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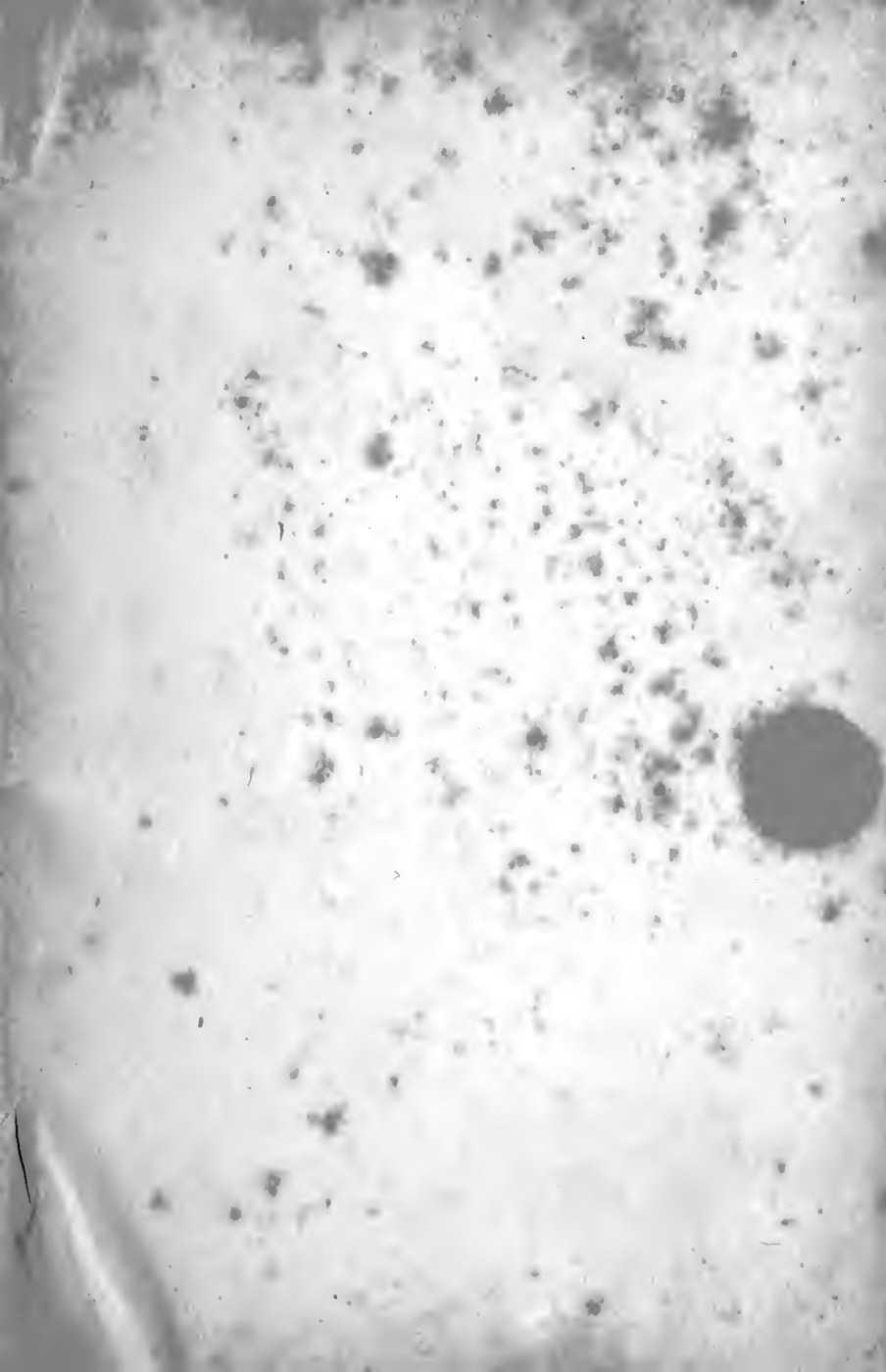
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**MARTIN LUTHER.**



*B. Kurtz*

**THE**  
**YEAR-BOOK**

OF THE

**REFORMATION.**

EDITED BY

B. KURTZ, D. D. and J. G. MORRIS, D. D.

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## P R E F A C E .

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THE publication of that class of books usually denominated *Annals*, originated in Germany;—emphatically the land of useful invention and valuable discovery. The example thus exhibited, was speedily imitated in France, England and other transatlantic countries; and it required but little time to extend its influence to the United States, where it has prevailed to an extent bordering on satiety. If the intrinsic merits of our American *Annals* had corresponded with the external elegance with which they have generally been gotten up, their rapid multiplication would have been hailed by every friend of polite literature and refined morals as an auspicious omen. But while we take pleasure in according the well-earned meed of commendation to a select number of them, including especially those of a religious character; we hazard little when we pronounce the most of them to be dull and dry, and not a few, light and frivolous, and altogether unworthy of their gorgeous and costly trappings. In some instances the plates were “second-hand,” inferior and inappropriate, and occasionally even indelicate; and frequently the contents were adapted to foster a corrupt taste and wound the cause of sound morality, rather

than to illumine the intellect and improve the heart. As a strong *penchant* for this species of publications has thus been extensively created, so that a considerable portion of the community are determined to have Annuals at all events, is it not the part of wisdom to aim at superseding those trashy productions, by furnishing something, falling indeed under the same *rubrique*, but of an instructive, substantial and profitable character?—Such is the opinion of the editors; and actuated by this consideration, they offer to the public their “*YEAR-BOOK of the REFORMATION.*” Whether it really possess in any tolerable degree those claims on patronage with which they so sedulously endeavored to invest it, remains for a discerning and impartial community to decide. If however, their success bear any proportion to their anxiety effectually to supply the desideratum in question, they flatter themselves that the enterprize will meet with a favorable reception.

The cuts in this volume, illustrating some of the principal scenes of the Reformation, are all new and have been imported from Europe expressly for the “*Year-Book*” at a heavy outlay. The individuals who have kindly enriched its pages with contributions, are all gentlemen of high moral worth, and for the most part of well-known reputation in the republic of letters;—their trusty pens would shed effulgence upon any subject on which they should think proper to wield them.

But the pervading *theme* of the *Year-Book*,—the Reformation of the sixteenth century,—constitutes one of its chief recommendations. That glorious epoch is confessedly one of deep and absorbing moment, and the portentous signs of the

times have called it up afresh to our memories and thrown around it a surpassing degree of interest. It has accordingly been a prominent object with us, to awaken increased attention to that mighty revolution in thought and principle, and a higher degree of reverence and admiration for those elements of civil and religious liberty, which its triumphant progress gradually developed and ultimately established. It has also entered essentially into our design, to furnish to the plain reader who may lack time or inclination for more extensive research, such materials, judiciously selected and elaborated, as might be best calculated to enlighten his mind in reference to the thrilling scenes and transcendent achievements of the eventful sixteenth century. Nor did we deem it inconsistent with our plan, to incur extra expense and trouble in order to effect this by means so attractive and in a form so inviting, as to constrain him steadily to contemplate those scenes and achievements, and more highly to appreciate the distinguished services of the illustrious actors as well as the inestimable blessings resulting from their labors. If we have succeeded only in a moderate measure to accomplish all or any of these great purposes, we shall indulge the hope that we have not labored in vain or spent our strength for naught.

We regard the emission of the "Year-Book" as an experiment, somewhat perilous indeed, in a pecuniary point of view, but nevertheless, holding out the promise of a remuneration sufficient to warrant the undertaking. We ask not and look not for sordid gain; more exalted motives, we trust, have suggested the project and urged us to action. We desire to "serve our day and generation," and should we be honored with the approba-

tion of an enlightened Protestant public, we shall feel amply compensated, though the pecuniary requital should fall short of our disbursements.

May HE without whom nothing good can prosper, deign to sanction with his blessing our efforts to promote the cause of truth.

EDITORS.

*Baltimore, Jan. 1, 1844.*



NECESSITY AND BLESSINGS  
OF THE  
REFORMATION,

BY JOHN G. MORRIS, D. D.

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THE reformation of the church in the sixteenth century, constitutes not only a grand epoch in the history of christianity, but in that of the world. It was a glorious revival of religion, of literature, of liberty, and all the best and dearest interests of man. It was a mighty revolution which changed the entire character of the religious and political world and produced beneficial effects which will be felt to the end of time. It subverted principles which had long been revered as divine, it introduced new modes of thought and action, and created an extraordinary excitement throughout the whole of Europe. It agitated the learned in their universities, the nobles in their castles, the monks in their cloisters and the populace in their homes.

Ecclesiastical revolutions are always momentous and never proceed from insignificant causes. They always exert a mighty influence on the community for good or evil, and nothing but imperious necessity can be plead in their justification. Such moral convulsions dare not be attempted on slight and insufficient grounds.

Protestants maintain that christianity was restored to its primitive, scriptural simplicity and integrity by the Reformation—that the temple of the Lord was purged of the foul abominations which had tarnished its glory for ages,—that the doctrines, precepts and ordinances of God were cleansed of the excrescences that had been permitted to grow upon them.

The emancipation of the church of God from the bondage of sin and ignorance, is a theme of delightful contemplation and joyous gratitude to every genuine christian. To behold her rousing her slumbering energies and awaking from inactive lethargy,—to witness her disenthralment from the shackles of superstition and fanaticism and see her displaying her original glory and purity,—kindle in the heart of every true believer the mingled emotions of praise and admiration. Clouds of darkness lowered over Zion—her beauty was tarnished—her doctrines corrupted,—her solemn services neglected—her temples polluted—her ministry depraved—her people debased;—but the day of redemption came and that was *the glorious reformation*.

Too long have Protestant christians overlooked it;—in the multitude of their ecclesiastical privileges they have forgotten the wonderful providential events which have secured them—they have been content to enjoy them without studiously inquiring whence they proceed.

Will it be denied by any intelligent man that there existed a necessity for a Reformation? Look at the condition of the world before the sixteenth century. Consider the monstrous dogmas in politics, religion and morals that were held. *The sovereign power of the pope over the universal church* was maintained,—it was held that every christian, under pain of damnation was subject to him—that no appeals can be made

from him and that he alone is the supreme judge, but cannot be judged by any one upon earth.

*His dominion over the temporal governments of the earth* was arrogated by himself and defended by his corrupt parasites. He maintained the right of deposing princes, of absolving subjects from the oath of allegiance and bestowing away kingdoms,

“Of raising monarchs to their thrones

“Or sinking them with equal ease.

Need we specify the unscriptural dogmas that were universally taught, as *transubstantiation*,—the *celibacy of the clergy*,—the *doctrine of the seven sacraments*—of *merits*—the *distinction of sins into venial and mortal*—of *purgatory*—of *indulgences and tradition*?—all in direct opposition to the scriptures;—need we say any thing about the corruptions of worship that universally prevailed?—*the worship of God in an unknown tongue*—*the propitiatory sacrifice of the mass*—*the withholding the cup from the laity*—*paying divine honors to the consecrated host*—*the worship of images*—*the invocation of saints*—the veneration of the *doubtful relics of still more doubtful saints*?—need we dwell on the *awfully corrupt state of morals* that existed among popes, cardinals, priests and people? “I am bold to say,” says the Cardinal de Cambray, “that although they are great evils which we see, yet unless the church be speedily reformed, we shall in a short time see incomparably greater.” It will not be thought strange that both clergy and people should be so abominably vicious, when we consider that the wicked lives of the popes and cardinals were the principal cause of that deluge of corruption in which all orders of society were immersed. “If a man would make an image of pride,” says Clemango, “he can no way do it more to the life, than by representing a

cardinal to the eye of the beholder." One of them returning home laden with the spoils of Germany, said "that the whole world complained of the pride and luxury of the cardinals."

But let us take a slight view of the popes. We need not go back to preceding ages, in which their own historians tell us, that they were monsters and prodigies; such tragical examples and so devoid of all piety, as neither to regard the office they sustained, nor the place they were in; that about fifty popes together did utterly degenerate from the virtues of their ancestors. But passing by these, let us briefly consider the character of the popes about the time of the reformation, when the whole world was grown weary of their vices and groaned to be delivered from them.

When, after the death of Innocent VIII. in 1492, Lionel, bishop of Concordia, in an oration to the cardinals, pressed them to elect a good man, whose life was without reproach, what did they do? Alexander VI. was chosen, a man who was the reproach of human nature; who before his election was a prodigy of lust and other vices, and continued so to the last, when by the righteous judgment of God, he was poisoned by mistake, in drinking the cup which he had prepared for another.

Pius III. succeeded him, but he died twenty-six days after his election.

Julius II. who next ascended the papal throne, was guilty of crimes so notorious as to be a scandal of the whole church. He filled Italy with rapine, blood and war, to which he was so addicted, that contrary to the law of nations, he commanded the procurator of the Duke of Savoy to be tortured because he tried to persuade him to peace. So monstrous were his acts, that Richerius says, he must be wholly made of steel, who can read them without horror.

Pope Leo X. in whose time the reformation began, was a civil debonnair gentleman; but so little concerned for religion that he cared not to know what it meant. When he admitted discourses of that nature, it was for the sake of diversion and to make himself sport. His soul he thought, would live no longer than his body, and therefore he gave himself up to sensual gratifications, and it was but reasonable that he who supposed he should die like a beast, should live like an epicure.

Clement VII., as he received the popedom by simony, so he administered it by artifice. He was an adept at dissimulation. He regarded neither his word nor his oath, but violated engagements as often as he made them.

Paul III. and Julius III. followed next. The characters given of them by papal writers, are so loathsome, that no modest man read them without blushing.

“Such,” says a historian, (Mosheim,) “was the dismal condition of the church. Its corruption was complete, and the abuses which its rulers permitted, reached the greatest heights of enormity.” Whilst the crimes of the vatican were indeed so various as to embrace almost every denomination of ungodliness, there was not one among the popes of this period, who made even the slightest pretensions to piety; scarcely one by whom decency, as well as morality and religion, were not greatly outraged.

The necessity of a reformation in the “head and members” of the church had for many years been acknowledged by several councils, and even a few of the popes had expressed themselves in favor of it. “As early as 1409, the council of Pisa decreed a reformation; and let it be remembered that this was a general council, attended by twenty-four cardinals, a great number of bishops, archbishops and

other prelates, three hundred doctors of divinity and of the canon law, and representatives of thirteen universities. The same necessity was reiterated by three or four subsequent councils in that century, but the work itself was as often defeated by the intrigues of the popes, who did not relish the salutary discipline, aimed at their infallible holiness."

Some distinguished men, such as Wicliff, even as early as 1360, exposed in their writings and preaching the corruptions of the church, but their efforts were unavailing, and their pious labors were thwarted. In 1408, Huss arose and attacked the prevailing superstitions, but he was soon put to death. His disciple, Jerome of Prague, shared the same unhappy fate. Subsequently some others distinguished themselves by their opposition to ecclesiastical abuses in the latter part of the fifteenth century. These were the immediate precursors of Luther, and though differing on many subjects from each other and from him; and though his inferiors in evangelical wisdom, in intellectual power and personal character, yet they were not without their use in preparing the path for his triumph.

It was this distinguished man whom the Great Head of the church, Jesus Christ, employed successfully to undertake and carry on the work, and whom he endowed with proper qualifications for the gigantic task. With a piety ardent, and a zeal unquenchable; a genius great and truly unequalled; a patience untiring, and fortitude almost incredible; a moral courage invincible and learning extensive, for the times in which he lived, he was prepared for the battle of the Lord of hosts, and valiantly did he come up to his help against the mighty. At first he stood alone, but soon a number of coadjutors stood by his side, and every year new and illustrious accessories were added to the ranks of that band

of christian warriors. Melancton, and Calvin, and Zwingle and many others, prepared and wielded their weapons with tremendous energy. But what were their weapons? They were not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling-down of strong-holds.

1. *They employed the unadulterated word of God against the human inventions that obscured the truth.* Neither fire, nor sword, nor persecution, nor civil authority were called into requisition by them. The same spiritual armor with which the apostles conquered Jewish prejudices and overturned heathen idols, was wielded by the Reformers. The traditions and legends of the church had made the "commandment of God of no effect" in Luther's time, just as it was in the times of the Savior who so severely reproved the Pharisees, because they "taught for doctrines, the commandments of men." In Luther's time the Bible was almost unknown. There were numerous ecclesiastics and even bishops who had never seen it. But when that forgotten book was brought to light and translated by Luther, the eyes of men were opened, the corruptions of the church were laid bare and the deep designs of Satan were exposed. The truth shone upon a benighted world, and served only to reveal the appalling darkness that enveloped it. The Reformers held the decrees of councils and other human inventions in one hand and the Bible in the other, and bid men look on the amazing difference. The contrast was too palpable for thousands,—the force of truth was too strong, and nobles and plebeians yielded to its convictions. The Bible was circulated—and wherever it found willing readers, it worked its miracles of grace. It was the Bible and nothing but the Bible, that wrought that wonderful revolution. The traditions and legends of the church fell before it, as did Dagon

before the ark of God. Multitudes now crowded to the deserted churches to hear the unadulterated word, and felt that this verily is the word of God. Luther with the Bible broke the fatal spell that had for so many ages enchained the world and brought forth the fundamental doctrine of salvation by grace through Jesus Christ, and achieved a most glorious victory over the most desperate enemy of God and man that the world ever before saw.

2. *They employed nothing but a heroic confidence in God and his promises against the anathemas of the self-styled head of the church, the proscription of the emperor, and the hatred and threats of the whole world.*

It was to be expected that terrible denunciations would light upon the heads of the Reformers, for they aimed at the destruction of a human system that had been venerated for a thousand years—at the subversion of principles which were revered as divine—at the eradication of prejudices which had been entertained from infancy—at an illumination of mind which was considered inimical to devotion, and at the dissemination of doctrines which overthrew the reigning superstitions. Accordingly, the fulminations of the vatican were heard—dreadful anathemas were launched against these devoted men—they were cursed and excommunicated—plots were conceived for their destruction, and their lives were in constant jeopardy—they were arraigned before imperial courts to answer for their heresy—they were treated with obloquy and persecuted like malefactors. It was thus especially with the master spirit of the Reformation—the immortal Luther; but who has not gazed with astonished admiration upon his unflinching fortitude, and unconquerable moral daring? Like David, in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel—he valiantly went forth and



met and slew the uncircumcised Goliaths of Rome—their gigantic strength did not intimidate him, nor their lordly menaces subdue his high souled purpose. In the strength of the Lord he dauntlessly encountered the foe, and with no other weapon than the sword of the Spirit, overcame him. An ordinary man would have shrunk from the unequal combat—the fires of the stake, the clanking of chains, the dismal vaults of the dungeon would have alarmed him, but not so with Luther. Conscious of the rectitude of his cause, trusting in the arm of the Lord, he endured the conflict and did not lean upon that arm in vain. Few men prayed like Luther. During these eventful times, three hours every day were devoted to private prayer. He prayed like one who indeed spoke with God, and thus his heart was strengthened, his faith increased and he was cheered in the prosecution of that laborious work he was called of God to perform. Though constantly exposed to the sword of the executioner, yet he did not remit his exertions. He was always opposed to the employment of force in the defence of the gospel. He did not seek the aid of men,—he did not put his trust in princes.

3. *They employed against the calumnies of their enemies nothing but a holy and blameless life.*

Luther and his friends did not expect to be exempted from the lot of all faithful servants of the Lord, who for his sake are calumniated and otherwise maltreated. “If they called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household?” But although they invented the most incredible and shameless charges against Luther, yet what is the testimony of impartial history? It represents him as a man of God, distinguished for piety and ardent zeal, abounding in works of charity and good will,

loving his fellow men and devoting his life to their best interests. But we need not vindicate his character; an admiring world has acquitted him of the base charges which his enemies have brought against him. How great the contrast, when placed beside his calumniators of that day, and how greatly to the advantage of the pious reformer! The pope, together with his cardinals and bishops, held in their hands the wealth of the world, and lived in royal splendor; they clothed themselves in fine linen and purple, and fared sumptuously every day; they lavished millions on their palaces, and gloried in their extravagance, and could not say with Peter, whose only legitimate successors they pretended to be, "silver and gold have I none," whilst Luther was poor all his life, and could say, "I desire neither riches nor honors." The pope and his satellites were proud, ambitious and elevated themselves above princes, kings and emperors; but Luther was humble, submissive to the civil authorities, solicitous to avoid all parade, sensible of his imperfections, and penitent for his sins. Whilst the pope and his consecrated minions were indulging themselves in riotous living, and totally neglected their spiritual office, Luther was laboriously engaged night and day in preaching, teaching, writing or otherwise promoting the great cause. They by their licentious lives often brought disgrace on the cause of the Lord, but he lived a pure and virtuous life. They defended their power by falsehood, intrigue and force, whilst he maintained the cause of God by truth and justice and the gospel.

But *let us now consider the blessings and benefits of the Reformation.*

1. *It has secured to us the inestimable privilege of reading God's word.*

We are commanded to search the scriptures, but where were the scriptures before the Reformation? for centuries the Bible had been almost an unknown book. But how different now! the Bible is the text book of the Protestant minister—the Protestant layman is taught to search the scriptures like the nobler Bereans, to see whether these things be so. Do we love the Bible, do we delight to read the sacred page? are we instructed by its lessons, comforted by its promises, admonished by its warnings, guided by its precepts, awed by its commands, transformed by its spirit?—all this we owe to the Reformation.

2. The *Reformation has delivered the church from many liturgical, doctrinal and practical corruptions*,—it has secured to us liberty of conscience and freedom from religious persecution. We can worship God in a language we can understand,—we can search the scriptures and judge for ourselves—we can pursue the suggestions of our own consciences—we have but one mediator between God and man, the Man Jesus Christ—we have one advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous—we know that by grace we are saved, through faith and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast; we have the primitive, simple ordinances of the gospel, the cup in the sacrament for the laity, and the preached word of life—we know that none but God can forgive sins, and we believe in no indulgence to commit iniquity—we have no confidence in what Pope Leo XII. says in his bull, issued even as late as May 24, 1824, pledging “the most plenary and complete indulgence, remission and pardon of *all* their sins, “to such as during the ensuing year of Jubilee, would visit the churches of Rome, and perform the prescribed ceremonies there!

The doors of the inquisition are closed—the wheel and the rack no longer torture victims,—fires are no longer lighted to burn poor heretics—the whole world no longer bows in submission to one man—the arm of the oppressor is broken and the truth has triumphed gloriously.

2. *Civil liberty was one of the inestimable results of the Reformation.*

For many ages before Luther rose to emancipate an enslaved world, the assimilation between the ecclesiastical and civil government was so close, that when one was revolutionized, the other could not remain undisturbed. The convulsion extended to both. The church had stretched its usurpations over the state, and ambitiously grasped the monarch's sword, when she should have been contented with the shepherd's crook. Nearly every crowned head in Europe bowed in slavish submission to the consecrated tyrant of Rome. Mighty kings stood bareheaded and barefooted for three days at the gate of his palace humbly suing for an audience,—potential monarchs esteemed it an honor to hold the stirrup of his saddle when he mounted his horse. Their subjects were sunk in the lowest depths of moral, intellectual and political degradation—ignorant of their rights as citizens, and scarcely conscious of their privileges as men. But when the fundamental principle of the Reformation was agitated, *that each man has a right—each man is bound to think for himself*,—this immense mass was shaken—men began to open their eyes—a new impulse was given to the public mind—every passion was aroused—they felt their oppression—a universal agitation throughout Europe was produced—the ancient systems of despotism were shaken to their foundations—a war of opinion was commenced. The church of Rome said “*Submit yourselves to authority with-*

*out examination.*" The Reformers said "*Examine and submit yourselves only to conviction.*" Men did begin to reason and examine principles to which they before yielded in servile submission. The nature of the rights of man was discussed,—they inquired by what authority the pontiffs claimed the appointment and dethronement of kings,—and thus were led to investigate the authority of kings themselves—knowledge was restored, suspicion began to be entertained,—they looked with jealousy on the immense sums of money that were sent out of the countries for the support of Rome—the rays of light that were shed upon them served only to reveal the thick darkness around,—wishing for freedom in matters of conscience and religion, they soon began to think of freedom in matters of state. True christianity inspires sentiments of liberty.

Contrast the condition of Europe for some centuries before the Reformation with its present state, and who will fail to perceive the astonishing improvement. Now, new interests have been awakened, new activity has been diffused—new powers have been developed. Before the Reformation, men were led like herds of cattle by their keepers, but now they appreciate their dignity as men—they discuss their rights—they claim to be heard. They are delivered from the galling yoke which an ambitious clergy placed on their necks—social order is regulated and perfected—the powerful governments are placed within proper limits—the weak ones hold a place and name among the nations of the earth,—the science of legislation has been invented—national intercourse has been established on a just basis, and reciprocal benefits are enjoyed. In those countries which have embraced the principles of the Reformation, the supremacy of a foreign spiritual ruler is no longer acknowledged,—liberal prin-

ciples are cherished—the rights of man are freely discussed—political liberty is one of the first lessons taught—the light of truth shines forth—men have learned that they ought of right to be free;—all this we owe to the Reformation. In the language of an eloquent writer, “The Bible gave liberty to Luther, and Luther with the Bible in his hand, gave liberty to the world.”

4. *The progress of knowledge is another of its inappreciable blessings.*

The intellectual condition of mankind before the Reformation may be estimated from what has already been said. What else could be expected when the abominable principle was maintained that “ignorance is the mother of devotion.” All the learning was confined to the ecclesiastics, and principally in the monasteries, and that for the most part consisted of scholastic lore of no use for the practical purposes of life. The most useful branches of learning were totally neglected—the public instructors taught their pupils a most senseless jargon, which unfitted them for usefulness in the world. But the great body of the community were encouraged to remain in profound ignorance—the avenues to intellectual cultivation were carefully closed up—the study of ancient languages was regarded as the source of all heresy, —even the Faculty of Theology at Paris, about this time, maintained before Parliament “that religion was undone, if the study of the Greek and Hebrew was permitted.” A respectable writer of this period says, “A new language has been invented, which is called Greek; guard carefully against it, it is the mother of every species of heresy. I observe in the hands of a great many people a book written in this language, which they call the New Testament; it is a book full of thorns and serpents. With respect to He-

brew, my dear brethren, it is certain that all who learn it, are instantly converted to Judaism,"—the reading of the Bible, that sacred right of all christians, was severely interdicted—the efforts of those in power were directed to the extinction of every spark of knowledge. The aid of the horrible inquisition was employed to crush every attempt of man to struggle into intellectual life. What a mighty revolution, in this respect, the reformation produced. It established a system of liberal views, of investigation, of unrestrained criticism. Its fundamental principle was that of the apostle, "prove all things; hold fast that which is good." It established the basis of intellectual improvement, which is liberty of examination and of thought. It exposed the vanity of the pontifical prohibition of books—it tore off the shackles which fettered the press—it opened the doors of the libraries which had been locked for so many ages. Every branch of knowledge was renovated. Theology, philosophy, rhetoric, history, law, the exact sciences, politics, morals, ancient literature, the science of education—all were revived. They were dragged from their obscurity; the dust of ages was wiped away—they were stripped of their barbarous dress, and presented to the world revised and amended. Multitudes of schools were established in Protestant countries for the education of the common people—numerous universities were founded—learned men and their works were fostered—new discoveries in the arts and sciences were rapidly made—distant and unknown countries were explored by enterprising travellers—the human mind was set at liberty, and it performed its legitimate work in enlightening and improving the world. Compare Protestant countries with Romish in point of intelligence—the universities of Germany, Great Britain and the United States with those

of Spain, Portugal and Italy! Compare the common people of these respective countries, and while you glory in the intelligence of the people in Protestant countries, you pity the ignorance and superstition of the unfortunate poor in Southern Ireland, Portugal, Italy, Spain, and South America! "Is there now an American, whether of the Protestant or Romish creed, who would exchange the condition of the Protestant countries of Europe for that of Southern Europe or South America. Is it not obvious that society has been comparatively stationary for three hundred years in these, while Protestant nations have been constantly advancing? Look at the wonderful progress of Holland, Great Britain and our own country since the Reformation? Place them beside Italy, Spain, and Portugal, and assign, if practicable, any adequate causes for the incalculable difference, except the principles of the Reformers."

"More has been done in three centuries by the Protestants, in the profound and comprehensive, in the exact, rational and liberal developement, culture and application of every valuable department of knowledge, both theoretical and practical, with a view to public and private improvement, than has been done by all the rest of the world, both ancient and modern, since the days of Lycurgus."

5. *The improvement of the world in morality was another of its grand results.*

The state of public morals before the Reformation, has already been exhibited. The scandalous lives of many of the popes, the shameless licentiousness of their court and capital—the corrupt manners of the clergy, and the profligacy of the monks, contributed to exterminate almost every vestige of morality and decency. But when the light of the gospel shone on the dark places of iniquity, when the



sacred truth was fearlessly proclaimed—when the true worship of God was restored—and the people learned their duty, how unspeakably great was their moral improvement! Then indeed, there was a genuine revival of religion—divine service was performed in a language the people could understand—the Bible was circulated and read—other pious books were published and widely scattered—the means of grace were profitably used, and the blessing of God rested upon them.

In order to determine the influence of a Reformation on public morals, we have only to compare those countries in which genuine Protestantism flourishes, with those where its conservative influence is not felt. The testimony of enlightened travellers on this subject is important. In what countries are assassinations most frequent? Where is the Lord's day most desecrated by cruel and disgraceful sports?—Where is the matrimonial vow least regarded? Where is public virtue least cherished? Where are most crimes of every kind committed? Where, in fine, do the most scandalous vices of every description prevail? In those countries which have least felt the influence of the Reformation. Look at Spain, Portugal, and South America, and just in proportion as the light of Protestantism, or which is the same thing, the religion of the Bible, prevails, are the public morals sound. Machiavelli, in accounting for Italian impiety and corruption, says, "The nearer the people are to Rome, which is the capitol of christianity, the less devotion they have. The scandalous examples and crimes of the court of Rome have occasioned Italy to lose entirely every principle of piety and every sentiment of religion. The most of us Italians owe, therefore, this first obligation to the church for having become impious and profligate."

6. *The Reformation has promoted all other pursuits that contribute to the happiness of man.*

From the numerous other blessings which have proceeded from the Reformation, some of which have been enumerated, we would naturally conclude that every thing else that promotes the prosperity of man would also flourish. This has been the result. Agriculture, domestic economy and comfort, public industry, diminution of crime, the administration of justice, increase of wealth, security of government, the political elevation of the lower classes, and the general welfare of the community, have all been improved by the Reformation. The suppression of numerous holydays which were lost to labor in Romish countries, and diminished the aggregate of national industry, has promoted the prosperity of the people. The pursuit of useful occupations, uniting activity in trade of every kind,—the laborious cultivation of the soil—and the exertions of honest industry, have elevated the working classes of Protestant countries far above the indolent and ignorant poor of Romish countries.

A distinguished writer says, “Agriculture, economy and its various branches were in a deplorable condition. Such is their present condition in the fine provinces of Naples, Rome, Spain, and Portugal; poverty, indolence, immorality, all sorts of vices are engendered among people of such dispositions. What activity on the contrary, what improvement in agriculture, rural economy, strike the attention of the observer, amidst the cold and infertile fields of Scotland, in England and Holland! Here the hand of man creates every thing, because it labors for itself; there it is all powerful, because it is free, and a suitable instruction guides it. The contrast of these indubitable effects of the two reli-

gions, is more particularly perceptible in Germany and Switzerland, where the different territories which are intermixed, cause the traveller to pass continually from a Romish to a Protestant country. Does he meet with a miserable mud cottage, covered with thatch, the fields badly kept, wretched rude peasants and many beggars, he will be in little danger of erring, if he conjecture that he is in a Romish country. If on the contrary, neat, pleasant houses are seen, offering the spectacle of affluence and industry, the fields well enclosed, a culture well understood, it is very probable he is among Protestants." Villers. p. 214.

"Who has travelled and not been struck with the slovenliness that reigns almost universally in Catholic countries and which contrasts so strongly with the extreme neatness of the Protestant countries of the north—of Holland and England. Whence arise the apathy on one side and the activity on the other? Whence the spirit of order and industry to the one—to the other, carelessness and indolence? The reason is very evident." Ibid. p. 214, note.

Thus much for the benefits of the Reformation. What are our obligations arising out of the Reformation?

1. *We must be thankful to God for the unspeakably great blessings it has produced.*

We have been delivered from the hand of our enemy, who would force us to serve the Lord in a manner that is not commanded. We have been emancipated from the most fearful slavery—from the power of one who would rob us of our liberty to worship God according to our own views of right. We have received the uncorrupted word of God and enjoy the liberty of reading and interpreting it for ourselves. All the correct religious instruction we have received from our youth up to this time—all the opportunities we

enjoy of growing in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, we owe to the Reformation. It has delivered us from a burdensome ceremonial service, by which the soul is not nourished—we are no longer directed to images and pictures—we are not constrained to confess our sins to any man with the prospect of absolution, nor to listen to a church service in a language which we do not understand. We need not torment ourselves with self-mortification—with every species of unscriptural penitential exercise, with numerous fastings and pilgrimages. We need no longer tremble at the anathemas and interdictions of the pope—we are not afraid of being thrown into the dungeons of the inquisition. Let us bless the Lord for his goodness and manifest the sincerity of our gratitude by properly estimating the numerous benefits we have received.

2. *We must exert ourselves in zealously promoting the principles of the Reformation.*

And how? not by force or persecution. We will kindle no fires and erect no dreadful inquisition. Let the enemy employ those weapons, which he has always wielded with such terrible energy. We will oppose him by fair argument. Our battle will be bloodless. We will use the armor of light and love. We will take the word of God and expose his errors—we will exhibit his corruptions from history—we will point to the legitimate effects of his system and then ask, can that be of God? The truth alone shall be our weapon; whilst we respect the persons of our deluded brethren, and admire whatever amiable qualities they may possess as men, yet their principles we must combat—their doctrines must be refuted—their hearts must be converted. We will fortify our children against the evil, by indoctrinating them in the truths of the Bible,—our church members

must be more fully instructed in the distinctions between them and anti-Protestants—and they must learn to value their Protestant privileges more highly. Whilst they are taught to exercise christian charity towards the persons of all men, they must also learn to be zealous for the truth. The destitute in our land must be supplied with the means of grace and missionaries must be sent out to preach the gospel. The Bible must be every where circulated, and tracts must be sent forth as on the wings of the wind. Sunday-schools must be established and religious intelligence universally diffused. The church of God must pray ardently for the success of his cause,—thus we will contribute to the progress of the glorious reformation, to which we owe so much. Then, truly, the glory of the Lord will be more brilliantly displayed and salvation will be the theme of praise to countless numbers yet sitting in the darkness of ignorance and moral death.

## NIGHT AND MORNING:—A CONTRAST.

BY REV. PROF. H. I. SMITH, OF PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE.

*See Revelation XIV. 6, 7.*

### PART FIRST.—NIGHT.

#### I.

On mighty wing, from distant lands, whose homes,  
And lofty spires his faithful ardor told,  
The angel turned, once more the tow'ring domes  
Of seven-hilled Rome to view. Ages had rolled  
Adown the stream of time, since last his eye  
Had dwelt on that vast monument of pride;  
Of pride, how humbled now, for wanton's sigh,  
And am'rous song those stately columns chide,  
Which rose when trumpets pealed and armor rang,  
Where Tully thundered and where Virgil sang.

#### II.

Where holy Paul the church of God had *fed*,  
The Medicean Leo *reigned* in state,  
When swift the angel o'er Italia sped,  
'To read, in Rome's corruptions, the sad fate,  
Which foul ambition, selfishness, and pride,  
And avarice more foul, and viler lust  
Had brought upon Christ's sorrow-stricken bride,  
Who mourned in secret, while the countless host,  
Whose hearts the mitred prelate's will obey'd,  
Along the road to ruin heedless strayed.

## III.

In sad amazement now the angel stands  
On walls, which after bore the vasty dome  
Of great St. Peter's. Gold from many lands  
Was filling fast the empty vaults of Rome,  
That high the structure might majestic rise,  
And Rome's proud bishop dazzle with the sheen  
Of sumptuous robes, the splendor-loving eyes  
Of wond'ring crowds, whose foolish hearts could ween,  
That princely pomp, and gorgeous halls were meet  
For one, who claimed to fill St. Peter's seat.

## IV.

How heaved the angel's breast with sternest wo,  
How swelled his heart with indignation's fire,  
To see the church of Him, who here below  
Displayed, in word and deed, but one desire,  
Our ruined race from sin and death to save,  
And glorify his Father's holy name,—  
Of proud, ambitious, lustful priests the slave,  
And by their arts reduced to open shame ;  
Still naming Christ, but destitute of life,  
With errors dark and all corruption rife.

## V.

There through the busy streets the chariots rolled,  
And beasts of burden toiled their weary way,  
All bending 'neath the weight of sordid gold,  
But not the fruit of honest traffic. Nay,  
The tainted lucre, which deluded men  
For sins committed, sins prospective paid.  
For greedy priest-craft found its largest gain,  
In selling that, for which the Saviour bled—  
The sinner's pardon, and the soul's repose—  
For Mammon's coined, and vile, though glitt'ring dross.

## VI.

There Rome's proud pontiff, robed in gorgeous vests,  
 Of pompous pageants meets the glitt'ring throng;  
 From hacknied blessings flies to whispered jests,  
 His scarlet-mantled cardinals among;  
 They deem the holy gospel all a lie,  
 And love it only as a means of gain;  
 They scorn the *faith* that to the cross would fly,  
 And mock the tears that weep the soul's dark stain;  
 Their ros'ries, symbols, feasts, and masses high  
 Are all but feints, to cheat the vulgar eye.

## VII.

They love of ancient Greece the classic lore,  
 And Rome's bright galaxy of storied names,  
 The sophist's rules with eager zest explore,  
 To stifle conscience by his misty games.  
 They love to scan the poet's measured lines,  
 To ply the orator's coruscant wit,  
 To work philosophy's dim-lighted mines,  
 And at some pagan sage's feet to sit:  
 But not at Plato's or at Zeno's feet;  
 With Epicurus they would drink and eat.

## VIII.

But 'mid the joys of learning and of art,  
 Austere abroad, debauched when out of sight,  
 Pand'ring to ev'ry passion of the heart,  
 Their lust not shunning e'en the glare of light,  
 They care not for the dear-bought church of God,  
 Except to lord it o'er its wide domain,  
 To learn that to the Pope's imperious nod  
 Some new, and royal vassal bows again.  
 They heed not whether souls be damned or saved,  
**So but by them the nations be enslaved.**



## IX.

And thus their own unhallowed ends to gain,  
 They rob poor sinners of the gospel's light;  
 For pay their cowl-clad ruffians spread amain  
 Of superstition vile the doleful night:  
 To blinded mortals, for departed friends,  
 From fancied purgatory's dreaded pains,  
 The impious Tetzels quick deliv'rance vends,  
 That wicked priests may revel in his gains.  
 Nay more; with gold each guilty wretch may win  
 A free indulgence in his life of sin.

## X.

Thus had the church of God once more become  
 A mart of brokers, and a den of thieves,  
 Who sold false titles to a heavenly home,  
 And robbed poor souls of all that faith achieves.  
 The angel turns with sorrow from the sight,  
 And mourns for men, by hell once more enslaved,  
 And fears that priest-craft had all quenched the light,  
 Without which man can nevermore be saved.  
 Yet would he learn if hope had left the world,  
 And, distant climes to seek, his wings unfurled.

## PART SECOND.—MORNING.

## I.

Afar the angel roamed. But far and wide,  
 Corruption, bigotry offend his sight;  
 The saints of God in caves and forests hide,  
 From public haunts compelled to hasty flight.  
 In many lands he thus a remnant found,  
 That worshipped, secretly, the Lord most high,

Whilst in the church the high and low were bound  
By superstition's mind-enslaving tie.  
As thus, from land to land, the angel flew,  
He learnt, from day to day, to grieve anew.

## II.

But now behold him, as his rapid flight  
O'er wide Germania's plains again he wends,  
His piercing eye from far discerns a sight,  
A wondrous sight, that wondrous things portends.  
The breath of spring was sweet, and bright the sky,  
The morning sun still tinged the clouds with gold,  
While stirring crowds abroad, and voices high,  
Of some unwonted motive loudly told.  
He quick resolves, and scarce resolved, performs,  
And lights upon the gate of ancient Worms.

## III.

There, like some mighty sea where billows roll,  
By storms upheaved, in loud, unceasing strife,  
There heaved a living mass, whose inmost soul  
With feelings strong and opposite was rife.  
The humble artizan, with wond'ring eyes,  
The stately burgher, and the haughty peer,  
The gay, the staid, the simple, and the wise,  
In motley fellowship are gathered there.  
The eyes of all, whom one great impulse sways,  
In one direction turn with eager gaze.

## IV.

And now behold a glittering throng advance,  
The courtly gentleman, the stalwart knight,  
On champing steeds, with pennon and with lance,  
In sumptuous trappings clad, or armor bright.

And there, this goodly retinue between,  
A simple chariot toils along the road,  
Within, in homely guise, alone is seen  
A lonely monk, whose lips with pray'r o'erflow'd.  
However lowly be that monk, 'tis he,  
Whom all that multitude went forth to see.

## V.

His eye is mild, yet by its vivid fire  
The inward spirit's burning zeal betrays ;  
A mind to think and do, and holy ire  
At falsehood's reign, his lofty brow displays.  
When to a gentle smile his lips unfold,  
There's sweetness, kindness in his radiant face :  
But when compressed, decision prompt and bold,  
And firmness naught can shake assume their place.  
But hark, what voices ring around him there ?  
Here praise, there execration rends the air.

## VI.

And on, through crowds on crowds, he moves along,  
And louder rings the shout, or angry curse,  
His chariot scarce divides the eager throng,  
"Triumphal car," say some, and some : "his hearse!"  
And when, at length, it reached the proud hostel,  
Where erst the Rhodian knights had dwelt in state,  
Dense crowds still round the weary friar swell,  
And e'en when now the night is wearing late,  
Of courtiers, warriors, prelates, barons, knights,  
His presence still a glitt'ring swarm invites.

## VII.

But now behold in yonder regal hall,  
 With proudly blazoned arras all bedight,  
 Where through deep tints of Gothic windows fall  
 The softened sun-beams with their mellow light,  
 There sits imperial Charles with power elate,  
 And round him sit or stand a courtly crowd  
 Of princes, nobles, counsellors of state,  
 Of prelates, cardinals, all darksome-brow'd ;  
 'Mid whispers omenous, with looks of care,  
 All seem to wait some strange occurrence there.

## VIII.

Lo, there the marshal waves his baton high,  
 To force a passage through the eager press ;  
 Behind him steps the monk, with downcast eye,  
 Yet comes to speak for truth and righteousness.  
 Before the Kaiser's throne he humbly stands,  
 To sundry queries meekly makes reply,  
 But prays for time to think of their demands,  
 Which e'en his priestly foes durst not deny.  
 Their eyes flash triumph, and their lips speak scorn :  
 But wait, ye scorners, wait the coming morn.

## IX.

Once more in that august assemblage there,  
 That lowly monk is heard to raise his voice,  
 And oh ! What words of pow'r ring through the air,  
 And bid the mourning friends of truth rejoice.  
 He speaks out boldly that the Sacred Word  
 Is faith's sole basis and sole rule of life ;  
 For conscience, for the honor of his Lord,  
 He summons men and devils to the strife.

“To councils bow I not, nor papal rod;  
“I stand here, cannot else, now help me God !”

## X.

The angel hears what Martin Luther saith,  
He sees, through him, once more on earth restored  
The majesty of truth, the pow'r of faith ;  
Restored again to men God's saving Word,  
Restored the rights of conscience and of mind,  
Rome's thralldom broken and her captives free ;  
He sees that for the ignorant and blind,  
Begins anew the Gospel Jubilee.  
While thus with holy joy his heart is fed,  
He mounts, he flies, the blissful news to spread.

## PREDICTIONS.

BY B. KURTZ, D. D.

“Despise not prophesying.”—1 Thes. V. 20.

### No. I.

THE quotation is trite but full of meaning, that “coming events cast their shadows before.” When a calm prevails at sea; when the glass-like surface of the broad blue deep is unruffled by a single breeze, and the stagnant and unelastic atmosphere impedes free respiration, the sailor knows that a storm is brewing and that soon the shrill outcry: “all hands on deck!” will summon every man to his duty. When heaven is about to pour forth a refreshing rain upon the parched and thirsty fields, the sky is overcast with darkness and murky, lowering clouds preintimate the approaching event. Prodigality and waste precede want; plethora is the accustomed harbinger of paralysis; and fell, malignant disease premonishes its victim of speedy dissolution. So, “coming events cast their shadows before.”

The most important occurrences in the annals of our world, have been the subjects of prophecy. Did the Most High determine to inundate the old world because “he saw that the wickedness of man was great;”—the dread catastrophe was announced many years in advance. Were the cities of the plain to be turned into a heap of smouldering ruins;—“the angel of the Lord” was commissioned to re-

veal the impending calamity to his chosen servant. Was it decreed in the councils of heaven, that a mighty Deliverer should be sent forth for the salvation of a rebel world;—that Deliverer and his advent were the theme of innumerable types and prophecies. But all these occurrences were predicted by *avowed* and *explicit inspiration* from on High. Great events not strictly falling within this category,—not the subjects of plainly inspired prophecy, and not even referred to in the sacred writings, appear also to have been made the topics of presage, and have been foretold, vaguely and obscurely indeed, in many instances, but yet with sufficient clearness and impressiveness to justify the expectation of them, or at least, the looking forward to the approach of something of high moment and unusual interest. Profane history abounds with narratives corroborative of this remark.

Nothing is more famous in the chronicles of ancient Rome, than the story of Romulus, and his *twelve vultures*; an *omen* this, on which the auspicious name of the rising city, and the fortune of its founder, were at once established. We have it affirmed on the high authority of *M. T. Varro*, that Vettius Valeris, an augur of distinguished name in those days, took occasion from this circumstance (and in the hearing of Varro himself,) to fix the duration of the Roman empire. The *twelve vultures*, he said, which appeared to Romulus, portended that the sovereignty of that state and city, whose foundations he was then laying, should continue for the space of *twelve hundred years*. It is of no moment to inquire, on what principles of art the learned augur proceeded in this calculation. The *truth* is, that the event corresponded, in a surprising manner, to the conjecture; and that the *majesty* of the western empire (of which Rome was the

capital,) *did* indeed expire, under the merciless hands of the Goths, about the time limited by this augural prophet. It should further be observed, that this prediction was delivered by Valens, at least *five hundred years* before its fulfilment; when there was not the least appearance, that this catastrophe would befall, what was called the *eternal city*, within that period.

