there a month, when the velvet manufactory, which supported the town, failed; and his congregation, composed mainly of its workmen, threatened to disintegrate. So he started out on a collecting tour through Holland and England. But the money he collected and brought back, though sufficient for the church, was the least result of his tour. He had visited hospitals and prisons while away, and his great heart went out in sympathy beyond his little

parish. The prisons of Germany were in a sad state at that time. He became the John Howard of Germany, seeking to save the prisoners. He determined to do something, at least, for the spiritual wants of the prisoners. So he began preaching in the prison at Duesseldorf, three miles away. He travelled in England a second time in the interest of prison reform.

But one September day in 1833, there came to his parsonage at Kaiserswerth a discharged prisoner named Minna. She wanted to return to a right life again, but the world had shut itself against her. So she came to him. Where could he put her? There was no room for her in the little parsonage. He gave her an asylum in the small summer house, twelve feet square, in his garden. That little summer house was the beginning of his great work. Soon a house was purchased as an asylum for reforming prisoners.

The next thought of this large-hearted man was for the children. His district was a manufacturing one, and, while the parents were away from home, busy working in the mills, the children, uncared for, would get into bad company, or were locked up at home. So his now empty

garden house became a children's home, until a house was found for them.

Then his heart began to ache for the sick. Many towns had no hospitals, and where there were hospitals, he had seen the sick often uncared for. He began to see the need of trained Christian nurses who could care for the body, and the soul as well. But he felt that Kaiserswerth was too much of a country town for such an institution, and he tried to get his brethren in larger cities to start a house of training deaconesses (for he believed in reviving the Scriptural office of deaconess). But all his efforts were in vain.

One day the largest house in his little village came into the market for sale. He had no money, yet he bought it on faith. The people of the place looked with amazement. Village gossips said a new manufacturer was coming. When it was known that he proposed to turn it into a hospital to train nurses, the people rose against it, the physicians opposed it, and the town officers waited on him to influence him to give up his plan. When it was known that these nurses were to be deaconesses, the Catholics laughed at him and predicted failure. They

said as these ladies have no vows of chastity or poverty, the whole movement will go to pieces. But the man of faith persevered and overcame all opposition, and brought success out of failure. And his first year closed with forty sick in the hospital, and seven deaconesses in the institution.

But Fliedner also saw that there was great need in German schools for Christian teachers. Many of the teachers were rationalists, and he felt it important to educate teachers who were Christians. He determined to train his deaconesses as teachers, as well as nurses. At first there was great prejudice against ladies as teachers. But the government finally sanctioned their employment, and about a thousand teachers have been sent out. There are thus two kinds of deaconesses, nurses and teachers.

These deaconesses are not nuns. They take no vow of chastity. They can marry when they desire, provided they give notice, so that their work is not hampered by their withdrawal. They are simply consecrated women, whose aim is to work for Christ and lead others to Him. And Fliedner's movement at once became a success. It met a felt need of our times. The re-

sult has been that the world responded to it, and deaconess houses have sprung up all over Europe, in Holland, Switzerland, France, Sweden, England and America. It is said there were 59 of them in Europe. There are now 600 working in connection with Kaiserswerth, and its hospital cares for 5,000 patients every year.

In addition to these institutions there are at Kaiserswerth a lunatic asylum, a Magdalen asylum, a home for the aged, and others. They have in Berlin a home for servants, and also deaconess houses in Jerusalem, Smyrna, Alexandria and Florence.

As I go through the hospital, under the guidance of one of the deaconesses, I pause in the men's room. Many of them look as if they had little or no religious influence or training. As we go out, a deaconess comes in. As we pass the door of the room a few moments later, I hear her voice in prayer and singing among them. What a blessing such a service must have been to them. "Do you pray?" asked a deaconess of a girl of sixteen who had come in. "What is that?" she said, and stared. "Pray? I don't know what that is." A poor woman complained that she had gone to so many doc-

tors, and all to no purpose. "Have you gone to the right, the good physician?" asked the deaconess. These examples reveal their blessed opportunities and influence.

In common with many of my Protestant brethren I had been shy of deaconesses as savoring of Catholicism. But my obstacles went to the winds as I saw their work at Kaiserswerth. In heathen lands, especially in the Orient, at Beirout and Jerusalem, there is no mightier agency for Christ than these deaconesses. They have nursed to Christ many a soul which otherwise would have opposed Him.

All honor to Fliedner and his work. Christianity has discovered the value of consecrated womanhood. When the women of the Church arise in their might to wield their subtle influence for Christ, the world will see things not yet dreamed of. The blue flag waves over Kaiserswerth, and wave it will till the red flag of the cross will wave over all the earth.

CHAPTER XVII.

Emden and Bremen.

On the northeastern coast of Germany lie two cities, Emden and Bremen. North Germany is Lutheran, but these two cities are two lighthouses of the Reformed faith, placed on this northern coast. Both were free cities in the days of the Reformation, and being free to choose their own religion, they chose the Reformed rather than the Lutheran.

The country in North Germany is flat and the scenery uninteresting. No elevations arrest the eye, nothing but avenues of trees or masts of vessels rising out of the sand or the fields. Emden is a little Dutch town in Germany. It occupies a corner of the Fatherland rarely visited by the traveller, and is a very quaint old town of 13,000 inhabitants. It reminds one of Holland. Indeed, its inhabitants are closely related to the Dutch. In its streets are canals, and sailing vessels come into the very centre of the town, their masts rising in strange contrast with the

buildings. The gable ends of the houses face the street, and but for the German language of the people, one would fancy himself in Holland. Into this city, as early as 1526, there came a monk called Aportanus, who preached the Reformation. He created a stir by introducing the Reformed Lord's Supper, instead of the Lutheran, a thing unheard of in Germany at that time. So Emden and the county of East Friesland, to which it belonged, became the earliest Reformed church in Germany.

Seventeen years afterwards the great Polish Reformer, John A. Lasco, was made superintendent, so as to thoroughly introduce the Reformed faith. He greatly opposed the images in the Catholic churches, and resolved that none but biblical ceremonies should be used in the service. He organized the churches by appointing four elders in each church. And he organized the clergy by uniting them into a sort of synod called the Coetus. He labored here for three years, and then resigned his office as superintendent, although he still retained his position as pastor of the old Reformed church. A leave of absence having been granted him, he went to England; but when he returned in 1549, he found his flock

in a sad plight. The Emperor of Germany had ordered the Interim with its Catholic ceremonies to be introduced into the churches of Emden. This the faithful people would not hear of. As they would not submit to these things, their church door was closed against them. So they worshipped in the graveyard in the open air, and Lasco preached to greater audiences when locked out of the church, than when in it. But very soon this faithful shepherd was driven away, and he left a weeping congregation who bewailed his departure. The Interim was afterwards lifted, and the people joyfully resumed, in the old church, their Reformed worship, which has not been interrupted since.