A *poet*, in the ideas of paganism, was a *prophet* too. And Seneca<sup>1</sup> has left us, in proof of the inspiration to which, in his double capacity, he might pretend, the following oracle:

— venient annis  
 Secula seris, quibus Oceanus  
 Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens  
 Pateat tellus, Tiphysque novos  
 Detegat orbis; nec sit terris  
 Ultima Thule.

The meaning of the above is, that “in late years the period will arrive, when the ocean shall loosen the bonds of things and a mighty land shall be laid open, and Tiphys shall unveil new worlds and Thule shall no longer be the utmost extremity of the earth.”

This prediction was made in the reign of Nero; and for more than *fourteen hundred years*, might only pass for one of those sallies of imagination, in which poetry so much delights. But when at length, at the close of the *fifteenth century*, the discoveries of Columbus had realized this vision; when that enterprizing navigator had forced the barriers of the vast Atlantic; had *loosened*, what the poet calls, *the bonds of things*; and in these *later ages*, as was expressly signified, had set at liberty an immense continent, shut up before in surrounding seas from the commerce and acquaint-

<sup>1</sup>Medea, v. 374.



ance of our world ; when this event, so important and unexpected, came to pass, it might almost surprize one into the belief, that the prediction was something more than a poetical fancy ; and that heaven had indeed revealed to *one* favored Spaniard, what it had decreed, in due time, to accomplish by *another*.

We have the fullest evidence that these predictions, one foretelling the downfall of the *mightiest empire*, and the other the discovery of a *new world*, are authentic and circumstantial, and gave notice hundreds of years in advance of events which no human sagacity could have foreseen, and that they have been strictly and properly fulfilled.<sup>1</sup>

The night preceding the assassination of Cæsar in the senate-house, his wife, Calpurnia, had a remarkable vision. She dreamed that she was weeping over him, as she held him, murdered, in her arms. A somewhat different version of this vision has been given. Be that as it may, it is agreed on all hands that her dream exceedingly affected her the next morning, and that she conjured Cæsar not to go out that day, if he could possibly avoid it, but to adjourn the senate ; and if he paid no regard to her dreams, to have recourse to some other source for information. Having never observed in Calpurnia any thing like weakness and superstition, and perceiving her now to be in great distress, he at length yielded to her importunities. But Decimus Brutus, in whom Cæsar reposed unlimited confidence, afterwards persuaded him to change his mind and go forth to meet the Senate, notwithstanding the entreaties of his faithful wife. The result is known ; the conspiracy, headed by Brutus and Cassius, carried their point, and the mighty warrior, bleeding from no less than "three and twenty wounds," inflicted by his

<sup>1</sup>Vide Hurd on Prophecy, sermon IV.

professed friends, expired beneath Pompey's statue, dying its pedestal with his blood!

An extract from the immortal bard of Avon on this subject, may not be unacceptable to the reader in the present connection:

*Dec.* Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:  
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy time  
To bear my greeting to the senators,  
And tell them that I will not come to-day:  
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;  
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

*Cal.* Say, he is sick.

*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?  
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,  
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will, I will not come;  
That is enough to satisfy the senate.  
But, for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know.  
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:  
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,  
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.  
And these does she apply for warnings, portents,  
And evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted ;  
 It was a vision, fair and fortunate :  
 Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
 In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
 Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
 Reviving blood : and that great men shall press  
 For tinctures, stains, relics,<sup>1</sup> and cognizance.<sup>2</sup>  
 This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

*Cæs.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can say :  
 And know it now : The senate have concluded  
 To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.  
 If you shall send them word, you will not come,  
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock  
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,  
*Break up the senate till another time,*  
*When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*  
 If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,  
*Lo, Cæsar is afraid?*  
 Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love  
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;  
 And reason to my love is liable.<sup>3</sup>

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia ?  
 I am ashamed I did yield to them.—  
 Give me my robe, for I will go.—

The remarkable premonition received in a dream by Pilate's wife, when our Lord stood before him on trial, is too well known to require more than a passing notice. The governor had "set down on the judgment seat;" the innocent Jesus stood before him accused by his blood-thirsty ene-

<sup>1</sup>As to a saint, for reliques.

<sup>2</sup>As to a prince, for honors.

<sup>3</sup>Subordinate.

mies of numerous flagrant offences, not one of which could be substantiated by even plausible truth. In the midst of the trial, a special messenger from the wife of the governor interrupts the proceedings; the important message he was ordered to deliver is as follows: "Have thou nothing to do with that just man; for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him." Here we have evidence of a particular Providence of God in sending a dream to a woman, who in all probability knew nothing of Christ, certainly not sufficient to cause her to dream of him. Thus, God on some special occasions reveals himself even to those who are strangers to him, as was also the fact, for example, in the case of Nebuchadnezzar. "There is no doubt," says A. Clark, "but God had appeared unto this woman, testifying the innocence of Christ, and showing the evils which should pursue Pilate, if this innocent blood should be shed by his authority." Alas, poor Pilate! he disregarded the tearful expostulations of his faithful consort, as had done Cæsar before him; and the event was alike fatal. He was subsequently deposed for his cruelties to the Samaritans, and exiled to *Vienna*, in *Dauphiny*, where he killed himself two years after.

We must be permitted here, also to refer to two very extraordinary speeches made respecting our own immortal WASHINGTON immediately after Braddock's defeat, and which subsequent events exhibit as partaking of the character of prognostics. A famous Indian warrior, who acted a leading part in that bloody tragedy, was often heard to declare, "*that Washington was never born to be killed by a bullet! For,*" continued he, "*I had seventeen fair fires at him with my rifle, and after all could not bring him to the ground!*" Whoever considers that a good rifle levelled by

a proper marksman, seldom misses its aim, will find no great difficulty in conceding with that unlettered savage, that there was some invisible influence that turned aside the bullets.

The celebrated Rev. Mr. Davies, in a sermon occasioned by Braddock's defeat, uses the following prophetic language: "I beg leave to point the attention of the public to that heroic youth, *Colonel Washington*, whom I cannot but hope Providence has preserved for some great service to this country."

But of no uninspired man have a greater variety of predictions been uttered, than of the illustrious Reformer of the sixteenth century. Spalatin has compiled a whole volume of them, and undertaken to trace their actual fulfilment. We have no doubt that many of them are apocryphal, while others amount to no more than shrewd conjectures, such as might without any super-human interposition, proceed from sagacious minds, improved by long and close observation and extensive experience. But it is no less true, that future events, especially if *remote* or *extraordinary*,<sup>1</sup> or described with some degree of *particularity*, are not within the ability of the human mind to predict. Such appears to be the character of some of the prophecies respecting Luther and the Reformation, a few of which we shall proceed to lay before the reader in a subsequent number. Vide page 54.

<sup>1</sup>Socrates foretold, that "he should die in three days," and the event followed; Jesus foretold that he should suffer death by *crucifixion*; and also, that he should *rise from the dead*, within *three days* after his crucifixion. The *first* of these predictions, might be a sagacious conjecture. Can the same be said of the last *two*?

PROPHETIC DREAM OF FREDERICK THE WISE,  
ELECTOR OF SAXONY,

*October 30th, 1517.*

From an Original Manuscript.

BY B. S.

The Rev. George Spalatinus has confidently related a dream to me Antonius Musa, which Duke Frederick, Elector of Saxony, had at Schweinitz, on the night of All Saints. This was the evening previous to the day on which Dr. Martin Luther posted up at Wittenberg, with the intention of publicly defending them, his first theses against the pope and John Tetzels sermons on Romish grace and remission of sins. This dream his grace noted down early the next morning for the purpose of preservation and mentioned it, in the presence of his chancellor, to his brother Duke John of Saxony. He addressed him thus: "Brother, I must relate a dream to you that I had last night and I would very much like to have it interpreted. I have such a distinct recollection of it, and it is so deeply impressed upon my mind that I think were I to live a thousand years, I never could forget it; for it occurred to me three times in succession and always improved in vividness." Duke John asked, "Is it a good or bad dream?" "I don't know, God alone can tell," was the answer of the elector. Duke John continued, "but my brother, you need not trouble yourself about it; when-

ever I have a dream I always pray a kind Providence to dispose of it for the best, or I endeavor to forget it as far as possible, since I cannot but remember that many dreams both good and bad have been verified, which, as I only discovered afterwards, generally had reference to petty difficulties. But tell me what was your dream?" The Elector Frederick replied. "I will relate it. Last night when I retired to rest I was considerably exhausted and weary so that I almost fell asleep over my prayers. I had slept sweetly for two hours and a half when I awoke, and as I became somewhat collected I lay and reflected on various subjects until about midnight; among other things I considered how I together with my courtiers would keep a fast and holiday in honor of all the dear saints. I prayed too for the poor souls in purgatory and resolved to assist them out of the glowing fire. I prayed kind Providence for his grace that I and my counsellors and my country might be directed in the spirit of truth and preserved in happiness; also that he in his omnipotence would deliver us from all vagabonds who disturb our government. Occupied with such thoughts I again fell asleep soon after midnight. Then I dreamt how the Almighty sent to me a monk from his august presence, the natural son of the blessed apostle Paul. He brought with him by the command of God all the dear saints to testify to me that he was no imposter but that he was truly a messenger of the Lord; and that God had instructed them to command me to grant the monk permission to inscribe something on my castle chapel at Wittenberg. They promised me I should not repent it. I caused the chancellor to tell the monk he might write whatever he had been ordered, since God had laid such an injunction upon me and since he had such powerful testimony in his favor. Hereupon the monk commenced writing

in such large characters that I could distinguish them here at Schweinitz. He made use of a pen so long that it reached even to Rome; the feather penetrating the one ear of a lion in Rome, came out at the other, and extending itself further, came in contact with the holy triple papal crown and pressed so hard that it began to totter and was about falling off the head of his holiness. Just as it was falling it appeared to me that you and I were standing near, and I even reached out my hand for the purpose of helping to catch it. In this sudden movement I awoke and found I had my arm extended in the air; I was quite frightened and felt angry too with the monk for not using his pen more cautiously. Upon consideration however, I found I had only been dreaming, and as I was very drowsy my eyes soon closed again and I fell fast asleep. Before I was conscious of it, the same dream returned, for I had to deal with the monk again and I regarded him attentively as he continued writing and forcing the feather of his pen further through the lion (Leo X.) at Rome against the pope. Upon this the lion roared terribly, and all Rome and all the nobles of the holy empire ran together to see what was the matter. Then his papal holiness demanded of the nobles that they should by all means oppose this monk and particularly notify me of this piece of mischief because this monk resided in my dominions.

Hereupon I awoke the second time and was astonished that the dream had occurred to me again. I did not however let it disturb me, but prayed God to preserve his papal holiness from all harm and again fell asleep. The monk now appeared to me for the third time. I dreamt that the principal nobles of the empire, among whom were you and I, went to Rome and used our utmost endeavors to break this monk's pen and to ward it off from the pope. But the more



we exerted ourselves the more it grated and creaked as if it were made of iron. So harshly did it creak that it stunned my ears and pained me to the heart. All of us at length became dispirited and weary; we ceased our exertions and gradually separated. Besides, we were fearful that eating bread was not the only trick the monk understood; he might perhaps do us some mischief. Nevertheless (as at one time I was at Rome, at another at Wittenberg and then again at Rome) I caused the inquiry to be made of the monk, where he had obtained this pen and how it happened that it was so strong and tough. He sent me for an answer that it was from a hundred year-old goose;<sup>1</sup> that one of his old school-masters had honored him by presenting it to him and had begged, since it was such a good one, that he would keep it and use it in remembrance of him. Besides, he had tempered it himself. But the reason why it was so long and hard and firm was, that its temper could not be destroyed which circumstance astonished even himself.

Soon after there was a clamor raised because innumerable other pens had grown out of the monk's long pen, and it was amusing to hear the scholars of Wittenberg squabbling about the affair; some maintaining that these new pens would with time become just as long as the monk's pen, and that something extraordinary would certainly result from this monk and his pen.

As I now fully determined in my dream to have a speedy and a more satisfactory personal conference with the monk, I at length awoke for the third time and found it was morning.

I was very much astonished at the dream; I revolved it in my mind and could form a perfect conception of it in its

<sup>1</sup>Huss, which in the Bohemian language signifies *goose*, lived just one hundred years before Luther.

various stages and noted down its most prominent points. I am fully convinced that it is not without meaning because of its frequent recurrence. I am almost determined to reveal it to my confessor, nevertheless I wished previously to let you know something about it. Now I wish you and the chancellor to express your opinions of it." Duke John said, "Sir Chancellor, what is your view of the matter? There is not much reliance to be placed on dreams, nevertheless they are not always to be disregarded. If we only had a sensible, pious and divinely inspired Joseph or Daniel, he might perhaps interpret it." The chancellor replied, "your graces know that it is a common saying that the dreams of maidens, learned men and nobles generally mean something; but what it is in this instance we must leave to the revelations of time to discover; till perhaps some quarrel may arise to which we may presumptively infer that the dream has reference. Many examples of this kind must be familiar to your graces. Joseph says, "do not interpretations belong to God?" And Daniel says, "there is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets." Therefore your grace should only commend this dream to God; monks have often brought heavy calamities upon great men. The best of it is, that this monk has been sent by God, with the command to write, and that all the saints are his witnesses; unless perhaps the devil is carrying on his tricks under an assumed cloke of holiness. Your grace will know best how to consider the matter whilst engaged in your devotions." Duke John remarked, "I am of the same opinion, Sir Chancellor; for it is not at all advisable to trouble and torment ourselves much about it. If this dream came from God, he will order every thing for the best and show to us in his own appointed time the real meaning of it all; if it implies any thing evil, he will ward it off."

Duke Frederick, the elector said, "may kind Providence do so, nevertheless I cannot forget the dream. I have my own views of the matter, but for the present I will keep my interpretation private. However, I will take a memorandum of it. The time may perhaps come when it will be determined whether I am right, and then we will say more about it."

## PREDICTIONS

RESPECTING LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

BY B. KURTZ, D. D.

“Despise not prophesyings.”—1 Thess. v. 20.

No. II.

(Continued from page 47.)

ONE of the earliest and most remarkable predictions respecting the Saxon Reformer, was that uttered by his learned and pious predecessor, JOHN HUSS, in the year 1416. When that distinguished Bohemian divine was chained to the stake for having inveighed against the corruptions of the popish clergy and commended the writings and opinions of Wickliffe, the duke of Bavaria desired him to abjure. “No,” said Huss, I never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency; and what I taught with my lips, I seal with my blood;” and turning to the executioner, he added, “Are you going to burn a *goose*?<sup>1</sup>—in one century you will have a *swan*<sup>2</sup> you can neither roast nor boil.” Luther several times alluded to this prophecy, and did not scruple to regard him-

<sup>1</sup>The meaning of the word, huss, is *goose*.

<sup>2</sup>The word, *luther*, in the Bohemian language is said to imply a *swan*, and a *swan* was also the principal *ensign armorial* on Luther's escutcheon.

self as the object of its application.<sup>1</sup> The distinguished George C. Reiger once remarked on a public occasion: "Shall Protestants now call in doubt this prediction, when it is well known that Luther's most inveterate opponents did not dare to contradict him when he referred to it himself and applied it to his own person?" George of Zedlitz, whose father had embraced Huss's views, and was on that account proclaimed an outlaw, despatched two of his subjects to Luther in the year 1518, to inquire whether he was the *swan* intended in Huss' prediction? in reply to whom Luther returned his most friendly salutations, and added, that "time would develop what is God's design in relation to him."<sup>2</sup>

A short time prior to Luther's appearance before the public, there resided at Erfurt a doctor of theology and preacher of the Dome,<sup>3</sup> named *Sebastian*. He declaimed with great boldness against the disgraceful ignorance, idleness and licentiousness of the priesthood, as also against the infamous doctrine of indulgences, and other scandalous abuses. The students of the university and citizens repaired in great numbers to hear him. But he became so obnoxious to the priests and magistrates, that they effected his expulsion from the town. Before he was banished, he publicly declared: "The

<sup>1</sup>The version handed down in Luther's writings of this extraordinary prediction, though substantially the same as that given above, varies somewhat as to circumstances. In a letter to a friend, the Saxon Reformer is reported to have used the following language: "The blessed Huss addressed an epistle from his prison in Constance to his brethren in Bohemia, in which he prophesied concerning me thus: 'They are now about to roast a *goose*, but in the course of a hundred years, a *swan* will be heard to sing,—him they shall not be able to burn.'" Vide., "*New and Old for Lutherans.*" Vol. I., No. 2, p. 67.

<sup>2</sup>Vide Seckendorf's Hist. of Luther, p. 2690.

<sup>3</sup>The word *Dome* is derived from the Latin *domus*, a house, temple, &c., and means the principal church in a diocese, which is the bishop's seat, answering to the English word, *Cathedral*.

period is not very remote when the gospel will be read to you from a book. Some of you will live to see that period; to me the privilege is not allotted."<sup>1</sup>

Cotemporaneously with *Sebastian*, lived Dr. Andrew Proles, Prior of the Augustinian Convent at Wernigerode. He was often heard to say: "you have been told, beloved brethren, how God's word testifies, that by grace we are what we are, and by grace we have what we have. Whence then proceed such spiritual blindness and abominable superstition? O brethren! a thorough reformation is greatly needed throughout christendom, which, blessed be God, I now foresee *to be near at hand.*" When his brethren (the monks) inquired why he did not commence the work, he replied: "that he was too far advanced in life to undertake such a mighty task; and besides, he was not possessed of the requisite qualifications. But *God would shortly awaken and endow with gifts a master-spirit, who would be equal to the stupendous enterprize, and especially put within him a fearless heart to resist the proud dignitaries of church and state.*"

E. S. Cyprian, church-counsellor at Gotha, relates<sup>2</sup> the subjoined fact, quoted from the Rev. J. Wolfram's *Centuriis quinque testimoniorum, &c.*: "There had long been an altar in the Augustinian monastery at Gotha, near the door and to the right of the baptismal font, erected in honor of St. Sebastian. In the year 1531, this altar was removed, and the space supplied with seats for females. On the wall where the altar had stood was found written (as several of the citi-

<sup>1</sup>It was in the library of the University at Erfurt that Luther found the first Bible he had ever seen; and the art of printing having been then already invented, the prediction was literally fulfilled.

<sup>2</sup>Vide Tentzel's Historical Report of the commencement and early progress of the Reformation.

zens still remember,) in small but well formed and quite legible characters, the following distich :

MC quadratum, LX quoque duplicatum,  
Oraps<sup>1</sup> peribit, et Huss Wiclefque redibit.

This couplet may be turned into English, thus :

A thousand and four hundred years,—twice sixty to that sum,  
The “Oras” all are perishing,—back Huss and Wickliffe come.

In the thirtieth article of the Apology of the Augsburg Confession, we also find an account of a prediction in relation to Luther and the Reformation. It is there stated: “That about thirty years ago, there was in the town of Eisnach, Thuringia, a monk of the order of Barefeet, named JOHN HILTEN, who was cast into prison by his brethren because he sought to reform a number of abuses in the morals of the monks. We have seen some of his writings, from which it is obvious that he preached the truth. Those who were acquainted with him assure us, that he was a quiet, retired and pious old man, of irreproachable life and character; that he uttered numerous prophecies relating to the present times, several of which have already been verified, while others remain to be fulfilled. Finally, when by the feebleness of age and the hardships of imprisonment he became the victim of disease, he requested the presence of the Guardian,<sup>2</sup> and complained of his infirmities and sickness. The Guardian, filled with bitterness and rage, vehemently reproached him, and bid him pour forth his lamentations to ‘kitchen-maids and stable-boys.’ Poor Hilten wiped the tears from his swollen eyes, and heaving a deep sepulchral groan, replied: ‘Though I have neither preached nor writ-

<sup>1</sup>Oraps is an abbreviation of *ora pro nobis*, i. e. pray for us.

<sup>2</sup>An officer of the cloister.

ten any thing calculated injuriously to affect monastic life in a state of purity, having only attacked flagrant abuses, yet I cheerfully submit to persecution and condemnation for Christ's sake;’ And then, his countenance lighting up and his voice recovering its wonted vigor, he added: ‘An individual will appear in the year 1516, who will more effectually than I have done, assail the monks, and ultimately destroy them. Him you will not be able to resist, and he will abide in defiance of persecution.’ This prediction was subsequently found in several of his writings, and especially in his Commentaries on David. Luther plainly referred to this prophecy in his celebrated Tract on the “Conciliis and Churches,” 1539.<sup>1</sup>

In an old document found in the archives of the town of Rostock, Prussia, we meet with the following passage: “In the year 1516, a man, known in Rostock by the familiar cognomon of “the prophet,” was wont to exclaim on the streets: ‘The deliverance of Israel is at hand; Israel is about to be redeemed from Babylonish captivity;—therefore repent.’” He was banished from the town for disturbing the peace by his noisy proclamation.<sup>2</sup>

The truly pious Mathesius mentions in his sermons, number XV. on the life of Luther: “That it was a common saying in the court of Rome, that an Eremit would assault the triple crown.” In accordance with this fact, Staupitz was heard to remark to Luther: “I thought the onset was to be made by one of the order of the Clausners or the Hermits, but now I perceive that he is to be of the Augustinian order.” The Augustinian monks were also called Eremites.

<sup>1</sup>Vide Edit. of his Works, Erlangen, vol. xxv. p. 325, where he remarks: “What took place between the monks at Eisenach and John Hilten, is recorded in the Apology.”

<sup>2</sup>Vide P. Lindenburg in Chron. Rostock, Lb. 3, c. 19.



The same veracious author, (Mathesius) in sermon, number II. informs us that a certain Dr. Fleck, a devout monk, who officiated at the dedication of the University at Wittenberg, declared: "that all Christendom would be indebted to "*Wise-Hill*"<sup>1</sup> for knowledge. When Dr. F. subsequently noticed Luther's Ninety-five Theses affixed to the convent at Steinlausig, and commenced reading them, he suddenly stopped, and with great vehemence exclaimed: "Aha! he's the man; he'll bring it about; we have long been waiting for him." He immediately wrote a very animating letter to Luther, and urged him "to go forward without fear, for he was in the right way; God would be on his side, and the prayers of thousands of captives in Romish Babylon would secure a triumph."

These are some among the numerous and best established predictions in reference to Luther and the Reformation. The authenticity of many others is not so well proven. There was one in vogue at Rome, which we give on the authority of Bapt. Montuamus.<sup>2</sup> "There are not wanting even in our age, those who say that the time of Antichrist is at hand; and that at a period not distant, a teacher will be born, who shall introduce great changes in morals and in laws."<sup>3</sup>

"When the Reformation was in progress," so writes Cyprian, "this testimony was also applied to Luther." In Spalatin's Epistles, contained in the royal library at Gotha, the following information may be found, which he communicated to Vitum Warbeccium, in a letter dated: Quinta post

<sup>1</sup>Wittenberg, frequently but incorrectly spelt Wittemberg, is a corruption of *Weissenberg*, which, in English, means *Wise-Hill*, or Hill of Wisdom.

<sup>2</sup>Vide Lib. III. de paticulia, cap. xxx.

<sup>3</sup>"Non desunt etiam nostris temporibus, qui dicant, appropinquare tempus Antichristi-quendam brevi nasciturum, qui magnam morum et legum varietatem inducat."

Exaudi, 1526. "Will you please return to D. Anselmo the prophecy of Baptist Mantuamus about the new teacher, and the changes in laws and morals. And tell him, that it suits our Luther far better than those which he recently sent me of an unfavorable character, with interpretations of the worst cast by I know not what great men."<sup>1</sup>

We have not been able fully to satisfy ourselves respecting the genuineness of the predictions by John Wesselius of Gröningen, and Hieronymus Savannarola. But they are of sufficient importance to justify a careful examination. In a publication entitled: "The Pious Lutheran," which appeared in 1717, we find the following: "Wesselius Gröningensis died in the year 1489. He was well known as a man of great piety and experience, and was particularly learned in the sacred scriptures. Seckendorf remarks concerning his writings, now nearly out of print, that they are so valuable that they deserve to be republished in letters of gold. This distinguished man (Wesselius) stated to M. John Ostendorpius, while yet a mere boy, that he (the latter) would live to see the day when the principles of the new theologians, such as Thomæ, Beneventuræ and other scholastic philosophers would be refuted, and absolutely ridiculed and condemned by learned divines. This prophecy was of course fulfilled, inasmuch as Ostendorpius lived till the year 1520. Hieronymus Savannarola declared in Italy in the year 1483: "There is now one at the door; he is being born, who will aim a mighty blow at the pope's pate, and cause his crown to fall in the dust." It is a matter of historical record, that Savannarola possessed in a remarkable degree the gift of pro-

<sup>1</sup>"Redde quaeso D. Anselmo vaticinium Baptistæ Mantuami de novo propheta et leges et moras mutaturo. Et dic ei, hoc magis convenire Luthero nostro, quam quæ nuper mihi misit contra eum a nescio quibus procenibus interpretata in pessimam partem."

phesy and obtained great celebrity by it. His enemies envied and hated him on this very account, and it was one of the causes that brought him to the stake.

The apostle Paul referred to the prophecies respecting Timothy,<sup>1</sup> as a means of stimulating him to "war a good warfare;" and I have not the slightest doubt that Luther was greatly encouraged by the well known predictions relating to him and his work. His was peculiarly a task, far above all human wisdom and power. The very idea of attempting to correct the ten thousand flagrant abuses of the popish hierarchy, was appalling; the thought of coming in collision and conflict with Rome in all her pomp and glory, her exhaustless resources, her complex and yet perfect machinery, her unlimited power, &c. was sufficient to daunt and overwhelm ten thousand heroes, even as intrepid as him of Saxony. All previous attempts to resist popish corruption, had been successfully defeated, and their devoted authors doomed to cruel and ignominious death at the stake. How could Luther expect a more favorable doom, or hope to escape the vengeance of the reckless, ruthless myrmidons of the "man of sin?" Did he not need the presence and special consolations of God, more than any other man since the days of the glorious and fearless Apostle of the Gentiles? He did. And they were bestowed upon him. Is it too much to indulge the belief, that one of the means employed by Providence to strengthen him in his work, and inspire him with unblenching firmness, was prophecy? Certain it is, that predictions were uttered by holy men; that Luther was not ignorant of those predictions; and that their natural tendency was to prompt him onward and fill him with a degree of intrepidity not only beyond that manifested

<sup>1</sup>Tim. i. 18, and iv. 14.

by all his cotemporaries, but also by all his predecessors. It was with a full knowledge of those prophecies and under the power of their influence, that he was enabled "to war a good warfare," and "not neglect the gift that was in him." Whether or not, the recollection of them had any connection with the heroic stand he took at the Diet of Worms, when in the face of the most formidable array of regal and priestly power and imposing grandeur, he exclaimed: "Here I stand, I cannot otherwise; may God help me!"—or with the unprecedented fearlessness of man, and confidence in God, which he had previously evinced, when in opposition to the dissuasions of his friends, he cried out: "I will go to Worms though there be as many devils there as there are tiles on the houses;"—whether or not, we remark, the recollection of those predictions had any influence in producing such stupendous displays of christian heroism, we will not undertake to discuss; perfectly willing to submit it to the decision of the reader.

Three centuries have now gone by since those mighty achievements; we have read those wonderful foretellings and witnessed their accomplishment. Should not our faith in the glorious work be strengthened? May we not confidently regard it as a work of God?—The Bible is now the rich but common inheritance of every Protestant christian; all enjoy the right of private judgment. The faith once delivered to the saints has been purged of the superstitions and human inventions thrown around it by popes and councils, and restored to us in its primitive simplicity and purity. Every one for himself may read the truth, pray over it, believe in it, and be saved by it. O should not our hearts swell with gratitude and our mouths fill with praises, for the inestimable blessings resulting from that astonishing and

magnificent revolution in church and state? Let us highly value and firmly and faithfully hold to the apostolic doctrines, retrieved from the depths of human corruption through the instrumentality of the illustrious reformers, and let it be our daily prayer to our Lord, that those doctrines may be preserved inviolate to our latest posterity,—and our irrevocable determination, that by the grace of God, neither the artful and heartless machinations of Rome, nor the untiring assaults of infidelity, nor the unappeasable malignity of hell, shall rob us of them.

## HEALING OF THE BLIND.

BY REV. E. YEATES REESE.

“When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay, and said unto him, Go wash in the pool of Siloam, (which is by interpretation SENT.) He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing.” John ix. 7.

Darkness sat on his vision. All was night,  
Deep and perpetual night, that knew nor moon  
Nor stars to gladden!

He had often *felt*  
In boyhood hours, the warm tears kiss his cheeks,  
Distilled from eyes maternal, and had *heard*  
The low, faint sigh of anguish, half subdued,  
Yet thrilling in its eloquence; had *heard*  
The deep convulsive throbbing of the heart  
Whereon his head was pillowed, as a dart  
Had pierced his mother's being, while she spoke,  
So tenderly, so melancholy spoke,  
In tones that told her hopelessness of grief  
—‘Alas my boy is blind!’ His tiny hands  
Were wont, too, in their playfulness to toy  
With every feature of the one so loved;  
And he would sweetly smile, as the dark hair,  
In rich and delicate smoothness met his touch;  
And his young heart elated, as the voice  
Of woman's tenderness, did greet his ear,  
And the soft lips of love were pressed to his:—  
But he, alas! *was blind!*—and tho' the cup  
Of joy was sometimes to o'erflowing full,

Yet was his soul, a stranger to the thoughts  
 That speak their mysteries only from the eye;—  
 A stranger to the meek and radiant smile,  
 That like a sunbeam on a summer cloud,  
 Dispelleth childhood's little glooms, and gives  
 A world of happiness, words may not speak  
 Nor sightless orbs conceive.

Maturer years

Restored him not to vision. He had stood  
 Where Nature sported in her joyous hours,  
 And felt the soft winds kiss his darkened lids,  
 And heard their whisperings 'mid the o'erarching trees,  
 And wondered much their fashion,—and when Storm,  
 In whirlwind majesty rode thro' the sky  
 Pouring dire vengeance o'er the startled earth—  
 He heard the rolling of his chariot wheels  
 And knew to call it *Thunder!*—but the flash—  
 Of his fierce eye-ball, aweless and unseen,  
 Glared wildly on his path.

He heard of Night,  
 Of the fair Moon, and countless shining orbs,  
 Walking in calm magnificence on high,  
 Singing their lullaby to wearied man;  
 He heard of Day—of the all glorious Sun,  
 Flooding the earth with light, and life, and bliss,  
 Smiling on mountain top, and lowly vale—  
 And of the beauteous earth, adorned with flowers,  
 Rich dressed in various hues; and of the brooks,  
 Leaping in the glad sunshine, and of birds,  
 Of plumage bright and glorious, whose gay songs,  
 Thrill'd musically on his ear the while,  
 Yet hearing while he saw not, brought but sighs,—  
 Deep, bitter sighs that to himself was given  
 No promised dawn to his protracted gloom,

Yet murmuring word ne'er sat upon his lips ;

But there was One, with will and power to heal—  
Jesus, the son of Mary !—wondrous love  
Shone in his countenance, and his very look  
Was full of blessing. He had never pass'd  
Coldly, a child of suffering, nor aside,  
Turned him away from penury or want ;  
And now he gazed upon the sightless balls,  
And felt compassion touch his inmost soul.  
The clay was wetted,—and the mellow words,  
Fell sweetly on the hearing of the blind,  
The while his eyes were with Christ's fingers touched—  
“ To Siloam's waters hie thee, wash, my son,  
And sight shall be restored thee.”

Now, he stood—

The blind man, by the streamlet, and his soul,  
Thrill'd with expectance, for his faith was large,  
As stooping down he caught the waters bright  
And brought them to his eyelids. Suddenly  
A strange, and indistinct sensation ran  
Through all his senses, and a mellowed gloom,  
Rested before his vision—and was gone !  
Again he laved—when lo ! in glory burst  
Upon him all the blessedness of sight !  
He *saw* the cool waves, rippling at his feet  
And the rich verdure of the swelling banks,  
And the blue sky above him—aye, his soul,  
Was fill'd with transport far surpassing words,—  
Silence befits its musing !



## LUTHER'S VISIT TO ROME.

BY J. G. MORRIS, D. D.

"This perplexing business must be referred to the pope; we cannot settle it ourselves," said Staupitz, the superior of the Augustinian Monastery at Wittenberg, to one of his subordinates.

"True, father, let his holiness decide—the infallible judge of all controversy will do right; and permit me to recommend to you a suitable commissioner, who will faithfully execute the trust," replied the other.

"And he is—?"

"Brother Martin."

"Right," said Staupitz, "an extraordinary young man, and one of my particular favorites; he is faithful and true, of eminent talents besides, of vast attainments for his years, and burning zeal for the church; brother Martin shall be commissioned to lay our grievances at the feet of his holiness."

In the year 1510, a serious controversy arose among the Augustinian monks, on the subject of a new division of their territorial limits. The superior was unwilling to assume the responsibility of deciding a question of such importance, and resolved to refer it to the infallible tribunal at Rome. Staupitz was a man of great influence in the church and possessed the confidence of his Sovereign in Germany and of his spiritual lord in Rome.

When Frederick the Wise founded the university of Wittenberg, he commissioned Staupitz to select a faculty of pro-

fessors. He immediately wrote to a young monk of the monastery at Erfurt, and offered him the chair of philosophy. This young man had already gained considerable reputation for learning and piety, and Staupitz, who was well acquainted with him, appreciated his extraordinary talents, and augured the most cheering results from his untiring diligence in study. He knew that his acquaintance with the scriptures far exceeded that of most of the monks, and that he had read the writings of the schoolmen and of the fathers, with inextinguishable ardor. Him he called to Wittenberg, and thus in the twenty-fifth year of his age, MARTIN LUTHER became associated with men of long established reputation and extensive learning, and entered on the performance of his duties with the diffidence of inexperienced youth, but yet with the modest assurance of conscious ability.

Staupitz spent the night in anxious meditation on the important embassy about to be despatched to the "eternal city," and had already dictated to his secretary, a large portion of the letter to his holiness. The next morning, immediately after the early mass, he hastened to the cell of brother Martin, and from mere respect to the excellent youth, he condescended to knock gently at the door. No answer was returned, and a louder knock was repeated. All this was contrary to his usual custom, for as Superior, he could enter when and where he pleased, without permission of the inmate. But Luther was his favorite, and he treated him with extraordinary politeness. Still no answer was returned to his repeated knocks, though he was certain the monk was in his cell. At length growing impatient, he rather violently opened the door, and with astonishment beheld him absorbed in profound devotion, on his knees before a rude crucifix suspended against the wall. The mind of Staupitz was

not in a very devotional frame, for it was painfully harrassed with the subject of the embassy, and he felt in no mood to wait until the monk had finished his morning orisons. "The day is breaking, brother Martin, and it is time for thee to be at thy books," said he in a loud tone of voice, accompanied by a no very gentle shake of the monk's arm.

Luther turned round, and beholding his Superior, now for the first time conscious of his presence, he hastily rose from his knees, and reddening with blushes, saluted him reverently, and implored his blessing.

The cell was a small apartment, furnished very simply, it contained an oaken table of coarse workmanship, and a few stools, besides a bench. A dozen or two of huge folios were scattered about, and on the sill of the small grated window, stood a clock of peculiarly rude construction. An ill executed picture of the Virgin, hung on one side of the wall, while on the other was suspended the crucifix, before which Luther was prostrate when the Superior entered. On the bench lay a flute with several books of music.

The person of the monk was of middle size. An eye of singular vivacity glistened in a face, pale and emaciated from unwearied study and the rigid observance of the austerities of his order,—he had a high and expansive forehead, deeply marked with transverse lines, and a mouth and nose of the finest mould. Continual meditation had imparted a melancholy tinge to his countenance, and at first sight, a repulsive frown seemed to cloud all his features. His numerous fastings and other monastic exercises, added to a most intense mental anxiety, gave him the appearance of a man much beyond his years. His head was totally divested of hair, except a narrow fringe that encircled it just above the ears, and his dress was the flowing robe of his order, girdled

round the waist with a broad strap of common leather, whilst a brass crucifix was suspended from his neck by a beautifully woven chain of human hair.

Luther's pale cheek reddened when he was thus unceremoniously awakened from his devotional reverie by his superior. The latter scarcely observing his embarrassment, and paying no attention to the request for the blessing, immediately opened the subject that occasioned so much solicitude in his mind.

"Be prepared for your journey in two days, brother Martin," said Staupitz, presuming that every person was certainly aware of the project which so entirely occupied his own mind.

"My journey! whither?" eagerly inquired the astonished monk.

"Dost thou not know that I have appointed thee to a mission to Rome?—to Rome thou must go."

"To Rome! thanks be to the blessed Virgin," said Luther, turning to the picture on the wall. His face was lighted up with joy, and yet there seemed a struggle between hope and doubt depicted on his expressive features. But he knew Staupitz and could trust him. In a few words, the superior explained the purport of the journey and promised to give him his papers and instructions on the eve of his departure.

The mind of Luther was unspeakably elated,—he did not attempt to study that day, and even his devotions were interrupted by thoughts of Rome. His heart burned to see the pope, that living representative of God on earth. For many years he had longed to inhale the sacred atmosphere of the christian metropolis; to worship at the shrine of her saints, to behold her unrivalled glory and be edified by the unspotted example and holy conversation of her numerous clergy.

To be near the pope, was in his estimation, to be nearer the throne of God than he had ever before approached. As the disciple of Mohammed regards it the most meritorious act of his life, to visit the tomb of the prophet at Mecca, and the child of Abraham wanders to Jerusalem that his bones may be buried in the valley Jehosaphat, which to him is the gate of heaven, so Luther thought that a visit to Rome would complete his sanctity, and entitle him to canonization after death.

An Italian monk was deputed to be his travelling associate, and on the day of their departure, Luther despatched his morning devotions in a shorter time than usual. Rome was in all his thoughts, and he even had occasion to reprove himself, for unconsciously uttering the word whilst counting his rosary.

Though travelling on such an important mission, yet he made no material change in his apparel, and fastening an ordinary leathern wallet behind the saddle of his mule, he mounted, and with a mind full of the most joyous anticipations, he passed out of the southern gate of Wittenberg. Nothing interesting occurred during the first few days of their journey. Brother Antonio, his companion, who had travelled through that country before, answered all the questions of the inquisitive German, but always preserved a profound silence whenever he expressed his anticipated rapture in seeing at Rome, a model of sanctity in every priest, and faultless perfection in the holy fathers, for surely thought he, the nearer the pope, the holier the church.

“And are not our brothers and fathers at Rome, most godly men?” asked Luther.

“They are flesh and blood, brother Martin,” replied Antonio. “True,—added Luther—but their proximity to his

holiness must have a sanctifying influence on them,—who can breathe such a sacred atmosphere, and not be spiritually healthy ;—who can be so near the sun of righteousness and not be warmed into divine love ?”

Antonio was glad of the opportunity to change the subject, and directed the attention of his enthusiastic companion to the Alps, whose tall summits had now become visible in the distance. Luther had never before seen a mountain and was in raptures, for he had a mind that keenly relished the sublime and beautiful in nature. Even Rome, for a moment was forgotten and he gazed with delight upon the magnificent prospect.

“ This night,” said Antonio, “ we will rest in a convent, located in a most picturesque valley in the mountains.”

“ And surely the brethren must be holier than we in Germany, for they live so much nearer Rome ; there they live secluded from the world and undisturbed, devote themselves to their religious duties,” replied the German. Antonio smiled and introduced another subject.

Just as the last rays of the sun were lingering on the tall turrets of the convent, they entered the romantic glen in which it was situated. The evening bell was summoning the brethren to vespers, and its melancholy toll resounded far down the valley, awakening an echo from every rock. Luther and his companion in the meanwhile, worshipped in the temple of nature, for the lofty mountains, the dark forest, the overhanging rocks, the rushing cascades and the rude magnificence of the whole scene, to which the sombre twilight gave an additional grandeur, produced an emotion of indescribable solemnity in Luther's mind, and he was absorbed in devout astonishment and adoration. When the evening service had concluded in the convent, they knocked

at the strongly barred gate, which was opened by a lay brother of peculiarly rubicund visage and of corporeal dimensions, which rendered locomotion extremely fatiguing. Even the exertion of swinging back the huge gate, had produced great drops of perspiration on his hoary brow, and his respiratory organs were set into a motion of most inconvenient rapidity. From their dress he recognized them as brethren of the sacerdotal order, and admitting them without much delay, he waddled before them and conducted them into the audience chamber of the prior. There was not much ceremony observed in their introduction, and Luther and his companion were welcomed to the hospitable convent. The appearance of the prior greatly astonished the young German monk,—he had been surprised at the gross obesity of the porter, but when he saw the enormous rotundity of the prior, whose vermilion cheeks hung down in folds of solid fat,—when he looked upon the ponderous protuberance of his anterior side, and saw one of his feet deeply imbedded in flannel to the thickness of an ordinary pillow, his mind was overcome, and he sat in breathless astonishment. He was aroused from his reverie by loud peals of laughter, issuing from a neighboring hall, and amidst the tumultuous uproar he plainly discerned the voices of several females. “Holy Virgin, preserve us!” thought Luther. The prior observing his amazement, bid him be composed, and informed him that this was the anniversary of a festival long celebrated in the convent, and that the brethren in the next room were preparing the feast. “But the sisters?”—said Luther inquiringly. The prior smiled and shrugged his shoulders rather too violently, for in his excitement he suddenly moved his gouty foot, and whilst writhing under the agony, he uttered the most profane imprecations.

Luther began to doubt the truth of his long cherished sentiment, "the nearer Rome, the holier the church."

Shortly after, all were summoned to the banquetting room, and now the mind of the German, was completely astounded. A long table, groaning under the weight of the most luxurious fare, was presented to his sight, and in a few moments the softly stuffed chairs, covered with rich crimson silk, were filled by a company of hale, greedy epicureans as ever fattened on the bounty of the church. And it was Friday too! Here and there, interspersed among the brethren, were certain sisters, who were as boisterous in their mirth and dexterous in the use of knife and fork as any of their reverend male protectors. We need not tell how long this bacchanalian feast endured. Luther could partake but scantily, for he felt unutterable pain at the beastly gormandizing of his jovial hosts. Their profane jests, indecent songs, and impious revelry were insufferable, and he suddenly darted from the room. He had frequently addressed a gentle admonition to those immediately around him, who at first chided him kindly for his austerity, but upon its repetition, they scowled upon him with looks of diabolical fury.

After he had retired to rest, and was just falling into a gentle slumber, he heard a slight knocking at his door, with a loud whisper, "Brother Martin, I have aught to tell thee;" he recognized the voice of the burly porter, although it was but a whisper, who when admitted said, "Drink not the wine that I will set before thee in the morning." He was about to leave the room, after he had given this mysterious caution, but Luther detained him, and in a few minutes was informed that the monks had determined to have vengeance on him for his imprudent admonition of their vices on the preceding evening. The state of his mind may well be im-



agined. It was a long time before he fell asleep. In the morning he observed the silver goblet of wine set before him, but without touching it, he partook of the other fare. The monks gave evidence of disappointment, but Luther pretended not to notice it. He left the convent with the hope of seeing more holy servants of God, the nearer he approached the holy city.

During the day his mind was so much occupied in reflecting on what he had just witnessed, that the sublime scenery of the alps almost entirely escaped his notice.

He would occasionally gaze in adoring wonder at the mountain grandeur around him, but would soon relapse into a melancholy mood, from which he was scarcely aroused by the incessant exclamations of admiration on the part of the Italian. After thus jogging heavily along for many a weary hour, Antonio caught the first view of Italy. Luther was awakened from his listlessness,—his heart beat more rapidly,—a new feeling was infused into his soul. We will not describe his exquisite enjoyment in the various cities through which he passed,—and his unspeakable gratification in viewing the numerous works of art which surrounded him. On the evening of the fourth day, after the unhappy scene at the convent of the Appenines, just as they had ascended a hill of considerable elevation, Antonio exclaimed, *Eccæ Roma sancta*. Luther looked, and stretching far away into the distance, lay the holy city. He fell upon the earth, and exclaimed, "Holy Rome, I salute thee!" As the first view of Jerusalem to the Jewish pilgrim awakened all his religious enthusiasm, which burst forth in a song of praise that his weary pilgrimage was happily terminated, so Luther was excited to an extraordinary degree, and he broke out in a hymn of gratitude to the Virgin, that he was permitted to

see even at a distance the metropolis of the church. Antonio pointed out to him the various holy places as they could be distinguished at that distance, by their tall spires and broad cupolas. At length they entered the city just as the sun was setting. The first thing that especially attracted their attention, was a long religious procession, which Luther could with difficulty be prevented from joining. He could however, not be restrained from dismounting and fervently kneeling before the Virgin as she was borne past; he was desirous of entering every church and paying his evening sacrifice, but Antonio hurried him along until they arrived at a place of entertainment. The next morning he rose very early, for notwithstanding his fatigue, he could scarcely sleep during the night.

His feelings were highly excited, and he imagined that his spiritual health had already improved from inhaling the sacred atmosphere of Rome. He immediately delivered his despatches to the proper authorities, and was informed that it would require some days to examine them and determine on the proper course to be pursued in relation to the Augustinian monasteries in Germany. He had also been favored with letters to several distinguished men, who politely invited him to their houses. But the first few days he resolved to devote to the inspection of the celebrated curiosities of the city. He sallied forth with Antonio and visited every object of interest both ancient and modern. The magnificent ruins of ancient grandeur filled his mind with indescribable delight, and his fine classical taste could rightly appreciate the beauty and symmetry of their unrivalled architecture.

The impression these things made upon him was never erased, and it could not well be otherwise. Here was a German monk, who passed the days of his childhood in the

narrow compass of a miner's lodge, and his youth amid the dust and rubbish of a monastic school;—who was totally unacquainted with mankind, and had never travelled beyond the confines of his native duchy. No wonder that he was filled with unspeakable amazement at the dazzling glories of imperial Rome.

Notwithstanding the intense gratification, which these remains of ancient genius afforded him, yet it was as an ecclesiastic that he was especially delighted. The numerous splendid churches were objects of his deepest religious veneration,—the overawing magnificence of their ceremonials,—the gorgeous habiliments of the officiating priests,—the ravishing charms of the music,—the beauty of the painting and statuary, all filled his soul with emotions unutterable, and he felt himself the happiest man on earth. Thus day after day passed on and he continued to enjoy himself amid the ten thousand wonders that surrounded him. Much of his time was spent in devotion in the various churches distinguished for peculiar sanctity, and he frequently visited every spot consecrated by some remarkable event or containing some valuable relic. He approached these with pious awe and derived from them all the sanctity they are calculated to impart. He could every day be seen reverently kneeling at the shrine of some celebrated saint, and devoutly kissing some crumbling memento of by-gone glory or ancient piety. His soul was absorbed in the exciting scenes he every where encountered, and his days passed away as a dream. But amid all the dazzling splendor of Rome, there was one sacred object that had not yet blazed upon his vision. His holiness, the pope was absent, and Luther had not yet enjoyed the enviable distinction of prostrating himself before the triple crowned monarch and kissing his sacred slipper.

Though the sun was withdrawn from this firmament for a while, still the lesser stars shone most brilliantly.

Amid all his mental intoxication and bewilderment, he could not help observing the apparently wretched condition of the lower orders of the people. He was pained at witnessing the most unblushing licentiousness of manners publicly exhibited every day, and with evident alarm, he heard that numerous assassinations were committed every month. He concluded, however, that all this was confined to the lower classes, who generally are ignorant and depraved.

As he became better acquainted with the numerous ecclesiastics to whom he had been introduced, he thought that he observed a laxity of morals highly unbecoming their exalted station. Many a *double entendre*, and immodest allusion shocked his moral sensibility, and he often shook his head in profound amazement at their lascivious conversation. When he dared to reprove them, they laughed in his face, and asked whether the ecclesiastics in Germany were not composed of flesh and blood, and had the feelings of men? "They have not quite so much flesh as you of Rome," Luther sarcastically replied, for with few exceptions, the brethren of Rome were ponderous, stallworth men, exhibiting their carnal propensities in a purely literal sense.

He was sometimes permitted to read mass, which he did with his usual solemnity and devotion, but his clerical associates, in the holy offices, became impatient and would frequently cry out, "hurry, hurry, brother Martin, do not let our lady Mary wait so long for her crucified Son!" His heart was much pained at this impiety, and he mourned over the degeneracy of his fellow ecclesiastics.

He was often present at the table of some of the more eminent dignitaries of the church, who spent much of their

time in convivial meetings, for Staupitz's recommendation secured him access to their company. Having learned nothing in the society of the subordinate clergy, he expected to receive much advantage from the conversation of their superiors, but alas! they were not even acquainted with the holy scriptures. The Olympus of Virgil and Homer was more interesting to them, than the heaven of Christ and his apostles. Cicero and Livy were more highly esteemed than Moses and Paul. Many of them denied even the providence of God and the immortality of the soul, and openly ridiculed the doctrines and rites of the church. He did not hear the utterance of one pious sentiment, but was disgusted at their profane revelry and unholy conversation. They sung the praises of their mistresses and sacrificed devoutly to the god of love and wine. Luther retired in deep despondency and was alarmed in discovering a decreasing veneration for the Romish church in his own bosom. "If this is Rome"—thought he—"how fallen! here I expected to behold in every priest a pattern of piety, but thus far ——;" he was afraid to let his thoughts run on, and suddenly checking himself with the consoling reflection, "that if after all the clergy are corrupt, the pope's superior sanctity will cover all their faults"—and he anxiously awaited the return of his holiness.

Luther was very desirous of hearing the clergy of Rome preach, but although he visited numerous churches every day, yet he seldom heard a sermon. He discovered that preaching was considered a subordinate duty, and that none of the prelates ever preached except on very extraordinary occasions. The few discourses he heard were the bare recital of miserable legends, or inflated eulogies of some saint of doubtful character. The people were not instructed in

their duty, nor warned against sin, but were rather encouraged to remain ignorant, and thus they became more deeply depraved. "Merciful God," sighed Luther, "is this thy church! is this worshipping thee in spirit and in truth!—but patience! the holy father will be a laudable exception, and will bring these degenerate children to order."

Hark! the clangor of trumpets! the shout of victory! the rattling of armor! and the heavy tread of cavalry resound through Rome! The whole city is in commotion! joy is depicted on every countenance! all classes of the citizens participate in the revelry, and all rush tumultuously to a certain quarter, rending the air with their shouts. And what occasioned this sudden uproar? was some mighty miracle performed establishing the infallibility of Rome? No, it was the holy father, Julius II. in iron coat of mail, marching his victorious army into the city,—it was his triumphal procession, for he had just returned from the bloody battle field, on which he had conquered the Duke of Ferrara; surrounded by armed cardinals and military priests, the haughty pontiff, rode majestically at the head of his blood-sated troops; his high waving plume, and glistening armor and proud military bearing, rendered him an object of admiration to the infatuated and enslaved populace of Rome. Julius was peculiarly a military pope, he delighted in battle and bloodshed, and vastly preferred wielding the sword of the warrior to the peaceful crook of the shepherd. Luther for a while, gazed on in rapt astonishment, but soon silently hastened away, sighing most profoundly, "alas! alas! this pope is not the vicegerent of God—this is not the holy and true church of Christ!"

Luther had now been in Rome for a month, and was finally informed that his business had been properly adjusted,

and that he was at liberty to depart when he pleased. He was glad of the opportunity, and hastened away with all possible despatch. He had seen enough to convince him of the total corruption of Rome, and deeply humbled, disappointed, and ashamed, he bid a last farewell to the mighty city. Nothing on his way home could interest him—he was sadly disappointed in Rome, and all Italy besides, was nothing. A thousand various projects entered his mind, and the necessity of reform was awfully apparent, but he saw no ground of hope, and mourned over the prospective calamities of the church. He arrived at Wittenberg quite overjoyed that he could again retire to his study, and spend his days in the unobtrusive performance of his professional duties. His brethren, unsuspecting and infatuated with the reported glories of Rome as himself, before he had seen it, asked him a thousand questions, and all were incredulous when he told them the plain truth, and a few of them even indistinctly muttered something about heresy and punishment. Staupitz knowing the real state of things, begged him to be silent, lest he might be accused of heresy. Luther obeyed, but said, “I am glad I went to Rome,—yea, a thousand guilders had I rather lost than not to have been there. I have learned much.”

The advantages which the young German derived from his pilgrimage to the holy city were highly valuable and important. He thereby became more expert in business transactions, better qualified for society, less embarrassed in difficulties and more confident in his own abilities. He became acquainted with the great world as it was, and changed many opinions which he before tenaciously held. Many hurtful prejudices were removed and more enlarged views of men and things, entered his mind. It received a new im-

pulse, and he recommenced his studies with renewed zeal. He preached with more power, and lectured with more animation. Thus, day after day, he pushed his investigations further, until the light of divine truth shone fully on his mind. The subsequent history of Luther is incorporated with the history of mankind. The world knows it by heart, and it was his visit to Rome, in 1510, that first opened his eyes to the enormous corruptions of the church, and first awakened in him that desire for reform, which he afterwards so successfully accomplished, and for which he has received the plaudits of an admiring world.



## PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF LUTHER.

BY B. KURTZ, D. D.

### No. I.

HIERONYMUS SAVANNAROLA suffered martyrdom in Florence. This faithful witness was condemned to the stake for no other reason than because he bore testimony against the unbelief and profligacy of his Romish cotemporaries, and sought to spread abroad the truth of God's Word, unadulterated by human traditions. The melancholy catastrophe was consummated in 1483;—and it was on the 10th of November of the same eventful year, that the champion of the Reformation was ushered into life.

When Luther was in the fourteenth year of his age, we find him attending school in Magdeburg, and compelled by his needy circumstances to seek a scanty subsistence by the exercise of his vocal talents in singing before the houses of the citizens. This was no unusual occurrence in that age, and was proverbially designated as "obtaining bread for God's sake;"—*panem propter Deum*. Thus when God intends to qualify an individual for future greatness, he previously schools him in humility, while undue indulgence in childhood is productive of a train of evils, which not unfrequently attend us through life. Luther still lives and reigns in this as well as many other of the time-honored customs of Protestant Germany, in spite of Rationalists and Hegelians, Papists and Pietists. Some years since when the wri-

ter stopped to dine at Eisenach, under the very shadow of Wartburg, a choir of scholars, in their long black cloaks, came under the windows and sang several hymns. On inquiring into the cause, the waiter replied: "This singing is an ancient practice, (*eine alte herkömmliche Anstalt*,) established by Dr. Martinus Lutherus. We pay two dollars and half a year, and for that the poor scholars must sing twice a week before our house; and so they receive their learning; (*und dafür bekommen sie ihre Studia.*") We are sorry we cannot do justice in English to the agreeable pedantry of the whole speech. How many of the illustrious scholars of Germany have earned their education in this manner! Döring, whose edition of Horace was republished in London in 1820, and who was rector of a school at Guben in 1781, complains of having to sing before the doors of the citizens of that town on holidays; but adds, that the fees made up too considerable a part of his salary for him to discontinue the practice.

"Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets;"—thus it is recorded, Amos iii. 7, and thus Luther was often encouraged by the predictions of pious men. When lying dangerously ill in the monastery at Erfurt, he was visited by a priest who thus addressed him: "Be of good cheer, my young magister, you will not die in this sickness. Our Lord has a mighty work for you to perform, and will employ you as his instrument to guide and comfort many people. Whom he loves and designs to train to deeds of distinguished philanthropy, he causes to pass through the ordeal of adversity; for it is thus that his patient children acquire stores of useful knowledge." Many similar prophecies were uttered respecting the master-spirit of the sixteenth century; but as these are recorded in a preceding chapter, they need not be repeated.

The brethren of his order, the Augustinian monks, commissioned him to proceed to Rome for the purpose of submitting their controversies to the decision of the pope. He readily undertook the embassy, but the abominations that he witnessed around the papal chair, filled him with horror and dismay, and bowed down his soul with sorrow and sadness. He was nevertheless, afterwards often heard to say: "Not for a thousand guilders would I have been deprived of my visit to Rome." Instead of a "holy city," he found a Sodom; he there beheld a gorgeous and voluptuous chieftain, occupying the place of the pretended vice-gerent of heaven, who exacted from his degraded vassals the honors that are due only to the true God. In the room of faithful servants of religion, he saw reckless and profligate priests who could read seven masses before our modest Doctor, in his devout and solemn manner, could finish one; and who impatiently rebuked his tardiness, saying: "Hurry, Doctor; on, on; don't detain the Virgin's son with your slow-paced devotions." He there became personally acquainted with priests who ridiculed the sacrament of the holy supper, who, while they absolved others from their sins, themselves habitually lived in the most flagrant crimes. Penetrated with the profoundest reverence he entered the "*holy city*," and presented himself before the "*holy father*;" and filled with the keenest anguish and loathing disgust, he took his leave from both. When he subsequently wielded his potent pen against the abominations of Rome, his recollections of that sink of moral corruption gave terrific power to the thunders that he fulminated against—not the people, but the enormous and heaven-daring abuses of the Romish system.

JOHN TETZEL, the notorious trader in indulgences, was a dominican monk. The emperor, Maximilian had determined

to cast him into prison for the crime of adultery. At the command of two bishops who had not yet compensated Rome for their mitres, and hoped through Tetzal to secure the means, this scape-grace ventured to appear within a few miles of Wittenberg and offer for sale his written licenses to violate God's holy laws. The mountebank exhibited a red cross with the insignia of the pope emblazoned upon it. He executed his commission with great zeal and success, and without regard to the common rules of decency. He went so far as to say, that his authority from the pope was so extensive, that though a man should have violated the person of the blessed Virgin, yet for money he might be pardoned; that he had saved more souls by his indulgences than St. Peter by all his preaching; that so soon as the sound of the cash was heard to tingle in his box, the souls for whose release from purgatory it was paid, mounted up to heaven; and that he was empowered to grant indulgences not only for sins past, but also for those to be committed in future. We herewith annex a correct extract from his list of prices;— for an indulgence

For polyagmy, - - - -	6 ducats <sup>1</sup>
“ common murder, - - - -	7 “
“ the murder of a father, mother, brother or sister, - - - -	11 “
“ witchcraft and sorcery, - - - -	2 “
“ perjury, - - - -	9 “
“ church robbery, - - - -	9 “
“ sodomy, - - - -	12 “

The form of the indulgence or absolution, signed by Tetzal, concluded as follows: “I re-establish you in the inno-

<sup>1</sup>A ducat is about \$2 07.

cence, which you received at your baptism, so that if you die soon, the gate of punishment will be shut, and the gate of happiness open to you, and if you do not die soon, this grace will be reserved and secured to you.”<sup>1</sup>

Luther opposed this infamous traffic, at first with calmness. “It would be better,” said he, to the deluded populace, “to bestow your money in charity upon the suffering poor than to throw it away upon an impostor in the vain hope of purchasing pardon. If you would secure the favor of God, you must repent deeply and abidingly; you must turn to God mourning over your guilt and believing in the Lord Jesus Christ and lead new and holy lives, and thus, Christ the only author of salvation will without money and without price grant you the remission of all your sins, which neither Tetzels nor the pope nor any other creature can confer upon you.”

The pope’s legate, Cardinal Cajetan, treated our champion politely at Augsburg in the year 1518; he offered him the papal favor and high distinction if he would but consent to pronounce only three short syllables, viz. “RE-VO-CO,”—that is, I *revoke* all that I have promulgated on the subject of indulgences and repentance. “Certainly,” replied Luther, “I will do this and much more, so soon as I am convinced that what I have written and preached on these topics is at variance with God’s holy Word.”

When he was about to proceed to Worms, and his friends evinced great anxiety as to the result, he remarked: “Submit the matter to God, and look for any thing rather than *flight and recantation*. I shall stand firmly on God’s Word; in his name and in reliance on his grace, I shall bear testimony to his truth; I shall never renounce it be the conse-

<sup>1</sup>See Priestly’s history, vol. 5.

quences what they may." When they betrayed fears for his personal safety, he administered comfort to them, and wrote to Spalatine: "I have been cited to appear before the Diet at Worms; and thither I shall go if there were as many devils there as there are tiles on the houses. If the work in which an honest man is embarked is good, and he knows it to be so, the heart cannot prove craven; conscious rectitude imparts courage indomitable."

After Luther's well-known reply before the Diet: "Here I stand, I cannot otherwise; God help me!" Charles the V. could not withhold the observation: "He is a brave monk, he speaks like one who is a stranger to fear." The emperor's promise to grant Luther a safe conduct to Worms was honestly fulfilled; and when an attempt was made to induce him to break faith with the "arch-heretic," he replied: "Though truth should desert the world, an emperor may not violate his pledge." Thus the Almighty protects his chosen servants, who confide in his providence and grace.

Luther was in excellent spirits after his return from the first session of the Diet. He observed to his friends who crowded around him: "If I had a thousand heads, I would suffer them all to be taken off rather than renounce God's inspired truth." Many men of distinction congratulated him on the noble stand he had taken and manifested great reverence for him. The Duke of Brunswick presented him with a silver goblet as a tribute of his profound respect. Luther received it with appropriate sentiments, and added: "as his Highness has kindly thought of me this day, may our Lord remember him in mercy in his last hours." When conflicting with death, the Duke spoke of this occurrence with great satisfaction, and was blessed with remarkable joy and hope in dying.

Cruel and disgraceful was the proclamation of the emperor, declaring him an outlaw: "Inasmuch as Luther is perverse and hardened, and persists in his grossly heretical errors, so that we cannot but regard him as absolutely insane or possessed by diabolical spirits, we pronounce him excinded from the church of God, and command that no one extend to him shelter or lodging, food or raiment, and that all exert themselves to apprehend and deliver him up to us. In respect to those who aid and abet him, we issue the same orders, and decree that all their goods and chattels be confiscated. Nobody shall be concerned in printing his books, nor be permitted to purchase or read them, under a severe penalty in every case of disobedience. Because of their poisonous import, all his writings are ordered to be burned," &c. But Jehovah was Luther's shield; he put it into the heart of the Elector of Saxony to afford temporary protection to his persecuted servant, in the hope that in due season some way of escape would be opened.

It was to the castle of Wartburg, located on a high and rugged hill, within sight of the pleasant town of Eisenach, that Luther, after his attendance at the Diet, was secretly conveyed, as the only place in which he was likely to remain secure from the pursuit of his malignant enemies. He was however, not idle during his ten month's banishment to this "Patmos," as he was wont to term his sojourn there. He there continued his study of the Greek and Hebrew languages; translated the New Testament into German, and contended manfully for the right of *all christians* to read the scriptures; a right denied in the Romish church, and only conceded under peculiar circumstances to the clergy. Respecting his translation he said: "I have employed the utmost industry and fidelity in the work, and never knowingly

permitted the slightest error to find its way into the text. I had no motive to be unfaithful, for God is my witness that I never expected, sought nor received a farthing for my labor." While at Wartburg he also carried on an extensive correspondence, especially with his learned friends at the University at Wittenberg. He exhorted them to "persevere in reading and preaching the truth of God's Word; for though he should never be permitted to return to them, the scriptures and christianity, he declared, would never be subverted. God could cause the very stones to become preachers and reformers." Besides translating, he prepared several publications for the press while at Wartburg and preached every Lord's day to the inmates of the castle, inculcating especially the duty of prayer.

His numerous labors together with the confinement to which they necessarily subjected him, brought on depression of spirits, disease and other severe trials, for which, however, he cordially thanked God, as they were the means of exercising him in patience and humility. The sinking of his mind was really distressing. He sometimes imagined that Satan stood visibly before him, tempting him to abandon the translation of the Scriptures; and on one occasion, it is said, he fancied he saw the arch-enemy flitting along the wall, and actually cast the inkstand at him! The writer had the privilege of spending an hour in the apartment in the castle occupied as Luther's *studio*, and beheld what to this day is shown as the black mark of the ink on the wall, in evidence of the reported occurrence. If we take into consideration, that Luther's imagination was very vivid, his general temperament sanguine and vehement, and that a belief in the visible appearance of the devil obtained in that age, we will be disposed to make due allowance for this infirmity, upon



the supposition that the entire narrative is not a groundless legend. Amidst all his trials however, the Word of God was an exhaustless source of comfort to him.

At the earnest solicitation of his friends, he occasionally sought exercise by walking out. As he at that time went by the name of "Junker Gorge,"—*Squire George*, he in conformity to the fashion of the day, wore a sword. His attendant, who also acted as equery at the castle, frequently found it necessary to caution him lest he should betray himself during his promenades. He particularly begged him not to lay off his sword in every house he entered, nor to evince such eagerness to take up every book he could lay his hands on, or he would certainly be judged to be a student or man of learning, instead of a young nobleman. In Marksuhl, a neighboring village, his nearest kinsmen did not recognize him, so completely did his princely costume metamorphose his appearance. But in Reinhardtsbrunn his disguise could not conceal him from the knowledge of an old monastic acquaintance. So soon as his attendant observed this, he feigned an excuse to hurry him off. "This very evening," said he to the young *Squire*, "important duties await you in the castle, we must not delay a moment longer." It is also said that he paid a secret visit to Wittenberg during his sojourn at the castle, sometime in the month of November, 1521.

In 1522, serious innovations and disorder took place at Wittenberg. Two *soi-disant* "heavenly prophets,"<sup>1</sup> in connection with A. Bodenstein, (called *Karlstadt* after his native place,) were the authors of these offensive proceedings. These fanatics were exceedingly violent, tearing down and casting away the images from the churches, administering the Eucharist each to himself, proclaiming inward liberty of

<sup>1</sup>M. Storch and M. Stubner, of Zwickau.

spirit to be external freedom in state, &c. &c. When intelligence of these outrages was communicated to Luther, he hastened away from his Patmos to the scene of confusion, (the 3rd of March, 1522,) without the knowledge, and contrary to the wishes of his patron, the Elector of Saxony. On his journey he wrote from Borna to him, stating his reasons for so abruptly leaving Wittenberg. "From respect to your Electoral Grace," said he, "I consented to be withdrawn from the world and locked up in the castle for nearly twelve months; but impelled by the remonstrances of my conscience, I have been constrained to break loose from my confinement. Longer indulgence in retirement would have brought reproach upon the gospel of my Lord, and afforded the devil an opportunity for an entering wedge, and I dare not yield a hair's breath to the great enemy. I return to Wittenberg under far higher protection than that which your Grace can possibly vouchsafe. The undertaking in which we are embarked is not dependent on human power; the sword of man may not and cannot defend it. God alone is our "shield and buckler," and he needeth not the aid nor anxiety of frail man; hence, whoever in this great work, trusts in the Lord, is his own defence as well as the defence of the work itself." He added various other explanations: "His congregation," he remarked, "had most importunately besought him to return and dispense to them the Word of life; as the wolf had invaded his fold, he could no longer watch over it by means of letters, and must be present. He was moreover, bound as a minister of Jesus Christ to serve the God and the gospel of peace by endeavoring to allay the strife occasioned by the disorderly proceedings of the false prophets at Wittenberg." The learned and pious jurist, Dr. Hieronymus Schurf, subsequently addressed a letter to the

Elector, announcing Luther's arrival at Wittenberg, and setting forth with clear and strong reasoning, its great necessity, which letter was previously read and sanctioned by Luther. Some of the over-zealous disciples of the Reformer, even of those who ate at the same table with him, by their imprudence and inconsistency, contributed more to injure his cause than the papists could effect by their coarse invective and unmeasured condemnation. Many well disposed and pious people were offended and injured by the fanaticism and wickedness of false friends and pretended brethren.

The presence and influence of the Reformer, soon restored order and harmony at Wittenberg.

About this time Luther published a tract on the depravity of the priesthood. "It will yet be seen," he stated, "how disgracefully licentious the priests are and long have been, and what an exceedingly distressing and alarming aspect the hierarchy present in reference to discipline, devotion, chastity and morality in general. Cardinals, priests, choristers, monks, &c. are alike sunk into deep moral degradation." The Bishop at Augsburg, St. Ulrich, declared that "a ditch near the nunnery of the holy Gregory in Rome, was a reservoir of infants' heads;" and the pious emperor, Frederick III. observed, that "monasteries were remarkable in this respect, that to become acquainted with the world in its worst phases, we must be introduced into them."

*Continued on page 98.*

## L I N E S .

BY MISS M. A. E. REESE.

SOMETIMES I sit and watch the stars  
Steal out upon night's azure dome,  
And fancy by their light I catch  
A glimpse of my Eternal home.  
And when the drowsy flow'rets sleep,  
And not a leaf stirs on the air,  
How do I lend my ear to heaven,  
And list the music echo'd there,  
Till wearied with its upward flight,  
My spirit folds her wings to rest,  
Like some lone bird, that finds at last.  
Its home upon the mountain crest.

Then from the starry lights above,  
I turn my wanderings back to earth ;  
And Memory brings the little child  
Once more 'round its familiar hearth.  
Aye ! here I meet my father's smile !  
My mother and my brothers dear ;  
And gentle sisters too, ah ! yes,  
"We *are* all here, we are *all* here."  
*Here* like a summer bird I sing,  
Here on my father's knees I bow ;  
And twine in many a golden ring  
The locks that slumber on his brow.

My eldest sister ! she who formed  
The first bright link in love's own chain,  
Aye ! *here* she smiles !—the best beloved,—  
The fairest of our household train ;

Oh! how we little children wept!  
 And how our elder brothers sigh'd,  
 The day she left our own sweet home,  
 Led by a stranger as his bride;  
 And how we watch'd the snow-wreaths fall,  
 And waited Spring's cool soft'ning showers—  
 For sister promis'd to return  
 When April sunshine brought the flowers.

She came, but not as roses come,  
 With crimson flush upon her cheek,  
 But like pale Autumn, sad and wan,  
 With trembling limbs, all faint, and weak;  
 And e'er the early buds of Spring  
 Open'd their dewy leaves in bloom,  
 My sister perish'd—and they laid  
 Her in the cold and dreamless tomb.  
 My father bow'd in silent grief,  
 My mother check'd her burning tears!  
 For oh! 'twas sad to lose so soon  
 This promise of their coming years.

Since then, how 'Time has swept our home!  
 'Tis almost bare as winter bowers!  
 A few pale leaves and blighted shrubs,  
 Are all that's left of buds and flowers;  
 My father's head is pillow'd low!  
 My mother—tho' she lingers yet,  
 Upon her brow light threads of snow,  
 Are mingled with her locks of jet:  
 And soon, methinks, her waisted form  
 Rich robes of Heaven's own light shall wear.  
 Oh! should her children follow on,  
 We'll form a glorious household There!

*Baltimore.*

## PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF LUTHER.

BY B. KURTZ, D. D.

No. II.

*(Continued from page 95.)*

LUTHER resisted with great emphasis the practice, so common in his day, of making vows, especially vows of celibacy. These he regarded as a prolific source of licentiousness. He adduced clear and cogent arguments to prove that marriage is honorable and that a christian minister may lawfully be a husband; maintaining that the priests under the mosaic dispensation, some of the apostles of our Lord, bishops in the primitive church, as also in after times, and Greek and German pastors, were married men. The first priest among Luther's adherents who entered the wedded state, was Bartholomäus Bernhardt, provost at Kemberg; and after him, a pastor at Hirschfeld.

In the forty-second year of his age, in the year 1525, Luther himself formed a matrimonial alliance with CATHARINE VON BORA. She was the daughter of a gentleman of reduced fortune, and had been a nun of Nimptochen, in Germany. At the commencement of the Reformation, (1523,) she, with eight other nuns, convinced by Luther's writings of the impropriety of monastic vows, escaped from her convent. "Our continuance in a cloister," said they, "is incompatible with the salvation of our souls." This bold step was highly praised by Luther, who undertook their justification. Catharine was then but twenty-six, and the charms of youth in





**Catharine von Bora.**



these circumstances, led her enemies to censure her without foundation, as having left her convent with unwarrantable motives.

If Luther had then before him the prospect of any solemn event, it was that he should be called to ascend the scaffold, not the steps of the altar. Many months after this, he answered those who spoke of marriage:—"God may change my purpose, if such be his pleasure; but at present I have no thought of taking a wife; not that I am insensible to the charms of a married life; I am neither wood nor stone; but I every day expect death and the punishment of a heretic." When he afterwards conceived a preference for Catharine de Bora, his scruples and the thought of the calumnies which a marriage to her would occasion, prevented him from seriously indulging the idea. His father however, urged him to marry, as did also others of his friends; and he was even reproached for neglecting to enforce his views on this subject by his own example. "You preach," said Melancthon, when conversing with him on the importance of his taking a wife, "you preach what you do not practice." "But one thought above all," says the distinguished Merle, "was present in much power to the conscience of Luther. Marriage is God's appointment—celibacy is man's. He abhorred whatever bore the stamp of Rome. "I desire," said he, to his friends, "to have nothing left of my papistic life." Night and day he besought the Lord to put an end to his uncertainty. At last a thought came to break the last ties which held him back. To all the considerations of consistency and personal obedience which taught him to apply to himself that word of God—*It is not good that man should be alone*—was added a higher and more powerful motive. He recognized that if as a man he was called to the marriage state,

he was also called to it as a Reformer. This thought decided him.

“If that monk marries,” said his friend Schurff the juriconsult, “he will cause men and devils to shout with laughter, and bring ruin upon all that he has hitherto effected.” This remark had upon Luther an effect the very reverse of what might have been expected. To brave the world, the devil, and his enemies, and, by an act in man’s judgment the most likely to ruin the Reformation, make it evident that its triumph was not to be ascribed to him, was the very thing he most of all desired. Accordingly, lifting up his head, he boldly replied,—“I’ll do it! I will play this trick to the world and the devil!—I’ll content my father and marry Catharine!” “I am determined,” he added on a subsequent occasion, “to bear witness to the gospel, not by my words alone, but by my actions. I am determined, in the face of my enemies, who already are triumphing and exulting over me, to marry a nun,—that they may know that they have not conquered me. I do not take a wife that I may live long with her; but, seeing people and princes letting loose their fury against me,—in the prospect of death, and of their again trampling my doctrine under foot, I am resolved to edify the weak, by leaving on record a striking confirmation of the truth of what I have taught.”

On the 11th of June, Luther repaired to the house of his friend and colleague Amsdorff. He requested Pomeranus, whom he dignified with the special character of *the* Pastor, to give them the nuptial benediction. Lucas Cranach and Doctor John Apelles witnessed their marriage. Melancthon was not present.

No sooner had Luther’s marriage taken place than all Christendom was roused by the report of it. On all sides

accusations and calumnies were heaped upon him. "It is incest," exclaimed Henry the Eighth. "A monk has married a vestal!" said some. "Antichrist must be the fruit of such a union," said others; "for it has been predicted that he will be the offspring of a monk and a nun." To which Erasmus made answer, with a malicious sneer. "If that prophecy be true, what thousands of Antichrists the world has before now seen." But while these attacks were directed against Luther, some prudent and moderate men, in the communion of the church of Rome, undertook his defence. "Luther," said Erasmus, "has taken to wife a female of the noble house of Bora,—but she brought him no dowry." One whose testimony carries still more weight, bore witness in his favor. Philip Melancthon, the honored teacher of Germany, who had at first been alarmed by so bold a step, now remarked with that grave conscientiousness which commanded respect even from his enemies: "If it is asserted that there has been anything unbecoming in the affair of Luther's marriage, it is a false slander. It is my opinion, that, in marrying, he must have done violence to his inclination. The marriage state, I allow, is one of humility,—but it is also one of sanctity— if there be any sanctity in this world; and the scriptures everywhere speak of it as honorable in God's sight."

At first Luther was disturbed by the reproaches and indignities showered upon him. Melancthon showed more than his usual kindness and affection towards him; and it was not long before the Reformer was enabled to discern, in men's opposition, one mark of God's approval. "If the *world* were not scandalized by what I have done," said he, "I should have reason to fear that it was not according to God's mind."

Eight years had elapsed between the period when Luther first preached against indulgences, and the time of his union with Catharine Bora. It would be difficult to attribute, as is sometimes done, his zeal against the corruptions of the church to an eager desire to enter into the marriage state. He was already turned of forty-two; and Catharine had passed two years at Wittenberg since leaving the convent.

Luther's marriage was a happy one. Catharine was tenderly attached to him; she was indeed a lovely character;—pious, modest, gentle, plain in her attire and economical in her house, where she displayed all the hospitality of the German *noblesse* without their pride. She softened to him the numerous cares of life, shared in his toils and anxieties, multiplied and sweetened its enjoyments, and cheered him up amid his numerous trials. The charms of domestic life soon dispelled the dark clouds raised around him by the wrath of his adversaries. "His *Ketha*," he said, "comforted him when cast down, by reciting passages of the Bible, relieving him from the cares of the household, sitting by him in his intervals of leisure, while she worked his portrait in embroidery, or reminded him of the friends he had neglected to write to, and amused him by the simplicity of her questions." A sort of dignity seems to have marked her deportment, for Luther occasionally spoke of her as, "*My Lord Catharine*." But she was nevertheless truly humble and devout; her prayers mingled with his at the domestic altar, and in all respects she illustrated the practical power of religion in her daily walk and conversation, proving herself a help-meet worthy of such a husband. He was deeply sensible of the inestimable jewel God had bestowed upon him in his beloved Catharine. "God be praised," said he in a letter written just one year after his marriage, "for blessing me with such a wife; she is far more to me than my fondest

hopes led me to expect! I would not yield up my poverty with Catharine for all the treasures of earth." He was often heard to exclaim: "my wife is worth more to me than would be all the riches of the Venitians; she was given to me in answer to prayer; her virtues are inappreciable, and she has been to me a faithful and most affectionate wife. His letters were full of tenderness for Catharine, whom he styled, "his dear and gracious wife," "his dear and amiable Ketha;" and his manner acquired more playfulness from the society of his Catharine.

The care of the house, of course, devolved on Catharine, and it was no easy task with their small income to make their dwelling a cheerful and hospitable resort for strangers and friends; yet such it was. The neat little parlour, with its windows shaded by vines instead of silken drapery, opened into a garden, where both she and Luther, like our first parents, cultivated the earth. Their table was supplied with vegetables from it, and fruits and flowers came in succession. "I have made a garden," wrote Luther to Spalatinus, "and in the middle of it, I have made a fountain. I have succeeded in both. Come and see us, and you shall be crowned with roses." This was in 1525.

Nothing could be pleasanter than the dwelling and garden of Luther. In his household, with his Catharine by his side, he was no longer the austere Saxon Reformer. Every object brought to his well-stored mind some pleasant thought or allegory; in the latter he took great delight.

"See, Catharine," said he, as he held up a grain of barley; "ah! it has a great deal to suffer from men.<sup>1</sup> First they

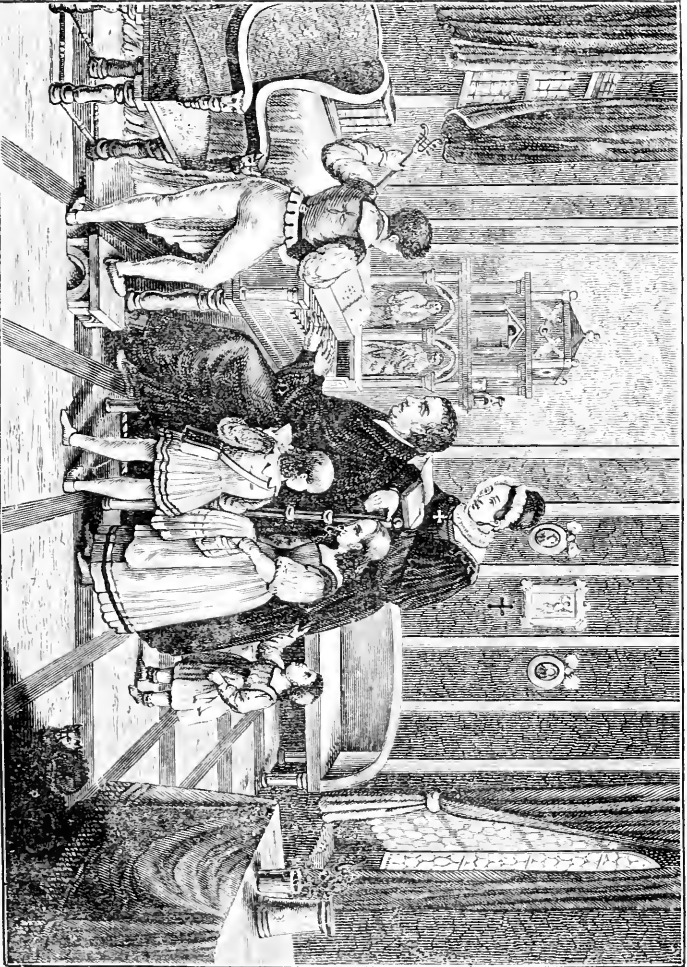
<sup>1</sup>Michelet says, see the beautiful English ballad of John Barleycorn. English readers will recollect it is by Burns, the Ayrshire ploughman; probably his first idea was taken from Luther.

bury it in the earth; when the plant springs up and is ripe, they cut it, beat it, dry it, and distil it; make drink of it, and give the drink to make tipplers. Flax too, is *martyred* in the same cruel manner. When it is ripe, they tear it, they drown it, they dry it, they beat it, they strip it, they spin it, they weave it, and make cloth of it; when the cloth is worn out, they make it into tinder, or bandages for wounds and bruises; they make wicks of it, or they sell it to manufacturers, who make it into paper; this paper is used for writing, for printing, for making cards, and at length loses all value, and is thrown away as worthless. These plants, like other creatures that are useful to us, have much to suffer; good and pious Christians, also, have much to endure from the wicked."

The house of Luther was often enlivened by music. One day, when he had some musicians for guests, he listened to their performances with admiration. Suddenly he exclaimed, "If God grants us such noble gifts in this life, which is only dirt and misery, what will he not give us in the life to come? of which this is only the beginning."

To one who played on the harp he said, "My friend, play such an air as David formerly did. I believe, if he were to come back, he would be astonished to find people so skilful in his art. Music is one of the noblest and most magnificent presents God has made to us. Satan is a bitter foe to music. It repulses temptations and bad thoughts;—he cannot stand against it."

Melancthon and his wife (Margaret,) were frequent guests in the pleasant little parlour. Many were the interesting conversations, that passed within the circle. It was a long while before Catharine was wholly divested of the timidity and restraint which her early life had imposed upon her, and most



**Luther at Home.**

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truly might she have said to Luther, "God thy law, thou mine." She often addressed him by the title of Sir (Herr) to the great amusement of Margaret, who loved her Philip with that perfect love which casteth out fear; but their ages accorded. She sometimes rallied Catharine upon her respectful and obedient manner. Luther replied, "I do not know what Melancthon thinks; but, if I wanted an obedient wife, I would have her carved out of stone; otherwise I should not expect to find one." Nevertheless, his testimony to the character of women was cheerfully given.

"I have often noted," said he, "that women receive the doctrine of the gospel more heartily than men; they are far more fervent in faith. They hold to it more stiff and fast than men do, as we see in the loving Magdalen, who was more hearty and bold than Peter."

He had always dreaded solitude. "It is written of St. Paul," said he, "that when he had suffered shipwreck and great hunger fourteen days together, he went afterwards to his brethren, by whom being courteously received, he recovered himself again, was refreshed and comforted. Even so when I am in heavy tribulations, then I go to my swine-herd and *swine*, rather than be alone. The heart of a human creature is like a mill-stone in a mill; when corn is shaken thereon it turneth and grindeth it to meal; but if no corn is there it still turneth and grindeth away itself. So it is with the heart of a human creature; it will be occupied; if it have not the works of its vocation in hand to be busied with, then cometh the devil and bringeth tribulations and heavy and painful thoughts. '*Wo to him that is alone.*' When I am melancholy, ill-humored, and heavy-minded, then I abandon solitude, and repair to people and talk with them."

Now he was seldom alone; Catharine, whom he sometimes called his rib, was constantly by his side; and, by her endearing attention, her sympathy and affection, gave new charms to the life of the Saxon Reformer.

The tenderness and deep sentiment, with which he regarded his wife and children, were an evidence that he was formed for domestic life. When his infant was first brought to him, he said with emotion, "I would gladly have died at the age of this infant, and joyfully yielded all the honor that this world can give."

When playing with one of his children, who was full of the gayety and sports of childhood, he said, "Thou art the innocent little *simpleton* of our Lord, under grace, and not under the law. Thou hast no fear and no anxiety; all that thou doest is well done. *We old simpletons* torment ourselves by eternal disputes upon the word. 'Is it true?' 'Is it possible?' '*How* is it possible?' we ask incessantly. Children, in the simplicity and purity of their faith, are certain, and doubt nothing which regards their safety. We ought to follow their example for our own salvation, and trust to the simple Word. But the devil is always throwing something in our way. Therefore it is better to die early."

"Ah, how my heart yearned," said Luther to Catharine shortly after his return from a journey, for you and our children, when I was sick from home. I feared I should never see you and our children again; what anguish did this separation cost me! There is no person so disengaged from the ties of nature as not to feel their power. Nature is strong. What a noble bond is that which unites man and woman!"

Luther had that poetical and beautiful power of connecting the common events and blessings of life with something holier and higher. A branch of a tree, loaded with cherries,

and put upon his table, in primitive simplicity; the innocent pleasure of his wife, when she treated him with a dish of fish from his own little pond in the garden, all awoke higher thoughts and led him to the Fountain of good. On a fine spring day he walked in his garden, this garden that was the source of so much pleasure to his Catharine and himself. They both regarded attentively the trees loaded with blossoms, and the new-born flowers, putting forth their perfumes and gay colors. "Glory to God," said Luther, "that calls all nature to new life. See these trees! they are already filled with fruit. What a striking image of the resurrection of man! Winter is death, and summer is the resurrection. Look at this flower; it was broken at the stem last August. When all other flowers are withered and decayed, this is fair and fresh, and therefore it is called *amaranthus*, and, in winter, they make garlands of it. So is God's Word; it will never lose its freshness, never wither nor decay."

One evening Luther observed a little bird perched upon a tree, and settling himself as if for the night. "This little bird," said he, "has chosen his place of rest, and will sleep quietly; he does not think of to-morrow, but sits tranquilly on his twig, and leaves God to think for him."

There was a little birdsnest in the garden; the birds were frightened when any one came near, and flew away. Luther exclaimed, "Ah, little flutterers, do not fear me; I wish you nothing but good, if you could only believe me. It is thus we refuse to trust in God, who, so far from doing us evil, has given us his own Son."

"God would soon grow rich," said he one day, "if he would be more provident, and deny us the use of his *creatures*. If he were to keep back the sun, lock up the air, detain the water, and quench out the fire, we should willing-

ly give all our wealth to have his creatures back again. But he so liberally heapeth his gifts upon us, that we claim them by right. Therefore his innumerable benefits hinder and darken the faith of the believers,—much more, of the ungodly.”

One child after another had been added to the family of Luther; John, Martin, and Paul, with three daughters, Elizabeth, Madelaine, and Margaret. Elizabeth died at the age of eight months; on her tombstone was inscribed ‘*Hic dormit Elizabetha, filiola Lutheri.*’

Soon after this event he wrote to a friend, “There are no ties in society more beautiful, more elevating, and happier, than a well-assorted marriage. It is a pleasure to behold two people living together in wedlock, in harmony and love; but there is nothing more bitter and afflictive than when these ties are torn asunder. Then, too, comes the death of children. This sorrow, alas, I have experienced.”

A new affliction was in store for Luther and his wife; they had early buried an infant, but they were now called to resign their Margaret at the age of fourteen. She was a most endearing child, and united the firmness and perseverance of the father, with the gentleness and delicacy of the mother. When she grew very ill, Luther said, “Dearly do I love her! but, O my God, if it be thy will to take her hence, I resign her to thee without a murmur.”

He then approached the bed, and said to her, “My dear little daughter, my beloved Margaret, you would willingly remain with your earthly father; but, if God calls you, you will also willingly go to your heavenly Father.”

She replied, “Yes, dear father; it is as God pleases.”

“Dear little girl,” he exclaimed, “O how I love her! the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.”

He then took the Bible and read to her the passage in Isaiah; "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

He then said, "My daughter, enter thou into thy resting-place in peace."

She turned her dying eyes towards him, and said, with touching simplicity, "Yes, father."

When her last moments were near, she raised her eyes tenderly to her parents, and begged them not to weep for her. "I go," said she, "to my Father in heaven," and a sweet smile irradiated her dying countenance. Luther threw himself upon his knees, weeping bitterly, and fervently prayed God to spare her to them;—in a few moments she expired in the arms of her father. Catharine, unequal to repressing the agony of her sorrow, was at a little distance; perhaps unable to witness the last, long-drawn breath. When the scene was closed, Luther repeated fervently, "The will of God be done!—yes, she has gone to her Father in heaven." Philip Melanethou, who, with his wife, was present, said, "Parental love is an image of the Divine love impressed on the hearts of men;—God does not love the beings he has created less than parents love their children."

When they were about putting the child into the coffin, the father said, "Dear little Margaret, I see thee now lifeless, but thou wilt be reanimated;—thou wilt shine in the heavens as a star! even as the sun! I am joyous in spirit, but in the flesh most sorrowful. It is wonderful to realize that she is happy, better taken care of, and yet to be so sad."

Then turning to the mother, who was bitterly weeping, he said, "Dear Catharine, remember where she is, gone,—

ah, she has made a blessed exchange. The heart bleeds without doubt; it is natural that it should; but the spirit, the immortal spirit, rejoices. Happy are those who die young;—children do not doubt,—they believe; with them all is trust;—they fall asleep.”

When the funeral took place, and people were assembled to convey the body to its last home, some friends said, they sympathized with him in his affliction. “Be not sorrowful for me,” he replied; “I have sent a saint to heaven.—O may we all die such a death! gladly would I accept it now!”

To his friend, Justus Jonas, he soon after wrote the following touching letter;

“23d September, 1542.

“I doubt not thou hast heard of the birth of my little Margaret into the kingdom of Christ. My wife and I ought only to think of rendering thanks for her happy transition and peaceful end;—for by it she has escaped the power of the flesh, the world, the Turks,<sup>1</sup> and the devil; yet nature is strong, and I cannot support this event without tears and groans, or, to speak more truly, without a broken heart. On my very soul are engraved the looks, the words, the gestures,—during her life, and on the bed of death,—of my obedient, my loving child! Even the death of Christ (and what are all deaths in comparison with that?) cannot turn away my thoughts from hers as it ought. She was, as thou knowest, lovely in her character, and full of tenderness.”

On one occasion when looking at Catharine and their six children, he remarked: “What comfort and delight the pope and priesthood are deprived of by their unnatural celibacy! May God bless all pious married people and their children, so that they may meet again where parting shall be no more

<sup>1</sup>At this time there was a great apprehension from the war with the Turks.

forever; and may there be a speedy end of all dishonor and impurity and of all religious orders and institutions where uncleanness prevails."

"The Holy Scriptures," said he, "are like a fair and spacious orchard, wherein all sorts of trees do grow, from which we may pluck divers kinds of fruits; for in the Bible we have rich and precious comforts, teachings, admonitions, warnings, promises, and threatenings, &c. There is not a tree from which I have not shaken at least a couple of apples or pears."

Luther was exceedingly charitable, and often gave more than he could well afford. Indeed he never refused giving, in some form or other. Once, when he was applied to by a poor student, he said, "Well, *Ketha*, we must find something to bestow." Poor Catharine was sadly perplexed, and obliged to confess, that not a farthing remained. He then took a silver goblet, and, giving it to the youth, desired him to dispose of it and keep the money.

Erasmus was accustomed to say of Luther, "All men agree as to the purity of his morals, which is a great testimony in favor of a man who has so many enemies."

Of Luther it may be said, that, at the risk of his life, he broke the chains which enslaved the human mind, and restored his fellow-men to light and liberty. Whereas Erasmus cast off his own chains, but would not sacrifice his peace for the freedom of others; but we should never forget how much he contributed to prepare the minds of men for the reception of truth and liberty.

Luther gives a beautiful tribute to Melancthon. "I," said he, "am born to be a rough controvertist; I clear the ground, pull up weeds, fill up ditches, and smooth the roads. But to

build, to plant, to sow, to water, to adorn the country, belongs, by the grace of God, to Melancthon."<sup>1</sup>

"Of all the Psalms," said Luther, "the hundred and eighteenth is the one that affects me most deeply; it is mine as truly as if it were written for me."

Those who read this noble psalm, will be struck with its application to the whole life of Luther; it is indeed full of the very spirit which he breathed.

"I love the second psalm," said he, "with all my heart; it strikes and slashes valiantly among the kings, princes, and counsellors."

"I would not," said he, conversing with Melancthon, "take the wealth of the whole world to begin the work against the Pope; and, when I think on him who called me to do it, I would not for the wealth of the world but have begun it."