Emden was always an asylum for the Reformed people. When they were driven out of other lands, they always found a warm welcome here. Here the great synod of the Dutch Church of Holland held its second meeting in 1571, when exiled from its own land. And for three and a half centuries this Emden church has retained the primitive Reformed faith and customs. It is therefore with no ordinary interest that I turn my steps toward this place. In no other city, except perhaps in Elberfeld, have the Reformed

faith and customs been so well preserved, without being influenced by other denominations or by external circumstances. And the old Coetus or synod, founded by Lasco in 1544, still holds its meetings. It is the oldest orthodox organization of the Reformed Church, being more than 350 years old. I happen to be in Norway, when I hear from Dr. Bartels that the Coetus would have a meeting on Tuesday, the 2nd of July, 1888. I had intended to return from Norway direct to England. To go to the Coetus would involve a much more expensive journey, all the way round by Denmark, and also the travelling of five nights in the cars. But in spite of these difficulties, the temptation is too great to be resisted. I determine to go. After travelling for well-nigh a week, almost night and day, to get there, you can imagine my disappointment and chagrin, when I am stopped at Munster at midnight of Monday, July 1st, by the news that I can go no farther that night. But I reply: "I must be in Emden to-morrow morning to attend an important meeting." "Can't help it," said the conductor, "no train will arrive at Emden until near noon." Heart sick that all my labor and expense would probably be in vain, and I might not get to the Coetus

after all, I go to bed. The next morning, to hasten matters, I telegraph to the hotel at Emden to have a carriage ready at the station. However when one is in a difficulty, mistakes multiply. When I arrive at Emden, I find the hotel coach there, but no carriage. I inquire of the porter why no carriage was sent. "Oh," he answered, "I thought the telegram meant that we should send the omnibus of the hotel." Well, there is nothing to do but wait ten minutes until the bus starts, although every minute is valuable. And of course the hotel is at the other end of the town, and it seems as if I shall never reach it, so long is the ride to it. At the hotel I find a note from Dr. Bartels telling me that the Coetus meets at ten a. m. Ten o'clock, and here it is almost twelve. I rush to the hotel clerk and ask him to send me as quickly as possible to the Coetus. He sends a young man to guide me, and we soon arrive at a church. But I find no one in it except an organist in the choir gallery. I call up to him asking whether the Coetus meets there. "Coetus," he replies, "what is that?" Evidently he knows nothing about it. Another quarter of an hour gone. In despair I hasten to the pastor of that church for information. He

tells me that I have been sent by mistake to a Lutheran church (which of course does not belong to the Coetus), and I hasten at last to the right church. It is now twelve. Would the Coetus still be in session? I find it is, and when I afterwards learn that they had been having an exegesis in Greek before I arrived, I am not so sorry that I was late. When I arrive at the church door, the sexton tells me that the Coetus is in session upstairs in the elders' or presbytery room. I hurry up stairs and gently push the door open, intending to take a back seat. I find myself in a quaint old-fashioned room, filled with about fifty ministers, while upon its walls hang the portraits of the presidents of the Coetus during the last three centuries. I look for a back seat, but there is none. The Germans seem to be as fond of back seats as we are on this side of the water, and all of them are occupied. To my dismay the venerable president rises up as I enter and motions me to come forward and take the seat of honor beside him. Seated at last, I am again in a quandary. The only minister with whom I am acquainted is Rev. Dr. Bartels, one of the best historians of our Church; and I know him only by letter, never having seen him.

Which of these before me is he? In my helplessness I ask the president if he is Dr. Bartels, but he adds to my dilemma by not answering me. In my helplessness I almost vow that if I ever get out of this Coetus, I never will hunt up another one. But stop, a polished scholar rises and reads an elaborate paper on the relations of the Coetus to the Canons of Dort. Then I know that this polished scholar is my friend, Rev. Dr. Bartels. He shows that while the rest of western Germany became highly Calvinistic, like the Canons, the Coetus and the East Frisian Church were only moderately so. And then when he is through, to complete my bewilderment, they call on me to make an address; and as not one of them could understand or interpret English, it must be made in German.

But notwithstanding all these difficulties, it must be confessed that this visit is one of the most impressive of my life. Here I am in the oldest Reformed organization in the world, three and a half centuries old. The antiquated room, with its high-backed seats, with its portraits of Lasco and other Reformed ministers, long since dead, looking down upon me, is a scene never to be forgotten. And the reception of these Ger-

man brethren is overwhelmingly kind. They elect me an associate member of the Coetus. This is the more remarkable, as no Reformed minister outside of Friesland is allowed to attend this meeting, much less to become a member of it. They make an exception of me, perhaps, because I am a foreigner from across the sea, and will not attend often, and so their rules will not be often violated. Then they take me to their public dinner held after the meeting. They toast me, and seem to outdo even German hospitality.

Dr. Bartels takes me into the old Reformed church, an exceedingly plain building, with its plain communion table and its quaint old pulpit. He leads me through the streets, showing me where Lasco lived. But the most impressive place to me is the graveyard just outside of the church where the Reformed people worshipped God when the Catholics locked them out of the church. And old Father Hess, the senior minister and president of the Coetus, tells me of the earnest pietism of the East Frisian Church, and how it has had to contend against sacramentarianism and rationalism in the State Church.

The Coetus is a combination of a synod and a conference. It used to have the authority of a

Classis, but now all it can do is to have a moral censorship over its members. But it is largely a conference for the discussion of various religious topics that are brought before it.

A visit to Emden is like a visit to the Reformed church 350 years ago, so quaint is the town, so primitive the church, so kind the people in welcoming one of like faith from across the seas.

Bremen, like Emden, is situated on a sandy plain along the river Weser. It was a wealthy free city, and is now one of the leading ports of Germany. Its population is 112,000. Formerly it was a walled city, but now its walls have been changed into parks and promenades, and its moat into a lake. The centre of Bremen has always been its Rathhaus or city hall; for these burgers or citizens were accustomed to rule the city themselves, without the intervention of princes. This Rathhaus is a very antique building. Its front, with its Doric columns and richly decorated bow window and gable, make it an object of beauty. Walking through its great hall, where the citizens used to meet, I see the secret of Bremen's greatness. A fine model of a ship is hung from the ceiling; for commerce

built up the city. Directly opposite the city hall is the old cathedral, whose exterior is somewhat disfigured by the fall of the southern tower in 1638. And here at this cathedral our interest begins. After Bremen became Protestant in 1532, this cathedral was closed until 1547, when Albert Hardenberg was called as the cathedral preacher. His sermons drew great crowds. But the other ministers soon began to bring charges against him, that he was not a true Lutheran, but leaned toward Calvinism. He, however, declared that he held the views of Melanchthon. So the feeling ran high. Many of the people sympathized with the other clergy; many sympathized with Hardenberg, and among the latter Daniel Von Buren, the burgomaster.