Another letter that he wrote to the Elector John must be added.

"Grace and peace in Jesus Christ, most gracious Prince! I have deferred a long time thanking your highness for the garments that you were kind enough to send me; I do it now with all my heart. In the mean time, I humbly beg your grace not to believe those who represent me as destitute. I am already too rich for my own conscience. It is not consistent for me, who am a preacher, to live in luxury or abundance; neither do I wish it. The repeated favors of your Highness begin to alarm me; I would not be among

<sup>1</sup>When Melancthon arose to preach on some occasion, he took this text, "I am the good shepherd." On looking round upon his numerous and respectable audience, his natural timidity entirely overcame him, and he could only repeat the text over and over again. Luther, who was in the desk with him, at length impatiently exclaimed, "You are a very good sheep;" and, telling him to sit down, took the same text and preached an excellent discourse from it.



those whom Jesus Christ has warned, 'Woe to you who are rich, for you have already received your reward.' Neither would I be a charge upon your Highness, whose purse ought to be always open for important objects. The brown cloth sent was too much; but, to convince you that I am not ungrateful, I shall wear, in honor of your goodness, the black garment, though it is really too costly for me. If it were not a present from your Grace, I could not be induced to wear such a dress.

"I would likewise entreat of you to allow me the liberty of sometimes asking a favor, which your anticipation of my wants has hitherto prevented, and taken from me the courage to ask for others, who are more in want of aid than myself. Jesus Christ recompense your generosity. This is the petition that I offer with my whole heart. Amen."

Luther employed the mildest and kindest measures among his popish and fanatic neighbors to restore harmony. But most of them hardened their hearts and turned a deaf ear to the best counsels and most affectionate entreaties. He nevertheless advised his oppressed friends to suffer with patience, to commend themselves and their cause to God; and in humble dependance on him, to read his Word, pray over it, and seek to preserve a conscience void of offence. "God," said he, "never forsakes his faithful children; he will come to your relief in due season and work out a glorious deliverance for you." A short time afterwards this promised deliverance came.

His opponents reported that many of his followers led a disorderly life, and therefore his teachings were of the devil. "Not so," replied the faithful man, "they know most of those reports to be false. And we know with equal certainty that the papists and fanatics inculcate doctrines not found

in the Bible; and hence the pope's chair and his schools and ordinances and false exegesis and pretended sanctity will all in due time be overturned and demolished."

Luther and Melancthon and others were required by the Elector to engage in a series of church-visitations, which resulted in the happiest consequences. Numerous abuses were abolished, and the institutions of learning and the church, were greatly improved, and their usefulness increased. About this time he addressed a letter to the Elector, characterized by his wonted candor: "In every case in which a town or village is able to support a school and church, it is the prerogative of your Grace to require it. If they refuse, notwithstanding the benefits that would accrue to parents and children, your Grace being the highest guardian of the rising generation, are bound to employ the requisite measures to enforce it, just as in the case when bridges, roads, &c. are to be made for the common weal. Whatever is indispensable to the prosperity of the state and intended for the equal advantage of the people at large, should be required at the hands of all. Now, it is obvious, that no duty is more vital than that of training up successors to occupy our places when we pass away from the present scene of action. To this end *we must have schools and houses of worship*. But if the congregations are too poor to meet so heavy an expenditure, there are the large estates of the monasteries which were ostensibly, though by a sad mistake, founded for the good of the public; how can those estates be more fitly applied? The wealth of the monasteries is of no use to your Grace's exchequer, nor should it be claimed in behalf of the public treasury; but if devoted to schools and churches, it will fulfil its appropriate destiny."

During his church-visitations Luther took special pains to enforce the great importance of prayer and catechetical instruction. He frequently made inquiries to ascertain the amount and character of the religious knowledge among the people. While prosecuting this investigation, he one day asked a poor peasant: "What is meant by God's being *almighty*?" the individual hesitated,—and finally answered: *I don't know*. "No indeed, I dare say you don't," replied Luther, nor do I; not all the learning in the world can inform us what God's almighty power is. But do you continue to believe in all simplicity that God is your dear and faithful Father, who will and can, and knows best how, to help and bless you and your family and all around you."

In order to remedy the lamentable ignorance of the people, Luther wrote his smaller and larger catechisms. In the preface of the former, he indulges in the following lament: "What a distressing state of things have I recently discovered among the poor neglected people! Help blessed Lord! Even among the more intelligent, what astounding darkness in religious matters, and especially among the peasantry. Their very teachers and spiritual guides are too ignorant to instruct them; and yet they all pass for christians, they are baptized and confirmed, and go the Lord's supper! But they are not even acquainted with the Lord's prayer, the creed or the ten commandments; and absolutely live on like irrational animals! Oh ye bishops and priests, what answer will ye make to an insulted Judge when he shall come to make inquisition?—when he shall call you to an account for so shamefully neglecting the people and disgracing your holy office?"

If Luther had never done more than write his two catechisms and introduce them into churches and schools and

among the people, and revive, as he did, family worship, the world would owe him an inextinguishable debt of gratitude. He travelled from place to place organizing schools and exhorting teachers and others to pray and read the Bible in their families, and to lead peaceable, quiet and holy lives.

As an evidence of the good effects of the introduction of catechetical instruction in schools by Luther, it is related by the pious Mathesius, that at the first siege of Vienna, a lad was taken prisoner and carried to Turkey. During his captivity, he wrote a letter to his parents informing them of the stratagems employed to proselyte him to Mohammedanism. But he bid them not to fear apostacy, for said he, "I have not forgotten and never can forget what I learned in my catechism at school. That instruction was blessed to my soul, and I am determined, by the grace of God, to cling to the truth and continue till death to believe in Christ, my only Savior." "Whoever preserves in his heart," adds the pious Mathesius, "the religious instruction contained in the catechism, prepared by Luther for the young, will not be at a loss how to live and die as a christian, whether his lot be cast among Turks or papists."





Death of Alexis.

## LUTHER BECOMES A MONK.

BY B. KURTZ, D. D.

IT had for some time been a favorite idea with *John Luther*, the miner of Mansfeld, that his son, the embryo Reformer, should become a learned and distinguished man, in due time contract a rich and honorable marriage, and thus elevate the family to a higher rank in society. As a means to this end, the father had determined, that after ample preliminary qualifications, the son should devote himself to the study of jurisprudence; and this accorded well with the private wishes of the ambitious youth.

In the year 1505, Luther was constituted Doctor in Philosophy by the university of Erfurt, then the most celebrated seat of learning in all Germany. The ceremony attending the bestowment of this honor, was performed with more than usual pageantry, and the whole scene is represented as one of great magnificence. Encouraged by this flattering testimonial to his scholarship, he looked forward with renewed ambition to legal pursuits as the stepping-stone to future eminence.

But He who "turneth the heart of man whithersoever he will," ordered otherwise. Luther had lately, for the first time in his life, providentially met with the Bible, and also passed through a severe sickness. When, during his illness he expressed doubts of his recovery, an old priest cheered him up with the prediction: "My dear bachelor, take cour-

age! you will not die this time," &c. All these occurrences seemed to intimate, that Providence designed calling him to a new vocation. Having, as just remarked, found the long hidden treasure of God's Word, he diligently read it; and his conscience being partially awakened, he began to feel that religion was "the one thing needful." Deeply impressed with the conviction of the purity of the divine character, and remembering the penalties denounced against iniquity; he tremblingly pressed home upon himself, the interesting inquiry: *Am I in favor with God?*—His own heart sternly responded in the negative; and true to his prompt and decided character, he at once resolved to do all within the limits of his ability, to secure a well-grounded hope of eternal life.

Two events occurred in close succession, which conspired to confirm his resolution. One was the death of a beloved friend, and the other a violent thunder-storm.

History furnishes two accounts of these events, differing somewhat collaterally, but harmonizing in every essential feature; we shall lay them both before the reader.

Among Luther's college friends was *Alexis*, a youth with whom he was very intimate, and whom he greatly esteemed. A rumor reached Erfurt that this beloved friend had been murdered. An assassin had assailed him, and too successfully accomplished his fatal purpose. Luther hastened to the spot and ascertained the truth of the report. He was exceedingly distressed, and overcome with the most painful apprehensions, he exclaimed: "What would become of me if I should be thus suddenly called away?"—This happened in the summer of 1505.

During the same summer, Luther availed himself of the vacation in the university to pay a visit to Mansfeld, the



abode of his infancy and the residence of his fond parents. It is supposed that one main object of this visit was to open his heart to his father and obtain his consent to abandon the idea of studying law, and to qualify himself for the priesthood. He was aware of the difficulties in his way. The priests, for the most part, were an idle, dissolute and unpopular class of men; their vices rendered them objects of contempt and odium. The father had put himself to many inconveniences to meet the expenditures attending the education of his son, and calculated largely on his future celebrity; and would therefore not be likely to yield up his proud hopes in reference to his favorite project. We are not informed how far Luther sounded his father on the plan then forming in his mind; but it is presumed that the effort was unsuccessful. While on his way back to the halls of the Academy, and when within a short distance of Erfurt, he was overtaken by a violent storm. The artillery of heaven caused the welkin to ring, and accompanied by the lightning's vivid flash, filled him with dread; and to complete the awfulness of the scene, a thunderbolt actually struck the ground at his feet. Alarm seized his mind; death, judgment and eternity presented themselves to his thoughts in all their terrors, and addressed him in tones never before heard by him. He threw himself upon his knees, and ("mit Erschrecken und Angst des Todes umgeben,") encompassed with the anguish and terror of death, he made a vow, that if God would watch over him and permit him to reach his home in safety, he would renounce the world and consecrate himself to his service in retirement, self-denial and devotion.

Having without deliberation or counsel, entered into this vow, he next inquired in what manner he must carry it into effect? He had indeed already endeavored to discharge all

his duties, but nevertheless felt that his soul was polluted and that he was unfit to appear before God. He *must* become *holy*; for this he now panted as eagerly as he had ever before thirsted for knowledge. But *how* should he attain to *holiness*? This was to him an absorbing question, which painfully agitated his bosom. His reflections were strongly attracted to *monastic life*. He had heard of the high pretensions of the cloister as a means of renewing and cleansing moral character; and he accordingly determined to become a member of one of the numerous monachal fraternities with which the country then abounded. In a convent he would be separated from the world, could read masses without number, practise self-denial *ad libitum* and be constantly engaged in acts of devotion; there he could serve God without interruption, be purged from sin, become perfectly pure and certainly make sure the salvation of his soul! Thus he falsely reasoned, and it was this process of argument that made him a monk.

This is one account of the providential occurrences which became the instrumental cause of changing the vocation and whole destiny of Luther. The other is brief and soon related. It differs from the above only in one particular, viz. that Alexis was in company with Luther during the thunderstorm, and instead of being assassinated, was killed by the same thunderbolt which so much alarmed Luther. The former version appears, after the most patient investigation, to be the best authenticated. Mathesius and Selnecker, both cotemporaries of Luther, regard the latter as apocryphal; and both together, with *Stang*,<sup>1</sup> *Keil*,<sup>2</sup> and numerous others of the highest authority, have decided the first version to be the true one.

<sup>1</sup> See his "Leben und Wirken," of Luther.

<sup>2</sup> See "Merkwürdige Lebensumstände Dr. M. Luthers," by F. S. Keil.

But whichever account be correct, it is manifest that the hand of Providence was in the whole matter. It was doubtless, the Most High God who prostrated the young Doctor of Philosophy, the ambitious aspirant to the bar, the intended jurisconsult; and thus stamped upon his character a new image, and gave to his whole after-life, a new direction. *Rubianus*, one of Luther's friends at the university of Erfurt, wrote to him in later times: "Divine Providence foresaw what you would one day become; when on your return from your parents, the fire of heaven struck you to the ground, like another Paul, near the city of Erfurt, and separating you from us, led you to enter the Augustine order." Thus, similar circumstances marked the conversion of two of the greatest instruments, chosen by Divine Providence, to effect the two greatest revolutions that have ever taken place upon the earth, PAUL and LUTHER.

Luther kept his intentions profoundly private until the evening of the 17th of July, when he invited his college friends to a cheerful and simple repast. He designed on that occasion to divulge the secret and take leave of the companions of his studies and pleasures, and of the world in general. When in the course of the evening he announced his intention, his young friends were all filled with astonishment and regret; they opposed it with all their might and employed their utmost endeavors to change his views; but in vain. That very night, probably dreading their future importunities, he vacated his lodgings, leaving behind his furniture and books, excepting only Virgil and Plautus, (he had no Bible of his own at that time.) What a selection for a man who desired to live only for God! Virgil and Plautus!—an epic poem and comedies! This circumstance shadows forth the deluded state of his mind at that juncture.

With these two books he sallied forth, in the darkness of the night, towards the convent of the hermits of St. Augustine. He was admitted; and the doors were closed! Behold him now a recluse; separated as he supposed forever, from his parents, his companions in study, and all irreligious associations; and that at the age of twenty-one years and nine months! The inmates of the cloister gathered around the young doctor, full of admiration; they commended his decision, and lauded in extravagant terms, his renunciation of the pride and vanity, the smiles and flattery of the world.

The next day he took leave of his friends by letter, and sent his father the apparel he had till then worn, and the ring he had received when the honors of the university had been conferred upon him, in order that nothing might remind him of the world and its favors; upon all which he had now voluntarily turned his back.

His friends at Erfurt were both surprised and distressed; they especially grieved that such eminent talents and superior scholarship should be entombed in the indolence and listlessness of monastic life. They hastened to the convent in the hope of prevailing on him to retract, but the doors were barred, and entrance was denied them. A whole month must elapse before the new monk could be seen or spoken to.

His father was more incensed than any one else. He knew that convents had already ruined many; he was not ignorant of the weak points in his son's character, and hence he feared that, after the first moments of enthusiasm should have passed away, the idle life of a monk might either tempt the young man to despair or occasion him to fall into some grievous sin. Besides, he had, as already suggested, formed plans of family aggrandizement for his son; and now all his ambitious projects were overthrown in one night by this imprudent step. He became indignant, and wrote an angry

letter to his son, in which he used a less respectful mode of addressing him than he had been in the habit of doing ever since he had been promoted to the doctorate.<sup>1</sup> He withdrew his favor and declared him disinherited from a father's love. In vain did John Luther's friends, and doubtless his wife, endeavor to soften his displeasure, by saying: "If you would make a sacrifice to God, let it be the best and dearest of your possessions, your son, your Isaac." The inexorable town-councillor of Mansfeld would listen to nothing. When at a later period Luther sought to justify his conduct by reminding his father of the terrified state of his mind when he made the vow, the latter replied: "You should have inquired whether that terror was not a diabolical delusion, instead of a sign from heaven. Besides, it is the duty of children to obey and honor their parents, and not to act without their knowledge and in opposition to their counsel."

It was not until two of Luther's brothers suddenly died with the plague, and the report, about the same time was conveyed to the father, then in deep affliction, that "the monk of Erfurt was also dead," that the agonized parent yielded to the importunities of his friends, to be reconciled to the young novice. "If it should be a false report," said they, "at least sanctify your present affliction by consenting that your son should be a monk." "Well, be it so," said John Luther, with a heart broken and yet struggling, "and God grant he may prosper!"

On a subsequent occasion Luther remarked: "My father indeed at length consented to my being a monk, but it was a reluctant consent; it was not free and cheerful, and with his whole soul."

<sup>1</sup>"Sein Vater hat ihn vorher allezeit *Ihr* geheissen, weil er Magister gewesen; in seiner Antwort aber auf das Notifications schreiben, dasz er Mönch geworden, hat er ihn *Du* geheissen, und ihm alle väterliche Gunst und Willen abgesagt." Vide, "Merkw. Lebensumstände Luthers," p. 12.

## PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF LUTHER.

BY B. KURTZ, D. D.

No. III.

*(Continued from page 116.)*

LUTHER had now reached that period of infirmity, though not of old age, that makes life a burden. He complained bitterly of distress in the head, and constant vertigo. "My head," he wrote in a letter to a friend, "is so weak and so variable, that I can neither write nor read. I am weary of life; may God grant me an early and a happy departure. I am indolent, easily fatigued, my circulations bad, and, in truth, I am useless. I have finished my course; and it only remains for me to pray that it may please God to reunite me to my fathers, and give back dust to dust, and ashes to ashes. I am satisfied with life; if what I at present experience, can be called life. Pray for me, that my last moments may be resigned to the will of God. The world seems to me like a decayed house. David and the Prophets are the spars; Christ is the main pillar that supporteth it."

In the midst of severe attacks of illness, he received a pressing letter from Count Albert, urging him to come to Eisleben.

"You alone, most excellent friend," he wrote, "can decide the difficulties that exist among our unhappy race of Mansfeldt. The gifts of God seem only to excite the cupidity of the owners of the copper and silver mines. I have

relinquished all for the sake of peace, that my conscience will admit of; but I owe a degree of justice to my children. Though opposed on almost every other subject, the Counts unite in requesting you to come and be the arbitrator, and promise to be guided by your decision. A higher tribute to your good judgment and impartial equity could hardly be given."

Luther determined at once to go;—Catharine, with the tenderness of a woman and a wife, opposed it, for it was in the depth of winter. A few days before he set out, he wrote to the pastor of Bremen: "I very reasonably hoped, ere this, to have been removed to my rest by death. As if I had never managed, or written, or spoken, or done any thing before, I am quite overwhelmed with writing, and speaking, and doing, and managing all sorts of things."

On the 23rd of January, 1546, Luther, accompanied by three of his children, Martin, Paul, and John, left Wittenberg for Eisleben, his native place. It is soothing to the feelings of his friends, to remember, that Luther was not a solitary old man. Hosts of affectionate friends were watching over his welfare; his Catharine, his long-trying, his affectionate and devoted wife, was breathing her very soul in her parting embrace,—his daughters hanging on the neck of their beloved father,—his sons, the stay and support of his age, clustering round to guard his feeble steps, and guide him safely on his journey.

When he arrived at Halle, a violent storm arose; it seemed as if the flood-gates of heaven were opened. The river swelled to an unusual height, and it became dangerous to cross, even in a boat. He yielded to the solicitations of his friends, and remained there three days, preaching in the mean time for Justus Jonas, who was the superintendent.

Knowing how anxious Catharine must be, he sent back one of his sons to comfort his mother, and his faithful friend, Justus Jonas, supplied his place, and attended him the remainder of his journey. When he arrived at the borders of Mansfeldt, the Counts received him with an escort of more than a hundred horse, and treated him as the Elector of Saxony's ambassador. Luther was impatient at this ostentatious parade; but Albert said, "Bear with it yet a little while."

On the evening of his arrival at Eisleben he complained of slight illness, but afterwards recovered. Instead of going out, however, the next morning, he remained in the Counts study and wrote to his wife.

"From Eisleben. To the learned and most wise lady, Catharine Luther, my gracious spouse:

"Dear Catharine! we are sadly troubled, and I shall not be sorry to be able to return to our home, but I think we must remain some days longer. You may say to Philip Melancthon, that he would do well to correct his notes upon the Evangelist, for, in writing them, he comprehended but little why our Saviour calls riches *thorns*. It is in the school here, that we may learn the meaning of these words. The holy Scriptures are full of threatenings against these thorns, even of everlasting fire: this alarms me, and gives me patience and perseverance, for I am bound to use all my efforts to accommodate things rightly, and bring them to a good end."

Again he wrote in reply to an anxious letter:

"To my gracious lady, Catharine Luther, my dear wife, who torments herself unnecessarily.

"Grace and peace in our Lord Jesus Christ. Dear Ketha, thou oughtest to read what St. John says in the catechism, upon the confidence we ought to have in God. Thou art



tormenting thyself, as if he were not all-powerful, and could not produce new Doctor Martins, by the dozen, if the old one should be drowned in the Saale, or perish in any other manner. There is one who takes better care of me than thou, or even the angels of heaven, can do. He sits at the right hand of his Father, and is all-powerful. Then tranquilize thyself. Amen. I had intended to take my departure to-day, but my unfortunate complaint prevents it. Could you have believed, that I should become a legislator? It will not end in much. They had better let me remain a theologian. They must humble their pride; these Counts speak and act as if they were Gods, but I am afraid they will become Devils if they go on thus. Lucifer was cast into darkness for his pride. Show this letter to Philip; I have not time to write to him separately."

Again he wrote:

"To my dear and beloved wife, Catharine Von Bora.

"Grace and peace in the Lord, dear Catharine. We hope to return home this week, God willing. He hath appeared in this matter. The Counts have come to an accommodation on every subject, I am sorry to add, with two or three exceptions, which prevents an entire reconciliation; but I shall dine with them to-day, and do my utmost to make them united as brothers. Our young people are full of gayety; they ride out in sleighs, with their ladies, and load their horses with bells. God has heard our prayers. I send the same gifts which the Countess Albert has presented me;—this dear lady is most happy to see peace once more restored to the family. I commend thee to the protection of God.

"MARTIN LUTHER."

On the 17th of February he had become so unwell, that his friends advised him to discontinue all attention to business, and just be intent upon his own comfort. To which, as though he had a presentiment of the approach of death, he replied: "I was born and baptized here in Eisleben; what if I should die here?" In the evening he repaired, as usual, to the large dining room, and took supper in company with his friends. His conversation turned chiefly on death and eternal things. "God," said he, "gathers for himself a church; a large proportion of it is composed of children; when one dies, a thousand or two thousand other children die with it. But when I, now three and sixty years of age, go hence, perhaps not one hundred, not even sixty of like age, will go with me;—the people of the present generation don't live long." Before the company rose from the table, he was pressed to give his opinion on the question, whether the pious would know each other in the eternal world? "How," he remarked, "was it with Adam? he knew Eve though he had not before seen her. When he awoke from sleep he did not ask: Whence comest thou? who art thou? but said: "this is flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone." Much more shall we, in a state of heavenly perfection, know those with whom we had been acquainted on earth. Yes, inasmuch as by faith we become the children of God and are made like unto the Lord Jesus, we shall know all the pious since the beginning of time. Mary Magdalene knew the Lord by his voice; the disciples recognized Moses and Elias in their glorified state on Mount Tabor, and the pious at Jerusalem knew the saints who rose with Christ from their graves;—why then should not the righteous know each other in the resurrection?" "I also hold," he continued, "that as the rich man when in torment, knew Abraham and

Death of Zuthre.



The first of these is the fact that the *larvae* of *Chironomus* are found in the same places as the *larvae* of *Procladius*. This is true of the *larvae* of *Chironomus* which are found in the same places as the *larvae* of *Procladius*. The second of these is the fact that the *larvae* of *Chironomus* are found in the same places as the *larvae* of *Procladius*. This is true of the *larvae* of *Chironomus* which are found in the same places as the *larvae* of *Procladius*. The third of these is the fact that the *larvae* of *Chironomus* are found in the same places as the *larvae* of *Procladius*. This is true of the *larvae* of *Chironomus* which are found in the same places as the *larvae* of *Procladius*.

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Lazarus, the wicked also will recognize each other; and to their great anguish will behold the blessed in heaven whom here on earth they oppressed and persecuted."

Having made this remark, he left the table, and as usual, repaired to a favorite window in his room, to attend to his private devotions. His prayer, on this occasion, being overheard, has been preserved; it was as follows: "Lord God, my heavenly Father; I call upon thee in the name of thy beloved Son, my Lord Jesus Christ, whom by thy grace, I have confessed before the world and preached unto the people. Thou wilt hear me in conformity to thy promise, and for the sake of thine honor. Thou hast revealed to me according to thy great mercy, the dreadful apostacy, blindness and darkness of popery, prior to the great day which is soon to follow upon the approaching light of the gospel. I beseech thee to save the church of my father-land from lapsing from the truth; graciously preserve it steadfast in the profession and belief of the truth, and let the whole world be led to the knowledge of the "gospel." Having finished his devotions, he began to complain to his two younger sons, Martin and Paul, and to John Aurifaber; that he felt an oppression at the breast, an affection to which he was subject; whereupon John hastened to the countess and brought some medicine, and also called D. Jonas and M. Cölius. At their arrival his disease had become still more distressing. They then rubbed him with warm cloths, his usual remedy when thus afflicted, which afforded relief. Count Albrecht coming in and inquiring how he felt? he replied: "No danger, my gracious Sir, I feel better." The count then withdrew, leaving him in the care of one of his counsellors, Conrad Von Wolframsdorf, D. Jonas, M. Cölius, J. Homberger, John and his servant, Ambrosius. . About

9 o'clock he lay down on a couch, observing, if I could get a half hour's sleep I think it would be of service to me. He soon fell into a gentle slumber and did not awake until 10 o'clock. Perceiving his friends and servant and his two children in the room, he observed: "Are you all here yet; why don't you retire?"—No dear Doctor, rejoined his friend Jonas; it is meet that we should now watch and attend on you. He then rose, left his couch and went into his chamber, adjoining the room occupied, and in going, said in Latin: "In God's name, I will go to bed." "Into thine hand I commit my spirit; thou has redeemed me, O Lord God of truth."<sup>1</sup>

His bed was warmed for him, and when he lay down he gave his hand to each, bidding them all good night, and added: "D. Jonas and M. Cölius, and the rest of you, pray that the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ may prosper; the Council of Trent, and the pope are waging war against his gospel." D. Jonas, his two sons, Ambrosius and other servants remained in his chamber. He slept until one o'clock, when, after ordering the fire to be made, he complained of very severe pain in his breast. "Dear Jonas," said he, "I perceive that I shall remain here in Eisleben, where I was born and baptized." Reverende Pater! replied Jonas and Ambrosius, God our heavenly Father, will send deliverance through Jesus Christ whom you have preached. They then helped him out of bed, and he passed from his chamber into the adjoining room without aid, saying as he went: "Into thine hand I commit my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." After perambulating the room two or three times, he again lay down, saying: "The oppression at my breast is exceedingly distressing." They again, at his

<sup>1</sup>Ps. li. 5.

request, rubbed him with warm linen cloths, and warmed his pillows, as this afforded him ease. John Albrecht, the town secretary and his wife, and two physicians residing contiguously, M. Wild and D. Ludewigen, were sent for;—Count Albrecht and his lady also came, bringing with them, various remedies for his disease. “Good Lord,” said he, “my disease increases, my agony is excruciating; I feel the approach of death; I shall never leave Eisleben a living man.” Jonas and Cölius endeavored to comfort him, saying: Reverende Pater! call upon the Lord Jesus Christ, our great High-priest, the only Mediator. You are now in a profuse perspiration, and perhaps God will graciously restore you. “Yes,” he rejoined, “I perspire, but it is a cold death-sweat; my illness grows worse; I shall soon yield up my spirit.” “O my heavenly Father,” he continued, “God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; thou God of all consolation. I bless thee that thou hast revealed thy dear Son, Jesus Christ to me, in whom I believe, whom I have confessed and published to the world, whom I have loved and tried to serve, and whom the wicked pope and the ungodly dishonor, persecute and blaspheme. I beseech thee, my Lord Jesus Christ; take charge of my poor soul. O heavenly Father, though I lay down this frail body and pass away from this world; yet I know most assuredly, that I shall be with thee eternally, and out of thy hands shall no one be able to pluck me.” After a short pause, he added: “For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”<sup>1</sup> Another pause ensued, and again he added: “He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death.”<sup>2</sup> The physician at-

<sup>1</sup>John iii. 16.

<sup>2</sup>Ps. lxxviii. 20.

tempted to administer medicine, but he said: "I shall go the way of all flesh, I surrender my spirit to him who gave it;" and then rapidly repeated three times in Latin: "Father, into thy hand I commit my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth."

Having thus resigned himself to the care of his God, he remained tranquil. They rubbed him, called him and tried to rouse him, but his eyes were closed and he made no response. Count Albrecht then applied stimulants to his wrists which Luther had often used with good effect, and which his wife had sent for the purpose. But it was of no avail. While in this lethargy, D. Jonas and M. Cölius addressed him in a loud voice: Reverende Pater! are you departing this life in faith in Jesus Christ, holding steadfastly to that view of his doctrines which you have proclaimed to the world? to which he *firmly* and *distinctly* replied: "YES!" He then turned on his right side, and fell asleep. In about fifteen minutes a candle was held to his face, and it was perceived that he was very pale, his extremities had grown cold; and after a few more deep but gentle respirations, he calmly fell asleep in Jesus, without moving a finger or a muscle, and apparently without the slightest pain of body or mind. Thus departed this great and good man, on the 18th of February, 1546, between two and three o'clock in the morning. In his death he exemplified his own comment on John viii. 51; *Verily, verily I say unto you. If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death.* "Death," says he, in his notes on this passage, "is our common lot; but he who holds to God's word, believing and obeying it, will never feel death, but depart as in a sleep. It shall not be said of him: morior, sed cogor dormire; that is: he shall not say: I die, but simply, I FALL ASLEEP."



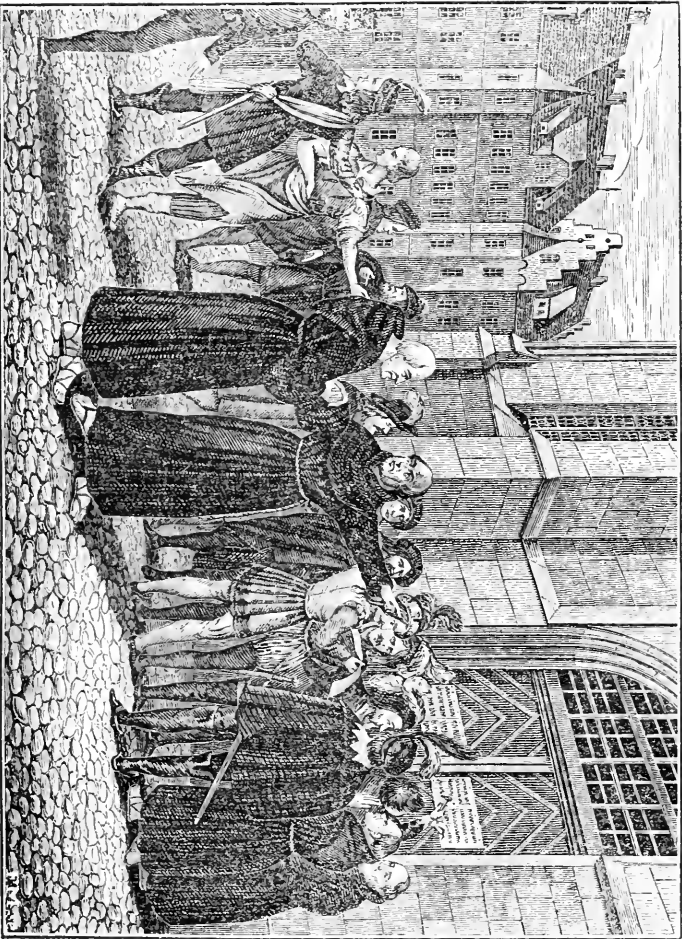
Seven years after the death of her husband, the plague broke out in Wittenberg; and Catharine deemed it prudent to remove to Torgau, with her children. "It is only for their sake," said she, to a friend, "that I quit a place where I could be serviceable in nursing the sick; but I feel that I am in this way fulfilling the wishes of my husband." This conviction, that pressed strongly on her mind, induced her to hasten her departure from the scene of pestilence. On a bright sunny morning she left her residence, to escape dangers which threatened, and little aware of those that awaited her. In descending a hill, the horses took fright, and Catharine was thrown from the carriage, and so much injured, that she died three months after, at the age of fifty-two; still retaining remains of the beauty which has been ascribed to her. The gold medal she always wore, attached to her neck by a riband, may be seen with the ring of Luther. On it, with other inscriptions, is this, "D. Mart. Luter Caterinæ suæ dono. D. H. F. Quæ nata est anno 1499, 29 Januarii."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> We acknowledge our indebtedness for several of the passages in the above article, to the work entitled: "Luther and his times."

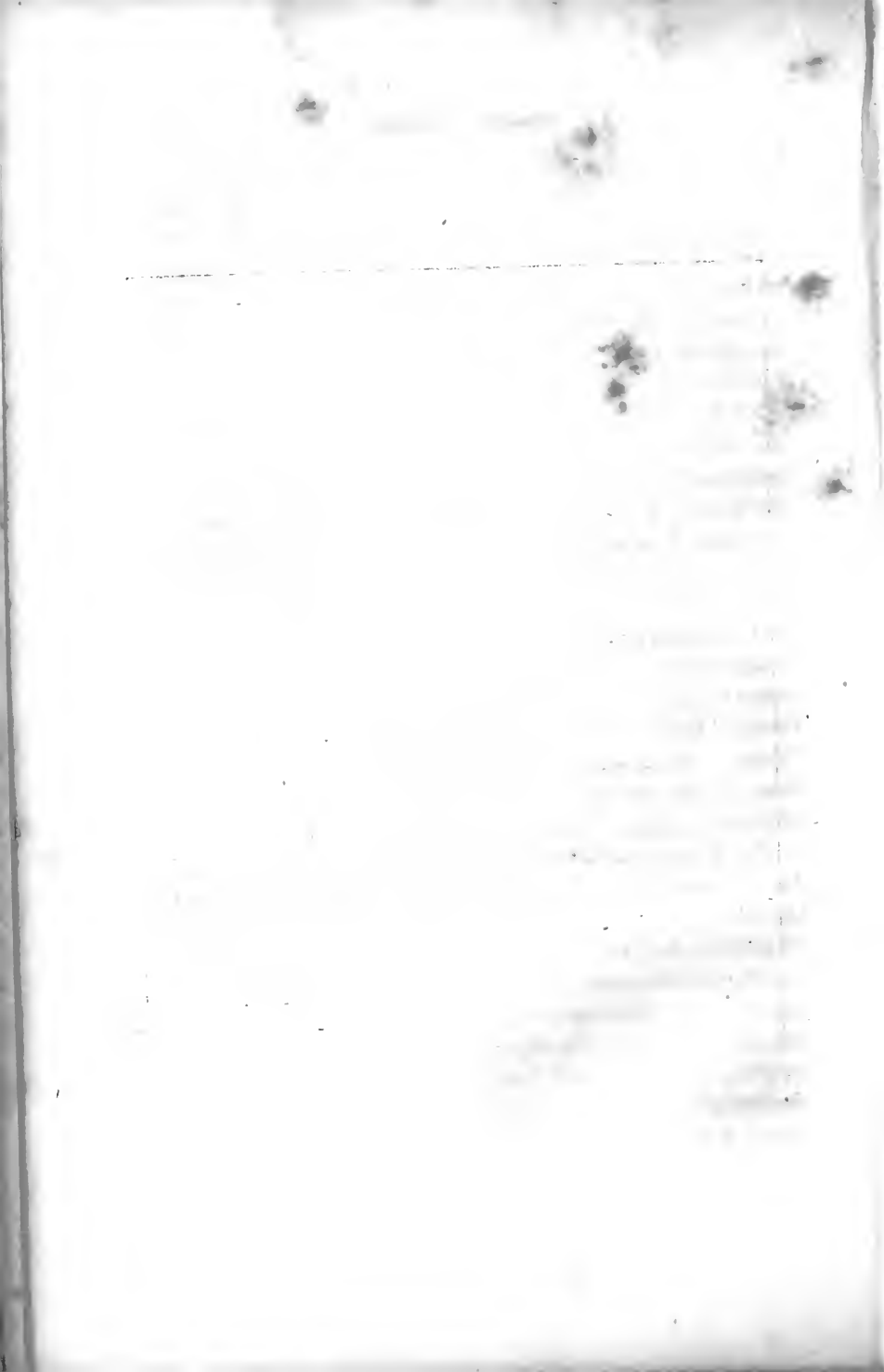
## THE THESES OF LUTHER.

BY JOHN G. MORRIS, D. D.

ON Friday the 31st of October, 1517, about five o'clock in the afternoon, a considerable crowd of persons might have been seen in the public square of the city of Wittenberg, just in front of the castle church. A student was nailing up against the door a long roll of paper, under the direction of a professor of the university. At first the passers by regarded it as a mere programme of the professor's course of lectures for the ensuing term. But the church door was an unusual place for posting such advertisements and besides, the enormous size of the paper, of which there were several distinct sheets, was something remarkable. After several sheets had been securely fastened, the professor retired towards the middle of the square, and there meeting a fellow-professor, eagerly caught him by the hand, and directed his attention to the door, at the same time informing him in a few hurried words, of the nature of the publication. The old man, for such he was, clasped his hands in alarm, and yet there was a secret satisfaction plainly depicted on his countenance. Almost at the same time two or three monks passed by and their attention was arrested by this strange advertisement. The student had not yet finished nailing the sheets, and as soon as the monks had read a few sentences, they rudely snatched the others from his hands, and would have torn them to pieces, if at the same moment several stu-



Zutber walking up the Chiers.



dents had not stepped up and abruptly caught their arms and thus prevented them from destroying the paper. This was observed by other persons in the square, who soon gathered round and in an incredibly short space of time, a large number had assembled. The crowd insisted on the student reading it, which he did in an elevated voice so that all could hear. "Exccrable heretic!"—"horrible blasphemy!" "tear down the others,"—"silence!"—"read louder,"—"monks, be still!" "That's God's truth," were some of the discordant sentiments vehemently uttered by the bystanders. The student read on and ended the sheet he held in his hand,—then he turned to those on the door and before he had finished, people came flocking from every direction. The report had spread abroad that something extraordinary had happened in the public square, and soon artizans, citizens, monks, students and men and women of all classes had congregated together. Some of the monks raved,—the students hurraed,—the artizans were stupid with amazement,—others clenched their teeth with rage, and the women prayed *Ave Maria!* There was terrible confusion in that crowd. The name of the professor was blasphemously denounced, to which the students replied, "Long live our fearless professor!" Even some of the common people took sides with the professor and others manifested a stolid indifference. One asked his neighbor, "Well, Hans, what is all this about?" "Why, Caspar, it's something about Christ and repentance, and religion, but we common people, you know, leave all such things to the priests,—come let's go and take our schnaps, and leave religion alone; it's time enough when we are going to die, and then for five kreutzers we can get absolution."

At this moment, a school in the vicinity was dismissed and the scholars observing the crowd, rushed tumultuously towards it. A tall lad of sixteen, capable of overlooking the heads of his fellow students, stood at the distance of several yards and commenced reading to himself, in a low tone. When he observed numerous others who had just arrived pressing near him that they might hear more distinctly, he elevated his voice and read all the papers through. It required ten minutes time and during the perusal, there were various exhibitions of feeling in the new audience that had assembled. Some tried to raise a commotion for the purpose of drowning the voice of the reader; others in endeavoring to suppress it, created still greater disturbance. Some cried out "heresy," and stopped their ears, whilst others clapped their hands in applause. The scholars reported the circumstance to their parents at home, and before night multitudes had been to the church and heard the paper read. Very soon, the whole city was in commotion; it was the subject of earnest conversation in every society. Heavy curses were brought down on the head of the presumptuous author by some, whilst many others endeavored to frame apologies for his conduct, without daring publicly to justify him. Not a few openly espoused his cause and warmly defended not only the proceeding, but the truth of the propositions he had thus published.

What did these papers thus nailed to the church door, set forth, which created such a commotion in Wittenberg? Nothing more than certain propositions or theses of Luther against the abominable indulgences which were sold in his times.

A splendid carriage, escorted by three outriders, might have been seen passing rapidly from place to place. When

it arrived at a town, one of the horsemen was despatched by the individual in the carriage to the magistrate with the announcement, "The grace of God and of the Holy Father is at your gates." It was immediately heralded in the streets. All left their business—the schools were dismissed—the whole population gathered in the market place with lighted tapers in their hands—a procession was formed and they went forth to meet and welcome this trader in the salvation of souls! They then, with music, banners, incense and prayers proceeded to the church. There the market was opened and indulgences were sold.

The most distinguished merchant in this nefarious traffic, was John Tetzel, a Dominican monk, of infamous character and diabolical effrontery. He was the most impudent and the most successful vender of this merchandize, that ever was employed. He ascended the pulpit and extolled the efficacy of his wares in language like the following.

"Indulgences are the most precious and sublime of God's gifts."

"This cross"—(pointing to a red cross which he carried with him)—"has as much efficacy as the cross of Jesus Christ."

"Draw near and I will give you letters, duly sealed, by which even the sins you shall hereafter desire to commit shall be all forgiven you."

"I would not exchange my privileges for those of Saint Peter in heaven, for I have saved more souls with my indulgences than he did with his sermons."

"There is no sin so great that the indulgence cannot remit it, and even if any one (which is doubtless impossible) ravish the Holy Virgin Mother of God,—let him only pay largely and it shall be forgiven him."

“ Even repentance is not indispensable.”

“ But more than all this; indulgences save not the living alone, they also save the dead.”

“ Ye priests, ye nobles, ye tradesmen, ye wives, ye maidens, ye young men, hearken to your departed parents and friends, who cry to you from the bottomless abyss: “ We are enduring horrible torment! a small alms would deliver us;—you can give it, and you will not.”

“ The very moment that the money clinks against the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory, and flies free to heaven.”

“ O senseless people and almost like to beasts, who do not comprehend the grace so richly offered! This day heaven is on all sides open. Do you now refuse to enter? When then do you intend to come in? This day you may redeem your souls. Dull and heedless man, with ten groschen you can deliver your father from purgatory, and you are so ungrateful that you will not rescue him. In the day of judgment, my conscience will be clear; but you will be punished the more severely for neglecting so great a salvation. I protest, that though you should have but one coat, you ought to strip it off and sell it to purchase this grace. Our Lord God no longer deals with us as God. He has given all power to the pope.”

“ Do you know why our most Holy Lord distributes so rich a grace? The dilapidated church of St. Peter and St. Paul is to be restored, so as to be unpareled in the whole earth. That church contains the bodies of the holy apostles, Peter and Paul and a vast company of martyrs. Those sacred bodies, owing to the present condition of the edifice, are now, alas! continually trodden, flooded, polluted, dishonored and rotting in rain and hail. Ah! shall these holy



ashes be suffered to remain degraded in the mire? Bring your money! bring money! bring money!" He uttered this cry with such dreadful bellowing, observes Luther, "that one might have thought some wild bull was rushing among the people and goring them with his horns."

These indulgences were bought by the poorest of the populace, but the price was graduated according to the presumed ability of the purchaser to pay. The state of morals may be easily conceived. People confessed their sins to the priests, but did not abandon them, for their indulgences licensed them to commit sin. Some confessed to Luther, who rebuked them for their irregularities, but he was amazed to hear them say that they intended to continue in the practice of the same iniquities. He refused them absolution. They then showed their indulgences, which allowed them to do what they pleased. He inveighed severely against them and their papers and warned them against putting any confidence in these wretched licenses.

Some of them went and complained to Tetzl that an Augustinian monk would pay no regard to his letters, and this roused the ire of the blasphemous vender. He raved like a madman from the pulpit and threatened death and damnation to all who would dare to oppose him. By his order, a fire was kindled several times in the public square, declaring that he had authority from the pope to burn any who would treat his indulgences with contempt.

Luther's soul was fired. Such monstrous abuses dared not go unrebuked. From the pulpit he warned his hearers against indulgences. "No man can shew from the scriptures that God's justice requires a penalty or satisfaction from the sinner," said he. "The only duty it imposes on him is a true repentance, a sincere change of heart, a resolution to bear

the cross of Christ and to strive to do good works. It is a great error to seek ourselves to satisfy God's justice for our sins, for God ever pardons them *freely* by his inestimable grace.

“The christian church, it is true, requires somewhat from the sinner, but what she requires she may remit. But that is all. And furthermore, these indulgences of the church are only tolerated out of regard for slothful and imperfect christians, who will not employ themselves zealously in good works, for they excite no one to sanctification, but leave every one in lowness and imperfection.”

It would be much better to contribute to the building of St. Peter's from love to God, than to buy indulgences for such a purpose. But say you shall we then not buy them? I have already said as much, and I repeat it; my advice is that none should buy them. Leave them for drowsy christians, but do you keep yourselves separate from such. Let the faithful be turned from indulgences, and exhorted to the works they neglect.”

This language created great commotion, but the traffic in indulgences still continued. Luther could submit no longer, and he pursued a measure which was as bold in its design, as it was glorious in its results.

The 31st of October, 1517, was All Saint's Day. On that day crowds of persons from all the surrounding country flocked to Wittenberg to see the precious relics which the Elector had gathered. Luther nailed to the door of the church, ninety-five propositions against the doctrine of indulgences, the circumstances of which have been related in the beginning of this article. These propositions enclosed the germ of the Reformation. The true doctrine was now for the first time publicly enforced.

No one dared to discuss these propositions with Luther. They were not heard alone in Wittenberg, but they flew in all directions as on the wings of the wind. In less than a month, they were known at Rome. Myconius, a historian, who lived at that time, says: "In the space of a fortnight, they had spread over Germany, and within a month they had run through all christendom, as if angels themselves had been the bearers of them to all men. It is difficult to conceive the stir they occasioned. "They were translated into several other languages almost immediately, and a traveller carried them for sale as far as Jerusalem."

"Every one," said Luther, "was complaining of the indulgences, and as all the bishops and doctors had kept silence, and no one was inclined to take the bull by the horns, poor Luther became a famous doctor; because, at last, said they, one doctor was found who dared grapple with him. But I did not like this glory, and I thought the song in too high a key for my voice."

From this time forth, the work of reformation went vigorously on, and the world knows the happy results.

## THE WALDENSES.

BY REV. S. P. HILL.

ON Horeb's height, when lone Elijah pour'd  
His soul in sad complaint, before the Lord;  
When guilty Israel had the prophets slain  
And he, the last, was still pursued to pain;—  
While in the mountain cave, he sought to find  
A soothing shelter for his troubled mind,  
Jehovah called him forth, and bade him go  
Where power Divine should in his presence flow;—  
Not in the wind, that rocks and mountains rent,  
Howe'er sublime, that mighty element;—  
Nor in the earthquake, nor the burning fire  
Though nature shudder'd at the potents dire;—  
But in the still small voice, the awful word  
Deeply within the prophet's soul was heard;—  
And while his mantle hid his blushing face,  
It told that thousands still,—the heirs of grace  
Though doom'd by power's imperious decree,—  
To Baal's image had not bow'd the knee;  
But now in lone recesses pour'd their prayer  
The hidden objects of Almighty care.  
So, when the shades of papal gloom enclosed  
The christian church, and error's reign imposed  
Like dangerous mists, that morning light obscure,—  
Though in itself, most beautiful and pure;—  
Some scattered rays, were seen to pierce the gloom  
And part, at least, of the world's waste illumine;

In lonely glens, in nature's rude recess,—  
Amidst the drear and distant wilderness,—  
Along the confines of the Alpine vales  
Tho' struggling with the storm, light still prevails.