Finally Hardenberg was forced to resign, and he left the city; but he left many friends behind him. And when the opponents tried to complete their work, by defeating the re-election of Von Buren to his office, his friends carried him to the city hall in triumph. The result was a reaction. Von Buren came into power again, and he called in other ministers who sympathized with Hardenberg. Some of these new ministers were Calvinists, among them Pezel,

who introduced the Reformed faith and became professor in the Reformed school founded here. This cathedral is now used as a Lutheran church, the other six churches being Reformed.

But there are other churches interesting to us. One is the St. Martin's church. This church, for more than a quarter of a century, was the home of Pietism.

Untereyck began to hold his prayer meetings here as early as 1670. Some have objected that prayer meetings and revival services interfere with our time-honored custom of catechisation. It might be well for them to know that we never would have had our custom of catechising the youth, if it had not been for prayer meetings and revivals. The catechisation of the youth grew out of these revival meetings. Their prayer meetings prepared the way for catechising. And they never had the rite of confirmation in Bremen, until Untereyck prepared the way for it by his special religious services.

One day a young man came with some companions to hear Untereyck, but with the intention of making sport of his earnest pietism. But the sermon took hold of him. His companion laughed at his seriousness after the service.

Not to be outdone, he went to the pastor after church, to seek the way of life. And Untereyck, glad to meet an inquirer after church, pointed him to the cross of Christ. This young convert became the great poet and hymn-singer of the Reformed Church, Joachim Neander. He was the author of that greatest of our Reformed hymns of Germany: "Lobe den Herrn, den allmæchtigen Kœnig."

"Praise to the Lord, He is king over all creation!
Praise to the Lord, O my soul, as the God of salvation!
Join in the song, psaltery and harp roll along;
Praise in your solemn vibration."

Before his time the Reformed had sung mainly psalms. His new spiritual hymns created almost as much excitement as the introduction of the Moody and Sankey hymns did among us some years ago. But his hymns were greatly blessed to our Church and the salvation of souls. He was afterward called to be pastor of this very church at Bremen, in which he had been converted. But he lived only a year after that, and then this sweet singer of Israel went to join the great choir around the throne in heaven.

But though the workers die, the work itself goes on. And God raised up Frederick Lampe,

the greatest theologian of the German Reformed Church after the Reformation—the leader of the pietists and revivalists. For eleven years, from 1709 to 1720, he preached in St. Stephen's church at Bremen with great power and blessing. So great did his fame become, that he was called to be professor of theology at the University of Utrecht, in Holland; then, perhaps, the highest position in the gift of the Reformed Church. But he was re-called as pastor of the St. Ansgari church in Bremen in 1727, and also as professor in the Reformed theological school at Bremen. However, he was permitted to laber only two years, and then he died. He it was who wrote a famous commentary on our Heidelberg Catechism, called the "Milk of Truth." Thus Bremen and Muehlheim were the two centres of pietism in Germany, from which great and gracious influences went forth all over the Church.

Alas for Bremen to-day. The people are largely rationalistic. Although there are most earnest preachers there, yet rationalism prevails. In the pulpit where Hardenberg preached, Schram denies the divinity of our Saviour; and in the church where Untereyck and Neander so

earnestly preached, Schwalbe, a blatant rationalist, declaims. But among the evangelical pastors of Bremen, Funcke stands as the most prominent. He is the author of a number of pleasing books, mainly on travel,—a pleasing writer and an eloquent preacher who boldly defends the truth of Christ against error. While we mourn these falls, let us rejoice in the boldness of those who maintain the truth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Central Germany.

A country town situated in a rich farming district, but surrounded by magnificent parks and commanding hills, is Detmold, the capital of the little principality of Lippe-Detmold. It is a little land, but rich and thoroughly Reformed, its prince being one of the richest nobles of Germany. As a result, taxes are very light and his people happy; for Germans, like Americans, are not fond of paying taxes. It is a surprise to find so large a city in so rural a district, for the city has 8,000 inhabitants and the land 116,000, of whom 112,000 are Reformed. In the centre of the town is the plain, unpretending old Reformed church, as plain within as without. Near it, in contrast with its plainness, is the rich palace of the wealthy prince, with an immense round tower, like that of the queen of England at Windsor near London. The palace gardens are made beautiful with fountains, and the stables of the prince contain the famous Senner, an Arab breed of horses.

Although the people have long ago thrown their idols away, yet a colossal image overlooks the town as its patron saint. It is the statue of Arminius. "What," I ask, "how can Arminius rule in such a Reformed land? There should be no Arminians here. A monument to Calvin would be more appropriate in such a Reformed country." But I am told that this Arminius was not the theologian of the sixteenth century, who so severely opposed the Calvinism of his day; but that he was a German chieftain of the first century, who A. D. 9 called together the Cherusci, a German tribe, and put to flight the Roman army. The Roman legions were seldom defeated. Hence the significance and grandeur of this victory. The great Augustus, when he heard of the defeat of his army, cried out, "Varus, Varus, give me back my legions," but his brave General Varus was no more. So this place marks the first battle for Germany's freedom, which finally found its completion in 1870, under Emperor William.

I conclude to pay my respects to the colossal statue on the mountain top, and I hire a carriage. Through leafy and thick forests I am driven up a winding road, until I stand in front of this mag-

nificent statue in honor of Arminius, the man who could defeat Rome. On the top of this mountain, which is 1100 feet high, rises this statue, 186 feet higher. It represents the German warrior with raised sword. The pedestal is 100 feet high, the statue 50, and the sword, lifted high above his head, 36 feet higher. It is one of the most commanding statues of Europe. It overlooks a wide area of mountains and fields, and with its face Romeward, seems to say, "Thus far have ye come, but no farther."

Returning from Arminius, I hunt for the Calvinists, and call on Rev. Mr. Theleman, the consistorialrath of the Reformed Church. Although I am a stranger to him, he receives me very cordially and tells me how, when he first entered the ministry in this county, its ministers were overwhelmingly rationalistic; now there are almost no rationalists, but all evangelical and Reformed. He does not say, but I surmise from what he says, that this change has been brought about very largely through his influence and work, and his present prominent position as head of the Church was a recognition of his valuable services. He has published a life of the great Reformed theologian and pietist Lampe; and also lately a

commentary on the Heidelberg Catechism, which is designed to ground the ministry of this land in the evangelical faith and the Reformed doctrines.

Passing southeast from Lippe, we come to the country of Hesse-Cassel, one of the most important in central Germany. It is interesting to know that the Reformed Church had its Luther, too. Luther nailed up his theses on the church door at Wittenberg. Just nine years later a French monk nailed up his theses on the church door of Homberg in Hesse, and this introduced the reformation into Hesse-Cassel. A self-conceited priest got on a stool to read these theses and deny them; but he made such poor work of it that the people laughed at him, and knocked the stool from under him, and he fell flat on the ground. But Hesse read them better than he did, as it read Catholicism out of the land. Franz Lambert, who nailed these theses on the church door, became a follower of Zwingli.

Hesse-Cassel now has a population of 380,000 Reformed people. But the Reformed of Hesse, surrounded as they are by Lutheran states, are less entirely Reformed in doctrine and cultus than the lands west of them. And to-day, through

the efforts of the state, the Church has become largely Lutheranized. But there are still many faithful Reformed to be found there.