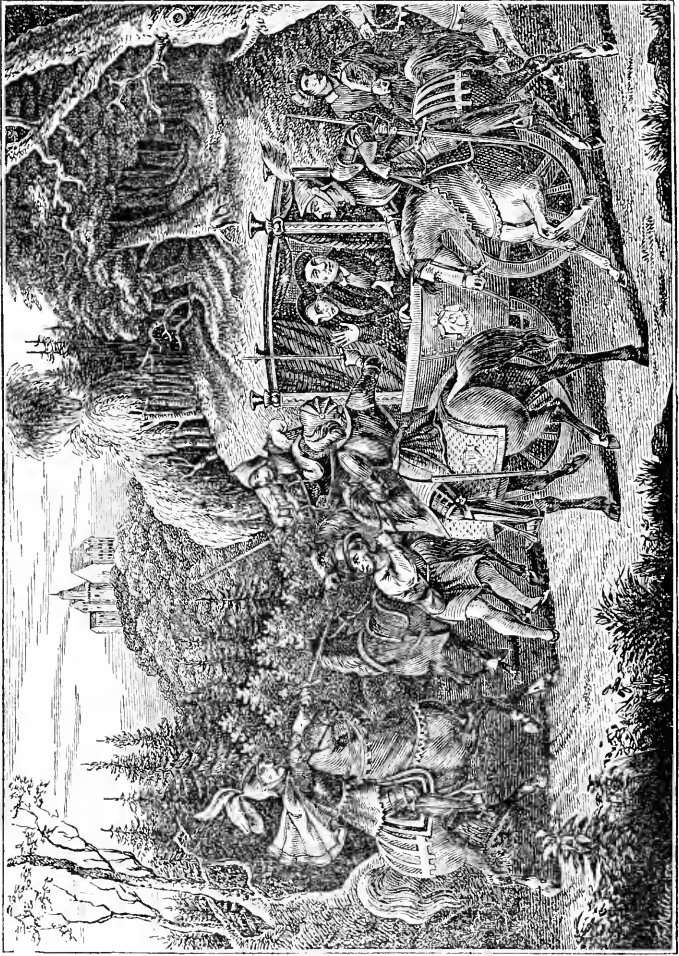
There while the dragon led his legions on,  
The remnant armies of Jehovah shone  
In truth's bright armor clad, undaunted, bold,  
God's witnesses within their ancient fold ;  
And tho' each instrument of torturing might,  
Was used to quench their sin-reproving light,  
Those holy men, those meek confessors bore  
Their truth-lit torch more boldly than before ;—  
Nor all the forms that malice could devise,  
Could bring to earth, their heaven-directed eyes.  
And demon-hate, that had the widest scope  
Could not extinguish their immortal hope ;  
Tho' worn and crush'd beneath its hellish power,  
They kept their faith amid the darkest hour,  
Till by their word and by their Saviour's blood,  
In victor's robes, before his throne they stood.

Hail ! noble army of the martyr'd dead !  
Who for the truth of God, so bravely bled,  
Whose blameless lives, and doctrines, both accord  
To prove the love, ye cherished to the Lord ;  
How did his gentleness invest with power  
Your happy souls, mid torture's trying hour ;  
While zeal for truth, more fervent e'en in death  
Was the last watchword of your parting breath.

They sleep, that martyr'd million of the just,  
But truth arises from their sacred dust,  
And in their glorious pathway to the skies  
Lingers a radiant light, that never dies ;

Still tho' their names may curl the lip of scorn,  
Those names, in love, shall life's fair page, adorn ;  
And while the weeping eye their history reads,  
Their simple virtues, and heroic deeds—  
Faith led by them to rise to holier spheres  
Shall far transcend the swiftest flight of years ;—  
And on God's bosom, taught to seek repose,  
Shall lose the memory of life's latest woes.





Father Apprehended.



## THE AMBUSCADE.

BY REV. H. I. SMITH.

### I.

THE night-wind was sweeping with fitful moan,  
Through the gloomy fir, and the waving pine,  
In Thuringia's forest so dark and lone ;  
And the pale moon, all too feeble to shine  
Through the billowy scud that swept o'er the sky,  
Wrapp'd the mighty grove in a spectral haze ;  
And forms all mysterious perplexed the eye  
Of the wand'rer who strayed through that darksome maze.

### II.

A chariot is threading the wearisome way :  
'Tis the bold Augustinian, bound for his home ;  
He has kept all the great of the realm at bay,  
And defied the fierce anger of infidel Rome ;  
And now he discourses, with rapturous tongue,  
Of the power of faith, and the wonders of grace,  
Of that Providence which, as the Psalmist has sung,  
Doth the righteous lead safe to the end of his race.

### III.

On his lips his companions hang with delight,  
When one sudden starts with a terrified glance ;  
" Say, mark ye not there, through the gloom of the night,  
A form, 'tis a horseman with plume and with lance

And hark! There behind you, the snort of a steed,  
 And the champing of bits, and the sword's heavy clank;  
 Hark, hark! they come on, like the rush of the wind,  
 They come on, at full speed, before and behind."

## IV.

And on, like a whirlwind, the horsemen sped,  
 Three riders before, and two riders behind.  
 In dismay the bold Luther's own brother fled,  
 In the glens of the forest his safety to find.  
 But lo! now on charger all barbed, each knight  
 Dashes straight to the chariot, which quick they surround;  
 One seizes the steeds that quake with affright,  
 Another the charioteer hurls to the ground.

## V.

And now they encompass, in threat'ning array,  
 The chariot that holds the great champion of truth,  
 Whom Kaiser and pope are both longing to slay,  
 For whom Rome's superstition is whetting its tooth.  
 He asks not if they come as foes, or as friends,  
 His trust is in God, and his soul knows no fear;  
 To the Father his life and his cause he commends,  
 And clings to His hand by the vigor of pray'r.

## VI.

But lo! now the knight with the dark-waving plume  
 Dismounts, and with rev'rence, announces his hest:  
 "We're sent here to save thee, and I am thy groom,  
 To convey thee from dangers to safety and rest:  
 Thine enemies, father, are many and strong,  
 Where their fangs may not reach thee, 'tis needful to hide:  
 So up, then, good father, to horse, and along,  
 For far is our way; we must ride, we must ride!"

## VII.

And now the proud charger, with war-trappings hung,  
That soldier of heaven is fain to bestride ;  
With helmet and crest, and with cloak round him flung,  
Behold him prepared with the swiftest to ride.  
With a knight at each bridle-rein safely he sits ;  
Two bring up the rear, the black plume leads the way ;  
Their steeds, all-impatient, are champing their bits ;  
The signal is given: " spur on, and away !"

## VIII.

And long the dark maze of the forest they trace,  
And hither and thither still faster they ride :  
In windings, 'mid darkness, they speed on apace,  
While the tramps of their chargers resound far and wide :  
But now on a draw-bridge their iron hoofs ring,  
Gray turrets and battlements frown all around,  
The portcullis rises, the heavy gates swing :  
On the Wartburg brave Luther a shelter has found.

## IV.

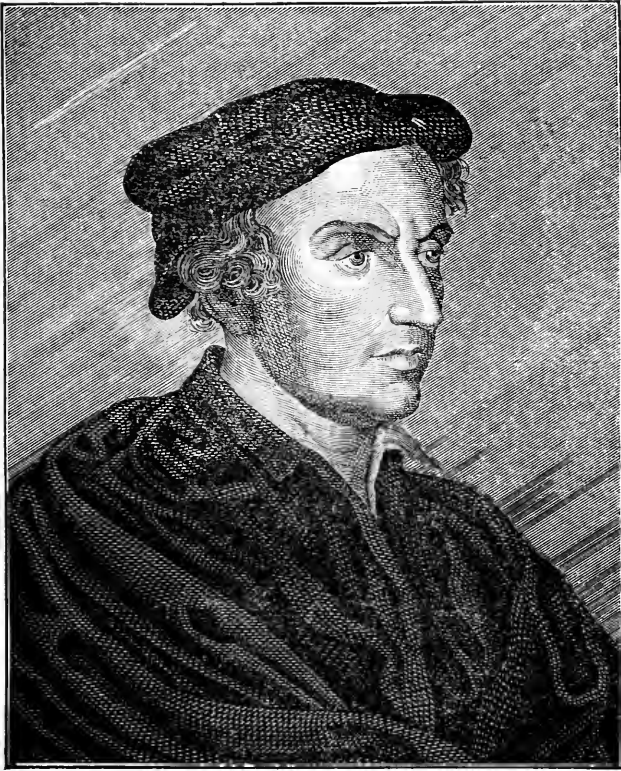
And here, while Germania mourns him as dead,  
While the friends of the gospel despondingly weep,  
The champion, who boldly, but wisely, had led  
The weak and the timid the way they should keep,  
That champion still lives, still labors and prays,  
And his work shall out-live all the vain works of earth,  
For it shows the unlearned, the gospel's blest ways,  
And sheds its bright light round the lowliest hearth.

## LUTHER AND MELANCTHON.

BY C. P. KRAUTH, D. D.

President of Pennsylvania College.

No historical fact is more indisputable than that the christian religion had been greatly perverted before the era of the reformation. It had assumed aspects entirely unlike its real character, and become an instrument of ungodliness and impurity, and not of righteousness and peace. It needed reform. This was not denied by all, who were determined to adhere to it, substantially, in the form in which it had been developed. Various efforts had been made, unsuccessful it is true, to regenerate it. Under the auspices of Wickliffe, Huss and others—the emancipation of the fettered faith had been attempted, but the bonds were but partially broken and the ligatures were speedily fastened anew. When we compare the church of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries with the apostolic and primitive—how unlike in its hierarchy—its institutions, its doctrines, and its usages, to that church, when inspired men, and those on whom their mantle fell, shed on it the influence of unadulterated truth, administered its affairs with unostentatious simplicity, and walked before it, shining with virtues like to them which adorned the divine Founder of our faith. The gates of hell had not, it is true, prevailed against it,—though a superficial observer might have inferred that it no longer existed as a veritable church of Christ. In every age, in the very worst described on the page of ecclesiastical history, pure, unadulterated christianity—the religion of the



Philipp Melancthon.

geb: den 16 ten Febr: 1497.  
gest: den 19 ten April 1560.



heart, an outcast from the multitude, the scorn of the high and powerful, found an asylum and a welcome in the bosoms of a few, despised by their cotemporaries, persecuted, often murdered in the most cruel manner, admired in the recollections of a more holy posterity. Never, no—never, whilst that cause shall triumph, whose victories will be perpetuated till the end of time, will such men as Waldo, Wickliffe, Huss and Jerome of Prague be forgotten. Above their cotemporaries they will be esteemed. They will be honored as the illustrious of their day. They will shine as stars in the moral firmament.

It would appear probable to the intelligent christian—the firm believer in a moral government of the universe by a being of unlimited resources, that such a state of corruption and falsehood as the church presented before the reformation could not long continue. The rights, the inalienable rights of man were too glaringly perverted, the sanctity of the ark of God was too grossly polluted, the touch of its keepers was too contaminating, to admit of the belief that man would not arise to vindicate his birthright and God interpose to uphold his own cause.

Whatever may be our a priori conclusions, however we may reason from the nature and design of our holy religion, the tendencies of human nature, or the Providence of God, it is certain, it is history, the best authenticated history, that the spell was broken, the prey taken from the mighty and the church redeemed, not as it was once, by the precious bloodshedding of Jesus of Nazareth, but by the power of truth, wielded by man, but directed and rendered efficacious by God. Who were the men furnished with the intelligence to conceive and the moral courage to undertake a work, throughout exhibiting most resplendent specimens of the

highest moral sublime? Who were they who counting not their life dear, who looking at the most appalling difficulties—said none of these things move us neither count we our life dear, that we may finish this work? There were many—but amongst them all shine forth with superior lustre the distinguished German Reformers Luther and Melancthon.

The friend of christianity, as he hears their names, and recollects what they have done for Zion and for man may well call them blessed—and ask for blessings on their country and the places of their birth, and the days on which their earthly career began.

They have often been portrayed by the pencil of biography, their characters and achievements have been made to resound through the earth—often have been rehearsed the things that they saw and the scenes in which they bore a most conspicuous part. The world will not become weary of gazing at their portraits. Their career will never cease to furnish instruction to men.

Luther was born in the year 1483. The place of his birth is Eisleben in Saxony. His father an honest and respected miner of Mansfield, did not neglect the education of his son. He attended the schools of Magdeburg and Eisenach. At the age of twenty—he took the degree of A. M. at Erfurt. We are informed that it was his intention originally to study the civil law. His purposes were changed, it has been generally believed, by the following circumstance. Walking one day in the fields with one of his most intimate companions, this dear friend was suddenly transferred to eternity by a stroke of lightning. The impression on his mind was deep and he was induced to abandon his juristic predilections and to enter the monastery at Erfurt. This



took place in the year 1505. He became an Augustinian Eremite. His deportment gave the highest satisfaction to his superior. He was sent in 1508, by John Von Staupitz, his vicar general, from Erfurt to Wittenberg to fill the chair of professor of philosophy. This appointment was not in accordance with his own desires. He began to direct his attention to biblical investigations and as might have been expected, he discovered that the prevailing system of religion conflicted glaringly with the oracles of God. Bowed down by scholasticism and human authority—he rose up from beneath them. His views were much enlarged by a visit to Rome in 1510. This visit was on business for his order. In 1512, he became a doctor of divinity and devoted himself to the study of the original languages of Revelation, the Hebrew and the Greek. In this way was he becoming prepared for the work in which he was to be employed by the great head of the church, and from which he was to gather so lasting a renown. His qualifications were neither few nor slight. He was eminently fitted both physically and mentally for the great work. His body and mind—his temperament and training all prepared him to go forth a champion for truth against the hosts of its enemies. We are informed that he was not “inexpert in philosophy and he understood the Bible better than any other teacher in the Catholic church; he had critically read the writings of the fathers and had studied among the modern writers, especially William Occam and John Gerson, together with the mystics of the two preceding centuries and particularly John Tauler; and from the two former (Occam and Gerson,) he learned to view the papal authority, differently from the mass of the people, and from the latter (the mystics) he learned many practical truths relating to the religion of the

heart, which were not to be found in the ordinary books of devotion and piety. Of church history, he had so much knowledge as was necessary for combatting the prevailing errors and for restoring the primitive religion of christians. In the Belles Lettres also, he was not a novice. He wrote the German language with greater purity and elegance and force than any other author of that age, and his translation of the Bible and his hymns still exhibit proof, how correctly, nervously and clearly he could express himself in his native tongue. He possessed a natural, strong and moving eloquence."

These are some of the endowments of the man—the most remarkable man, the choice of God—designated by him to lead on the sacramental host—and to effect one of the most wonderful revolutions recorded in the chronicles of humanity—the results of which, so mighty and grand—blaze on the vision in both hemispheres—in the church of God, and in the civil constitutions of emancipated nations.

Philip Melancthon was the friend and the most efficient coadjutor of the Saxon reformer. He was a man who for profundity of learning, depth of piety, and amiability of character had but few who could be compared with him in that day, and whose character whenever contemplated as it is presented on the page of biography, exhibits a lovely specimen of the temper of the blessed Redeemer. His original name was Schwarzerde, which in the language of his country means blackearth. To the church and the world, he is better known by the name Melancthon. This name is a compound of two Greek words which express the same idea, as the terms of his original name. He was born at Bretten in the lower Palatinat, 1497. He studied at Heidelberg. He was teacher of polite literature at Tübingen. He

was invited by Luther and Reuchlin to become professor of Greek at Wittenberg, in the year 1518. In 1521, he composed his celebrated *Loci communes rerum theologicarum*. This production passed through sixty editions in his life time. He composed that well known and justly celebrated symbol of the Lutheran church—the Augsburg confession. He is the author of the far-famed apology for it. He was present at the disputation between Luther and Eckius. At that time he was not an adherent of either. That discussion exerted probably much influence on his mind not without a predisposition to embrace the truth. He died triumphantly in the year 1560.

In attempting an estimate of the moral and intellectual works of these men, we are led to consider their original powers. They were unquestionably distinguished by God with pre-eminent abilities. Their talents were of a high order. They were capable of excelling in any thing to which they applied themselves. Their whole life furnishes striking proofs of the extent of their capacity and their writings which have been committed to us as a precious treasure—shew how great they were in intellectual endowments. Amongst the many with whom they were placed in contact and with whom they were compelled to enter the arena of intellectual warfare—they found none who transcended them in those powers, the gift of God, by which one man is elevated above another. Judgment, imagination—memory—those master faculties of the human soul were theirs—to be exerted at the call of duty in the advancement of human weal. The talents entrusted to them were not wrapped up in a napkin or buried in the earth. They were assiduously improved. They mastered the learning of the age. They went beyond—far beyond its average. They

felt and saw the errors which had settled on the intellect of man. Before the dawn of the Baconian philosophy, they recognized the errors of scholasticism and applied induction to the investigation of revelation, and thus upturned and overturned a mighty system of error, and with gigantic efforts substituted for it the beautiful fabric of an uncontaminated faith. The translator into his vernacular idiom of the inspired communications of God—laboring single handed in this herculean task—with the vast cares of the great revolution he had commenced weighing heavily on his spirit, who whilst he transfers from the idioms of the East and the West the conceptions of the divinity into his own uncultivated language gives fixedness and form and development to that very language, this man must have been learned and more than learned—genius must have acknowledged him as her favored child.

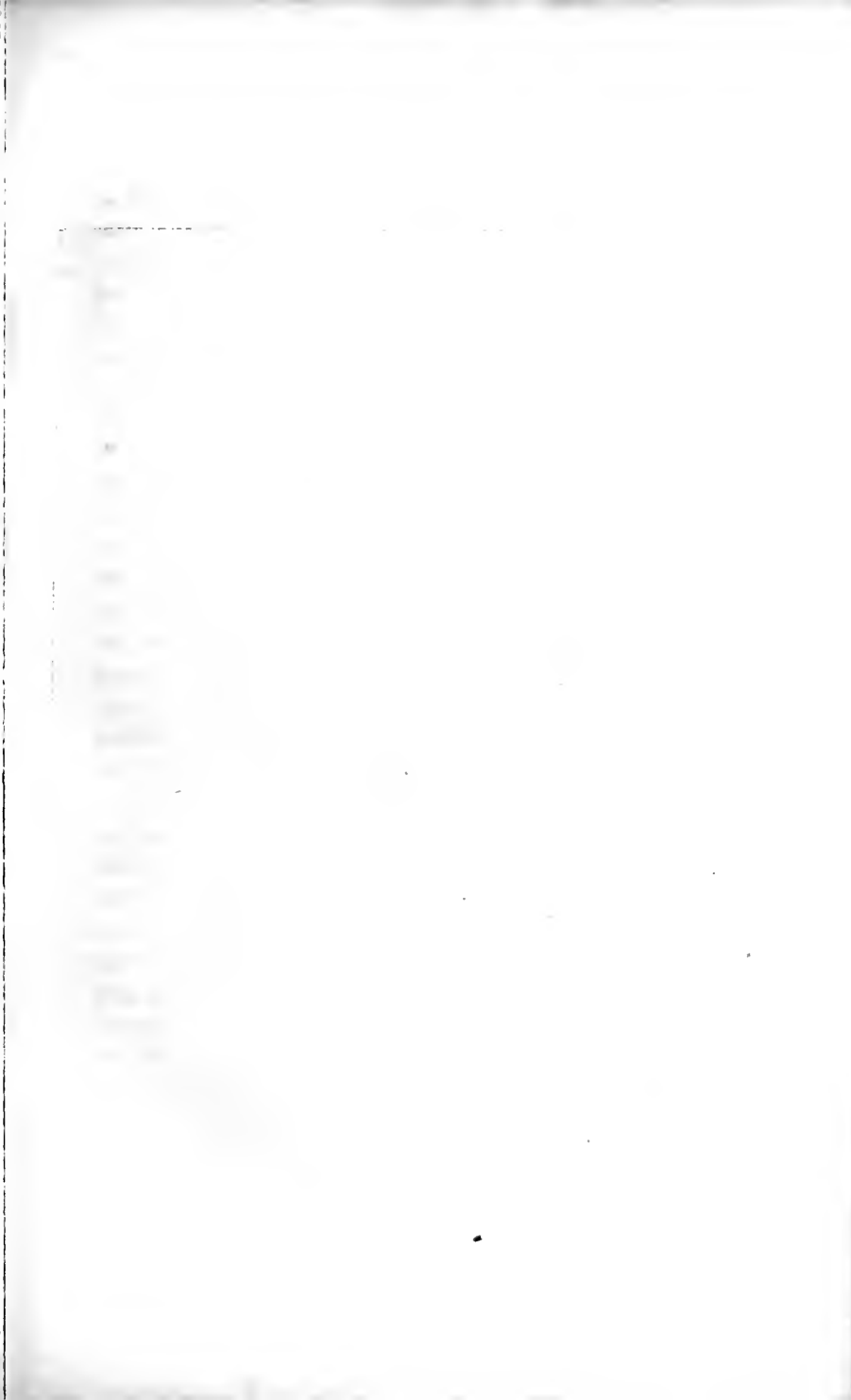
The elegant and profound scholarship of Luther's friend and coadjutor, Philip, is well known. His boyhood was distinguished by proofs of uncommon attainments, and his riper years consummated a training and accumulated stores of intellectual wealth, which enabled him to enrich his country. It prepared him to be, as he was styled, "the Preceptor of Germany." Luther wrote to Spalatine, says Dr. Coxe, soon after his entrance as Professor into the University of Wittenberg, "he is a mere boy and a stripling in age, but a great man and master, if you reflect on the variety of his knowledge which extends almost to every book. He is distinguished not only for his acquaintance, but for his critical knowledge of both languages, viz. Greek and Latin, nor is he unskilled in Hebrew learning.

The testimony of that great scholar, Erasmus, is no less decisive. The numerous writings of these champions of a

pure faith, by which, after they had been gathered to that rest which remained for them, they uttered truth to men, and continue to delight and instruct, evince their untiring industry, and their energetic minds. Luther had at his command a most overwhelming eloquence which he could adapt to the capacities of crowned heads and scholars, or the more restricted capacities of untutored citizens. In the language of his country, in the classic language of Rome, he swayed at his will the minds of men. The fire of Demosthenes, and the enthusiasm of Paul, displayed themselves in his appeals to the judgment and passions of men. It was with the pen—by means of lectures prepared with intense study, and delivered to immense crowds from every part of Germany—that Melancthon displayed his knowledge and became the source of illumination to his father-land, and most justly entitled to the high appellation which has been assigned him.

What has been said concerning them constitutes not the brightest gem in their crown. Genius and learning do not alone constitute the highest style of man. When genius grovels on the earth, when it receives its inspiration from created objects, its glory is tarnished and we refuse it our highest admiration. It must recognize its origin and be consecrated to the glory of him from whom it came, or we turn away from it with mournful emotions. Luther and Melancthon were christians. They had studied and understood the religion of Christ. The experience of it was in their hearts. They walked by faith. They felt that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth, and looked for a city which has foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Their whole career would be full of mystery, it would present an inexplicable enigma, if we did not know that the love of Christ constrained them. This is the key to their whole life. It

explains what they did and what they suffered. For they were sufferers for conscience sake. They endured bitter persecution. Many sorrows were appointed them. They endured because they had an eye by which they could see him—who invisible to the eye of the body, has promised that his grace shall be sufficient for us. We are astonished when we look at the faith of Luther. Truly, it may be said of him that he was strong in faith, giving glory to God. No man ever understood it better, or more fully set forth its place in the plan of salvation. To such men, death could present no terrors. It had lost its sting. The grave had no victory over them. They left the world in peace. Of Luther it is said by the pious Scott, "Thus died in peace, the man, who, bearing no higher office than that of an Augustinian monk, and afterward of a Protestant Professor of Divinity, has shaken to its centre one of the most firmly seated systems of despotism and delusion that the world ever beheld; who had provoked and for nearly thirty years defied the utmost malice of those mighty powers which had a little time before made the proudest monarchs to tremble on their thrones; while, for the suppression of his principles, diet after diet of the German Empire, aided by the representatives of the papal authority, met in vain. His hand had been against every man that was engaged on the side of reigning error, and every such man's hand against him; yet not one of them could touch a hair of his head to his hurt. He lived and died unharmed, not only "in the presence of all his brethren," but in despite of all his enemies. So marvellous is the providence of God; so inexhaustible is his store of means for accomplishing "all his pleasure," and so secure, under all circumstances, is the man over whom the shield of his protection is extended."





Luther praying for Melancthon.



When Melancthon approached the period of his translation to a future world, nothing caused him so much grief as the controversies in the church, and earnestly did he pray, and often, that God would enable his servants—the preachers of the gospel of peace to see eye to eye and fill them with the spirit of peace.

On the day preceding his death, he said to Pencer: “My disease causes me no distress and there is naught besides which renders me uncomfortable. There is but one thing about which I feel much solicitude, and it is that the churches may be united in Christ Jesus.” He added, “When God calls me from this world, I will be delivered from my enemies, who are so full of sophistical hate and lies, in this calamitous period.” Some anxiety having been expressed in consequence of the return of his fever, he said with composure, “I desire to depart and to be with Christ.”

As his end drew nigh, with much fervor, he frequently prayed for the unity of the church in the bonds of peace, and repeated the words, “Christ is made to us of God, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, redemption.” Shortly before his death, when his son-in-law asked him whether he wanted any thing, he replied, “nothing but heaven,” and he went away from earth with humble confidence in God, retaining his faculties to the last, and exhibiting a most edifying spectacle to his relations, the students and Professors of the University, of the grace in which it is the privilege of a good man to die.

The moral courage of these men was remarkable. It was the result of their deep toned piety. If it should be thought that the physical structure of Luther, his natural temperament contributed powerfully to this manifestation, it cannot be thought of Melancthon, whose organization was so differ-

ent. Luther is universally celebrated for his heroism, his whole career shows it, and there were occasions when it gleamed forth in unsurpassed lustre. He could not be deterred from duty by the fear of man. I will go, though dangers the most formidable may thicken around me. Neither the hosts of men nor devils shall divert me from the path of duty. To retract what he believed to be true, he could not consent. Nothing could tempt him to do violence to his conscience. He stood firm, appealing to God and relying on his grace. Fear never mastered his heart, it brought no snare to him. He was brave as a lion and did not flee even though hunted by men. We have already seen how powerless was the opposition of men, how mighty the protection of God. Luther escapes unhurt and dies in peace, unmolested by his foes. In his case did God most signally make the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of it did he restrain.

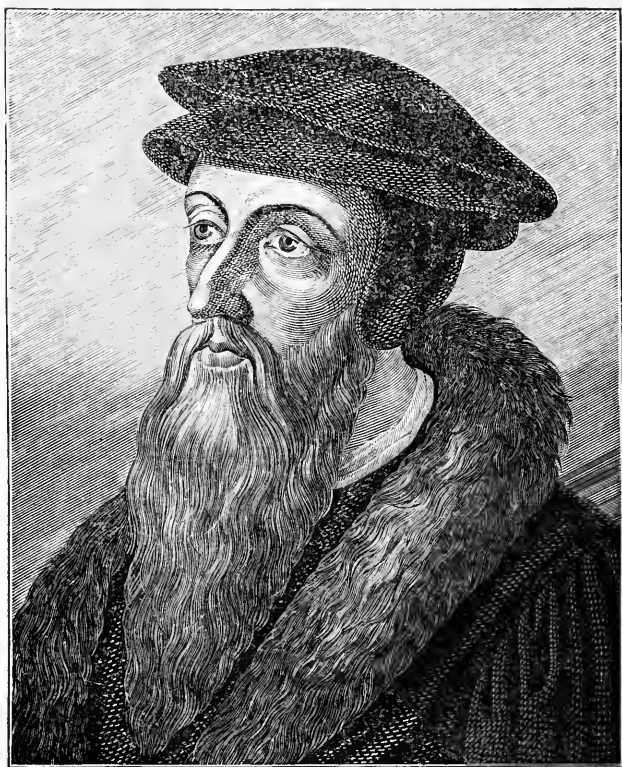
It has not been common to ascribe to the great coadjutor and friend of the greatest of reformers, a high degree of intrepidity. The more prevalent opinion has been that he lacked courage even to the degree necessary for the maintenance of truth. It cannot be denied that the temper of Melancthon was eminently pacific. He was opposed to strife, he longed for the peace of the churches. He desired that brethren should be agreed, that they should walk together in love. That he was ready to make sacrifices for the promotion of unity, we believe, but he was not pusillanimous—ready to give up essentials for any object however desirable. He was not lacking in energy, he was not devoid of courage when they were necessary. On this point, we are willing to permit others to speak. “Historians have applied the term timid to Melancthon with great incaution.”

“The hesitation of Melancthon in deciding upon new subjects, or difficult cases, resulted not so much from timidity as from conscientious scruples of mind. It was not that he feared temporal, but moral consequences.” “Those who are solicitous of forming a correct idea of him, will rather deem it slanderous than descriptive to call him the timid Melancthon.” A very competent judge, deeply read in the history of the Reformation, thus expresses himself on this point: “My impression is, that the fault of Melancthon’s character was not, as it is commonly supposed to have been, timidity, at least in the sense of a hesitation to avow his sentiments, or a dread of personal danger, for many facts demonstrate his bold disregard even of life itself, in the cause which he had undertaken; but rather a morbid fear of doing amiss; a fastidiousness which could never satisfy itself; together with such an excessive and, considering into whose hands the direction of the affairs of the church is really placed, such a superfluous anxiety for its peace and unity, as sometimes exposed him to the danger of making undue sacrifices for this all but invaluable object.”

These men were most laborious in the prosecution of the work assigned them. They worked whilst it was day. Instead of regarding them as indolent, we may rather consider it as difficult to comprehend how they accomplished so much. The solution is found in the fact that, they regarded the present life as the time of action. They looked for rest in another world. They anticipated repose after the toils of life. Of them, it may truly be said, that in labors they were more abundant. They labored not in vain. They had undertaken the regeneration of the church, and it was regenerated. Their influence was felt over the whole of Europe. They gave an impulse to the human mind, which produced

great results whilst they lived, and which has been extending itself from generation to generation—enlightening, emancipating, and purifying the soul. Much of the world's glory, both intellectual and moral, since they lived, has resulted directly or indirectly from their efforts. They were truly benefactors of the human race, and the world may claim them as instruments in the hands of God, of its highest and most permanent good.





Johann Calvin ,

geb: den 10ten Juli: 1509.  
gest: den 27ten Mai 1564.

## JOHN CALVIN.

BY A LUTHERAN.

AMONG the illustrious men, who flourished in the sixteenth century as reformers of the church, John Calvin deserves a most conspicuous rank. The intelligent reader of the history of that eventful era, willingly pauses at the view of this distinguished character, and asks, How did this great man come forth from the hand of the Creator? how was he led and trained to become what he really was, and what influence did his mighty spirit exert on the people by whom he was surrounded, and on the age in which he lived?

All truly great men come forth great from the forming hand of the Creator. Thus also Calvin. He had nothing remarkable in his physical frame. He was of middle height, and of symmetrical structure; he had a pale face of a brownish tint, and brilliant, penetrating eyes, indicative of his discriminating intellect, and in the latter years of his life, in consequence of his protracted ill health, he was extraordinarily lean. Though his external appearance indicated nothing remarkable, yet God had endowed his mind with splendid faculties. A quick apprehension; a sharp discriminating judgment; an expansive, penetrating understanding that at once firmly grasped every subject presented to it; a wonderful memory that never forgot any thing; a pious sternness that even in his youth made him the severe censor of his friends; a pure, moral sensibility; an active love for truth and justice, always associated with an abhorrence of all

unrighteousness, deception and flattery; an invincible courage that feared no danger; a presence of mind that was not easily embarrassed; and an unshaken perseverance in his opinions and purposes—these were the natural gifts from which Calvin's greatness proceeded and which he splendidly developed in his laborious life. With these there was connected an extraordinary industry, which elevated him far above his fellow students even at school in Paris, and which in his subsequent academical years impelled him to such incessant study of the sciences, that he almost wholly denied himself sleep. It was only by such unwearied diligence, united with his great talents, that he could publish in his twenty-seventh year the plan of his principal work, *The Institutes of the Christian Religion*. Although his health suffered much by these indefatigable labors, although subsequently he was always sickly and tormented with various ills, yet his activity continued unflagging nearly to the end of his life.

His quick apprehension, his clear judgment and strong memory, combined with this industry, enabled him to treasure up immense stores of knowledge. He was so well versed in theology, that he was regarded by his hearers as the first divine of the age, and by many he was specifically designated as *The Theologian*. He was thoroughly acquainted with church history, as far as it could be learned from the books of that day and he made a profitable use of it. He was at home in the ancient classics and read the writings of Cicero through every year. He was perfect in Latin, and wrote it more purely and elegantly than most of his contemporaries. He was not so powerful in the Greek, and in a knowledge of this language, he was not to be compared to Melancthon. Of the Hebrew, which at that time was known



to but a moderate number of theologians, and which Luther himself learned only at a late period of his life, he had but a tolerable acquaintance, for the auxiliaries to its study were very rare and few. Hence as an interpreter of the scriptures, he employed himself much more about things, than words; but yet his clear mind and admirable tact often led him to most happy explanations of words. He was a master in philosophy, both ancient and scholastic; and in logic, his equal was not to be found. With history he was familiar, and his writings are rich in historical illustrations and examples. He had studied law profoundly and he often made use of this knowledge in his exegetical and polemical writings, and in his judgments on ecclesiastical and political affairs. As a preacher he was not distinguished by a brilliant oratory; his idea of a sermon was the same as Luther's, that it was not a spiritual oration, but an exposition of the scriptures with practical applications. But in his other writings, he is eloquent and he abounds in profound thought and acute observation. He was opposed to that species of eloquence which consists in mere ornamental words and splendid imagery. He was perhaps the most logical thinker of his day. His thoughts are always systematically arranged and he never swerved from his convictions. His theology was unchangeable. He was in favor of clear conceptions, and hence of definitions and distinctions. His proofs and objections are lucid and stated with great precision; his controversial writings are subtle, dexterous, profoundly and distinctly comprehending the subject.

These intellectual qualities made him the great theologian, the influential teacher and the victorious combatant for the reformation; but the not less distinguished qualities of his heart made him the reformer of morals and of the church.

Faith and action, theory and practice were intimately united in him; the reformation appeared to him only half accomplished, yea, scarcely begun, which only improved the opinions and morals of men. Hence with unconquerable perseverance he insisted on the establishment of church discipline and maintained it amid severe opposition. Although his discriminating judgment was his principal talent, yet he was not merely a logician and controversialist. A really penetrating mind cannot employ itself only about words and dry propositions, but will everywhere observe the connection between faith and action. His first theological writing was a practical one, and in his exegetical works the application of the Bible to human conduct is every where enforced. Hence he severely censures those who have nothing of religion but the name and the confession.

To his profound reverence for God there was naturally associated a reverence for God's word. In this respect he was like Luther. In the maintenance of this divine truth, he shrunk from no danger and feared no opposition. His courage in contending against error and vice and his unshaken perseverance in upholding what was good, had a religious ground and hence were the more immoveable. In the examples of pious men in the holy scriptures, who contended against the corruptions of their times, he found consolation and encouragement in his opposition to the vices of his own day. He most heartily despised the accommodation of divine truth to human prejudice, an ambiguous confession of it and any attempt to reconcile it with error or injustice.

He had no regard for human authority or influence in the affairs of the church. Hence he was not pleased that no one dared to oppose Luther on the renewal of the sacramentarian controversy, for he was convinced that Melancthon

and many others in Saxony were secretly not of Luther's opinion.

He was the irreconcilable enemy of immorality in all its forms and exercised a rigid church discipline in Geneva with equal boldness against the great and small, against senators and citizens. But much as he demanded of others, he was equally severe against himself. His whole character was stern, and yet he was a sociable and pleasant companion. His life was pure, and the universal respect of the intelligent and well disposed, particularly of the city of Geneva, shielded him against the calumnies which his bitter enemies heaped upon him. The people of that city never doubted his attachment to the truth, his patriotism and the unblemished purity of his life. And although like all great spirits, who oppose the vices of men and inflexibly war against error, he did not gain the love of all, yet he forced all to respect him, and the wicked feared him. Like Luther, he was of ardent temperament, but he studied to conquer his resentment. Without indignation against evil there is no real love for good, and without this Calvin would never have effected any thing great. He who cannot hate what is hateful, can neither love what is lovely. Yet he was only violent against the enemies of religion and morality, or those whom he held as such; but forbearing and magnanimous against those who injured him personally. Though he knew that the other ecclesiastics of Geneva took an active part in his banishment from that city; though after his recal he could easily have procured their dismissal from their parishes; though even then they occasioned him much trouble by their secret opposition to the exercise of church discipline, yet he did not avenge himself, but proceeded in his course as though these things were unknown to him. The senate had resolved

to punish a woman for publicly insulting Calvin, but he persuaded that body to release her. He cordially forgave another enemy, Troillet, with whom he had long been in controversy, and rendered him important services until the day of his death. Towards others of his more distinguished opponents, he displayed a laudable moderation. He cheerfully acknowledged the greatness of Luther. For Melancthon he always entertained the most exalted opinion,—he lauded his character in the highest degree, though he was not satisfied with his apparent timidity. In his dedication to his commentary on Daniel, he speaks of Melancthon as “a man worthy the respect of all future ages for his incomparable knowledge of every thing useful, his profound piety and numerous virtues. He superintended a French translation of Melancthon’s principal work (*Loci theologici*) which was a rival of his own “*Institutes*,” and accompanied it (1546) with a highly commendatory preface. He as cheerfully acknowledged the merits of Farel, his coadjutor, and without envying his celebrity, lived in the most intimate friendship with him till his death. It was his desire that Viret should come to Geneva,—he procured the settlement of Beza in that city, and was envious neither of the eloquence of the one, nor of the philological learning of the other.

He severely opposed all sinful amusements, such as cards, dancing assemblies, theatres, extravagance in dress, and luxury, which he regarded as incentives to sensuality. This brought charges of austerity against him, and he thought proper to defend himself in a book which he called “*Excusatio adversus Nicodemitas*.” Even his enemies acknowledged that he was very austere towards himself. He totally denied himself all these enjoyments. He was extraordinarily temperate, partly from principle and partly from necessity

on account of his constant ill health, and frequently abstained from food altogether for thirty-six hours. He attached no value to wealth, and was disinterestedness itself. When he was first settled at Geneva, he served without a salary and supported himself. When two years after, his banishment was announced to him, he could triumphantly say, "if I had served men, I would consider myself badly rewarded; but I serve a higher master, who far from not remunerating his servants, himself gives them that, which he does not owe them." When on his return to Geneva, the people of Strasbourg desired him still to draw the salary he formerly received there, he would not accept of it. On his re-settlement in Geneva, his salary was fifty dollars, twelve measures of grain, two casks of wine and house rent. He would never suffer it to be raised, but afterwards took twenty crowns less, because his ill health would not allow him to discharge his pastoral duties. He resolutely refused a present of twenty-five dollars which the senate desired to make him during long sickness, and solemnly declared he would never ascend the pulpit again, if they forced him to take it. He hence calmly derided the accusation that he was rich and lived in luxury. "My death will show that I am not rich," says he in the preface to his commentary on the Psalms—"if I cannot now while living convince some of the fact. I acknowledge that I am not poor, because I do not desire more than I have." The property he left was scarcely worth any thing, and his circumstances were so well known in Geneva, that a laugh was occasioned when he was accused in the senate by one, of aiming at wealth. He never would exchange his post in Geneva for a more brilliant station. He also took as deep an interest in the welfare of the city, as if he had been a native of it. When a pestilence raged in Ge-

neva in 1542, and no minister would venture into the hospital, Calvin offered his services as spiritual physician to the afflicted. He could scarcely be restrained from it by the most pressing opposition of the senate and the earnest entreaties of his friends. When in 1559, the city was threatened with a siege, and it was fortified by the inhabitants, he cheerfully laid hold and labored, and thus moved professors, pastors, students and others, to follow his example.

It is not to be wondered at, that he could not always master his temper. The times were too troubled,—the controversies in which he engaged were too violent, and his opponents were too intemperate in their reproaches. He was sometimes terribly bitter in his language. He hurled the most opprobrious epithets at his adversaries. In general, he had very little patience with men who differed from him in opinion. Men of penetrating understanding, especially when annoyed by constant ill health, easily become impatient and violent, and then they often presume, that it is not incapacity, but malice, which darkens and confuses that, which is so plain to them. He became strongly excited when men attempted to explain away that which is essential in religion, or to bend it to human infirmity. That indifferentism of later years, which tolerates all sorts of religious opinions and walks forth between foolish superstition and wicked infidelity, saluting each with a friendly bow, was no part of the character of the reformers. With it, Luther and Calvin might have become cardinals, but they never would have been reformers. It was unavoidable that men of such strength of character and superior judgment as Calvin, should govern the spirits by whom they are surrounded. This is called ambition, or lust of power, and Calvin was often thus reproached. He was certainly born to rule, and the habit of

directing others, might gradually, especially if the cause of truth seemed thereby promoted, manifest a gratification at this preponderant influence and occasionally tempt a man to surpass the bounds of moderation. At least the great admirer of Calvin, Beza, found it advisable after Calvin's death, to propose that the president of the meeting of pastors should not retain his office during life, but be elected every year, because, as he added, a man different from Calvin might abuse the influence which the office gave him. His proposition was accepted.

But who would not forgive some infirmities in a man of such distinguished virtues? In men, whom Providence calls to revolutionize their generation, the boundary line between ardor and violence, firmness and obstinacy, energy and imperiousness, cannot be distinctly drawn. The scale, by which ordinary men and events are measured, is not applicable to them, because they are expected to perform extraordinary acts. They are wonder-workers in the intellectual world, whose effects, like miracles in the physical world, transcend that which is common. Hence when the Jesuit Maimbourg in his *Histoire du Calvinisme*, says: "Calvin was the High Priest, or rather the Caliph of Geneva,"—or when he was frequently called "the Genevan Pope,"—all this is only an honorable acknowledgment on the part of his enemies of the immense influence which his talents, piety and energy procured for him.

His influence in the state and church was certainly great; but herein consisted the usefulness of his life. When the illustrious leader of the Swiss Reformation, Zwingli, fell at Kappel, and none of his coadjutors had talent, influence or energy enough to place himself at the head of the sacred cause, and to form a new union point for the struggling

church, then, Providence called Calvin to Geneva. He immediately assumed the lead; he grasped the staff which had fallen from Zwingli's hand, when Zwingli fell on the battle field; he moulded the Swiss church into a solid form and held it together; he made Geneva a pattern not only for Switzerland, but for the Reformed churches of France, Germany and Belgium; his peculiar doctrinal views were embraced in all the confessions of the Reformed church and if his system of church discipline was not every where introduced, it was because it was feasible only in small republican states and could not be carried into practical effect in monarchies or the larger provinces.

But if it be asked how a pastor and teacher of theology in Geneva, a small confederate city, which was far behind the powerful cantons of Switzerland, such as Berne and Zurich, and which was as nothing in comparison with the larger kingdoms of Europe, could secure such immense influence, and could make Geneva the second mother of the Reformed church, even eclipsing Zurich, we must resort to history for the answer. Calvin's intellectual greatness and energy, associated with favorable external circumstances solve the whole matter. Calvin's reputation as a theologian, founded first on his "Institutes of the christian religion" and established on his subsequent writings, was so firm, that students from all quarters, Italy, England, Germany, but especially from France, flocked to Geneva, to hear his lectures. His first banishment from Geneva and his brilliant return, may also have directed the eyes of the world upon him; this increase of students occasioned the establishment of a literary institution at Geneva, which almost exclusively supplied France with ministers, so that Charles IX. formally charged Geneva as being the nursery of heretical teachers



for his kingdom. Just as Luther's views of divine truth were spread abroad in the world by thousands who studied at Wittenberg; so it was with Calvin in the South. Ministers went forth from his school to Switzerland, Germany, France, Holland and England and with his theological opinions also carried home a profound veneration for the man and an ardent preference for his system of church discipline. Calvin himself took part in all the important affairs of the church. He had correspondents in nearly every country. Now he wrote to Poland, to oppose the Anti-trinitarians; then to Bohemia, to give advice solicited by the Moravian brethren; again to England, to promote the Reformation in that country; anon to France, to counsel and console his friends; then to ministers, requesting them to give him an account of their churches and to encourage them to steadfastness; and finally to kings, princes and rulers to gain them over to the cause of the Reformation. He was on terms of close intimacy with the most distinguished ministers of the cause, as Farel, Viret, Peter Martyr, Bullinger and others, and exercised great influence over them. Those who were banished from France, England and Italy, he received most kindly and patronized them to the greatest extent, and in a short time, Geneva, which fortunately bordered on Italy, Germany and France, became the great rendezvous of all, who were banished from these countries for the sake of the gospel. The emigrant Italians were so numerous in Geneva that in 1546 a large church was specially appropriated to their use. The English, banished by the bigoted Mary, formed themselves into a particular congregation. When Elizabeth ascended the throne, they returned to their own country, not without gratitude to the hospitable Genevans, and to Calvin their great protector and patron. The cele-

brated Knox was among them and he transplanted Calvin's system of divinity and discipline into Scotland. There was even a Spanish church constituted in that city. But the French emigrants were particularly numerous. There were many wealthy, intelligent and industrious families of them, who permanently settled in Geneva.

All these strangers heard Calvin; they honored his talents and virtues; they became his pupils; they observed the fruits of his labors in the good order and morality of the city and spread abroad his fame and influence in all countries. Geneva flourished under his influence and became distinguished for virtue, liberty, industry and science. The morals of the people which were loose before, became simple and austere; from them, industry and prosperity sprang forth; a municipal constitution, in the construction of which Calvin took an important part, (for being learned in law, his opinion in political matters was often asked) secured to this small free city a beneficial internal government; Geneva presented to the stranger the pleasing picture of a well ordered city in morals and law, and in the foreground of this picture stood Calvin and the Reformation. Well might the ingenious Montesquieu say, that the Genevans had reason to engrave the day of Calvin's birth and of his arrival among them on their walls. The light, which the Reformation established by Calvin and the academy founded by him, spread over Geneva, became still more resplendant after his death. The sciences, not only theology, but philosophy, history, medicine, natural history, rhetoric and the arts, all flourished in Geneva, and this became one of the most celebrated seats of learning and the muses. There lived, or were educated there, the celebrated Robert and Henry Etienne (Stephens,) Isaac Causabon, James Godefroy, Gabriel

Cramer, John Lewis Calandrini, Abraham and John Trembley, Mallet and Mallet du Pan, Bourrit, Sismondi and those learned families, several members of which elevated the fame of Geneva and were distinguished in the sciences, such as the Tronchins, the Turretins, the Le Clercs, the Spanheims, the Heckers, the Saussures, the Bonnets, the Le Sages, the de Lucs, and the Ochards. And who does not remember that the admirable Le Fort, the friend of Peter the Great and the mighty helper of that monarch in the civilization of Russia, and that John James Rousseau, one of the greatest geniuses of the last century, were Genevans?