Cassel, a city of 60,000, the capital of Hesse, is one of the most beautifully located cities in Germany. On the east the winding Fulda river flows gracefully beside the city. On the west is the exquisite park of Wilhelmshœhe on the heights. I start out to see the town, and very soon find myself at the cathedral church of the town, the St. Martin's church, fronting on an open square. From being a Catholic church it was made into a Reformed, and is the royal church where the prince worships. It is a plain Gothic structure, but contains in it a fine monument of Landgrave Phillip, the Magnanimous, who died in 1567. This monument, reaching to the roof, is made of black marble, with white relief and profuse gilding, and represents the resurrection. I ask the sexton whether the church had gone into the Evangelical or United Church of Germany. "No," he says, "we are Reformed." I hear pastor Wolf deliver one of the finest prayer meeting discourses that I ever heard in Germany, on a Wednesday evening. Af-

ter the service I introduced myself to him, and he, too, is strong in his Reformed sympathies.

The churches of Cassel have three superintendents, a Reformed, a Lutheran, and an Evangelical. So the attempted union of the Reformed and Lutheran in 1817 only resulted in forming a new denomination, the Evangelical.

Cassel rejoices in a fine picture gallery, with some famous pictures. But finer than art is nature's picture around the city. The eastern part of it, lying along the river, is a beautiful park, called "Die Aue," the Green, which is dotted with buildings, an orangerie and a marble bath. Cassel received about 20,000 French refugees, whom Louis the Fourteenth had driven out; many of whom settled in the city and built up the new part of the town. And one of these, with exquisite French taste, laid out this Aue or park along the riverside.

But the gem of Cassel is the park of Wilhelmshœhe, or William's Heights, which was first laid out by one of these French landscape gardeners. It was begun about the beginning of the seventeenth century and has been improved by various princes up to the present time. Its many acres are covered by dense forests, pene-

trated by fine roads and beautified by magnificent fountains. At the top of its highest hill, 1360 feet high, commanding a fine view, is an eight-cornered building, from which descend a series of steps for 900 feet. These form beautiful cascades when the water flows over them. Further down the hillside is the great fountain which sends up a jet of water to a height of 200 feet. This fountain plays only on certain days. But I am fortunate enough to be there on one of those days. Quite a large crowd gathers to see and watch the fountains play. At the appointed time the great fountain sends up a stream of white foam into the air. This fills up the lake at its side to overflowing, and then begins the mad rush of the crowd to follow the waters down the hill to other cascades and waterfalls. I do not at first comprehend what the people are running for; but as most people run when they don't know what they are running for, I go with the crowd, until we all come to an acqueduct further down the hill. We have outstripped the water. It has not yet arrived. But in a few moments the water fills up the acqueduct, so that it flows over its side, making another fine waterfall.

Wilhelmshœhe is a beautiful park, worthy

of so great a prince as the landgrave of Hesse. Here the third Napoleon was confined as a prisoner, after the Franco-Prussian war. Verily most men would be glad to be confined in such a prison. Such a prison would be a paradise to them. Here poor Napoleon, like our first parents in their paradise in Eden, fell and lost his crown. Yet it is one of the strange revenges of history, that he should be confined in a park laid out by one of the refugees whom his predecessor, Louis XIV., drove out, because he was a Protestant. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine."

Northeast of Cassel is Magdeburg, once the seat of an archbishop, but whose yoke the people threw off in 1524, to become Lutheran; and it has since been one of the strongholds of Lutheranism in Germany. Nevertheless, there are three Reformed congregations in it with a combined membership of over 6,000. Their presence in such a strong Lutheran city came about thus: The sack of Magdeburg in the Thirty Years' War was so famous that it made its author, Tilly, the Austrian general, forever infamous, as he butchered men, women and children after they had surrendered. This massacre sent a

thrill of horror through all Protestant lands, and told them what to expect from Rome. This turned the tide of the Thirty Years' War and saved Protestantism in Germany.

To this city came, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, a colony of French refugees. Magdeburg, although more than a half century had elapsed since its sack in 1631, had not yet revived; and there were so many vacant houses and unused churches, that, as one writer says, there was room for 30,000 French emigrants to come and settle. The Elector of Brandenburg sought to people these ruins again, so he invited these Frenchmen. They came and held their first service in the roofless, windowless Gangolph Chapel. This French colony soon became quite strong, indeed requiring the services of three pastors. They were joined, in 1697, by a Walloon colony, who, taking their whole congregation, pastor and all, fled from Manheim, because of the persecutions of the Catholic Elector of the Palatinate. They were followed by other Palatines who were driven out of their land, and settled here, thus forming a large German church. The French church is now served by Rev. Henri Tollin, one of the

finest specimens of a French Christian gentleman that it has ever been my pleasure to meet. He is also the historian of the French churches in Germany. He received me very kindly with true French hospitality.

After a delightful stay with pastor Tollin, I hurry away to visit Halle, to the southeast. Halle is an older looking town than Magdeburg. Its salt works originally made it famous, but now it is a city of 71,000. Leaving the cars, I hire a carriage to take me to the Moritzburg, a hill on the borders of the river Saale. Here stands a ruin of the old castle of the princes of Brandenburg. In a room of this castle Elector Sigismund, on becoming of age in 1593, was required by his father to take a solemn oath never to leave the Lutheran faith. But he afterward broke his oath by leaving the Lutherans and becoming Reformed. This he could do the more easily, because one of his ancestors before him, in order to become a Lutheran, had broken his oath to remain Catholic.

From this castle, in which Sigismund took his oath, I hasten to the "Dom" or Cathedral; for although the city is Lutheran, by a strange contradiction, its Cathedral is Reformed. It

came about in this way. After the princes of Brandenburg became Reformed, they had Reformed worship in the chapel in the palace. But after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes had driven so many Reformed from France, the Elector allowed many of them to settle at Halle; and as the congregation became too large for the little royal chapel, royal service was held in the Magdalene chapel. But the people of the town did not take to these refugees, who were of a different faith. In 1695 there appeared a parody on the Reformed catechism, which, however, by order of the Prince, was publicly burned.

The Cathedral was always the place where the prince worshipped, and as he was Reformed, he gave it to these Frenchmen, because they had outgrown their former place of worship. It is a plain old building, presided over by several pastors, of whom Rev. Dr. Gobel is the most prominent.

But Halle is famous for its university. Around it memories of Tholuck and Julius Mueller still hang. The relation of this university to our Reformed people is very interesting in these days when the Reformed have no universities any more in Germany. The foundation of the

university was a Reformed high school of the French, called the La-Fleurs Academy. It had a Reformed professor of theology to train pastors for French churches. And when the Elector, in 1694, established his university (as the outgrowth of this school), he gave certain privileges to Reformed students in it. The origin of this university is significant to us. When Spener, the leader of the Pietists in the Lutheran Church, was driven out of Saxony by the Lutherans and the prince, where should his followers go? Where but to a Reformed prince, who gave them an asylum in Halle—founded a university for them where their leading teachers could teach their doctrines. The Reformed Church, through its ministers and princes, greatly fostered Pietism and earnest piety. As a result of this, the Reformed congregation at Halle has certain rights in this university. This Pietistic foundation and the prayer-spirit of Tholuck have pervaded the university. Pietism also left another relic at Halle in Francke's Orphans' schools. Although the great professor of theology in the university, yet he was of a practical mind. In 1695 he received an orphan into his house. Before the month ran out, he

had nine, and in two months twelve. A neighboring house was then bought to accommodate the orphans; and the work, founded entirely on faith, grew until in 1698 he founded the first of orphan asylums. There are now thousands of scholars attending these schools of Francke. Earnest piety always finds its expression in practical works like these. Faith always shows itself by its works. And Halle, through the piety of its professors, has become a "hall" of God, for there was found room for the King of Kings; it has been a "porch"—a vestibule, indeed—by which many souls entered the gate of heaven.

CHAPTER XIX.

Berlin—I.

Of all the great capitals of Europe, Berlin is the least beautifully located. No high mountains rise around her. Spread out by the side of the river Spree, she lies on a plain as flat as one of our western prairies. But what she lacks in nature, is made up by man's art. Wide streets, like the "Unter den Linden," lined with imposing buildings; fine parks, like the Thiergarten, whose shade is so dense that the sun cannot penetrate; and fine palaces and museums, make Berlin worthy of being the capital of the greatest empire on the continent of Europe. Still, even in architecture and art, she cannot compare with Paris, Vienna or Petersburg. But Berlin is a mighty metropolis. With a population of a million and a half, her streets sounding continually with the steady tramp of 25,000 soldiers (part of Germany's army of millions), she sits as the queen of about fifty millions of Germans, who, as part of our Anglo-Saxon race, with us will conquer the world for Christ.

The old city was built around the palace of the princes of Brandenburg, which lay on an island in the river Spree. The present city seems to centre around the great street "Unter den Linden." I saunter through this street, which is almost a mile long, running east and west. It is almost two hundred feet wide, lined with double rows of limes and chestnuts, and flanked with splendid palaces, fine hotels and capacious stores. Passing at its east end, the imposing statue of Frederick the Great, with a palace on the one side and a university on the other, I find myself on the artistic castle bridge. And here (I am almost ashamed to confess it) I am surprised to find myself on a spree. For directly below me, flowing beneath the bridge, is the river Spree, and I am standing over it. Would that all sprees were like mine—of water. Alas, the German spree is of beer, which, with brandy, is becoming the curse of Germany, as it has been of America. Beyond the east of the bridge is the palace park, on the north of which are the museums, filled with pictures and works of art. How marvellous the mural paintings of Kalbach. As I sat looking up at his awful "Destruction of Jerusalem," and then turned to

see opposite his "Battle of the Huns," where the slain from the battle-field rise and fight the battle over again in the clouds; and then pass on to his "Age of the Reformation," with Luther and Calvin, Zwingli and Melanchthon bearing their part, I realized how valuable and impressive was history painted by art; and art, when joined to religion.

Perhaps the most interesting place in this museum is the Egyptian museum, where, as some one says, you can see more of Egypt than you can in Egypt itself. Here, arranged like an old temple of Pharaoh (where you seem to worship Isis and Osiris), are relics of the dawn of history, tombs, mummies, altars and sphynxes, bringing the Orient into the Occident. No wonder students of Egyptology prefer Berlin to Cairo for study.

But returning to the palace park in front of the museum, I pass the new cathedral, given by the Elector of Brandenburg to be forever a Reformed church, but which has been robbed of all that once made it Reformed; and then I enter the royal palace. It is not used as a residence of the Emperor just now, perhaps because it is said to be haunted by a spectre. For the

Countess of Orlamunde, who murdered her children, is said to appear here just before the death of some member of the royal family. We do not believe in ghosts. At any rate, if we were to see any, we would have been glad to see this one. For when we were there, poor Emperor Frederick was dying by inches, breathing out his life in agony, and we felt that it would be a mercy to relieve him from his sufferings. Since then a merciful Providence has delivered him. And Germany saw what she never saw before, a year in which she had three Emperors; so that year (1888) will go down in history as Drei-Kaiser-Jahr (the year of the three Emperors).

But this castle has something connected with it more real than a spectre—a history, and a history connected with our own Church. Berlin was Catholic before the Reformation, and then became Lutheran. But in 1613 Elector Sigismund, wearied of the polemics of the Lutheran pastors and preachers of his day, made a Christmas present to the Reformed Church; and that was a present of himself and his royal family as members of our Church. From his day the royal family of Germany have been Reformed. He gave his royal church, the cathedral of the

city, to the Reformed. It was originally located on the castle park, just south of the palace.

In 1615 he attempted to complete his change to our faith by putting out, after the fashion of the Calvinists of his day, all pictures, altars, crucifixes, fonts and the gold and silver statues of the apostles, which had adorned his church. But the Lutheran populace who had always been accustomed to these, looked upon this innovation as a sign that he was about to introduce the Reformed faith by force in all their churches. So one night when the Elector was away, they gathered in a mob around St. Peter's church, pursued his soldiers down the Brothers street, stormed the house of the Reformed preacher; and threatened that the next thing they would do would be to storm the castle of their prince. But the Elector returned the next day, and better counsels prevailed. The Reformed faith was tolerated by the people, although unwillingly at first. But the poor Reformed preacher Fussel lost his library in this riot, and had to preach at the next service in a green vest, because the mob had not left him any other. His appearance in the pulpit must have been picturesque and bright, if not altogether suitable to the place.

But the great Reformed prince of Germany (there has been none like him before or since), was the great Elector Frederick William, who reigned from 1640 to 1688. He it was who laid the foundation of Prussia's future greatness by his foresight and economy. And he it was who was always the strong defender of the Reformed faith in his and other lands. To the economy and simplicity taught him by his Reformed faith, and to the Reformed princes that his religion brought him in contact with, Prussia owes the beginning of her present greatness as the leader of Germany. She has to thank the Reformed Church for it. His wife, the Electress Louisa Henrietta, was a beautiful Christian character, one of the saints of our Church. When oppressed with sadness because there was no heir to the throne given her, she wrote that gem of German hymns, "Jesus, meine Zuversicht."

Jesus, my Redeemer, lives;
Christ, my trust, is dead no more!
In the strength this knowledge gives,
Shall not all our fears be o'er?
Calm, though death's long night be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought.

She cared nothing for fashion, and lived only for charity and religion. She became so popular through her kindness that her name Louisa became a favorite one in German households; and until as late as a half century ago her portrait was still found on the walls of the cottages.