It will be conceded then that Calvin, with Luther, Zwingli and Melancthon, deserves one of the most conspicuous places among the great and influential men of the sixteenth century. He can be placed by the side of Luther, without derogating in the least from either of these illustrious men. In intellect, memory, penetration, piety, decision of character, courage, untiring activity and disinterestedness, they were similar. Luther's mind was more original and creative; after an imperfect education in his youth, he worked himself out of monastic darkness into the light, more by the energetic eagle flight of his own spirit, than by the aid of others. Calvin, scientifically instructed by the most distinguished teachers of his times, stepped into that circle of thought which had already been described by Luther, Zwingli and others, and which he altered only in a few places; but he clearly elucidated and systemized the ideas embraced within the circle,—he developed their grounds and proofs so plainly and defended them so ably and perseveringly, that it is easy to conceive he would have come to the same goal of himself. Wherever the clear mental vision of Luther was directed, he apprehended uncommon and original views

of things, often led to an important result by one happy conception, as it were, by the instinct of genius. Calvin came to the same result by profound research and combination of ideas. Luther often apprehended the truth, before he was well acquainted with the proofs; Calvin came to the same conclusion by a consideration of the argument. Like all truly great men, both held in high esteem the talents of others, and Calvin would have respected Luther more if he had been well enough acquainted with the German language to appreciate the writings of Luther in their original energy. Calvin appears to have had no taste for the fine arts; he was neither a poet, nor a lover of music, as Luther and Zwingli were; hence he was surpassed by both in sociableness of disposition, and at least by Luther in raciness of wit and fire of eloquence. Calvin's eloquence proceeded more from a resplendent understanding; Luther's from a heart overflowing with sympathy. Hence he was not like Luther, the orator of the people, but he operated by his refined learning and exemplary morals, more on the cultivated than the vulgar.

Luther was naturally more vehement than Calvin. His powerful corporeal frame, his sensitive feelings and active fancy, sometimes wrought him up to a degree of impetuosity that overwhelmed all obstacles before him. Calvin whose frail body could not endure much agitation, whose fancy never conquered his judgment, tempered his natural fire, and held it subject to his reflection. Luther, brought up among a people whose coarseness he himself paints in the strongest colors, proceeding from the solitude of a monastery and of the study, never refined by the blandishments of society, or by intercourse with the polite and cultivated, sometimes abandoned himself to all the vehemence of his

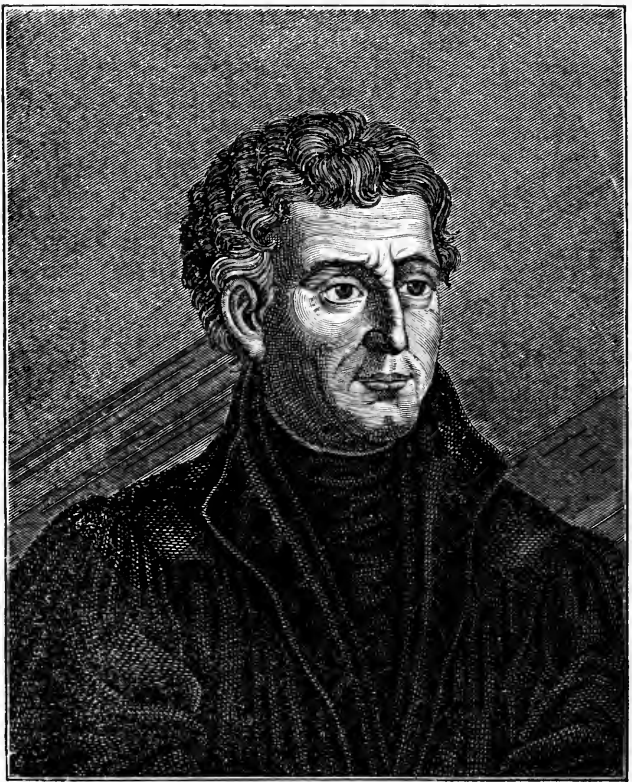
temperament and allowed himself expressions of reproach and ridicule which even that unpolished age considered too coarse. Calvin, educated in a refined metropolis, reared under the influence of cultivated life, accustomed by the study of law to moderation in personalities and to the respect of rank, and polished by intercourse with the world, always restrained himself within certain bounds; at least he never forgot himself as Luther did, though he could not keep himself altogether free from the abusive spirit of the age. Luther was as much a man of feeling as of thought; the liveliness of his feelings, his love for music and poetry, determined him more to cheerfulness than melancholy. He was in the highest degree sociable; a friend of innocent mirth and good humor and the society of his wife and children warmed and softened his heart, when it had become cold and embittered by theological controversy. Calvin thought more than he felt; the innocent recreations of life found in his heart but few accordant strings; his long protracted bodily sufferings determined him more to sternness and gravity than sociableness, to which a childless marriage may have contributed not a little. The courage and decision of both had a deep religious foundation; both showed themselves alike steadfast; Luther against the insurrectionary Anabaptists, and before the Emperor and Diet; Calvin against the rage of the Libertines and before the Senate of Geneva. But there was this difference between them,—Luther's strong sensibility ardently *felt* the unconditional value of truth and righteousness; Calvin's discriminating understanding, with the clearness of sun-light, *perceived* it; Luther was strong by character,—Calvin by reflection.

## L U T H E R .

THIS distinguished man had naturally a sound constitution, which was not easily affected even by his undefatigable industry and almost overwhelming labors. He was of moderate height, full face, and fresh complexion; much labor and abstinence from gross food seemed to suit him best; the least indulgence soon made him sick. He was of lively temperament, was exceedingly fond of music, in which he produced many excellent compositions, and played skillfully on the flute. His voice was penetrating and clear, which rendered him a good *alto* singer in his earlier years. He had an undying love for the truth, an extraordinary power in discovering and defending it. There was an uncommon transparency in his ideas and a singular felicity in expressing them, so that he threw the clearest light on the darkest subjects, and removed the thorns of subtlety as well as the clouds and mist of confusion from all matters which he undertook to illustrate. He had a rare faculty of representing truth in the most vigorous style, showing the very kernel of it in the most palpable manner; a remarkable penetration into the ways of God and the internal connection of things; a heroic resolution to do and suffer every thing for the divine truth; a cheerful readiness to promote every thing useful and necessary and a wonderful fortitude in resisting every thing which could lead him either to the right hand or to the left.

LOESCHER.





**John Keuchlin.**



## JOHN REUCHLIN.

BY JOHN G. MORRIS, D. D.

AMONG the most distinguished of those men who prepared the way for the glorious Reformation, was John Reuchlin. He contributed more to revive in the church the study of the scriptures in the original languages, than any of his cotemporaries, and thus furnished the soldiers of the army of Christ with weapons which had long been locked up.

His extraordinary talents had been cultivated at an early age in the flourishing school of his native village of Pforzheim. His rapid progress in study, his pleasing manners, his sprightly disposition and his remarkably sweet-toned voice, as heard in the church choir, attracted the attention of the Margrave of Baden. This nobleman selected young Reuchlin as a travelling associate for his son, who was about proceeding to the University of Paris. This was in 1473.—Reuchlin accepted the appointment with joy, for Paris was at that time, the most celebrated university of the west. He there enjoyed the instructions of most distinguished Professors in the languages, especially in Greek and Hebrew, and made corresponding progress. He not only learned the languages of Aristotle and Isaiah, but what was more important, he became acquainted with the genuine doctrines of the gospel.

In 1475 while only twenty years of age, he was appointed Professor of Philosophy and Greek and Latin at Basle, and taught with great success. He was encouraged by the best

Greek scholars of that day, for all acknowledged his extraordinary talents.

It was regarded almost a miracle to hear a German speak Greek. Italians only possessed a knowledge of the language, but the wonder increased when in 1487, he published directions for studying the Greek language. He was ridiculed by the monks, who declared that Greek literature was fatal to Roman piety, for the Greeks had always been schismatics.

Reuchlin could not embrace the theological dogmas of the times and resolved to devote himself to the study of law, at the same time however, bending all his energies to the mental illumination of his countrymen.

He returned to France to attend the lectures of celebrated professors of law at Orleans and Poitiers, and supported himself by giving lectures on Greek and Latin literature.

Soon a wider field of operation was opened for him. Eberhard the Honest, of Würtemberg, called him to Tübingen to adorn that newly established university, as well as to add another to the number of illustrious men who were the companions of the prince. Reuchlin, particularly, became his confidential friend. In 1487 Eberhard selected him as his traveling companion to Italy. It was a glorious opportunity for the young professor. He there became acquainted with many of the Greek scholars of the day, and astonished them all with the extent and variety of his attainments. But a more brilliant triumph awaited him in Rome. Eberhard had an audience with the pope,—the whole Roman court was assembled on the occasion,—a magnificent retinue was in waiting. In the presence of this brilliant company, Reuchlin delivered an address in such pure and classical Latin, that all were greatly astonished, expecting nothing of the kind

from a German barbarian, and the pope declared, "this man deserves to be ranked with the best orators of France and Italy." From that time Reuchlin became the daily companion of Eberhard at his palace, his table and on his journies. He consulted him on all the affairs of the state, and employed him in various embassies. During all this time he was improving his knowledge of Greek and Hebrew literature. He gained the good opinion of the Emperor Frederick III. to such a degree that the monarch presented him with a patent of nobility and what was more valuable to Reuchlin, an ancient manuscript Hebrew Bible, which is preserved to this day in the grand ducal library at Carlsruh.

Eberhard, the friend and patron of Reuchlin died, and was succeeded by another, who endeavored to extinguish the light that was beginning to illuminate the world. Reuchlin was obliged to fly, and found a refuge at Heidelberg. He was kindly received by the Elector Philip, and here he successfully exerted himself to diffuse religious and literary light among the people. He contributed greatly to elevate the character of the university and to diffuse a taste for the study of the classics and the Hebrew language.

In 1498 he was sent to Rome on an important mission, but in the midst of his political engagements he did not neglect his literary pursuits. He enjoyed the invaluable instructions of a learned Jew in Hebrew and spent considerable sums of money in the purchase of books and manuscripts, with which he designed to enlighten his countrymen. He also attended the lectures of a celebrated Greek. Reuchlin entered the lecture room accompanied by his diplomatic suite. He saluted the lecturer in Greek. The professor was astonished, and said, "Whence do you come, and do you also understand Greek?" Reuchlin replied, "I am a German,

and am not altogether ignorant of your language." The professor requested him to translate and explain a passage of Thucydides. Reuchlin did so, on which the Greek cried out in grief and amazement, "Our fugitive Greece has wandered over the Alps."

On his return to Germany, he found a different state of things in Würtemberg. His enemies had lost their influence and he was permitted to reside there. He resolved now to devote himself exclusively to literary pursuits, but his immense popularity often occasioned interruptions. His counsel in important affairs of church and state was still sought. But every leisure moment he gave to his favorite pursuits. Now he began those works which were most important to the Reformation. He translated and expounded the Penitential Psalms, he amended the Latin translation of the Bible, called the Vulgate, published a Hebrew and German Grammar and Dictionary; corrected the Hebrew and Greek quotations for a new edition of the Commentaries of Jerome, and wrote a work on Pulpit Eloquence, besides several other books on religious subjects.

But it was by his conduct also that he sought to promote the cause of truth. How can posterity ever forget that it was he, who first directed *Philip Melancthon* in his studies, and pointed out the way that led to his future usefulness and fame. He was the literary counsellor of many noble minded and studious youth, and encouraged them in their literary pursuits by presents of books and condescending attention.

Reuchlin was better adapted for solitary, peaceful study, than for violent, public controversy, and hence it grieved him when he was compelled to enter the arena of polemics. But he did not shrink. Melancthon gives us the occasion of this controversy, which was the following: "At Cologne

there was a baptized Jew, named Pfefferkorn, intimately connected with the inquisitor, Hochstraten. This man told the inquisitor that he could extort from the Jews a considerable sum of money, if he could procure from the Emperor an order, requiring them to bring all their books (the Bible alone excepted) to the town hall of the city in which they resided, there to be publicly burned. The Jews would offer any sum to redeem their books, which Pfefferkorn and Hochstraten might then divide among themselves. The monks gave out that their books were full of blasphemies against Christ, and the Emperor. The Emperor asked Reuchlin his opinion of these books. He, shut up in his study at Stuttgart, did not suspect the motives of the monks. He advised that the grammatical and medical books of the Jews should be saved, and only those which were written against Christ, and which he named, should be destroyed. The Emperor was pleased with the suggestion and the books were restored to the Jews. The inquisitor, like a hungry raven that had lost its prey, became furious with rage. He selected various passages from the writings of Reuchlin, perverted their meaning, accused him of heresy, collected his associates at Mainz and publicly burnt Reuchlin's books. This was the beginning of the war. Reuchlin appealed to the Emperor, to the pope himself, and issued a defence. The pope referred the whole affair to the bishop of Spire; the bishop called in other wise men as judges and they pronounced Reuchlin innocent. The discomfited monks themselves then turned to the pope, but Reuchlin had many friends in Rome as well as in Germany who pleaded his cause. Even Erasmus interceded in his behalf. The opponents of the monks increased every day. The witty Ulrich von Hütten was at their head, and it is supposed that he was

one of the authors of the famous "*Epistolalæ virorum obscurorum*," and soon after "*clarorum virorum*." The monks were exposed to ridicule and thus lost much of their influence. Hochstraten and his associates now raged vehemently, and by their violent measures only injured their own cause. They roused other opponents and the excitement was great. About this time, Tetzels kindled a still more general fire in Saxony and awakened Luther in opposition to his diabolical delusions. Reuchlin's combat with the monks opened the eyes of multitudes, and who will say how far it contributed to inflame the energy of Luther himself? Reuchlin may have anticipated the result, for when he heard of Luther's opposition to Tetzels, he exclaimed, "Thank God, now they have found a man who will keep them so painfully busy, that they will let me, an old man alone!"

About this time he refused an invitation from the Elector to the University of Wittenberg, pleading his old age, (63 years) and recommended Philip Melancthon. After this, political difficulties forced him to fly from his native land and reside among strangers. But he every where found patrons, in the friends of literature and admirers of genius. He at length died in peace in the seventieth year of his age.

Erasmus wrote a dialogue entitled, "*The Apotheosis of Reuchlin*,"—he places him among the saints and gives him a seat immediately beside Jerome. This elevation was due him, for he was one of the first who maintained the importance of studying the scriptures in the original languages, to the theologian. He was the philosophical reformer of his day and demonstrated the absurdity of blindly following the dogmas of the scholastics. He directed the attention of his cotemporaries to the long forgotten models of genuine art and science, as exhibited in the works of Greek and Roman

writers, and thus contributed immeasurably to refine the taste, illuminate the understandings and to correct the theological errors of his age. He put men in the way of arriving at gospel truth, and prepared them for the Reformation. Luther himself wrote to him and said: "The Lord has done this through you, that the true doctrine of the scripture might again begin to breathe in Germany, where for so many centuries it has been, alas! not only oppressed, but extinct."

## LUTHER.

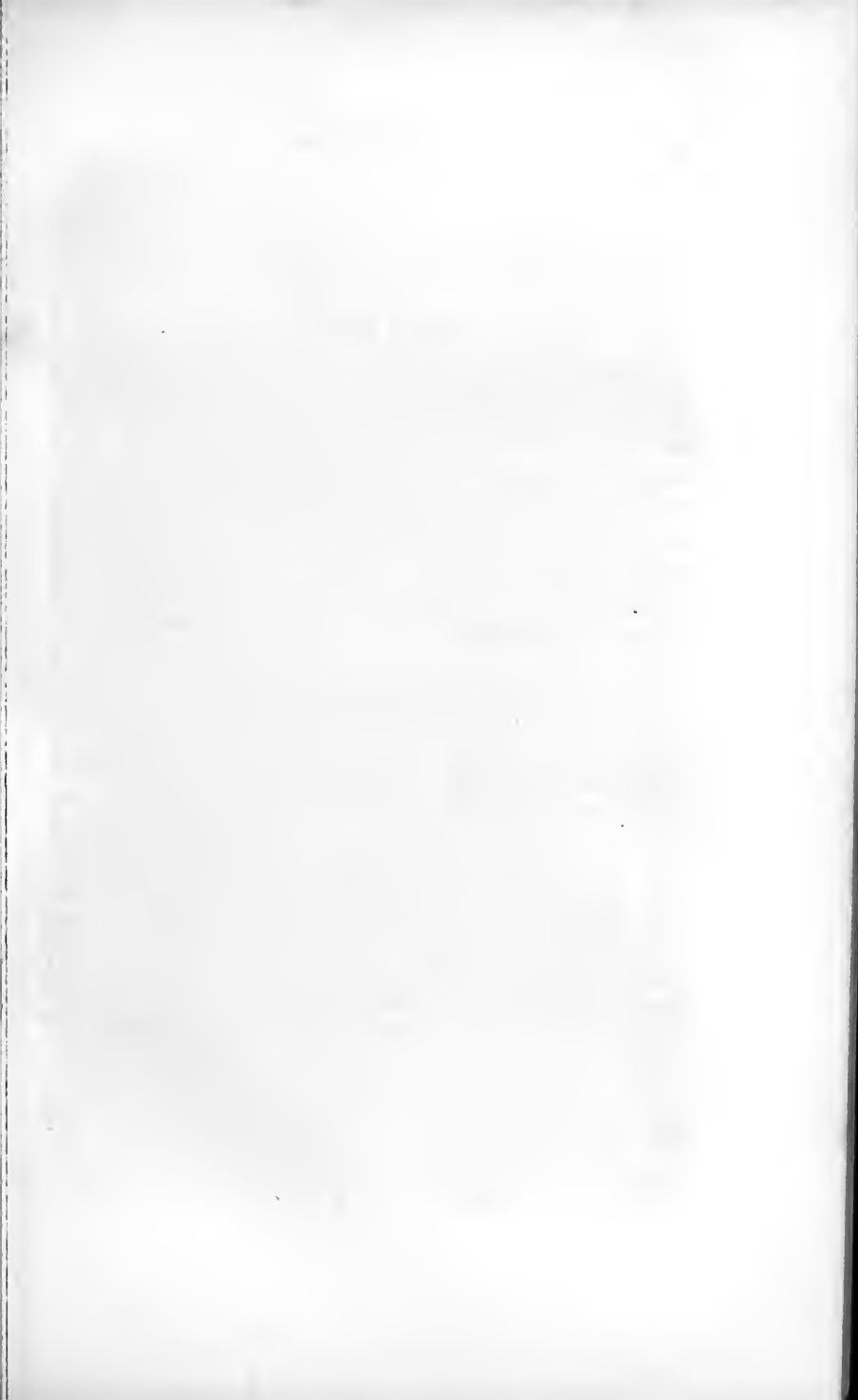
IN 1519, that is, two years after the Reformation began, Mosellanus describes him, "as so lean, in consequence of hard study, that nearly all his bones may be counted. His learning and acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures are incomparable. He never fails for matter in speaking, but has an uncommon fund of subjects and words always ready at hand. In his manners, he is polite and friendly;—there is nothing stoical or haughty about him and suits himself to all classes. In company, he is very affable and agreeable."

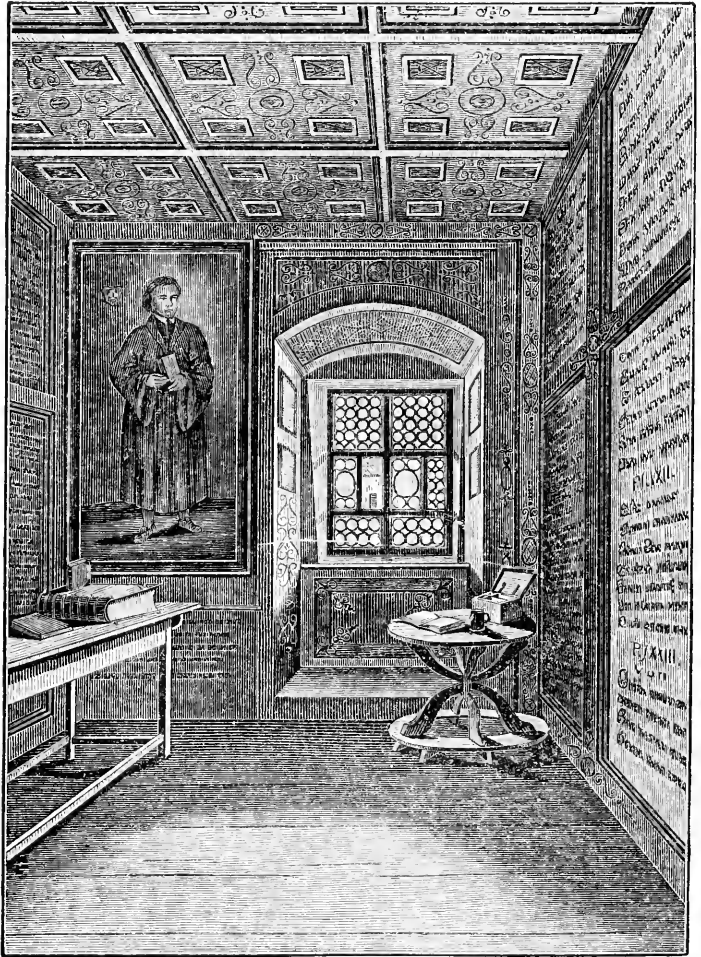
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He had a clear, lively countenance and the eyes of an eagle; his person was handsome; he was a sociable, amiable, sincere, hospitable, good humored man; temperate in all things and said nothing that was useless; he was severe to the obstinate and proud; condescending to the modest. As soon as he was asked the meaning of a passage in the scriptures, he was ready with a reply; when he was asked for advice, it was soon felt who was the counsellor; he was not morose, and frowned on no one who conducted himself properly, but was tender in his answers and mild in all his deportment to such; he sympathized with the weak in understanding and took no advantage of their infirmities; he gave away and loaned money when he had it, freely, and was always ready to serve every man in every possible way.

KEIL.







Luther's Cell.

## LUTHER'S CELL IN ERFURT.

BY J. G. M.

THE ancient monastery of the order of Augustinian monks is a conspicuous edifice in the quiet little city of Erfurt. It is visited by all curious travellers, not for its architectural beauties, nor for its gigantic dimensions, but because it was once the residence of the immortal Luther. When he devoted himself to the monastic life, he entered this monastery. It was on the night of the 19th of August, 1505, when he was twenty-one years and nine months old. He shut himself out from the world, as he thought, forever, and voluntarily submitted to all the austerities of that celebrated order. He occupied a lonely cell, where he agonized and prayed, but his mind was still in darkness, for the way of salvation by the gospel was entirely unknown to him. It is this cell which multitudes of pilgrims now visit, to see where the great master mind of his generation, spent so interesting a period of his eventful life.

Cross the court of the former orphan house,—ascend the steps to the right,—pass the dormitories of the children, and you will enter a high vaulted hall, adjacent to which are the cells of the monks. Advance a few steps, and you stand before a low, old door, marked No. 11, and on a circular plate above it you read the following inscription:

*Cellula divina magnoque habitata Luthero*

*Salve, vix tanto cellula digna viro!*

*Dignus erat Regum qui splendida tecta subiret;*

*Te dedignatus (si non) tamen ille fuit.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup>Hail, little cell, where mighty Luther dwelt!

A home too lowly for so great a mind;

Yet he who might the halls of kings have graced,

Ne'er at thy rude and simple walls repined.

The guide opens the door and then you have the view as represented in the accompanying cut. A portrait as large as life of the distinguished man who once occupied this narrow, dark room, first attracts your attention. There he stands, as though still living and ready to welcome you into his humble abode. But though absent, you feel the influence of his spirit, for that is felt wherever light and human liberty dwell. Near the head of the Reformer, you read the following words by the painter.

MARTINUS LUTHERUS S. Theol. D. natus Islebiæ Anno 1485, ibique in Christo obiit Anno 1546, d. 18 Febr. et Wittenbergiæ sepultus est, ætatis 63.

M. L. Northusianus. p.<sup>1</sup>

Under his feet you read the following Latin verses :

Cur mundus teties affixit dogma Lutheri  
 Verborum stimulis, funibus, igne, rota?  
 Nititur id verbo Christi, quod tempore quovis  
 Per mundum Sathan sic agitare solet.  
 Ast cur non tanta periit vi dogma Lutheri?  
 Vis verbum Christi tollere nulla potest.<sup>2</sup>

On the right, you see an old round table, which probably did not constitute a piece of its furniture in Luther's time. But on this table, you observe a travelling casket and writing apparatus, whose authenticity is established by documents lying beside them. The traveller's register lying open, con-

<sup>1</sup>Martin Luther, Doctor of sacred theology, born at Eisleben in the year 1485,—died in Christ at the same place on the 18th Feb., 1546, and buried at Wittenberg; aged 63. M. L. Northusianus, Painter.

<sup>2</sup>Why thus has Luther's doctrine been pursued  
 By rage of speech, the rope, the fire, the wheel?  
 'Tis that upon Christ's gospel it relies  
 And Satan's anger hence is doomed to feel.  
 But thus opposed has Luther's doctrine failed?  
 No power against the word of Christ has e'er prevailed.

tains many celebrated names; an older one is preserved in a drawer of the table on the other side and thus concludes,

FREDERICK WILLIAM, May 31, 1803.

LOUISA, May 31, 1803.<sup>1</sup>

On the table, the half of which only is visible, lies the old Testament, translated by Luther, folio edition, Wittenberg, 1541. Before the title page of this book, there were several leaves of parchment, on which were biblical texts with explanations written by Luther, Bugenhagen, Melancthon, Creuziger, Jonas and Agathon, and this imparts an uncommon value to this Bible. To preserve these autographs, they were taken out, framed under glass and suspended in the recess on both sides of the window. Those written by Luther and Melancthon are given in a subsequent part of this book, as specimens of their hand writing. The others, which follow, are not less remarkable as specimens of the manner in which these men explained the scriptures.

*Hosea ii. Rom. ix. (26.)*

And it shall come to pass, that in the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not my people, these shall be called the children of the living God.

What have those deserved, who are not the children of God? Hell and hell fire. How do they become the children of the living God? Not by their own merits, but by the grace of God, through Christ the Son of God, who gave himself a sacrifice for us, as Hosea says (i. 11.)

Then shall the children of Judah and the children of Israel be gathered together and appoint themselves one head.

JOHN BUGHENHAGEN, Pom. D.

M. D. XLIII. 5 September.

<sup>1</sup>The King and Queen of Prussia.

*Isaiah xlix. (15.)*

Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.

*Ibidem. (23.)*

And kings shall be thy nursing fathers and their queens thy nursing mothers; they shall bow down to thee with their face towards the earth and lick up the dust of thy feet; and thou shalt know that I am the Lord; for they shall not be ashamed that wait for me.

These are precious promises, that God will not suffer his church, that is christians, who profess his word, ever to be in want, as little as a pious mother will suffer her beloved child to be in want.

He promises also that he will preserve, and defend his little flock on earth, against the rage of the devil and the power and persecution of tyrants,—and that earthly rulers will be converted to nourish and serve the church.

CASPAR CREUZIGER, D.

August 9, 1543.

*Col. ii.*

“Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world and not after Christ, for in him dwelleth all the fulness of the God-head bodily, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.”

Here the apostle shows very plainly what true religion, the genuine service of God, the highest wisdom and pure doctrine are.

Why do not men cling to this and obey the Holy Ghost? What connexion with the church have Satan's council, the pope's decretals, the cardinal's session and procession, the beggarly dogmas of the four orders of monastic beggars, and stupid, monkish dreams and fables, which have so long deluded the world?

JUSTUS JONAS.

*Isaiah liii.*

“Because he hath poured out his soul unto death an offering for sin; he shall see his seed.”

This is a short but excellent sermon. It embraces the principal part of the Messiah's office. It first teaches us that the death of the Messiah was a sacrifice for the sins of the world, therefore without the death of Christ, the sins of men and the punishment of sin cannot be taken away by the merit of works.

Hence after the glorification of Christ, his kingdom, that is, the church collected out of all nations by the gospel ministry shall always endure, as long as the glorified Messiah reigns in heaven. Consequently the rage of Satan, of tyrants and of heretics shall never be able to exterminate this kingdom, that is, the congregation of the faithful in Christ who embrace and maintain the gospel, as is often elsewhere and with particular distinctness declared in Matt. xvi. “The gates of hell, &c., and Ps. cx. Rule thou in the midst of thine enemies.”

To the true and eternal God, our King, our Deliverer and High Priest Jesus Christ, with the Father and Holy Ghost, praise, honor and glory for ever and ever.

PHILIPPUS AGATHON, M.

22d Sep. 1543.

The walls of this cell will be seen to be covered with various passages of scripture, the fundamental doctrines of the Bible, as taught by the Lutheran church, and the principal events in Luther's life. These have all, of course, been inscribed there in modern times.

We cannot leave this cell in which the light of the divine word first broke upon him, without calling to mind his own language about his residence in the monastery. "Truly I was a devout monk and observed the rules of my order so rigidly that I can say, if ever a monk went to heaven by his monastic merits, I should have got there. If it had endured much longer, I should have fallen a martyr to my vigils, prayings, reading and other labors." And when his mind had dispelled the darkness which had so long obscured it, he praised the Providence which had conducted him through this way. For says he, "God led me in that way, that I might learn the wisdom of the schools and the sanctity of the monastic life from experience, that is, by many sins and ungodly works, so that my ungodly enemies might not blame me for condemning those things of which I knew nothing."



## LINES.

BY A DISTINGUISHED DIVINE OF THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH.

O THAT the soul of Luther  
Were on the earth again!  
The mighty soul whose mightier faith  
Burst ancient error's chain.

And flash'd the rays of God's own word  
Through superstition's night,  
Till the church of God that sleeping lay,  
Awoke in Christ's own light.

For there are banded traitors strong,  
Who fain would round us cast,  
The fetters that our fathers wore,  
In those dark ages past.

The church! the church! they loudly boast,  
The cross! the cross! they cry;  
But it is not God's pure church they love,  
Nor the cross of Calvary.

They would knot again the painful scourge,  
And fire the martyr's pile,  
And the simple poor of God's free grace,  
With mystic words beguile.

They would tear the Bible from our hearts,  
And bid us blindly turn,  
From the holy page, and the Spirit's power,  
At the feet of men to learn.

They darken e'en the house of prayer,  
With gothic shadows dim,  
Lest the sun of truth and righteousness,  
Should shine on us from Him.

They open lying legends old,  
And claim their right to rule,  
Through lines of tyrant prelates long,  
From the meek apostle's school.

They stand between us and our God,  
In their robes of bigot-pride,  
And swear that none who serve not them,  
Shall serve the crucified.

O! that the soul of Luther,  
Were on the earth once more,  
And his mighty faith in the word of truth,  
Those floods of light to pour.

For the church, his holy zeal once led  
From worse than Egypt free,  
Is wandering from the GLORY back  
To foul captivity!





Ulrich Zwingli.

geb: den 1ten Jan: 1484.  
gest: den 11ten Oct: 1531.

## ULRIC ZWINGLI,

### THE SWISS REFORMER.

BY LEWIS MAYER, D. D.

AT the same time when Luther appeared in Germany as the restorer of the light of the gospel and of the freedom of thought, an equally devoted champion of holy truth and of the rights of man in sacred things arose in Switzerland. This was Ulric Zwingli, the patriot and the christian; the countryman of William Tell, and the humble disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. Fired by the love of liberty, thirsting for the deliverance of the church and of his country from the corruptions of the times, and animated by the spirit of God for so great an enterprise, he boldly grappled with the tyrant of the age, at whose frown kings had fallen from their thrones, and nations trembled; and, contending for the salvation of millions, who were groaning under the weight and the galling of their chains, he conquered, though he fell, in the fierce encounter. Who, we may ask, is more truly worthy that his memory should be cherished and honored by posterity? Or who has earned a more valid claim to the gratitude of all succeeding times, and of every christian people? Not an Alexander, who rambles up and down the world in quest of fame, and holds in his hand a sword dripping with blood, and spreads desolation and death over the fairest portions of the earth. Not a Napoleon, ruling over prostrate nations, himself ruled over by the lust of power; who leads forth the youth of his country to the slaughter in

foreign lands, depriving old age of its prop and the parent's heart of its consolation, and fills the world with mourning for the past, and with dread of the future. It is another kind of conqueror in a different warfare, the benefactor and not the destroyer of men, that has earned our highest admiration, and deserved our kindest affections. It is Luther, in the work which he wrought and the victory which he won; not for himself, but for his fellow-men; not for his own fame, but for the glory of God. It is the noble-minded Zwingli, who fought like him in the same benevolent cause, and achieved the same kind of victory; whom the Lord took from the herdsmen of Tokenburg, and constituted a light to them that sat in darkness, and a deliverer of his people from a bondage worse than Egyptian. In whatever estimation such men may be held by the men of this world, in heaven they are honored; and when all that the world esteems great shall be remembered no more, and the star of Alexander, and the star of Napoleon, and all the galaxy of illustrious wickedness and folly, shall have set in everlasting night, the names of Luther and Zwingli, and the names of their great compeers, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars of heaven forever.

Ulric Zwingli was born at Wildhaus, one of the loftiest mountain villages of the county of Tokenburg, now included in the canton of St. Gall, on the first day of January, 1484. His parents were Ulric Zwingli, Ammon, or chief-magistrate of the village, and Margaret, of the family of Meili; both descended from ancient and honored progenitors. His paternal uncle was Bartholomew Zwingli, the first pastor of the recently constituted parish of Wildhaus, and from the year 1487, pastor and dean of Wesen on the lake Wallenstädt. His uncle on the maternal side was John Meili, who from

1513 to 1523, bore the dignity of Abbot of the monastery of Fishingen, in the county, now the canton of Thurgau.

Ulric, the third of eight sons, giving early indications of singular talents, was destined, by his pious parents, to learning and the service of the church, and was, for this purpose, placed under the guardianship of his uncle at Wesen. In his tenth year he was sent to the Theodore school at Basel, which was then under the direction of the learned and kind-hearted Gregorius Binzli. In pursuance of the advice of this modest and amiable teacher, he was, in 1527, removed to Bern, where he studied the Latin classics under the tuition of Henry Lupulus, (Wölflein) who had attained much eminence in classic lore and poetic genius. At this institution Zwingli began to form his taste by the exquisite models of antiquity, and to exercise himself in Latin composition. Much of his leisure was devoted to music, both vocal and instrumental. His skill in this art attracted the notice of the Dominican monks, who were exceedingly desirous of possessing one who might become so useful to their convent, and left no means untried to entice him into their fraternity. But as soon as his father and uncle were apprised of these attempts, they removed him from Bern, to preserve him from the polluting society of these unholy friars, who then enjoyed no enviable reputation for virtue, and not long afterwards rendered themselves infamous, all the world over, by the impious imposture of which the simple Jetzer was the wretched victim. From Bern, Zwingli was translated to the University of Vienna, where he studied the philosophy which was there in vogue. After a full course of two years, he returned to the paternal home, but his continuance here was short; his thirst for knowledge soon took him again to Basel, which was then the *Kirjath Sepher* (the city of books

and learning) of Switzerland. Here he obtained the situation of assistant teacher in the school of St. Martin, and was thus enabled to release his father and uncle from the burden of farther expense. He prosecuted his classical studies with order, but now in company with Leo Juda, applied himself principally to theology. His principal instructor in this department, was Thomas Wittenbach, of Biel or Bienne, who came from Tübingen to Basel towards the close of the year 1505. It was by him that Zwingli was taught the true method of interpreting the holy scriptures, and conducted to a purer conception of the christian faith. It was from Wittenbach that he learned to look upon the death of Christ as the only propitiation for sin, and to reject popish indulgences and absolutions. All his subsequent discoveries in theology were the results of this first light that dawned upon his mind.

Although his opportunities at the public schools for the acquisition of knowledge were respectable, his copious stores were chiefly the fruit of his private application; and in the Greek language and literature, with which his acquaintance was both so extensive and profound, he was almost wholly self-taught. In theology he obtained the elementary principles from Wittenbach, but the development of them, in the truth which they involved, and in the consequences to which they led, was at least chiefly, his own.

In 1506 the church of Glarus, in the canton of the same name, having chosen Zwingli their pastor, he received his ordination from the bishop of Constance, to whose diocese the parish belonged, and went first to pay a joyous visit to his parents and the home of his youth, before he entered upon the duties of his sacred office. He preached his first sermon on his way, at Rapperschweil, on the lake of Zurich;



his first mass he celebrated in the church at Wildhaus, amidst the scenes and the friends of his childhood; and from thence he repaired, without delay, to the parish and the flock entrusted to his care. Ten years later he accepted the vicariate of Einsiedeln, the far-famed place of favor, to which pilgrims resorted annually to obtain the pardon of their sins, and to pay their devotions and their offerings to an image of the holy Virgin; and there he proclaimed to the astonished crowd, that Mary was not an advocate in heaven; that her image possessed no virtue; and that forgiveness could be obtained only by faith in Jesus Christ! He labored here until the end of the year 1518, and on the first day of January 1519, he preached his first sermon in the Great Minister in Zurich, and began his eventful ministry in that city and canton.

We shall not here inquire whether Zwingli preceded Luther, or Luther preceded Zwingli, or both were simultaneous, in the discovery of the truth. It is enough to know that the one had not learned from the other, but each was an independent witness, having drawn his doctrine, whether mediately or immediately, from the Holy Scriptures, without knowing what the other was doing; without knowing that the other existed; and each, as the light arose in his mind, separated the truth from error, and the teaching of Christ and his apostles from the spurious additions of their pretended successors.

Although remote from one another, without concert or intercourse, differing in their tastes and habits, living under wholly dissimilar forms of government, and entertaining very different political opinions, they nevertheless, held in religion, substantially the same doctrines, and rejected the same errors; both aimed also at the same end, and both employed

the same means. The inference from these facts is plain : the Bible contains but one and the same doctrinal truth ; the interpretation of the Bible can be safely left to the common principles of exegesis ; and there is no necessity for an authoritative interpreter, a pope, or a council, to tell the church what the Bible teaches.

When Zwingli heard of Luther, and learned what his doctrine was, and when he understood how much Luther's success surpassed his own, so far was he from being mortified by the superiority of a rival, in a field where he might have thought himself without an equal, that instead of giving place to envy, he rejoiced in the higher praise of the Saxon reformer, and sought to make his influence in Switzerland as great as it was in Germany. He not only recommended the writings of Luther to his hearers from the pulpit, but bore also in his works the most honorable testimony to their value and usefulness, and to the great merits of their author. "In my judgment," said he, "Luther is as able a champion of God, and investigates the scriptures with as much earnestness, as any one on earth within a thousand years. I therefore do not at all regard it, when the papists call me with him a heretic. Without derogating from others, I may say, that no one has equalled him, since the papacy exists, in the manly and unshaken courage with which he attacks the pope of Rome. What is contained in the everlasting, unchangeable word of God, he brings out copiously, and shows the heavenly treasure to the poor misguided christians, not regarding what the enemies of God may attempt against it, neither does he care for their frownings and their threats. I have designedly read but little ; but what I have read is so well considered, and so well grounded, that it is impossible to overturn it. In some things he gives way too much to the

weak; in which I am not of his opinion. When Luther preaches Christ, he does it just as I do it; although, God be praised, a countlessly greater number is led to Christ by him than by me and others; to whom God gives their measure, greater or less, according to his pleasure."

Such a testimony, in the circumstances of the case, is equally honorable to both parties. As the character and situation of him that bore it assures us that it was borne because it was merited, so the free award of the honor which is conferred, is a proof of the disinterested sincerity and uprightness of its author. Zwingli's forbearing to read much of Luther's writings, arose therefore, not from any want of a just estimation of their value, nor from any unkind feeling toward the author, but from a higher motive, and from a principle which, in his opinion, was paramount to the pleasure which the reading might afford him. "I have omitted it," said he, "that I might thereby show to all men how uniform the Spirit of God is, since we, so remote from one another, without previous concert, nevertheless preach the doctrine of Christ so unanimously; although I am not to be classed with him, for every one does what God allots to him." An elevated motive, joined with a lofty sentiment and a lovely humility. What shall we say here to the reproach that has been poured upon him in the charge of selfishness, conceited obstinacy, and a proud and haughty bearing? Surely nothing else than, *The Lord rebuke thee, Satan!*

If any thing more were needed to prove the sincerity and kindness of Zwingli's heart, and his pure devotedness to the cause of truth, it would suffice to remind us, that when Luther's situation seemed desperate, when the Emperor's decree of outlawry exposed him to the dagger of every assassin, and the pope's bull of excommunication sanctified any

deed of blood that might be undertaken against him, Zwingli offered to him an asylum in Zurich, and pledged himself to procure for him the senate's protection. That refuge, indeed, was not needed; God protected Luther, and provided for him another place of safety, until the storm and tempest were past, and the great reformer could prosecute his work in his own country unharmed; but not the less worthy is the motive and the kind intention of the man, who opened his door to an unprotected witness of the truth, whom the pope and the emperor had doomed to perdition, while he might justly fear that the wrath which pursued the fugitive would pursue him to his retreat, and might involve them both in the same catastrophe.

So kindly affected was the mind of Zwingli toward Luther, and so friendly was the relation subsisting between the two reformers, until that most deplorable controversy on the Lord's Supper arose, and in its progress alienated the one from the other. We shall not here inquire how this unhappy strife began, nor determine who was most to blame in its origination; but it cannot be concealed, that it proved, most painfully, that both the parties engaged in it were human, and both had sufficient need of that apology: *Humanum est errare*:<sup>1</sup> and the proof is the more humiliating, because all enlightened christians now admit, that the point on which they differed was not essential even to the Lord's Supper, much less to the doctrinal system of christianity. Both revered the ordinance as a permanent institution of Christ; both admitted the elements to be bread and wine; both held that it is the duty of all professing christians to partake of it in remembrance of Christ; and both taught that the true believer only is benefitted by his communion, while the unbelieving

<sup>1</sup> It is human to err.

and ungodly eat and drink for their own condemnation. They differed only on one point, viz. Are the elements mere bread and wine, and only symbols of the body and blood of Christ? or, Are the body and blood of Christ really and essentially present and united with the bread and wine? This was the vexed question, of which Zwingli affirmed the former and Luther held the latter view. In the progress of discussion the Swiss reformer yielded so far as to admit a presence of Christ's body and blood in the ordinance, and a participation of them by the communicant, but qualified this presence and participation by calling them spiritual, and making them apprehensible by faith only. His antagonist yielded nothing. On the contrary, he took higher ground, and to fix the notion of a real, corporeal presence and participation, insisted that the body and blood of Christ are so present with the bread and wine, that they are received together with them by the mouth, and by the unbelieving as well as by the believing communicant. Zwingli declined any farther concession; and upon this question it was, the question, Whether Christ be eaten spiritually or corporeally in the Lord's Supper? that the reformers split, and their followers divided, and formed two distinct and antagonist churches! Three centuries have since passed away; and they have been centuries of unprofitable strife; controversy has raged in all its vehemence and all its bitterness; it has drawn away men's attention and zeal from the substance of christianity to a shadow; from that which sanctifies the heart to that which bewilders and mocks it; it has dissipated love, alienated brethren, fomented jealousy, suspicion and envy, and prevented the mutual recognition of children of God on opposite sides, and in making them better sectarians, has made them worse christians.

The long train of evils which that original breach has introduced into the Protestant church, may be viewed, like the consequences of Adam's sin in Paradise, as the rebuke of God for that first transgression. The sin, however, was not in the difference of opinion, but in the spirit that characterized it. It was a breach of the law of love. As such it struck at the vitals of christianity, undesignedly, indeed, but still it struck there; and through that wound flowed out the life-blood of religion; for what but a ghastly corpse, or a ghastly spectre, is religion without love?

It must be confessed, however, that Zwingli himself was guiltless here. Far from regarding the matter at issue as a fundamental article, and a sufficient cause of excision from church-communion, he freely acknowledged those who differed from him as the Lord's people, and asked no more than, that they should receive him as a christian brother, without demanding, as the price of fraternity, that he should renounce his settled convictions. He sought this by concessions and with tears, but could not obtain it. We learn these facts from a letter of Luther addressed to his friend, Jacob Probst, dated at Coburg, June 1, 1530. Speaking of the result of the conference at Marburg, in 1529, he says: "You see in the articles agreed upon at Marburg, that they have retracted what they had perniciously and poisonously taught in their published books concerning baptism and the use of the sacraments; also concerning the external word and ministry and other things. We retract nothing at all. But when they were vanquished also in the article of the Lord's Supper, they refused to retract, although they saw that they could not sustain themselves; for they were afraid of their own populace, to whom they durst not return, if they had retracted. \* \* \* \* Nevertheless, they promised with

many words, that they would say with us, that the body of Christ is truly present in the Lord's Supper, but spiritually, if we would acknowledge and call them our brethren, and would thus simulate and feign a concord and agreement. Zwingli, indeed, entreated publicly before the Landgrave and the rest, with weeping eyes, and said: 'There are no people on earth with whom I would rather be in union than the Wittenbergers.' With great assiduity and perseverance did they seek to effect that we should consider them as agreeing with us; for which reason they could hardly bear my words, when I said to them, You have another spirit than we have. They burned wholly and entirely as often as they heard such words. Ultimately, however, we conceded as much as is contained in the last article, namely that we would not exclude them from our christian charity. (Which we owe even to an enemy.) It troubled them much that they could not obtain from us the name of brethren, and were obliged to go away as heretics; yet so that we would be at peace as to public controversial writings, if peradventure, God would open their hearts."