The great Elector always stood forth as the defender of the persecuted Reformed everywhere. Two weeks after the King of France issued the edict that drove the Huguenots out of France, he issued an edict welcoming them into his land. His wife being a descendant of the great Admiral Coligny, he felt a special interest in them for her sake, and said he would sell his silver plate to raise money enough to befriend these French refugees. Five thousand of them settled in Berlin. He gave them the northwestern end, the suburb of the city called Moabit, a waste of sand along the river Spree. But these industrious and tasty Frenchmen soon made that desert blossom as the rose. The Elector had the greatest confidence in the integrity of these French citizens. He once surprised his wife as she was giving her crown jewels into the hand of a stranger. He asked of her in astonishment who the man was. "I do not know his name," she re-

plied, "but he is a Huguenot." This was enough. A Huguenot's word was as good as an oath. They returned his confidence by becoming true citizens of his German fatherland.

But the most famous of Prussia's kings was Frederick the Great. He was great as a king and general; but, alas, he ridiculed the faith of his fathers. For Voltaire, with his French wit, became his patron saint for a while, and Voltaire's skepticism became the king's faith. But Frederick had pious Christians in his court to rebuke him. One was General Van Zietan, who, from his name and associations, we suspect was Reformed. One day Frederick made some slighting remark about the Lord's Supper. The gray-haired soldier stood up and said: "Your majesty knows that I have never feared any danger. But there is One above us who is greater than you or I. That holy One I never allow to be mocked or insulted." The brave confession so conquered the king that he confessed he had wronged the general. And his brave soldiers rebuked his skepticism once on the battle-field of Leuthen, a victory which astonished even Napoleon. But what bore up the hearts of the soldiers as they went into battle for that victory?

They sang one of the psalms of the Reformed Church as they marched. "Shall we order this clamor to cease?" asked one of the officers of the king. "By no means," he replied, for his heart was touched by it. He was so impressed with it that he said to an officer by his side: "With men like these, don't you think that I shall have victory this day?"

Frederick the Great's palace was at Sans Souci, near Potsdam, 18 miles southwest of Berlin. Its gardens and parks are worthy of so great a king. Back of the palace is the famous windmill, whose owner dared to refuse to sell it to the king. He thus proved stronger than a king, for he refused to sell it to him.

Near Sans Souci is the new palace of Charlottenhof, erected by Frederick the Great, after the Seven Years' War. It contains the famous shell room, a room arranged to imitate a grotto, whose sides are lined with minerals and precious stones, some of great value.

There were originally three kinds of Reformed Churches in Berlin. The first were the court or royal churches, which belonged to the royal family, and which (as the princes were Reformed) were of course Reformed, too. These

were all swallowed up in the union between the Reformed and Lutheran, which formed the Evangelical Church. The second class are the French churches. These still remain true to their first faith. And although founded as French churches, they soon became true German citizens. It is related that when Napoleon Bonaparte was in Berlin, the hoary minister of the French church there had an audience with him. Napoleon spoke very severely against the character of the Queen of Prussia. The minister boldly but firmly withstood this conqueror of Europe to the face, saying that he wrongly accused his queen. Finally in his earnestness (for the French are always impulsive) he dared to seize the arm that had shaken Europe and said: "Sir, this arm is victorious; let it also be gracious. Do not attack the reputation of the Queen. She is an excellent woman." Thus he stood up against the land of his fathers (France) for the sake of the land of his adoption (Prussia.)

There are at present in Berlin 6,000 French Reformed, who worship in the French church, near the Emperor's palace. They have three other places of worship, and are under a consistory.

There is still another source from which Reformed people came to Berlin and formed a Reformed congregotion. A century and a half ago a colony of persecuted refugees fled from Bohemia to Berlin. The Jesuits had been scouring Bohemia, searching for their prey, so that these finally fled in sheer despair. The king of Prussia took them in. They were originally members of the Brethren Church of Bohemia. But by and by they divided into two congregations, a Lutheran and a Reformed. Both congregationa worshipped in the same building, the Bethlehem church, named after the Bethlehem church at Prague, where John Huss used to preach. The church is situated in the southwestern part of the city, not far from the Thiergarten.

Over this Reformed congregation ministered for many years the sainted Gossner, once a Catholic priest, whose preaching had moved St. Petersburg as it had never been moved before, and who afterward, in 1829, became pastor of this Bethlehem church. Through him this church became a living centre of God's work in the city. For city mission work and evangelization among the students were his pleasure, and

the preaching of the cross was his great delight. "Father Gossner" became a name honored in Berlin, and his presence was welcomed even in the palace, while his preaching crowded his church. From home mission work it is but a step to foreign mission work. His predecessor, Janicke, had already started a school for missionaries, some of whom became missionaries of the London Missionary Society. One day there came to him three or four young artisans, whose hearts had been inflamed by his earnest preaching. They burned to go to the heathen, but they had no education. He refused them again and again. Again and again they besought him to teach them. Finally he began to teach them. And so, in spite of the opposition of the clergy and almost every one else, a new mission was started, which was called after his name, the Gossner Mission. It has done a wonderful work in various parts of heathendom, as Africa and the East Indies, but especially among the Kohls of India. He was backed by no society. He was the society, some one said; for in answer to prayer he received funds enough to send out missionary after missionary, until 141 had been sent out by him.

As an illustration of his mission, take the following: The Kohls in India were very superstitious and obstinate. They once drove the missionaries away, because they said they would inconvenience the devil. But after laboring for almost twenty years, and seeing almost no fruits, the missionaries were rejoiced to see these heathen crowding to unite with the Church, confessing Christ by scores. Gossner is dead, but this missionary society remains as his monument. From the efforts of this one man, 34,000 converts, mainly in India, have been gathered into the missions of the society. How wonderful the results of Christian work.

The present pastor of the Bethlehem church is Rev. Mr. Hapke, who entered on the pastorate twenty-five years ago. He is strong in his Reformed sympathies. During this time there was strife between the two congregations who worshipped in the building. Union churches there are not more successful than they have been amongst us in America. Matters came to such a pass that either the two congregations must separate or one go down. The sympathy of the state and the state church have all been against the Reformed. Their aim was to make

the congregation gradually disorganize and die by inches, so as to be lost in the state church. They said, as this church was intended only for Bohemians, only Bohemians should be allowed to worship there. As there are very few Protestants in Bohemia, and fewer still came to Berlin, it was evident that in a few years the congregation would die out. But pastor Hapke vigorously contended that as there were many Reformed people in Berlin, and as this was the only German Reformed church there, it ought to exist for them.

In 1885 there were 18,000 persons who registered themselves as Reformed, and there are doubtless many more. Besides, there is a large emigration to the capital from country districts which are Reformed. So a Reformed church is needed. And as the Reformed churches that used to be in Berlin, were lost in the Union, the state is bound to provide a church for them. For these and other good reasons he claimed that the state had no right to take the church property away from them. After a long and bitter controversy, the state has finally decided to give them their rights, and the Reformed have possession of the church, their share of the

property being reckoned at $75,000. This church, now relieved from its old encumbrances, will be a new starting point for the Reformed in Berlin. It is a strong church, with 1,600 adherents and 780 communicants. It has already started what may be the germ of a Reformed theological seminary. This is very much needed, as there are no Reformed universities and only three or four professors of Reformed theology in all Germany. This seminary will give Reformed students a fine opportunity to study Reformed theology. This Bethlehem church, like the star of Bethlehem, will be a star of hope for Reformed people in Eastern Germany, opening up wide avenues for growth and influence in the great capital.

CHAPTER XX.

Berlin—II.

In our last chapter we described the Berlin of the past; now we will take up the Berlin of the present. We have described especially the history of the Reformed churches in Berlin. We now propose to give a sketch of the present religious condition of the German capital. Its religious state is very discouraging. The city numbers, it is said, one and a half million, and yet there are only about fifty churches, and they have seats for only about 50,000. If all the population were to conclude to go to church at the same time, by far the most of them would not get seats. If only the servant girls were all to attend church at once, 20,000 of them would not be able to find seats. In one parish (Moabit) which has 80,000 inhabitants, there is but one church, and that seats only 500.

But alas, what church buildings there are, are not filled. I saw an estimate that on a given Sunday only 25,000 attended church. Only two

per cent. attend church, and only one seventh of the evangelical population attend the Lord's Supper. This state of affairs is alarming, and it seems to be getting worse. For five years (1880–85), while the population grew 160,000, only one church was built. The great cities are in danger of becoming paganized; or socialism (there are already 90,000 socialists in Berlin) will lift its head and anarchy will come in. Something must be done to stop this onward and downward course of affairs.

There may be several reasons for this lamentable state of religion in the German capital. One may be the prevalence of German rationalism. One fourth of the clergy are rationalists, and out of thirty-five parishes, five exclusively so. Another reason may be the union of the church with the state, and that paralyzes the church and prevents her from growing. The people rely on the state to provide churches for them, instead of providing them themselves. But whatever may be the reason of this dearth of religion, it is high time that something were done to remedy the evil. I am glad to say that efforts are being made. Things are not all dark. There is a brighter side. There are hopeful signs of greatly

increased activity on the part of the Christians both in Berlin and Germany. I propose to sketch some of these movements that aim at the regeneration of Berlin.

Probably the foremost leader in city missionary activity is court preacher Stocker. Next to Bismarck, he is the most loved and most hated man in Germany. He is hated by the Jews because of his crusade against them some years ago. He attacked them because their influence was for infidelity. But to none are active Christian workers more attached than to him. He means well, though he may make mistakes. But he made no mistake when he undertook to stir up the Prussian church to do her duty to the masses by starting the city mission of Berlin.

Alongside of him has worked another man, a German-American, Von Schlumbach. He was born and reared in Germany, but came to this country and fought in our late civil war. But in spite of a mother's prayers, he became a blatant infidel, editor of a skeptical paper, and a lecturer against religion. But the Lord who appeared to Saul outside of Damascus, appeared to this man as he was making havoc with God's saints. One day in 1868, on his way to Philadelphia to de-

liver an infidel lecture, he happened to visit his old commander in our army, General Albright, at his home at Mauch Chunk. His reception was so pleasant that he overstayed his time and missed the last train on Saturday evening. That was before the days of Sunday trains, so he had to stay over Sunday. Meanwhile the wife of General Albright determined, with God's grace, to convert this German infidel. And with all woman's wit and tact she inveigled him into an argument, as to which had done the most for the world, Christianity or infidelity. Of course the lady had the right of the argument, and Von Schlumbach found himself cornered. Unhappy at his defeat, the thought flashed across his mind, "What, if all she had said were true?" He went to his hotel an unhappy man, made still more unhappy by a promise he had been led to make to her, to go to church the next day,—the first time in many years that he had been to church. The next morning he arose dissatisfied. God's spirit had gotten hold of him, and he knew it not. He tried to drown his feelings in a glass of beer, but to his surprise it went against him, and he could not drink it. He was even tempted to commit suicide, as a relief from his anxiety. He

went to church as he had promised. But it was when he went to Sunday school to see Mrs. Albright's infant class, that his soul was torn up by the roots. There were no Sunday Schools in Germany when he was a boy, and as he had been an infidel since he was in America, he had never seen one. The sight of so many little children and their singing broke his heart. With tears in his eyes, he was taken to the large school, and there to his dismay, General Albright introduced him as an old army comrade, who would tell them what it was to believe in no God and to deride Christ. If a lightning flash had struck him, he would not have suffered more. Infidel lecturer though he had been, with multitudes of arguments against religion on his tongue, not a word could he utter. All he could do, was to ask them to pray for him. And the school knelt in prayer for him. That night he was converted in a Methodist church. His conversion created an intense excitement among his former infidel associates. They even charged him with being bribed by 10,000 dollars to become a Christian. He soon became a preacher, and finally went to Berlin to labor for the Young Men's Christian Association there. Finding he could exert more influence,

he left the Methodist Church for the State Church. In Berlin he did a wonderful work among the upper classes and the nobility, in converting them to Christ, or in developing them in Christian activity. Mainly through his efforts, the Young Men's Christian Association there has attained its present prosperity. While Stocker stirred up the church ecclesiastically, Von Schlumbach did it socially.

Nor should we forget another very important religious influence in the capital, and that is the influence of the royal family. The late Emperor William was a pious Christian. His son Frederick inclined toward infidelity, until his sickness brought him back to God ; but it is charged that his wife is a free thinker, and had he lived, evangelical piety would have been below par. But the present Emperor is an evangelical and his wife is a very earnest Christian. He gave $1250 to the new Y. M. C. A. building, and his wife gave $5000 to the city mission. But the leader of the present court, Countess Waldersee, is a Christian lady and an American, acquainted with the progressive American methods of church-work. These all nobly second the efforts of Stocker and Von Schlumbach.

Another important agency is the Sunday School. This is a comparatively new thing in Germany. The Sunday school, though invented in England, is called by the Germans an American institution, because it has been most fully developed here. Fostered by Mr. Albert Woodruff, of Brooklyn, the Sunday school work began there 25 years ago, and has grown until there are now 60 Sunday schools and 22,000 scholars in Berlin. One of the schools, at Zion's church, whose pastor, Krafft, was one of the first Sunday school workers in Germany, now numbers eighty classes and 1400 scholars. I determine to visit one of these schools. I go to the St. Jacobi church, where the Sunday school met at noon. When I arrive outside the building, I find the children waiting. The congregation inside the church is celebrating the Lord's Supper, and must not be disturbed. But soon it is over, and from all directions the children stream into the church, not noisily as in many of our Sunday Schools, but quietly taking their places. In a few moments they are all arranged in classes, and the session begins with singing. Their hymns are not so lively as ours, but are staid chorals, which the German loves; or else, if