The most sincere admirer of Luther must admit that he erred here, and erred very seriously, and must wish that he had entertained other views, and reciprocated the kind feelings of his generous opponent. He was, however, sincere; and if he could have seen his peculiar tenet in the light in which all his intelligent and pious followers now view it, it would not have needed Zwingli's entreaties, nor his tears to persuade him to embrace that reformer most cordially as a christian brother. His life is a proof that he was governed in all his acts by a conscientious regard to the authority of truth and of the will of God. Neither was he so narrow-minded as to put the mark of heresy on every error, and to

pronounce a sentence of damnation upon him that held it. Of his liberality, his judgment concerning ceremonies, and his indulgence toward those who were weak in knowledge, are sufficient proofs. But the rejection of his doctrine of the real presence and oral participation of Christ's body in the eucharistic supper, appeared to him a vital error, which affected not that ordinance only, but the whole system of christianity, and was utterly incompatible with true faith and piety. He was most fully convinced that the words of institution, *This is my body, &c.*, could have no other than the sense which he assigned them, and that to reject that sense, was to deny the truth of the words, and to make Christ himself a liar. Against this all his soul revolted; he regarded it with pious horror; he saw in it, as he thought, an impeachment of the character of Christ and of the faithfulness of God, and consequently, downright blasphemy. Hence he considered Zwingli and his associates unbelievers and blasphemers, and was persuaded that they were leading their followers, together with themselves, to eternal perdition; and when he said to them at Marburg: "You have another spirit than we have," he meant, and was understood to mean, that their spirit was the wicked one. All Zwingli's protestations, all his virtues and labors, and all his orthodoxy in other articles, availed him nothing; this one fatal error vitiated them all, and proved them all to be mere semblance and false show. Such, indeed, was the fulness of Luther's conviction on this point, and so clear was the proof of it to his own mind, that he thought it impossible that his opponents could sincerely believe the contrary; and he, consequently, viewed them as hypocrites who were self-condemned, and wilfully persisted in known error. However we may deplore these opinions of the great reformer, they



were, nevertheless, his real opinions: and entertaining them, as he did, his very piety forbade him to have communion with such men, or even to listen with any patience to their offers of brotherhood, or to their explanations and arguments in support of their claim to that endearing relation.

What a lesson do these facts administer to us! How solemnly do they admonish us to exercise forbearance and charity toward those who dissent from us in their religious belief; to suspect our own judgment, when theirs is different; to look rather at the fruits of their faith, than at their peculiar tenets; and to judge of their relation to God, and of their claim to our love, not by the accordance of their creed with our own, but by the evidence they give of a sanctified heart and a holy life! Neither should we hastily pronounce an opinion essential, or even important, to salvation, when those who receive it and those who reject it differ little or nothing in the virtues that constitute the christian character. Holiness is the end at which all true religion aims. Knowledge, and faith, and every thing else, is of value chiefly as a means to this end. Whatever is essential or important to the attainment of holiness, is essential or important to the faith of a christian. But the connection of a particular faith with holiness is not so much a matter of speculation as of experience; and the trueness of the former must not be judged by the agreement of a man's belief with a human standard, but by the conformity of his life to the law of God: *By their fruits ye shall know them.* Matt. vii, 20.

Long before the renewal of this unhappy controversy, which was suspended after the conference at Marburg, Zwingli slept with the pious dead, undisturbed by the noise of fierce contention, and unhurt by the reproaches that fell

upon his name from those that hated him. He fell at Cappel, by the sword of the Papists, on the eleventh of October, 1531, in the disastrous battle, in which his country suffered a fearful overthrow, and many of her best citizens pressed the earth and expired in their blood. He has been censured for taking up arms and entering the field of battle. But in this act he only obeyed the law of the state, which made it the duty of the ministers of religion to do so: and in obedience to the same law many others were present also; and not less than fourteen of them shared with him the same fate. But these spiritual guides joined the army not as soldiers, but as chaplains; not to fight in the ranks, but to counsel and comfort their people in the hour of danger: they were armed, indeed; but this was for defence, and not for aggression.

It is unnecessary here to explain how this war arose. Suffice it to say, that Zurich, having two years before coerced her enemy into a treaty which secured religious liberty in all the states of the confederacy, was reposing in the confidence of her strength, unprepared for a hostile invasion, and disregarded the warnings she received of warlike preparations among the papists for open violence; when, suddenly, the five cantons, Luzern, Uri, Schweitz, Zug and Unterwalden, took the field with a well-appointed army of eight thousand men. This sudden danger, coming like peals of thunder in a clear sky, filled Zurich with consternation; a panic seized upon the government and the people; doubt and indecision marked all their acts; one order conflicted with another; and treason, previously ready, was busy to increase the confusion; in a word, Zurich was betrayed into the hands of her enemy. An advanced guard was despatched on the tenth of the month to occupy the heights of Cap-

pel. Lavater, the commander in chief, arriving in haste, urged that the alarm be instantly rung and the country raised en masse to meet the foe; but the senate were divided, and lost the time in useless debate. Late in the evening the tocsin began to ring, and was answered from village to village, and from one parish to another, as they caught the sound, until it broke the stillness of night in a continuous din throughout the entire canton; but, while the darkness gave solemnity and awe to the sound, treachery added terror by false tidings; and, instead of calling forth soldiers for defence, it rather spread dismay. The morning came, and no army was collected. It was noon before the standard could move from the city; and it moved then with only seven hundred men, many of whom were advanced in years. Zwingli foresaw the fatal issue. He followed the standard, in obedience to the senate's command; but he followed it full of sad forebodings, and with a strong impression that he was destined never to return. On the way he withdrew once and again to pour out his feelings in solitary prayer, and to commend his cause and his country to the gracious Providence of God. As they pressed forward, in a forced march, over the steep and rugged mount Albis, the report of cannon apprised them that the advanced guard were engaged, and courier after courier arrived to hasten their speed. They redoubled their exertions to succour their suffering brethren; but the effort was above their strength; many of the aged and heavy-armed dropped exhausted on the way, and the artillery, dragging too heavily, was left behind. Some of the officers now proposed a retreat, despairing of success in a conflict, with a handful of men already exhausted, against an enemy so superior in numbers, and prepared for battle in the freshness of his strength. But others thought it wrong

and ignoble to abandon their brethren who were attacked and in distress. Among these was Zwingli, who remarked: "As for me, I will go to the brave men, and will help to save them, or die with them." A generous sentiment; but a fatal resolution. Arriving near the scene of action, where the advanced guard still nobly held out against fearful odds, the troops were formed in order of battle. In the first line stood the banner of Zurich, and near it was Zwingli, on horseback, silent and thoughtful, except that he once inquired, which way the enemy was coming. Not far from him was his friend, John Haller, pastor of Bülach. Haller accosted him: "Master, Zwingli, speak to the people that they be cheerful and brave." Zwingli replied: "Companion John, we will all be cheerful and upright, and commit our cause to God." Then turning to those who were near enough to hear him, he said: "Upright men, be courageous, and fear not. Though we suffer, our cause is good. Commit yourselves to God. He can take care of us and of our people. May God preside!" He was in no frame of mind for a lengthy address, and could not belie his feelings. He anticipated a defeat, unless God would prevent it by some extraordinary interposition, which he scarcely hoped for. He was confident, however, that, whatever the issue of this conflict might be, God would protect his own cause, and the truth would ultimately triumph. To the will of God his own was resigned. In that resignation he found rest for his soul amidst the disturbance and confusion that prevailed without; and, unable to inspire confidence of success where he himself had none, his chief concern was now to direct those whom he loved to the only fountain from which his own comfort could be drawn.

While he thus awaited the near event, and the troops were making their disposition for battle, when they had scarcely begun to breathe more freely, and before they could recover from their exhaustion, a furious attack was made upon their position. The feeble army, fiercely assailed at different points, soon gave way, and a total rout ensued; but treachery and cowardice combined with other causes to ensure the diaster. The standard was hardly saved. Many of its brave defenders fell around it covered with wounds, and breathed no more. Among the fallen was Zwingli. Struck by a stone, he fell to the ground and rose again thrice in succession. A spear then pierced him, and he sunk upon his knees, and exclaimed: "What calamity then is this? Well, they may kill the body, but the soul they cannot kill." These were the last of his words that were heard. He was left upon the field, bleeding at a mortal wound, while the banner, sorely pressed, was hastily borne away. When the victors came to spoil the dead, they found him in the midst of the slain, near the place where the battle had raged, lying upon his back, his hands folded upon his breast, his eyes turned towards heaven, and his lips moving silently in prayer. Without knowing him, they inquired whether he would have a priest to confess him. He shook his head as a sign of negation. Perceiving that he could not speak, and consequently could not confess, they exhorted him to lift up his heart to Mary and the saints imploring their intercession. He again shook his head, and continued looking with unaverted eyes toward heaven. Enraged at what they esteemed an obstinate impiety, they now overwhelmed him with curses, as a hardened heretic, who was unworthy of compassion; and an officer just arriving at the spot, overcome with wrath, thrust his sword under the dying sufferer's chin,

and inflicted a wound that terminated his life. On the second day after the battle, when his body was recognized, it was dragged upon a burning pile and consumed, and the ashes were gathered, and, with mingled anathemas, scattered to the winds.

Thus died Ulric Zwingli, in the forty-eighth year of his age, in the full maturity of his powers, and in the midst of his usefulness to the church and to mankind. Though the work was not yet completed, his own task was done; and the servant of God was called home to his rest and his reward. But his country mourned; his friends wept many tears; his bosom friend, Oecolampadius, unable to bear so great a bereavement, died soon afterward of a broken heart; and Luther, believing that he had perished, because he had left the world in a fatal error, even Luther wept; and so intense was his grief, that he was himself brought nigh to the gate of death! Zwingli always esteemed Luther a man of God. Luther has doubtless since learned that Zwingli was the same; and what pious christian does not believe that Luther and Zwingli have long since embraced one another as brethren, and have recognized in each other a child of God and an heir of the same blissful inheritance in heaven? We leave them where they rest; and while their faults are observed as beacons that warn us of danger, let their virtues and their services be held in grateful remembrance; and let the precious possession for which they toiled and suffered, the light of truth which they restored from its concealment, the liberty of conscience and the freedom of thought, be justly appreciated, and rightly used, lest God in his judgment take them from us, and leave us again to darkness and bondage.





Erasmus von Rotterdam.

geb: den 28 ten Oct: 1467.  
gest: den 12 ten Juli: 1536.



## ERASMUS.

BY THE REV. AUGUSTUS WEBSTER.

GREAT results often ensue causes apparently small and insufficient. Who could have supposed, that from the dishonor and destitution which alone seemed to distinguish the infant Gerard, would arise the illustrious Erasmus, illuminating the world with the splendor of his genius! But such are the ways of God. From the sheep cote must be taken the youth, who is to supplant the dynasty of Saul, and introduce a line of kings extending to the Messiah; and from the wrecked honor of the deceived maid of Sevenbergen, comes forth the day spring of a Reformation, whose glory will gleam forth to the advent of eternity.

Gerard was named after his father, a native of Tergau, who became enamored of a lady, the daughter of a physician, whom he intended to marry; but having been deceived by a report of her death, he precipitately took orders in the church, and bound himself to celibacy. The young illegitimate was much cared for by his parents, and soon gave promise of rare ability. An exquisite voice occasioned him to be employed as chorister in the Cathedral of Utrecht, when but little more than four years of age; and in his ninth year he was entered at school in Daventer, where he advanced so rapidly in literature, that he was ere long familiar with the principal classic writers. He afterwards pursued his studies at Paris, struggling with poverty, but overcoming that and every obstacle by his amazing genius and perseverance. In

1497, being about 30 years old, he was invited to England, where he was much caressed; though still very poor, and compelled to spend much of his time, in reading lectures to young students, for his support.

In 1507, he went to Italy, to take a doctor's degree, and received great attention. Afterwards he revisited England, was the favorite of the king, and his principal courtiers, and was promoted to distinguished posts at Cambridge. Other honors awaited him in other lands, and his glory was unrivalled until it faded away in the superior brilliance of the sun of Saxony. Erasmus, for this was his Greek name, it being fashionable then to translate one's name into the Greek tongue, disappeared before the effulgence of Luther; for he had performed his part; he was but to prepare the way for the monk of Erfurt; and having done this, he was laid aside by the hand which had used him. God had fitted him for his purpose, and, though himself had been unconscious of it, had used him to awaken the world from the lethargy of popery, and prepare it for the instructions and exhortations necessary to its deliverance from ignorance and superstition; but he had not been fitted for further service; this was Luther's part; and Erasmus with his prodigious learning, his unequalled wit, his resistless raillery, shrunk away from the stage on which he had performed his part; and heard the world shake with thunders of applause to one, whose infancy and inexperience were far beyond the age and wisdom of the eclipsed and mortified "prince of letters."

But the fame of Erasmus will recover what Erasmus himself lost in the glare of Luther's glory. It has been seen clearly that he performed his part; that Luther could not have accomplished what he did; and was as unfit to begin the Reformation, as Erasmus was to carry it on. If he

knew not what God was doing with him, and therefore merits no thanks from the millions recovered from the terrible powers of the papacy; the same may be said of Luther; neither the one, nor the other knew the sequences of their writings or sermons; God had appointed them their parts in the drama, but he had kept the results with himself; he alone knew what was really to be done by the puny dishonored boy of Sevenbergen, or by the humble son of the poor peasant of Mœhra. His cotemporaries esteemed him as obscured by the talents of Luther, and as deprived of all his honors and dues by the powerful hand, which had grappled with and overcome the foe, which Erasmus had only ventured to discover. But it was not so. This great genius was as necessary to the Reformation as the Saxon was, and having been fitted for a special purpose, he accomplished it, and passed away. When the Spring has warmed the earth, and budded the rose tree, its office is done; it flits away on its odor wings, and Summer comes to open the painted petals, and give to us the full blown rose. But shall we forget the Spring? Shall we retain no remembrance of the gentle warmth that persuaded away the uncouth ice, and called out the timid herbage from the caves, to which the hoarse voice of Winter had frightened it, and encouraged the sweet birds to come back to us, and sing to us the coming of milder air and brighter doings? Erasmus was the Spring of the Reformation.

Let us listen to the voice of a papist. "Erasmus was the man of his time. When he appeared, the human mind lay dormant in a deep lethargy, from which it made no effort to arise. Erasmus wished to rouse it; but calmly and without violence. Scholasticism was then predominant in the convent, under the shadow of Aristotle's great name. It requir-

ed a revolution to dethrone it, and Erasmus first attempted it." Such was the condition of the world. Aristotle had superseded the apostles; asceticism, with its stagnation and pestilence, had taken the place of the active and efficacious ministry of the gospel. Priests were chattering Latin, and crucifying Christ afresh in the mass, instead of expounding the scriptures, and preaching Him as "once offered to bear the sins of many." The scandals of monkery were such, that they allowed ignorance, libertinism, arrogance and literary vanity, a hatred of improvement and an adherence to prejudices, corpulency and hypocrisy, gluttony and superstition, all to be personified in a monk!" Such was monkery.

The pope Julius II. "who," according to the learned and eloquent Jesuit, before quoted, "manœuvred on horseback with his glittering armor; who marched, surrounded by soldiers and archers; and who, instead of excommunicating his enemies, buckled on his sword and cuirass to beat them like a soldier," was in the papal chair, just vacated by Pius III., and by the monster Alexander VI., when Erasmus obtained his doctorate at Rome; and presently the same chair received the brilliant Leo X. who encouraged painters, poets, architects, and scandalous traders in indulgencies; but who was so far from any regard for the religion of Christ, that he endeavored to extinguish the out-gleamings of its revival, by the blood of him who dared to blow up the flames of the smouldering pile. He could fill Rome with poetry, flowers, wine, and rejoicing at the exhumation of statues; but had nothing but death-frost for the lips that would speak of the mediation of Jesus, and the power of faith, rather than of the glory of the marble Lucretia, or of the writhing Laocoon.

The saints had taken the place of the Mediator, the destinies of men were committed to their hands, and the prayers of the needy were poured into their ears.

“Quid actum est de Dominicano?”

Is, ut idem narrabat, implorata ope divorum, abjectis vestibus, commisit se nudum natationi.

Quos divos invocabat?

Dominicum, Thomam, Vincentium, sed confidebat imprimis Catharinae Lenensi.

Christus non veniebat illi in mentem?

Ita sacrificus narrabat.”

The darkness of the church's night was thick, and it drew near to the dawning of the lingering day. Cold winter reigned. Abroad, the eye saw snows, and leafless forrests. An evergreen stood here and there, rendering the general desolation more marked and terrible. The few flowers and plants that lived and bloomed, were in pots, abducted from the frosty air, and protected with care from the unsparing influence of the season. Sometimes in a convent, occasionally in episcopal palaces, in the hut of the peasant, at a university, or the house of the burgher, the plants of the Lord were preserved. But the Spring was near. The time had come. Erasmus poured his beams upon the gloom, which retired slowly, until men began to see some glimpses of human rights, and religious privileges and duties: he diffused the warmth of his genius, and the reign of Winter was threatened, the icy sceptre presently melted away, and the emancipated streams of thought murmured the first songs of liberty. Mind was awake. The human heart grew green with its reviving verdure. The Rose of Sharon pushed forth from its twigs the buds of promise. Was not this much for one man to have accomplished? Strip not, then,

the crown of freeman's gratitude from the brow of Erasmus.

That this great man had his infirmities, that they were numerous, humiliating, not sufficiently guarded against, none will deny. He was but a man. For the benefit of mankind, which is of more importance than the fame of any one of the race, we will not even implore the grave to throw over them its oblivious mantle. Let them be seen: not to his shame, but to our instruction. What if he was timid; over prudent, fearful of tumult and revenge? It was best for him to have been so. His very infirmities were of moment to the work assigned him. None other than a cautious, mild, and timid scholar could have opened the dawn of the Reformation. God never brings about his gracious designs save in a slow, and gradual manner. Were the mid-day effulgence to succeed midnight blackness in an instant, the world would be *blinded*, not *enlightened*, cursed and not blessed. The light comes tardily, increasing by little and little, presently awakening the world from slumber, and calling it forth to activity and enjoyment. The polished literature, the elegant wit, the exquisite raillery of Erasmus, answered the divine purpose; and truth diffused itself through the errors of the times in the most certain and beneficial manner. If he had lifted up the veil from before the scandalous practices of a sanctimonious celibacy, he could say to the startled beholder, "Sunt homines, et erat humanus lapsus!" He had never a desire to proceed to extremes.

Men, however, were more influenced by his pen than he had anticipated. He had aroused them from their stupor, but he had not troubled himself about what an awakened world might do, with its eyes unsealed by slumber, and the energies of its arm released from their drowsy chain. God

foresaw : God alone foresaw what disenthralled humanity would attempt and achieve : and he knew also, that he who had filed off the chain had neither courage nor ability to reunite the disparted link.

It was well for the Reformation that Erasmus was timid, apprehensive of danger, slow to encounter an adversary. "When he was in the culminating point of his glory and talents," continues our Jesuit, "there was then but one arbiter of public opinion, and that was Erasmus. One is astonished to read in his correspondence, how popes and princes besought him to undertake the defence of Catholicism, and try his strength with Luther. To reward his courage, popes spoke of plenary indulgencies, and even of the Roman purple ; kings of brilliant titles." *Te obsecro, atque obtestor, Erasme, imo vero te orat atque obtestatur ecclesia, ut cum hac hydria tandem congregiare. Aude tantum et orbis tibi spondet victoriam.*" So wrote the bishop of London to the hesitating champion of the papacy. "The report was at length circulated through Europe, that the philosopher was about to write against the new doctrines. Erasmus asked of the pope's Nuncio permission to read Luther's writings, and a brief was obtained to that effect. The Catholics raised a shout of exultation. Erasmus was complimented on his future triumphs ; his glory and his magnanimity were chaunted in prose and poetry."

Of all the champions of Rome, this was the only one who could close in combat with the Augustinian monk, with any prospect of escape from his muscular and powerful arm. The pride of learning, popery, and despotism ; armed by the superstition and terrors of a deceived and infuriated church ; cheered on by the plaudits and promises of earth's greatest dignitaries, with the advantage of all his unequalled

fame and influence; what had he to fear from an anathematised and off-cast heretic, a man cursed of the Holy Pontiff, the omnipotent Vicar of Christ, and hateful to the haughty representative of the Cæsars! Could Luther have hoped for escape with such odds against him? A lone monk, single handed, among whose friends were feeble hearts, and weaponless hands, to meet the giant of the times, having the vantage ground, and seconded by all the potentates of Christendom; what could have saved him from defeat and ruin? But with all this superiority, Erasmus hesitated; his courage was insufficient; he delayed his attack; Luther had time to fill all Germany with his popular literature; he gained the hearts of the common people; fortified himself at his leisure; and when at length, Erasmus advanced to the encounter, his blows fell on Luther as the breeze smites against the Alps; and the world resounded with laughter at his imbecility. The *HYPERASPITES* was but a viper, whose hissings were hushed in its harmless throat by a blow of ridicule.

If Erasmus was not courageous enough to help on with the Reformation, neither had he sufficient bravery to check its progress. He dreaded revolution. It was easy for such a mind to foresee the agitations, divisions, and troubles which a thorough reformation would bring about. He knew, that when reformers should have succeeded against the pope, it would be difficult to discriminate between liberty and licentiousness, and that the same principle which should strike down the tiara, would uncrown the head of despotism; and what would be the end of the liberation of intellect and conscience was more than he could calculate, far more than he was willing to hazard. It occupied his observation, that such are social laws, that all social indolence and iniquity must occasion social ill and punishment; and therefore, as



Christendom had allowed the errors and vices of popery to possess the dominion of Christ and piety, it well merited the scourging of a reformation. Was it not strange that he could not understand, that stagnant putrid water is more offensive and deadly than that which is fumed up into vapor, and accumulated into the dark, rushing thunder-cloud, whose roar shakes the astonished welkin, and whose lightnings shiver the cedars of Lebanon, or strike into the dust the habitations of man? The storm-stirred air is the more salubrious. The pestilent lake of stagnant papacy had filled Christendom with Malaria; piety shivered under the chill of the endemic; and a feverish superstition wasted away enfeebled charity by its slow, consuming fires. Humanity cast its drooping eye toward heaven. It was filled with the vapors generated by the Reformation. The clouds were thickening; muttering thunder alarmed the apprehensive; the glare of the lightning was terrible. On rushed the tempest!

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Could Erasmus come forth now from the tomb, which Basle gave him in its solemn cathedral, he would find the world in better health, and he would have but little dread of the cloud which seems to be gathering again, portentous of another storm. But he cannot rise from his cold and dreamless pillow. His ear, senseless alike to the reproaches of enemies, or the praises of friends, shall hear nothing until the clangor of the last trump shall break the long silence of his sepulchre. Then shall he come forth, and behold how the tangled mysteries of time will look in the light of eternity. With amazement will the greatest scholar of his day see that he knew nothing; that he was but an instrument of Providence; that his weaknesses as well as his strength subserved the purpose divine; and that it was far better that

he had to endure the loss of intellectual supremacy, and to die in neglect; than that he had been permitted to extinguish a light which has shed liberty and joy into so many hearts, and which yet burns so brightly in the moral firmament.

It was well for the world that this great man lived when he did, and was what he was. God's ways are right. Pitying our wretched race, he devises and executes his beneficent purposes according to his own unerring wisdom. Were the reformers dissatisfied that the splendid Desiderius, for so was he also called, was fickle, and frightened from their ranks? Behold the wisdom of God! This reed was taken from the hand of his own cause, and put into the clutching hand of the papacy. What then? Rome leaned on it, and it broke! If Erasmus had been true to the Reform, he could not have been selected the champion of popery. But he obtained the election; the hosts of Rome stood still in the confidence of his easy and speedy triumph; Luther had time to do his appointed work, and the Bible went forth again to instruct and save mankind. So wise is God!

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Luther burning the Pope's Bull.

## LUTHER BURNING THE POPE'S BULL.

BY A. A. MULLER, D. D.

“On the 10th December, A. D. 1520, a placard was affixed to the walls of the University of Wittenberg. It contained an invitation to the professors and students to repair at the hour of nine in the morning to the East gate beside the Holy Cross. A scaffold had already been erected. One of the oldest among the Masters of Arts soon set fire to it. As the flames arose Luther drew nigh, and cast into the midst of them the Canon law, the Decretals, the Clementines, the Extravagants of the popes, &c. When these books had been reduced to ashes, Luther took the Pope's Bull in his hand, held it up and said aloud ‘since thou hast afflicted the Lord's Holy One, may fire unquenchable afflict and consume thee!’ and thereupon he threw it into the flames.”—*D'Aubigne's Hist. of Refor.*

'Twas morn at Wittenberg—December's sky  
Threw it's dim veil along the mountain's side :  
A thousand vapours from the waveless stream  
Wreath'd forth in graceful majesty their forms ;  
And towering far above the huge grey rocks,  
Mingled their shadows in the far-off clouds.  
The morning sun yet struggling through the dews  
That veil'd his radiance from the frozen earth,  
Seem'd like some lurid globe of fire, pent up  
In misty clouds, where ever and anon,  
His shafts of light, pierc'd through each opening arch,

Where the blue heavens received his orient glance,  
And hail'd him victor of the rising morn!  
That sun hath brought to thee, fam'd Wittenberg,  
City of scholars, and yet blest with all  
That wisdom, worth and virtue can bestow,  
A day of triumph for thy Saxon name.  
A mighty mind rich with the spoils of lore,  
Firm in its purpose and by truth sustained,  
Hath mark'd th' auspicious hour and mandate giv'n,  
T' efface the symbol of a tyrant's power,  
And in that liberty decreed by heav'n,  
To own no sovereign but the King of kings.  
And see beside the eastern gate, the throng  
Have gather'd, in bright array there comes  
The lengthen'd train of scholars, priests, and men,  
Wending their footsteps towards the Holy Cross.  
And who is he the foremost of the train,  
Clad in the monkish vestments of his day?  
Firm in his footstep—noble in his mien:  
With lofty spirit dwelling in his breast,  
To do and suffer all that duty brings;  
And with uplifted eye to yonder world  
Intent upon the prize he longs to win.  
Ah! who among thy sons that round him press'd  
Fair Germany, but knew and hail'd him, "first  
In the true hearts" of all who sway'd thy land,  
Or breath'd the air, which made thy children free.  
Within that hand that shook St. Peter's throne,  
And with the "Spirit's sword" unbound the chains  
Which ignorance and tyranny had forg'd,  
He clasps that stern decree of Roman power,  
The dark proscription of a noble mind,  
Which doom'd him with the curse of priestly wrath.

Enlighten'd, generous, sanctified and pure :  
Deeply intent on sacred things ; he burn'd  
With fire of seraph in his Master's cause.  
To publish freedom to th' imprison'd soul,  
And spread salvation to a darken'd world.  
Behold the lighted torch, upborne by hands  
Of gifted masters, skill'd in ancient lore,  
Hath touch'd the pile, while quick ascends the fire  
Of sacrificial retribution.  
The winds of heaven seem'd swift upon their wings  
To swell aloft the willing flame, eager  
To bear away from earth all traces  
Of so foul a blot upon the christian cause.  
And now the great Reformer foremost comes  
With hands uplifted in his Master's name :  
His strong appeals with truth and duty join'd  
Seem'd in the language of a soul sublime  
To reach and open heaven. While from the  
Silent throng there seem'd to breathe no life, so  
Deep the feeling and so fix'd the scene.  
At length from out his sable robe he drew  
The roll of parchment, Canon Laws, Decrees,  
And various writings, and with purpose firm  
Quickly consign'd them to the blazing pile.  
Next came the instrument of Leo's hate,  
Cloth'd with those emblems of the triple crown  
To whose authority the world must bow.  
The apostolic Luther fir'd with zeal,  
Glanc'd his keen eye upon its gorgeous page,  
And fix'd in purpose for the cause of God,  
Rais'd in his hand the glaring scroll, and thus  
Apostrophiz'd it: "Thou who hast sadly  
Griev'd the Holy One of heaven, may fire  
Unquenchable afflict thee and destroy."

'Then to the ready flame he quick consign'd  
This proud memorial of a tyrant's power—  
The curse of nations—and the scorn of God.  
There was a shout that rent the air from the  
Vast multitude that gaz'd around, as from  
The lighted pile, the perfum'd incense rose  
From the pure virgin wax of Rome; dissolv'd  
From consecrated seals no longer fear'd!

The echo from that shout has long since died!—  
The hearts that there beat high are cold in earth;  
And he who fram'd that sacrifice and fann'd  
The flame that warm'd and rous'd all Germany,  
Hath pass'd from life to immortality;  
And centuries have pass'd since that bright morn,  
When through the eastern gate the people throng'd  
Around th' Augustine scholar at the cross:  
Yet holy Wittenberg, thy towers remain!  
And in thy hallow'd walls, the spirit breathes  
And lives of him whose fame can never die.  
The Bible still supports the Saxon throne—  
And there are hearts in this and other lands  
Still true to the Reformer's faith and truth.  
"The heavens and earth shall pass away" and thrones  
Shall crumble into sad and dark decay:  
Kingdoms shall fade, and nature droop and die—  
But the pure Word of God shall stand unmov'd;  
And He who spread its truths, before the world,  
Shall shine amid the stars of yonder world  
With light ineffable—and glory crown'd!



## CASTLE OF WARTBURG.

BY CHARLES A. HAY.

EISENACH, GERMANY, May 15th, 1843.

*My Dear Friend :*

You request of me a sketch of one of the numerous places in Germany that are memorable on account of their connection with the history of Luther. A grateful task, difficult only in the selection of the spot to be described. All Germany is full of the traces of that remarkable man. Wherever you go, mementos of himself and the eventful history of his day meet your eyes. Eisleben, the place of his birth; Erfurt, of his student monastic life; Wittenberg, of his professional career, of his first reformatory acts, of his burial; all these I had twice visited, but they are already so familiar to you, that it seemed necessary for me to look about for some other place equally important with them in his history, possessing some interest in itself, and less frequently described. And here you find me now, within sight of the Wartburg castle, Luther's prison, (or his Patmos, as he was wont to call it,) which a remarkable dispensation of Providence, by which that man of God was snatched from the grasp of embittered foes and preserved in honorable and useful retirement until called again into the open field of combat, has consecrated as one of the holiest and most venerable spots to which the history of our church points the inquiring traveller.

A leaf from my journal will no doubt please you more than a stiff and formal description. Here it is:

About seven o'clock last evening I came in sight of the Wartburg, and at eight reached Eisenach, that lies at the foot of the hill upon which the castle stands. This was a tiresome day, for I had made a long circuit from Gotha around through one of the prettiest parts of the Thuringian forest, in order to visit the celebrated school of M. Salzmann, the chateau of Reinhardsbrunn (a fine edifice, in old Gothic style, the favorite summer residence of the duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha,) and the Gypsumquarry of the Inselberg. It was still light enough, when I had mounted the merciless three pair of stairs and sat me down in a neatly furnished room of the Reuterkrantz hotel, to enjoy the fine view that my window affords. It overlooks the spacious market-place with its quaintly gabled, oriel-windowed houses, its old fountain, surmounted by St. George and the dragon, freshly gilt, and its venerable dome, stripped of its tower and buried among a grove of elms. Immediately behind the town rises a steep hill well cultivated, chequered over with thriving hedges and sprinkled with clumps of birch and pine. Higher still, on the summit of the distant hill that bounds our view, stands the castle itself, frowning down in silence upon us. Oh, how richly this repays the tiresome walk!

Tuesday, 16. A delightful morning. Come, we must lose no time, but be off at once for the castle. What a new-looking place this Eisenach is! strange how one is often disappointed in finding the reality so totally different from the picture his fancy had painted; and when he has been thus repeatedly chagrined, he is apt to lose nearly all desire for visiting the spots of cherished memory, lest the charm that has always hung over them, be ruthlessly broken. Now

Eisenach—to say nothing of its name, which smells of rusty iron—as the prison place of Luther and the ancient capital of Thuringia, had always presented itself to me as one of the dullest and gloomiest places to be found in all Germany. But a neater, more cleanly and thriving town you can scarcely find—begging Uncle Sam's pardon, of course, or perhaps even this is unnecessary, for no man in his senses would think of comparing the towns of Germany with those of the United States, in this respect.—Old forms are all that speak of former days; whitewash and paint have banished moss and cobwebs, and plenty of sparkling fountains give an air of freshness to the town and add to its cleanliness and beauty. But here we are already at its outskirts, with the first of the above mentioned hills before us.

Are you now really so anxious to mount at once to the castle, or will you turn aside with me for a moment into this charming cemetery whose open gate invites us to enter? What! you startle at the crosses! That will never do; away with your prejudices! Is not the cross as suitable a monument for a Protestant's as for a papist's grave? I love the cross! It was the christian's sign long before the papal church had a being; and all the abuses, to which this holy symbol was subjected during that gloomy period when papacy was triumphing in drunken success, cannot induce me to love it the less, now, when the monster, driven from his stronghold in the old world, is staggering to meet his death in the new. I do love the cross; and if ever I mark the spot where the ashes of my bosom friend repose, his grave shall be surmounted with a cross.

How touching the care that is bestowed upon these graves! The hand of the loved one still lingers fondly about the spot where the departed lies and decks it with garlands and the

choicest flowers. Good Friday, that day of gloom, strips the crosses and all the monuments of their faded wreaths and an air of nakedness and desolation is suddenly spread over this charming spot. But Easter morning sees it clothed anew with their places supplied by fresh and blooming proofs of the continued affection of those left behind as well as of their faith in Him who sanctified this day by his triumph over death and the grave. Is not this a beautiful custom? There is another touching monument; a simple iron cross, hexagonal, planted upon a moss-covered rock that has been rolled upon the grave. The only words upon it are, "Wir werden uns wieder sehen. John 16: 22." How different now the effect produced by that princely monument close at hand. It is a huge flower-basket of cast-iron, two feet by six, mounted on an elliptical platform of sandstone that can be reached by a flight of steps in front. Ivy twines through the iron net-work and pompous heraldry glitters through its leaves. Away with such trumpery from the simple "court of peace," (Friedhof.) Death at least should teach us that we are all of one blood, and the only distinction that should here be marked might be "here lies an humble, faithful servant of the Lord."

This neat building near the gate is the dead house, where rich and poor are alike exposed for forty-eight hours. They are laid in a loose sheet upon a basket of straw with rings on their fingers that communicate by a delicate apparatus with a bell in the outer passage. Should the person be but apparently dead and make the slightest motion, the bell at once gives notice to the family that lives in the other end of the house and medical aid is immediately procured.

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At the foot of the hill stood two lads with donkeys, anxious for employment. As I had never yet tried this mode of mounting a steep, although opportunity had often been given, and as my feet were still complaining of the previous day's hard usage, I consented to be carried up to the castle on the back of a beast that seemed to need carrying about as much as myself, and which I could have carried, too, with nearly as much ease as he carried me. They put me on the old one, "who," said the drivers, "is very surefooted, but more than proverbially stubborn, and will decidedly not go, unless he has the company of another." So off we started, I on a lady's saddle, for the gentleman's was already in use, and a lad on a young long-ears, who was to be sure lazy enough by nature, but still seemed quite moveable, as he had not yet learned the bad habits of his ancestor who carried me. As we mount, the town sinks and the valley opens out behind us. Now, upon the summit of the first hill, we halt a moment to enjoy the scene. There is nothing grand about it, but it fascinates by the air of quiet peacefulness that breathes over the whole. "Forwards, my boy, a higher point can but improve this view." All this while the donkey's head and rein had been turned in different directions, for I was feasting on the prospect that opened to our view in the valley we were leaving. But now our path gently descended, and the summit we had just passed concealed the town, so that I had to wheel round into a line with his honor's ears, and O! the Wartburg! burst from my lips as the fine old castle, crowning the rocky peak before us, rose into view. Here we now advance between a dark pine grove that clothes a steep hill from our view, and a partly cleared and cultivated glen upon our left. Of the castle, high above us,

we see but a single tower, built on a beetling bastion that overhangs the steep before us. Our path now begins to wind upon this abrupt ascent, and climbing around to the other side of the hill, opens a pretty view into the Marienthal which had hitherto been entirely hid from us. Some years ago the Grandduchess Maria of Weimar paid a visit to the Wartburg and spent some time in this vicinity, which so pleased the good folks of Eisenach, that they carved a gigantic M on a bold face of rock that stands out from the hill-side opposite the castle, and gave to the whole valley the name Marienthal. Fish ponds and smiling gardens deck its bosom, villas and hamlets its fertile slopes. Mounting still, and growing impatient to be there. "Do you see the monk and the nun?" says my lad of the sprightly donkey. "No." "Those rocks, I mean, over there among the trees," pointing at the same time to a cluster of tall cliffs standing perpendicularly amid the birch and pine trees of the densely wooded peak that lay to our right as we commenced the ascent, but which was now below us. "There a monk and a nun once met and kissed each other, for which crime they were transformed into stone." Rather a tough story, but the rocks upon which it is based certainly do very naturally form the foundation for some such fable. Now we have reached the summit, and stand fronting the castle. We pass over a rude causeway of stone, that has taken the place of the old draw-bridge, now under and through the massive tower, upon which our eyes have so often been fixed; and now we enter the *wart*, the narrow summit of the hill around which the castle is built. How small! certainly not more than seventy-five feet long, by thirty wide. But this is quite in character, for just such nests as this, with steep declivi-

ties on all sides, the robber-knights of those dark ages delighted to perch upon. But stranger still is the apparent newness of most of the buildings. Nearly all seem but two or three hundred years old, and yet the castle dates from the time of Lewis the Leaper, A. D. 1067. Ah, there is a fine old remnant, the heavy mass of masonry through which we entered. Over one of its doors a singular semi-circular stone is set into the wall. It represents a griffin (the symbol of watchfulness) in the act of devouring a news-bearer (a traitor in disguise,) whose head and arms and letter-bag still dangle from its capacious jaws. We wish you a good appetite, old Mr. Griffin, and successful digestion for your leathery lunch, whilst we step into the "traveller's room" and prepare ourselves, by a portion of rye bread and butter, neatly spread with sausage, and washed down with a mug of fresh mountain water, for a further inspection of the precincts you have so long and so faithfully guarded.

But first of all, let us enjoy this charming prospect. Here we sit, by a window of the Wartburg, in the heart of Thuringia and look out upon a view so sweet and smiling, that, had we here nothing else to see, this alone would richly repay us for the time and trouble of the ascent, that is, for our time and the donkey's trouble. This hill is one of the highest of the range and commands a tolerably extensive view. But all beyond the neighboring vallies, and the hills that enclose them, is dull and uninteresting. The distant ridges that bound our view are bare and dead; in very fine weather, indeed, the Brocken, the spell-bound sovereign of the Harz, is to be seen, but clouds now conceal him from us. The less attractive then, the distant scenery is, the more fully can we give ourselves up to the contemplation of that which lies at our feet. Down in the blooming valley, just

over the first hill we climbed, lies Eisenach. You hear no hum of business, no puffing of steam, no clanking of hammers; all is peaceful and still. No heavy veil of smoke dims the outlines and casts a shade of gloom over the whole; but sharp and clear the antique forms stand out boldly to the view, and leave upon the mind a deep and well defined impression that years cannot remove. The Marienthal sweeps around upon the right, shut in by its line of hills still partly covered with remains of the celebrated Thuringian forest. On the left rises abruptly the wooded and rocky peak that bears the monk and nun, which we see to most advantage from this position. The dark groves there are sighing and waving before the breeze of an approaching storm. How pleasing is the contrast between these and the valley beyond. The bright yellow patches of flowery rape-seed, mingled with fields of springing grain, form a variegated and brilliant back-ground to the picture. And there comes the sparkling Werra, too, winding through the vale and giving animation to the landscape. Immediately below our window the bastion we had seen from below juts out over the valley; a sentinel is pacing to and fro upon it, apparently suffering for the want of something to do; hard by stands his sentry-box, and on a cliff by its side are ranged five cannon that serve to alarm the neighborhood in case of a fire.

But how the wind rages, and what a fearful gloom is gathering around us! Half-way between the clouds and the valley, we are being shut out from the world below. The sheets of rain sweep wildly about the castle and fling a gloomy pall upon the view; little remains now to be seen except the bastion, the sentry and the cannon.

Now is the time for the castle halls. Come along; this unearthly gloom will deepen their sombre here and aid us in



calling up right vividly those days of dark and dismal memory. First we cross the court and are led along a corridor that commands a distant view over the Thuringian forest to the west of the castle. The row of double pillars that form the colonnade are of the byzantine style of architecture, in its best days, about the close of the eleventh century. But few of the original ones remain, enough however, to serve as patterns for the rest which have lately been carved and set up at the expense of the Grand Duke of Weimar, to whom the castle now belongs and who is restoring it as far as possible, to its original grandeur. Next we enter the chapel where Luther preached during his sojourn here. It is small, perhaps twenty feet square, and not more than twelve feet high. A romanesque column stands in the middle of the floor from which arches spring in all directions to the walls. On a sort of low gallery are the seats once used by the Landgrave's family; rough benches around the walls served for the domestics. The window that looks southward is divided by an interesting double column with fanciful capitals. The other that fronts upon the Marienthal is early Gothic. The pulpit is rudely carved and of no particular interest. One picture still graces the walls. It represents the holy Elizabeth, wife of Landgrave Hermann I., who was celebrated for her kindness to the poor. Various miracles are ascribed to her, and she was canonized shortly after her death. Her tomb lies in the church built to her memory, and named after her in Marburg. It is said that the stone steps to it are worn hollow by the knees of thousands of pilgrims who, for six hundred years, have been wandering to her grave to be healed by touching her splendidly jewelled coffin. This picture embraced a number of distinct scenes, and St. Elizabeth appears in half a dozen dif-

ferent characters, but always performing some act of benevolence or mercy. The scene in the centre represents the principal miracle which is ascribed to her, and you will be surprized to learn that it was wrought to conceal a falsehood! Another instance, this, of the care then already taken to distil into the minds of the common folks the important doctrine that "the end justifies the means." A pestilence, namely, raged in the valley below, and Elizabeth found frequent opportunity to exercise her benevolence in waiting upon the suffering poor and supplying them with nourishment and medicine. Hermann forbade her thus to expose herself and tried to confine her to the castle. One day, as he was returning from the chase, he met her descending the hill with a basket of provisions upon her arm. "Now what have you there again," said he, angrily seizing her. "My lord, roses!" was her meek reply. He threw aside the cover of her basket, and lo! the bread had been suddenly transformed into roses!! I might give you a whole list of such stories. And it was before people, to whom all these tales were of equal authority with gospel truth, that Luther here preached! A cold shudder even now creeps over me as I think how awfully severe must have been the trial through which he had to pass in bursting all these bands in which he had himself been bound.

Once more we pass through the old corridor. Here to the right is the spacious hall, now disfigured by a low false ceiling and heaps of rubbish, in which, in the days of Hermann, A. D. 1200, the famous contests of the Minnesängers (the northern troubadours) were held. This too, through the munificence of the duke, will soon be restored to its original state.

We pass on to a large room containing tattered standards, spears, coats of mail, mounted carabines and clumsy fire-arms with wheel and matchlocks, all from the Thirty Years' War. On one of the walls hangs a good picture, portrait of a Thuringian Landgrave, which one it was, my guide cannot tell. Beneath it stands a large table, said to date from the earliest days of the castle, consisting of a heavy frame-work of wood enclosing a remarkably large stone tablet. An immense buffalo horn and the horn of a rhinoceros lay upon it.

We next ascend a flight of stairs and enter a plain room containing only a few pictures that hang around the walls. They are all new. One of them represents a contest of the Minnesängers. Heinrich von Ofterdingen had been vanquished and was condemned to pay the forfeit that had been staked, namely, his own life. The executioner had already been called to stand in one corner of the hall. But one of the princesses insists upon allowing the vanquished one another trial. It is granted, and Peter Alp, his rival, now loses the day. The moment is seized when Alp, furious at his defeat is storming at Ofterdingen, who has cast himself, in humble gratitude, at the feet of the princess. Hermann sits upon his throne, and the other Minnesängers, Henrich von Waldeck, (a knight,) Walter von der Vogelweide, Wolfram von Eisenach, and Reinhard von Zwetzen, are interested observers of the scene. Another painting shows us St. Elizabeth distributing bread to the poor.

The next small room, finished in modern style and hung with crimson curtains, contains a likeness of the duke, the strangers' book, into which all visitors are requested to inscribe their names, and some trifles, such as pipe-heads, cigar-cases, canes, &c., for sale at exorbitant prices.

The armory! Here we are at once thrown back into the days of romance and chivalry. See! Here is old Lewis the Leaper (called so from the feat he performed near Halle, where he leaped from a window of the Giebichenstein castle, sixty feet, into the river Loah below) clad in steel from top to toe, mounted upon a noble charger, mailed like his master and apparently proud of the load he bears. Right before us, by that pillar, stands the complete armor of Kunz of Kaufungen, a giant robber knight, who stole away the three princes whose coats of mail stand there behind him. And here, the splendid suit of Henry II. of France, one of the most costly that ever was made, richly gilt and of the most exquisite workmanship. And this scaly shirt of little iron plates so artfully and compactly woven together, that I quite believe the assertions of the guide that it is bullet-proof. What fearful weapons are these that hang upon the walls! Two-handed, double-edged swords, with waving blades six feet long. After the fourteenth century these were no longer used in battle, but merely for purposes of parade on great occasions. And thus they are sometimes used even now. What dreadful blows must have been dealt with these heavy iron maces, and with these beaked hammers that were used in close fight for perforating helmet and skull. Those were bloody days. Thanks to him that invented gunpowder and put an end to the horrid butchery of ancient warfare! And there stands the armor of Pope Julius II., rather soldier-like for a priest—there, that of Frederick with the bitten cheek, so called, says Murray's Handbook, "because his mother, in the anguish of parting from him when a child, bit his cheek till the blood came." My guide called him Friederick der Unartige (the rude,) and ascribed the bite in his cheek to his pretty cousin whom he

was trying to kiss. This worn and tattered dress dates from the thirty years' war; it must have been splendid in its day. The ponderous boots with heels four inches high; the carefully wrought mail-shirt, the crimson velvet hose; the abundance of gold and silver lace; the fine linen, and all, must have proudly decked some noble champion in that glorious war.

How can we leave this interesting hall? Not hours, but days should be allotted us for such scenes as this. But we have already trespassed too long upon the patience of our guide, who is not accustomed to such tedious visitors. Lead us then, you personified impatience, to the last of the lions of the Wartburg, Luther's room.