faster hymns are used, they are sung very slowly. After a brief responsive service and reading of Scripture, another hymn is sung, and then the school goes to the study of the lesson. Some of the lady teachers lay aside their bonnets, as if for earnest work. Most of the teachers stand before their classes, while the scholars sit. And especially the gentlemen are quite demonstrative, throwing out their hands in gestures. So that, as I sit at the farthest end of the room and cannot hear what they are saying, their actions seem like a pantomime. After the teaching of the lesson, the school is reviewed. The young minister who acts as superintendent, begins to examine the scholars, walking up and down the centre aisle as he does it. He puts a question, and immediately a score of hands are raised to answer it. He points to one and gets the answer. And he puts his question in a way that would seem very strange to us. He puts the question thus: "The Lord told Abraham to go to,"—then he makes a pause for the answer, which is "Mt. Moriah." "He commanded to take with him,"—he pauses while the scholar answers "Isaac." The scholar seems to put in the vacant word of the question. This mode of ques-

tioning would seem very strange to us, but I suppose they use it in their public schools, and so the children are accustomed to it. As I listen, I feel that the examination is rather intellectual than spiritual. But the greatest interest is kept up to the end. Everything moves with a promptness unknown to most American schools. And the order of the school would put most of ours to shame. However, one misses the infant school with its attractive exercises. And one also misses the older people who do not attend. Nor do many children above the age of fourteen (when they are confirmed) attend. Indeed, they call the school "Children's Church," and seem to limit it to the children. But the Sunday School is doing a remarkable work. If the Church succeeds in getting hold of the next generation through the children, she will be much more powerful than she is now.

One of the most interesting private religious efforts in Berlin is the work among the cabmen. Nearly twenty years ago a German lady of noble birth was sick and helpless. She had labored much in Sabbath Schools and other Christian work. Her husband, wishing to comfort her, suggested that she might employ a substi-

tute. A Christian widow was found, who, after being instructed by this lady on her sick-bed, went forth and began work among the cabmen of Berlin and their families. She called on the wives, telling them how much she was interested in them, and asked them to learn with her certain portions of the Bible. Consent is usually gained; for these poor women are glad of any sympathy or notice. Then they are encouraged to write down in a blank book the verses they learn, to be handed to the Bible woman when she comes again, perhaps in two weeks. The husband is often reached through the wife; and sometimes his long hours of waiting for employment are beguiled by memorizing verses in the pocket testament. If he does not consent to learn them, he will, perhaps, hear his wife read them at home, and sometimes is thus made wise unto salvation. These poor cabmen and their families are frequently gathered to public meetings, where warm refreshments are served and religious service is held. The founder is now well, and employs a deaconess to nurse the sick among them, and six Bible women to visit them, and is reaching the cabmen with wonderful success.

There are other interesting agencies in Berlin, as the deaconess work among servant girls; but I hasten on to speak of what is one of the most wonderful religious efforts in our age. It is a peculiar phase of religious work, which we have nothing exactly like, in this country. It is the distribution of printed sermons every week. This work was begun mainly through the court-preacher Stocker. As a great part of the population will not come to church, the church must go after them. And as so many thousands who have to work on Sunday, cannot join the church service, they determined to take the church service to them in the shape of printed sermons. So Mr. Stocker gathered twenty earnest Christian workers, who felt the needs of the work as much as he did, on a Saturday in November, 1881, to scatter 600 printed sermons on the next day. They entered on their work with much fear, and yet with much courage. The next day they went forth to give these sermons to passers-by on the streets, or to leave them with the sick, or at the homes of the godless. But their reception was different from what they had expected. Instead of rebuffs, and, perhaps, insults, they were gladly received;

yes, sometimes welcomed with tears. And from that time the work has grown continually, until now they publish 120,000 copies of these sermons each week. Of these only 18,000 are used in Berlin. A great demand has sprung up for them all over Germany, yes, all over the world wherever the German language is spoken. They are sent to Russia, Sweden and Egypt, yes, to America and Asia. About 2,000 persons now take part in the distribution, and they are from all classes—students, physicians, mechanics—any one who has the love of God in his heart. The sermon leaflet consists of a full order of church service. It is an eight-page tract, containing first an opening passage from the Bible, then a hymn, and then the sermon, followed with a prayer and a benediction. With it a person can hold church service all by himself, if he must. The sermons are taken from Luther, Hofacker, Harms, and from living preachers like Kogel, Frommel, Ahlfeld and Stocker. They have lately commenced to publish them in Polish, as well as in German, so as to reach the Poles. They are given to policemen, railway men, boatmen, horse car men, hackmen, post-office employees, patients in hospitals, wait-

ers, servants and street sweepers. The appreciation of the people shows the good they are doing. Soon after the work was begun, a lady, who had given some sermons to cabmen, heard some one calling her. She turned and saw a policeman running after her. He came up, touched his helmet, and begged her to be kind enough to let him have a sermon. His request was granted, and his station being near by, sermons were taken to his comrades. Weekly she gave them sermons. After a while the men voluntarily gave her a donation for her society. Many servant girls work till midnight, and are called at six o'clock in the morning, but they will steal some time from sleep to read these sermons.

These tracts have led to conversions. One distributer reports a father, given for fifteen years to drunkenness, convicted of sin by a sermon given to him. He became a changed man. A journeyman joiner received a sermon. On Sunday he told his master he would not work. This master threatened him with dismissal. He then gave his master the sermon he had received; and prayed him to read it, before he sent him off. The master read it, as did his family and the other workmen, and the next Sunday

all went to church, and there was no more Sunday work in that house. Some owners of factories give a sermon to each workman with their wages on Saturday evenings, and in some smaller towns this has worked a revolution in the morals of the community. The publisher of a Pomeranian paper sends one to each subscriber. A pastor sends one to every sick person in his parish. In cases where church attendance is impossible, little congregations are often formed, who, in a spare hour, read together these sermons and sing the hymns, perhaps in a railway tunnel or police bureau, or a canal-lock; and stories come back of rich blessings on these churchless worshippers.

This sermon distribution is doing a grand work. It is leavening the unchurched masses of that great city. Socialistic votes are lessening, and public morals are improving. But the most remarkable result has been, that recently the Berlin congregations for the first time elected an evangelical majority in the city synod, thus putting an end to the rule of rationalists in the city. This mission society now employs thirty-six city missionaries, five ordained pastors, and holds services in twenty halls.

Thus the religious work in Berlin is growing in influence and efficiency. Berlin to-day is a religious waste, like the Sahara. But they are dotting this waste with artesian wells, from which shall spring forth the water of life, and multitudes will drink and be saved. These religious movements will go on with ever increasing power until religion triumphs and the land of Luther shall be stirred as with an new reformation.

In the western part of Berlin, near the Thiergarten, is a statue that always impressed me. It is the statue of Victory, which commemorates the great victories of Germany in her late wars with Denmark, Austria and France. The statue rises two hundred feet in the air, surmounted on the top with a gilt angel of victory, as if flying through the air. When it is lit up by the setting sun, it reflects its rays with gorgeous brilliancy. So victory for the truth will come in Berlin. The angel of God will hover over the city, and then fly back to the throne, bearing the news of the salvation of many souls.

Date Due