To reach this, we find it necessary to recross the court and enter the inhabited part of the castle. And is this really the place? This small, gloomy chamber! Was it between these rude partitions, now worm-eaten and crumbling to decay, that that master-mind submitted to be kept during those stirring days, when the work of the Reformation falling into the hands of misguided and infatuated men, seemed tottering to its fall! Great Luther! Greater in your self-denial and voluntary imprisonment than martial heroes leading on a triumph. But the room. Did one expect to find anything here remarkably interesting in itself, he would be mistaken. The awkwardly made table, more fit for a butcher's block than an author's desk, still stands in its old position near the window. A little to the right of it, on the strip of plastered wall against which the old earthen stove is built, is still shown the spot where the ink-stand stuck when Luther threw it at the devil. Its passage through his majesty's darkness, supposing of course that Luther took good aim, seems not to have much broken its impetus, for it has knock-

ed off two hand breadths of plaster from the wall and blackened the stones beneath. The old book-case too, with its large round-headed nails and heavy hinges, has been left in its place. But of all else the chamber is bare, excepting a few portraits upon the walls and Luther's much-worn foot-stool, which is one of the vertebrae of a whale.

Shall I tell you, in a few words, the story of Luther's captivity here?

He had been at Worms, and had there confounded his shameless accusers before the face of the Emperor himself. Thunderstruck, they had not yet recovered from their unexpected discomfiture, when, under protection of a safe conduct of the Emperor, Luther sat out from Worms to return to the discharge of his professional duties at Wittenberg. No sooner, however, had he left, than the Emperor published a severe edict, commanding all to sieze and deliver him up. Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony, whose subject Luther was, had been delighted with his defence of himself at the Diet, and resolved at once to protect him. Terrified by this edict, and seeing that he would have the whole empire upon him if he openly asserted Luther's cause, he meditated a plan by which a respite could be gained and the farther development of this remarkable revolution quietly awaited. Luther had now dismissed the imperial herald Von Oppenheim, and, under protection of the Landgrave of Hessen, travelled on towards the Harz. Here he was informed of the Elector's plans, to which he at length consented. On the 4th of May, 1521, as he was about entering a forest that lay between him and Waltershausen his intended night-quarters, he sent on his two companions in advance, to engage lodgings. Passing through this wood he came into a ravine near Altenstein. Here two knights, with two servants

rushed out upon him, stopped his coach, seized Luther with apparent violence, drove off his coachman, dressed Luther in riding clothes and gave him a horse, bound one of their servants upon another horse, that they might seem to be carrying off a prisoner, and then set off on the highway towards Eisenach. When it grew dark they struck off into the woods and about midnight reached the Wartburg castle. Here Luther lived as a young nobleman, under the name of Junker Georg (Squire George,) with sword and spurs and fierce mustachios. He seldom left his room, but spent his time in hard study. On festival days he preached to the castle-folk. But this close confinement injured his health and his friends found it necessary to drag him along to the chase; and sometimes he used to hunt strawberries on the hill behind the castle. They gave him a sworn servant who grew quite intimate with him and occasionally proved very useful. His greatest trouble with Luther was to keep him from betraying his true character by laying aside his sword and running after books in the taverns they stopped at during the chase. In this disguise he visited several monasteries in the neighborhood. He was always thinking of Wittenberg; and burst out once, as he sat, absorbed in thought, at a crowded table, "O! were I only at Wittenberg!" and to Wittenberg he went too, in his disguise and privately to his friend Nicolas Amsdorf, who had accompanied him to Worms. There he saw and consulted some of his friends but returned again to the Wartburg, where he remained until March 6th, 1522. Unable any longer to resist the calls of his church at Wittenberg, he resolved to cast himself once more into their midst, in spite of imperial laws and papal bulls, and at the risk of offending his protector and patron. To the latter he wrote that his church was imploring him to come, and

this call his conscience did not allow him to disregard—he was ready to lay down his life for the cause—his presence at Wittenberg was absolutely necessary—he did not despise authority or wish to disturb the country; but, as the servant of the eternal Son of God, he must preach his true gospel, and He has still so much power as to protect a preacher together with his temporal lord against the gates of hell.

Much more was gained by this detention of Luther in a place of quiet retirement than was anticipated by his noble patron. You have often heard it said that he here found time for the translation of the New Testament and a considerable part of the Old, for the writing of his invaluable *Haus Postille* and some more less important books; but have you ever thought of the salutary influence this captivity exerted upon the formation of his own character and views? When placed here by the Elector his feelings were in a state of the most violent fermentation, his opinions on many very important subjects not yet fully formed. You remember how much his *Essay on the Babylonish Captivity* and his *Sermon on the Sacraments*, written shortly before his visit to Worms, incline to a one-sided carrying out of the Protestant principle of “Faith alone necessary.” He was in a fair way of running to the dangerous extreme that there is absolutely no need of any external means. He had nearly approached the position that Zwingli afterwards assumed, and with his fiery genius, would probably have far overleaped these bounds, had not this providential interference brought him to reflect. And whilst he was here engaged in the prayerful study of the Word of God and making a conscientious use of those means, by which he hoped to arrive at clear and positive knowledge in regard to the momentous questions that were convulsing the church, tares were abundantly scattered



among the good seed he had sown; and his honest soul was torn with anguish at seeing how the evil one was rioting in the fair field of God. Carlstadt and his fanatic crew, hoisting the banner of "Luther and Reform," were demolishing indiscriminately everything that the church had regarded as holy. "Down with the crucifixes! Down with the pictures! Away with schools! Away with liberal arts! No public honors! No titles!" And from another side came the bloodthirsty cry of Thomas Münster and his boorish throng. "Down with the rulers! Universal equality! Agrarian liberty!" It is only when we bears in mind all this, that we can appreciate the difficulty of Luther's position and the value of that giant strength of mind, that enabled him to grasp so firmly and defend so triumphantly the banner of gospel truth amid such a chaos of political and religious confusion.

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The guide caught me musing again, and shrugged his shoulders very significantly as he glanced towards the opened door. Yes, my poor fellow, this room has grown dull to you, and I shall not imprison you in it much longer. But I have a friend in America who is fond of mementoes of the Reformation, and I must gratify him with something that comes from Luther's room, on the Wartburg. So thinking, I planted my foot on the whale's backbone, tore a leaf from my note-book, and leaning upon the consecrated table, wrote for you, "Yunker Georg, Edler Glaubensheld! sei mir gegrüsst!"

## LUTHER.

ERASMUS ALBERUS says, no man could pray more fervently; no man was a better comforter; no man was a better preacher than Luther. He was a man without guile. He was a terror to liars and equivocators. He loved integrity and hated pride. He abhorred intemperance and licentiousness, and never betrayed any violence of temper, except it was in contest with papists and fanatics.

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VARILLAS, his bitter enemy, says: "Nature seems to have placed on his German body an Italian head, for he was distinguished for vivacity, industry, and robust health. No one exceeded him in the study of philosophy and scholastic theology. He was a rare genius,—his judgment penetrating, and his memory most retentive.

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ALEXANDER, the pope's agent, who was sent to reclaim Luther, is said to have disliked him "on account of the soundness and purity of his morals." He is known to have said, "it is impossible to soften Luther by money. He is a brute, who will not look either to bribes or honors, otherwise he might long ago have had many thousands paid him at the banker's by the pope's orders."





Luther Translating the Bible.

LUTHER TRANSLATING THE BIBLE  
AT WARTBURG CASTLE.

BY A. A. MULLER, D. D.

IN yonder battlements whose turrets grey,  
Frown their dark shadows o'er Thuringia's way ;  
Mid those crown'd heights and long deserted halls,  
No curfew startles, and no footstep falls :  
No busy voices on the evening air,  
Bespeak the mirth, the revel and the jeer,  
Where feudal vassalage and festal song,  
Pour their full tide amid the banner'd throng !  
All there is silent, save the sounds that come  
From one lone voice within that guarded dome ;  
Some wandering exile mid the twilight dim,  
Chanting with hope his closing evening hymn,  
E're yet in visions of unearthly rest,  
His care worn spirit mingles with the blest !  
Perchance th' imprison'd Swan<sup>1</sup> there sweetly sings  
His farewell song e're sleep shall fold his wings ;  
In fond remembrance of that joyous time,  
When youth and hope were round him in their prime !  
The minstrelsy of German hearts is stirr'd !  
Ah ! yes the mighty Saxon's voice is heard.  
Borne on the bosom of the tranquil air,  
In strains harmonious and in numbers clear,  
" Eine feste Burg is unser Gott," 'tis he !  
He sleeps at Wartburg, safe from Rome's decree !  
Dissolv'd in light each mist that veil'd the sky,  
Hath fled the approach of morn's bright canopy ;

<sup>1</sup>A Swan was on Luther's coat of arms.

Daylight hath dawn'd around those time-worn towers,  
 And wak'd to life the wild woods' freshen'd flowers.  
 Each dew-drop spangl'd by the eastern ray,  
 Gilds the long grass that quivers on each spray ;  
 While rainbow tints reflected from the sky,  
 Blend in rich hues the soften'd harmony.  
 The sun ne'er lent to earth a holier flame,  
 Nor shed such glory on the Saxon name,  
 As when on that blest morn his radiance fell,  
 On the lov'd page that brighten'd Luther's cell !  
 See where he sits in anxious thought absorb'd,  
 His eye yet resting on the sacred word ;  
 That treasur'd transcript from the courts of heaven,  
 By love indited and by mercy given !  
 Look on that lofty visage—mark the grace,—  
 That lights the features of that manly face :  
 Yet on that brow how inward cares have wrought  
 The deep-worn traces of that hidden thought,  
 Whose secret springs first mov'd his mighty mind,  
 ' "T' unlock the gates of mercy on mankind !"  
 Firm in his purpose midst unnumber'd foes,  
 T'was then the mighty master-spirit rose.  
 T'was then the efforts of his gifted mind,  
 By truth exalted and by grace refin'd ;  
 Soar'd like the eagle to its native sky,  
 Strong in his flight assur'd of victory.  
 T'was then with thunders from another sphere,  
 He came to rouse the slumb'ring nations here ;  
 To free the spirit from that dread domain,  
 Where tyrant Rome had fix'd its papal reign !  
 As the deep stream with slow and silent force,  
 Moves gently on 'till rocks impede its course ;  
 Swelling its bosom mid the cat'acts roar,  
 Of foaming waves that lash the troubl'd shora.

<sup>1</sup>See Gray's Elegy in a country church-yard.

And onward finds the channel's well known ground,  
Flowing once more with smooth and soften'd sound :  
So rush'd his dauntless mind in bold career,  
Unmov'd by threat'nings and unaw'd by fear.  
'That voice which spake obedient to his will,  
No Bull could silence, and no threat could still.  
His loud appeals rang through the list'ning crowd,  
Alarm'd the vicious and subdu'd the proud :  
E'en haughty legates stood abash'd with fear  
And trembl'd for the fate of Leo's chair !  
Yet to the humble poor his words were mild,  
His actions gentle as the timid child ;  
With the same spirit which his Master bore,  
He bid them " go in peace and sin no more !"  
Like Paul, when Felix felt the shaft he threw,  
The self-same portraiture of truth he drew.  
In preaching Christ his heart knew no disguise,  
Mercy his theme and love the sacrifice.  
On the cold breast no folded hands were placed,  
No emblems of the cross by fingers trac'd :  
No cloister'd raptures fann'd devotion's flame,  
Or warm'd to life the spirit's frozen frame,  
No costly image claim'd the faithless sign,  
The Lord of glory had no earthly shrine !  
He bid his hearers look through faith and prayer,  
Not to the cross—but to the victim there !  
Yet look once more upon that eagle eye,  
Stern in its glance, yet thron'd in charity ;  
Bright with intelligence, yet meek in love,  
Keen as the serpent, harmless as the dove :  
Before him clasp'd and hid in dark disguise,  
Lost to the world, the Book of Glory, lies ;  
'That page whose language day by day reveal'd,  
'To him those truths, from others long conceal'd

Is cloth'd in darkness with the faith that came,  
To bless mankind and free the world from shame.  
Like the wreck'd mariner on some lone coast,  
Man in the wilderness of life seem'd lost,  
No star to guide him, and no arm to save,  
Hopeless of life, to sink within the grave.  
He saw—he felt—the mighty impulse came,  
The sacrifice commenc'd and Luther lit the flame!  
Now day by day the Augustine scholar stood  
Within those walls of darken'd solitude,  
His eager spirit fill'd with truth divine,  
Breath'd o'er each page, and scann'd each glowing line;  
Till from each hidden source with alter'd name  
Some cheering word in freshen'd beauty came.  
Some bright intelligence of heaven's own plan  
Salvation's scheme—the love of God to man!  
'Ere morning dawn'd the taper's fading light,  
Still shew'd the patient labours of each night.  
The lengthen'd manuscript,—the fragment torn:  
The letter'd parchment time had darkly worn.  
The hidden text in ancient garb array'd,  
Now freely render'd and in truth convey'd,  
In bright memorials round the scholar shone,  
And stamp'd the fame of Erfurt's noblest son!  
Hail sacred book imbued with life divine!  
O'er this dark earth still may thy glories shine,  
As when with streams of living light unfurl'd,  
Thy Saxon transcript came to bless the world;  
Adorn'd with truth still may thy doctrines bring  
The spirit's unction from its healing wing:  
Within thy leaves still may that balm be found,  
Which mercy gave to cleanse the sinner's wound;  
Till nations yet unborn thy power shall own;  
Thy reign eternal as Messiah's throne!



## THE DISCUSSION AT LEIPZIG.

BY THE REV. PROF. J. H. AGNEW,

Editor of the American Biblical Repository and the American Eclectic.

THIS belongs to the history of Luther, whose name will be ever revered in the Protestant church, as the great pioneer of the Reformation from popery, and whose spirit will animate the sons of God, until the 'Man of Sin' shall put off his satanic panoply, and succumb before the spiritual power of the gospel. May that day soon come!

In the midst of the pacific conferences between Luther and Charles Von Miltitz, the pope's nuncio, Eckius, author of the Obelisks, Ingoldstadt Doctor and bold champion of the pope's supremacy, had maliciously assailed Luther. When they afterwards met at Augsburg, it was agreed to have a public debate on the mooted questions at Leipzig,—to be conducted principally by Eckius and Carlstadt. Meanwhile Eckius published an Essay, flattering to the See of Rome and charging Luther with heresy in respect to absolution and the power of the pope. The University of Wittenberg was also assailed, and strong jealousy awakened on the part of the University of Leipzig. The latter not only pitted Eckius, but Dungersheim, one of their own number, against Luther, which led to some polemical dissertations.

Luther had agreed with Miltitz to drop the controversy, on condition that his antagonists did so also, and to be silent as long as they were. But when Eckius maliciously assailed

him and his beloved University, he felt himself free from the compact and obliged to enter the lists again with his adversaries.

‘God knows,’ he wrote, on the 13th of March, 1519, to the Elector of Saxony, “that I rejoiced in the prospect of putting an end to the game; and so firmly have I adhered to my engagement, that I have abandoned the replication to Mr. Sylvester Prierias, although I thus subject myself to the derision of my insolent enemies, and act contrary to the advice of friends; but one compact was, as Mr. Charles (Miltitz) well knows, that I would be silent, as long as my antagonists would. Doctor Eckius, however, now attacks me without notice, and aims not only at my dishonor, but at the disgrace of the whole University of your Electoral Grace at Wittenberg. It is thought, too, by many good people, that he is, in this thing, influenced by bribery. A course so fickle, so insidious it is impossible for me not to despise, nor can I suffer the truth to be so opprobriously treated. I am still cordially disposed to take the advice of your Electoral Grace, and at all events to be silent, if they be also; if otherwise, however, I humbly beg your Grace not to deem it ungracious in me, for I cannot conscientiously desert the cause of truth.”<sup>1</sup>

The celebrated debate was now approaching; and the nearer the time, the more were the friends of the pope fearful of the issue. The bishop of Mersburg, Prince Adolphus of Anhalt, Chancellor of the University at Leipzig, took bold measures to prevent it, even directing placards to be put up on the gates of the churches, forbidding the discussion on pain of excommunication. But Duke George, cousin of the Elector, and Prince of the district including

<sup>1</sup>Löscher's *Reformationsacta und Documente*, iii. p. 205.

Leipzig, ordered the city council to have them torn down, and authorized the debate.

The subsequent account of it is translated from the German of Marheinecke's History of the Reformation in Germany.

'Eckius was there in good season, exhibiting himself as the most famous champion and debater of his day. On the 17th of June, the Wittenbergers made their appearance. Carlstadt, alone in his carriage, headed the procession; but unfortunately, he broke one of the wheels not far from the Grimma-Gate, and the Doctor was tumbled into the mud. This event was interpreted by the people, as an evil omen. Next came Duke Barnim of Pomerania, who was at that time, *Rector Magnificentissimus* in Wittenberg. On either side of him, Luther and Melancthon, conveyed by a large company of students, armed with spears and halberts. Eckius afterwards declared that there were two hundred of them. The interest manifested by these young men was so sincere and heartfelt, that at the inns where they were accommodated, the landlord found it necessary to station some one before the table, armed with a halbert, to keep the peace. So much were the passions excited in these controversies, that one of the Leipzig masters died in consequence of the anger with which he declaimed against Luther.<sup>1</sup>

'Duke George also was present to witness the disputation, and gave the use of his palace for the purpose. At either end, was erected a pulpit, and tables were set near for the notaries, who were to report. The pulpits and seats were hung with elegant tapestry. To Doctor Eckius the Duke made a present of a fine stag, to Carlstadt of a roe.

<sup>1</sup>See the account by Seb. Fröschel, in Löscher iii. p. 278.

‘ On the 27th of June, the disputants and their attendants assembled in the great college, to hear a discourse delivered in the name of the University, after which the University and all the strangers went to mass at the church of St. Thomas, and thence to the palace. There was a guard of burghers in armor, with their best weapons and colors, for the purpose of keeping order daily, in the morning from seven to nine, and in the afternoon from two until five.

‘ On the first day, Peter Mosellanus-Schade, born on the Mosella, Professor of the Greek language, delivered a fine oration, congratulating the Duke, attacking the scholastic divines, and exhorting the disputants to proper discretion and love of the truth. After the oration they went to dinner, and in the afternoon of the same day, the debate was opened, after the choir had sung the invocatory hymn—*Veni, Sancte Spiritus! Come, Holy Spirit!*

‘ Of the debate it is enough to say, that Eckius and Carlstadt disputed for eight days, on the subject of free-will. In the course of the discussion, Eckius frequently displayed all the bold gesticulation, obstreperous bawling, loquacity, and insolent manner of a comedian, and often came down upon Carlstadt by surprise, tauntingly triumphing over him, as he fumbled over his manuscripts and books, and spun out his remarks with vexatious prolixity. In his impassioned style, he sometimes seized on the views of his opponent, and promulgated them, most sophistically, as his own. Nor did he hesitate, haughty and unabashed, to trumpet his own praises. His vaunting desire to measure himself with Luther was soon gratified; for they two, now entered the lists and occupied the next two weeks in discussing the primacy of the pope, the councils, repentance, purgatory and indulgences. Then Carlstadt and Eckius battled it again for three whole days more and concluded the debate.

“Thus,” says Luther, in his report, “almost nothing worth mentioning has been handled in this disputation, except my thirteen propositions on the power of the pope. Nevertheless Eckius triumphs, exults, domineers. The citizens of Leipzig have neither greeted us, nor called on us, but have regarded us as their bitterest enemies; whilst they have constantly hung about Eckius, eating and drinking with him, inviting him as their guest, riding out with him on excursions of pleasure, and showing their good will by presenting him with a robe and a camlet. They have shown us one mark of respect, indeed,—which perhaps, they dared not omit, as it is customary—in sending us a present of wine. Duke George invited all three of us to dine with him, and requested to see me alone also, when he spake at length of my books. I was grieved to see him so much influenced by foreign movements, for when he uttered his own sentiments, he spake sufficiently like a prince. The last monstrosity of envy and hatred was this, that although requested by our Rector, the Duke of Pomerania, to preach before his Grace, in the palace chapel, on St. Peter’s and St. Paul’s day, I was not permitted. A large assembly of both men and women, that had come together on hearing my purpose to preach, was dispersed without being satisfied.”

‘Duke George was not very favorably impressed in respect to Luther, especially by his rather commendatory allusion to the Hussites, and many others heard the debate with great indifference. Those who sat with Eckius slept most of the time, so that it was usually necessary to wake them up at each suspension of the debate, lest they should lose their dinner and supper. Melancthon, however, sat composedly in his seat, and listened attentively to the whole controversy. Duke Barnim, also, manifested more interest

in the discussion than any of the Leipzig theologians and collegians, as he was better versed in true theology than they.<sup>1</sup>

‘After the termination of the discussion, there were mutual recriminations, and both parties, as usual claimed the victory.

‘Among the most impartial of the reports of this debate, are unquestionably, those of Peter Mosellanus, one of which is directed to Billbald Pirkheimer, the other to Julius von Pflug. In the latter he thus describes Luther: “Martin is of middle stature, so lean from care and study, that the bones can almost be counted through the skin, yet of masculine and vigorous years, and possessing a clear, sonorous voice. His scholarship is superior and his knowledge of the scriptures such, that he had them at his fingers’ ends. His familiarity with the Hebrew and the Greek languages qualifies him to judge of biblical interpretations. Nor is he deficient in facts, for you find in him a great store-house of words and things. He is withal, courteous and kind, free from moroseness, and able to suit himself to all situations—sportive, facetious, always wearing so cheerful, gladsome a countenance, even when threatened by his adversaries, that we cannot believe the man capable of performing such labors and sustaining such burdens as he does, without the assistance of heaven.”<sup>2</sup>

‘The most important consequence of the proceedings at Leipzig, was that the number of Luther’s friends, as of his enemies, was considerably increased. Apologies and replications appeared on all sides, tending to augment the bitterness of feeling already existing. In July of this year, Lu-

<sup>1</sup> Löscher as above, p. 280.

<sup>2</sup> Luther’s Werke, xv. p. 1422.

ther received two letters from the Hussites of Bohemia, in which they greatly encouraged him, cordially wishing him success and perseverance in the good work in which he had engaged, and expressing also the belief, that he would be in Saxony what Huss had before been in Bohemia. These letters were accompanied by some of the writings of Huss.<sup>1</sup>

‘Hereupon the wrath of a new adversary, which had doubtless been secretly cherished for some time, displayed itself. Jerome Emser, professor at Leipzig, with whom Luther had been acquainted at Dresden, wrote a letter to Prague, feigning himself a friend and coadjutor of Luther, and affirming that the latter had given no countenance whatever to the Bohemians in the discussion at Leipzig, on the contrary that he was wholly averse from their heresy, and that, consequently, they had no reason to boast of his approbation. Luther was exceedingly pained by this Judas-kiss and base artifice, attacked Emser severely about it, and bitterly exposed his shameful designs.’<sup>2</sup>

On the other hand Melancthon was drawn into the controversy. As already remarked, he had been a silent auditor of the contest at Leipzig, of which he afterwards wrote an impartial account for his friend Oecolampadius, doing all justice to Doctor Eckius and the other parties, in his mild, modest way, although he rather inclines to the side of Luther and Carlstadt. “Eckius,” he there says, “by his diversified and fine talents, has awakened the admiration of most of us. Carlstadt is a man of rare scholarship, and of more understanding than a majority of mankind. As to Luther, with whom I am in daily, confidential intimacy, his admirable and versatile intellect, his learning and his eloquence amaze me, and I cannot but cordially love his genuine chris-

<sup>1</sup> Löscher iii. p. 649.

<sup>2</sup> Reply to the he-goat Emser in Luther's Werke xviii. p. 1489 and 1534.

tian spirit.”<sup>1</sup> This epistle soon fell into the hands of Eckius, who thereupon published an apology, in which he treated the peaceful and noble Melancthon with utter contempt, calling him a mere grammarian, a little man of words, with whom no theologian would ever condescend to enter into controversy on theological subjects.<sup>2</sup> Melancthon, in his defence, handled the chief points of dispute with great elegance and profundity, and directed attention rather to the subject-matter than to persons. “That Eckius,” he here says, “considers me too dumb to apprehend his theological points, can certainly give me no offence, if he only concede that, even common christians may converse about religious questions, and we, who have no disrelish for theological topics, need sometimes to quicken ourselves with such holy joys. How much better would it not be, to incite infants, among whom I reckon myself, to an affectionate and diligent study of the holy scriptures, and, even if they err through ignorance, rather to overlook the fault than to frighten them away by language so unkind and severe.”<sup>3</sup>

‘Luther thus expresses himself to Spalatin. “I presume you have read Eckius’ apology directed against our Philip, whom he is so far from rendering odious to me, that his approbation of my doings is worth everything, and his judgment and authority prized more highly than that of many thousand Eckiuses. Although I am master in philosophy and theology, and can parade as many titles, at least, as Eckius, I am not ashamed to yield my opinion to this same grammarian, which indeed I do daily, on account of the gifts of God so abundantly conferred on this earthen vessel, so despicable

<sup>1</sup>Luth. W. xv. p. 1443.

<sup>2</sup>Luth. W. p. 1495.

<sup>3</sup>Luth. W. p. 1501.



in the eyes of Eckius. I praise not Philip; he is a creature and nothing. I praise the work of God in him."

'The assaults and calumnies which Luther and Melancthon shared in common, only tended to strengthen the friendship and affection existing between them. No suspicion nor envy tarnished the pure bond of union. No malice succeeded in sowing seeds of discord; and different as they were, in many respects, each always did the other justice. Luther, at a later period, said: "I prefer Master Philip's books to my own, and would rather see them circulated both in Latin and German, than mine. I was born to wage war and manage campaigns against rabbles and devils; consequently my books are stormy and warlike. I must root out the stumps, clear away briars and thorns, drain marshes and pools. I am the pioneer of the forest, and must open up and lay out the roads. But Master Philip travels along gently and quietly, ploughs and plants, sows and waters, all very pleasantly, as God has richly endued him with his gifts."<sup>1</sup>

'Subsequently he wrote: "Perhaps I am the forerunner of Philip, for whom, like Elias, I must prepare the way, in spirit and in truth. You will always have me, although but a rude novice, as a coadjutor; nor shall I regret to wage the warfare under such a leader. Who would not willingly perform military duty under one who bears such a soul in his bosom—one who brings so much learning to the aid of theology, who has thoroughly investigated nature and is perfectly familiar with the systems of philosophy? For I take it, they are very much mistaken, who say that philosophy and physics have no bearing on theology. Why else should they be studied?"<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Luth. W. xiv. p. 200.

<sup>2</sup>L. W. xv. p. 1949, xxi. p. 762.

## LUTHER.

THE legates of the pope are said to have plied Erasmus closely with the offer of a rich bishopric, if he would undertake to write against Luther, but he answered them by saying: "Luther is too great a man for me to encounter. I do not even always understand him. However to speak plainly, he is so extraordinary a man that I learn more from a single page in his books, than from all the writings of Thomas Aquinas."

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THE Academicians of Louvain once complained to Margaret, the emperor's sister, governess of the Netherlands, that Luther by his writings was subverting christianity. "Who is this Luther?" said she. They replied, "He is an illiterate monk." "Is he so? Then do you who are very learned and numerous, write against this illiterate monk, and surely the world will pay more regard to many scholars than to one ignoramus." But the learned gentlemen declined the contest.

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WHEN some one in his presence blamed Luther's violence, "God," said Erasmus, "has sent a physician who cuts into the flesh, because, without such an one, the disorder would become incurable."



Facsimile of Luther's Autograph.

1 Cor. 15.

Aborpta est Mors in Victoriam

Item 25  
נאנב נאנב נאנב

precipitata Mors in eternam

Wail Adam lebt (das ist sündig) Versteht  
der Tod das Leben, Wenn aber Christus stirbt  
(das ist gerecht wird) Versteht das Leben den Tod

Das sey Gott gelobt das Christus  
stirbt und recht.

Wahr

Martinus Luther

1543

## FACSIMILE OF LUTHER'S AUTOGRAPH.

THE autographs of distinguished men have always been regarded with interest by persons of refined taste. We would not go so far as to determine a man's character from the form of his handwriting, as some pretend to do, but it is always pleasing to see how authors constructed their *written* words, which we read with so much interest and profit, when *printed*. We have introduced facsimilar specimens from several of the Reformers, accompanied with translations, which will doubtless, be properly appreciated by our readers. It will be seen that they require decyphering, and hence we have given them in Roman letters and an English version, for the benefit of those who do not read German or Latin.

1 Cor. 15.

*Absorpta est mors in victoriam.*

Isaiaë xxv.

בלע חסות לנצח

Pracipitavit mortem in eternum.

Weil Adam lebt (das ist, sündiget) verschlinget der Tod das Leben. Wenn aber Christus stirbt (das ist, gerecht wird) verschlinget das Leben den Tod. Des sey Gott gelobt, das Christus stirbt und recht behelt.

## TRANSLATION.

1 Cor. 15, (55.)

Death is swallowed up in victory.

*Isaiah* xxv. (8.)

He hath swallowed up death in victory.

As long as Adam lives (that is, sins) death swallows up life. But when Christ dies (that is, when the sinner is justified by faith) life swallows up death. God be praised, that Christ dies and procures justification.

MARTINUS LUTHER, D. 1543.

## ULRICH VON HUTTEN.

BY REV. PROF. WM. M. REYNOLDS, OF PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE.

THE Huttens traced their lineage back full six hundred years to the old Franks who, by sword and pike, made good their title to the lands they held upon the Mayn and the Weser as liege subjects and good knights of the emperor. They possessed the two great castles of Stickelberg and Frankenberg, to say nothing of many minor ones in the hands of younger branches of the family, so that in the time of Maximilian, the first German emperor of that name, thirty Huttens were found occupying prominent posts in the army and in the civil service. In the middle of the fifteenth century, the old castle of Stickelberg, perched upon a crag that frowns upon the lovely shores of the Mayn and is only two leagues distant from Fulda, upon the river of the same name, was occupied by *Lorenz Von Hutten*, a rugged old warrior, who, though familiar with emperors and their courts, yet refused to dress in foreign cloth, or to admit aught that was foreign into his house—a spark of the old spirit of German independence, that was to enkindle the flame of patriotism more enlightened in his grandson. *Ulrich Von Hutten*, his son, served with distinction in the armies of Maximilian, and rich in fame and in his patrimonial possessions, wooed and won *Ottilia Von Aberstein*, the daughter of a noble house, beautiful, amiable, and pious, according to the spirit of the times.

Our hero, *Ulrich*, was the eldest son of this marriage. He grew up in the usual way at the old castle and amid the forests that spread their dark gloom around Stickleberg, until he had entered his tenth year. Then his father, who now rejoiced in several other sons, began to fear that his eldest would never be able to maintain the honors of his strong-handed ancestors—for, unlike them, he was diminutive in person and feeble in health. But his kindly disposition, his serious mind and his thirst for knowledge had endeared him to his mother, almost as much as the anxiety he had cost her when she hung over his sick bed or lulled him to sleep upon her bosom. But *Ulrich* would be unfit for arms—and that closed the heart of his father, who knew of no other honorable profession, against him. But might he not make a priest, thought the devout mother; or might he not become even an abbot or a bishop? And she ventured to hint the idea to her stern husband. He was pleased with the suggestion and forthwith determined that it should be so—and he thereupon consulted the abbot of Fulda, which convent his father had alternately threatened and protected, in relation to the matter. There was a famous school at Fulda at that time, and thither it was determined that he should go to prepare for the career carved out for him.

But the spirit of the old barons, as well as that of his gentle mother was already in young *Ulrich*. He had learned to mount and to manage a horse, to handle a sword, to join in the chase and other military amusements of his father and his retainers. He had become familiar with the early traditions of his family, and his soul was all on fire to emulate them. True, when he came home he would retire into his mother's chamber or into some deep window of the old hall and pore over the legends of saints or the chronicles of he-



roes, until roused by the rough voice of his father or the tender anxiety of his mother.

Yet the idea of entering a convent was not welcome to him even at that early age, for he fully understood that it was not the career that those bold knights of whom he loved to read had run, and besides this, he keenly felt that his father's contempt, which was every day becoming more galling, had chosen it for him. At this his little heart rose in obstinate rebellion, and he manifested a firm though quiet resolution not to submit. When, however, his mother told him of the advantages that he would have for study and of the books that filled the shelves of the old convent, and further that he would have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the monastic and clerical profession, which he could not enter for years to come, he agreed to reserve his opposition for a more distant day.

To Fulda then he went, in the eleventh year of his age, full of hopes and of romantic resolves, and yet, we may suppose, not without some gloomy forebodings. But new faces and a number of young companions were no unpleasant substitute for the harsh words and unkindly looks of his father—to escape which he was even willing to be separated from the best of mothers. Books were put into his hands—he began on one of the lowest forms, for neither his age nor his advantages had hitherto allowed him to make much progress in the studies then pursued in the schools. But he fell into good hands in this respect, considering the state of learning which was just beginning to free itself from the trammels of monastic dulness.

The little Ulrich soon mastered the mysteries of Latin grammar and made great progress in all the studies to which he applied himself. In the course of three years he stood at

the head of the school, a universal favorite with both teachers and scholars, for he was as great a proficient in the sports of the playground as in more serious pursuits, and his sprightliness and generosity, combined with a bold and manly spirit, made him the very life and soul of the young circle that clustered around him. But a great change took place when in his fifteenth year, his father proposed that he should take upon himself the preliminary vows of a monk. The youth's mind was now expanded by study and reading, and knowing what his father's wishes were, he had looked at the subject and deliberately formed the resolution never to assume the clerical profession. The abbot of Fulda and all the brethren were anxious to secure this prize, a young man who bid fair to be not more distinguished as the head of a noble house than as one of the greatest geniuses of the age. But he was inflexible and not even his mother's entreaties could for a moment move him. His father was equally immovable, and persisted in his demand. The accomplished knight, *Eitelwolf von Stein*, who had become acquainted with Hutten's talents earnestly advised his father to send him to some university, but failed to influence the old man who was at times violent. *Eitelwolf* also showed his sympathy with the young student's aversion to monkery by asking the abbot the pregnant question, "*Would you ruin such a genius?*" His friendship and countenance confirmed *Ulrich* in his determination and may have emboldened him to the step which he finally took.

Wearied by his father's violence and the arguments and entreaties of the monks, anxious also to prosecute those liberal studies to which he had become deeply attached, and with something, it may be, of the spirit of a knight-errant thirsting for adventures, *Ulrich*, now in the sixteenth year of

his age, fled from the monastery. It does not appear that he communicated his design to any one, his generous spirit refusing to involve others in his own danger. This was in 1504. He first directed his steps to the University of Erfurt. How he managed to live here we know not, for he appears to have received nothing from home, his father being deeply embittered against him. It is probable, however, that his uncles, *Froben* and *Louis von Hutten* and his generous friends *Eitelwolf von Stein* and *Marquard von Hotstein*, of whom he ever spoke with warmest feelings, came forward to his assistance. Here he found some congenial spirits, particularly *Eoban Hess*, *Crotus Rubianus* and *Zemonius*—all of them wits and poets. It does not appear that he formed any acquaintance with that great master-spirit of the age, *Luther*—who was here at the same time, undergoing that moral revolution which fitted him for his peculiar office, the high priesthood of religious reform. And yet they were not uncongenial in their temperament and were destined to be fellow laborers, though in different fields of one great work. But *Luther's* more advanced age—he took his degree as a Doctor in Philosophy the year of *Hutten's* arrival—as well as the peculiar state of his mind at this period, would naturally prevent their becoming acquainted, especially in such a crowd of students as then filled that distinguished university. Yet it is interesting to know that there were here at the same time, all unknown to each other, two young Titans who, in after days, would battle so stoutly against him who claimed to be the god of this world.

Here begins that wandering life of *Hutten* which is a true type of the student-life of Germany even down to our own day. The plague breaking out at Erfurt, he went to Cologne, where he became acquainted with those uncongenial

spirits of light and darkness—the learned *Rhagius* and *Cæsarius* and the noble *Count de Mienar*, and those blind devotees of decayed scholasticism *Ortuin Gratius*, *Hochstraten*, the inquisitor; *Arnold von Tungern* and others whom he has immortalized for their stupidity in his *Epistolae obscurorum Virorum*. With *Rhagius* whom this malign influence banished from Cologne he went to Frankfurt on the Oder, where he took his degree as Doctor of Philosophy. It was here that he first appeared in public as a poet, celebrating the opening of the new University by his poem “*In Marchiam*,” in honor of the elector of Brandenburg, its founder. Having remained here three years, devoted chiefly to the cultivation of poetry, his restless spirit drove him forth once more upon his wanderings. Suffering shipwreck, he came as a beggar to Greifswald, where he was first patronized and then most barbarously treated by *Henning Loez* and his father, whose hirelings attacked him on the road, robbed him of all he possessed, even to his manuscripts, wounded him severely as he resisted, and having stripped him almost naked, left him, in the dead of winter, far from human habitations and assistance. Arriving at Rostock, he lay for days at death’s door, but the vigor of youth and the kind attentions of friends finally restored him, when one of his first efforts was to hold up to the execration of the literary world in which he desired to figure, *Loez*—against whom he wrote two books of satires under the title of “*Querclae*.” So biting was this that the father and son, who were as rich as they were infamous, endeavored to suppress it by purchasing all the copies that were exposed for sale.

This was soon followed by other more important works which appear the more remarkable when we remember that he was wandering, whilst he wrote them, all over Germany,

Hungary and Italy, and at times entirely destitute of adequate means of subsistence. To Italy he went as a means of propitiating his father, whose displeasure was somewhat, though not entirely abated by the fame which his son had by this time acquired as a poet. He, however, promised a full reconciliation, if Ulrich would apply himself to the study of law. Italy was the great school for this science, at this time, and he devoted himself to it in the famous universities of *Bologna*, Pavia and Rome. Disgusted with its technicalities and its trickery, he finally abandoned it, and returned to his favorite pursuits. War breaking out between the Emperor and the French, he entered the army of his countrymen, and was present, as a common soldier, according to some, at the siege of Padua in 1513.

Like *Luther's*, *Hutten's* visit to Rome appears to have opened his eyes to the corruption of the papal court and government. But as he remained longer in Italy and became better acquainted with the state of opinion there among the wits and literary men, by whom he was received with open arms, during the period of his second visit in 1515, he arrived at his conclusions more rapidly, and though they visited the country about the same time, was the first to publish to the world his views upon the subject.

Before doing so he appeared in a new department of authorship. The murder of his cousin *John Hutten*, by *Ulrich*, Duke of Würtemberg, under circumstances of the greatest atrocity, gave occasion to three eloquent orations, which have gained him the title of the *Demosthencs of Germany*. When the news of this event was brought him, Hutten was at the baths of Ems, whither he had resorted in the hope of restoring his health which had suffered not only by the exposures of his wandering life, but likewise by youth-

ful indiscretion. Forgetful of this he devoted himself to the work of doing justice to his dearest friend and of bringing down vengeance upon the head of his murderer. The first of these efforts was his "*Phalarismus*," or "*Tyrants' Dialogue*," which was succeeded by various others in the same spirit. Their effect was tremendous. "*Twenty mailed knights*," says a biographer of the Duke of Würtemberg, "*could not have done him as much harm as this single man.*" Scores of knights and retainers who were in his service forsook the duke—the emperor put the ban of the empire upon him, and finally, a league, headed by *Franz Von Sickingen*, drove the tyrant from his territories and stripped him of all his power. Hutten, with many members of the family, was present and bore a conspicuous part in this war, which, however, was not distinguished by any regular battle, the duke not daring to face his enemies in the field.

Hutten entered very warmly into the controversy growing out of the attempt by the monks and inquisitors of Cologne to procure the condemnation of that illustrious laborer in the revival of literature, *John Reuchlin*. He published various poems in his praise, but what was more effective than everything else, was the principal author of that celebrated collection of satires, the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*." He thus incurred the bitter hatred of the monkish fraternities, who finally, in 1517, procured from Leo X. a bull condemnatory of the "*Epistolæ*," of which, however, Hutten was not known to be the author. But he no doubt felt deep indignation that the pretended vicar of Christ should throw the shield of his power over the ignorance, indolence, and vices of these foes of mental illumination. He may not have intended it so, but it seems somewhat like a retort, that *Hutton* towards the close of the same year published his edition

of that remarkable work of VALLA, "*On the falsely believed and invented donation of Constantine the Great.*" The object of this book, written by the Roman nobleman whose name it bears, was to prove that the pretended gift of Rome and the so-called estates of the church to the pope, never was and never could have been made by *Constantine*, and that even if it had, the popes had, by their crimes and misgovernment, forfeited all claims to it. So hateful was this treatise to the papal see that it was condemned and prohibited soon after its appearance in the preceding century. It was a bold step for any one even to quote it at this time, but *Hutten* not only published it, but prefixed to it an epistle dedicatory addressed to the pope himself. In this he goes even farther than his author in depicting the crimes and tyranny of those who had taken the title of successors of St. Peter. He calls them thieves, murderers, robbers and tyrants, of whose enormities no one could give an adequate idea; enemies of the whole human race; men who grasped the wealth of every land, in order to do which they imposed the heaviest yoke, hurled kings from their thrones—and then called themselves the followers of Christ whom yet they did not obey in the slightest degree." Though *Luther* had not yet protested against the sale of indulgences, he says to Leo X. in relation to them: "It was thy predecessors who found means to make merchandise of the sins of men, yea even of their penalty in the eternal world."

Yet this work, whose bold tone, even three years later, alarmed the Wittenberg reformer, into whose hands it appears then for the first time to have come, created no particular alarm or indignation at the papal court or among the adherents of Rome. On the contrary, its author, who had just been dubbed a knight by the emperor Maximilian and

received by his orders, the poet's laurel crown, at the hands of *Constantia Peutinger*, the loveliest and most highly educated lady of her time, was universally admired, offered the most honorable situations, and soon after entered into the service of *Albert*, arch-bishop of Mainz, as one of his secretaries and counsellors. In this capacity he soon after travelled to Paris, where he attracted no less attention. Upon his return from this journey he was informed of *Luther's* attack upon indulgences, but supposing it a mere monkish quarrel he said to the monk who told him of it, "*Go on and destroy and be destroyed.*" It was a similar prejudice, no doubt, that prevented him, in the following year, from interesting himself in *Luther*, who then appeared before *Cajetan* at Augsburg. Yet at this very time *Hutten*, in a speech which advocated a war against the Turks, made another attack upon the power and policy of the popes, of so violent a character that his friends at the court of *Albert*, insisted that the most offensive parts should be left out when it was printed. Subsequently, however, he gave a new edition of it in which the expurgated passages were restored. Here, among much of similar spirit, he says: "Whenever the Romans wish to rob the Germans they begin to spread the alarm of a Turkish war. I am filled with indignation when I see the thousand schemes by which they have obtained our money. Pallia are sold for more than enough; the revenues of our churches, that is the sweat and blood of our parents, are sent to Rome under the name of pensions—and all these things are done under pretexts of piety!" He spoke at the same time with equal plainness and freedom of the vices of the princes and nobles. He called upon them "to put an end to their hunts, and pompous tourneys, dances and other frivolities; to bridle their ambition, and their lust of con-



quest and plunder, and rather direct their attention to the promotion of their country's well-being and honor."

It was not to be expected that such a spirit should long breathe the pestilential air of a court, and that the court of the luxurious *Albert* of Brandenburg, the grand commissary for the sale of papal indulgences in Germany. Much as *Hutten* desired such a field for the exercise of his abilities in the service of his country, he was too uncompromising in his honesty long to retain any influence or favor in such a place. Without coming to an open rupture with the archbishop, he left his service, and having, in the war against *Ulrich* of Würtemberg, become an ardent friend and admirer of *Franz Von Sickingen*, he soon after attached himself to that mirror of German knights and took up his abode with him at his famous castle of Ebernburg, which about this time became the common place of refuge for many upon whom Rome pronounced her anathemas, whence it received the name of the "*hostelry of the just*." Here a kind of alliance seems to have been entered into by these representatives of the knighthood and literature of Germany, the object of which was to break down the pride of the prelacy, defend the friends of rejected and persecuted truth, and to take all the weak under their protection and thus curb the power of tyranny every where, both in church and state. But *HUTTEN's* great object was to excite Germany to assert her national independence and liberty by bursting the chains of Roman despotism. And although the iron sword which he and his friend drew for this purpose soon fell powerless from their hands, that keener sword of the spirit which the intellectual giant wielded, did and still continues to do good service in this cause.

It would extend the limits of this article too much to give any thing like an analysis or adequate idea of the works which one after another issued from Hutten's pen during the few remaining years that the fury of his enemies allowed him a resting place for the sole of his foot. One of the most remarkable is his dialogue entitled, "*The Roman Triad*," and it has been well characterized as the "severest among the severe things which he wrote."<sup>1</sup> It receives its name from the fact that a great part of it consists of *triads* of which the following may serve as examples :

"Three things uphold the influence of Rome: the pope's dignity, the relics of saints, and the traffic in indulgences."

"Three things are brought home from Rome: a bad conscience, a disordered stomach, and an empty purse."

"Three things are made a matter of jest at Rome: the examples and virtues of the ancients, the priesthood of St. Peter, and the day of final judgment."

"Three things govern Rome: pimps, courtesans, and usurers."

"Three kinds of sickness are most prevalent at Rome: the fever, poverty and deceit."

"Three things are much boasted of at Rome, yet cannot be found there: meditation, faith and innocence."

Cutting as these things are, the remarks or commentaries by which they were accompanied were much more so, nor did it detract from their unpalatableness that they were derived chiefly from the history of the popes, or from the author's own experience. Rome was at length aroused. She first directed her eyes to one of her highest dignitaries, the archbishop of Mainz, under whose jurisdiction this thing

<sup>1</sup> *Wagenseil's Hutten*, p. 92, to which I am mainly indebted for the materials for this sketch.

was done, expecting that he would interfere to check it. But as he neglected to do so, she determined to remind him of his duty and quicken him in its performance. A papal brief was therefore, addressed to Albert requiring him to "bring to proper modesty those who were so evil-minded as to rise up against the holy see, or to punish them summarily, that others might take warning by their example." ALBERT seems to have given him notice of this, and was answered by a new publication of the same character, "*On the proper mode of extinguishing heresy and restoring the unity of the church*"—in which the baseless nature of the papal dominion was distinctly brought out by a series of letters written from the most distinguished universities towards the close of the fourteenth century, with the design of terminating the scandalous schism under the two antipopes, *Urban VI.* and *Clement VII.*

Scarcely had Hutten reached Ebernburg before there issued from the episcopal palace an order prohibiting the sale and reading of his books, under pain of excommunication. This was the end of all friendly relations between Hutten and Albert of Mainz, and when, a short time afterwards, he revisited Mainz, he was not permitted to have a private interview with the prince. But this did not for a moment shake his determination—it only hastened and invigorated that grand movement which he was preparing to make against Rome. Hitherto he had studiously avoided implicating himself with LUTHER, but he now publicly united with him. And in fact this union was a very natural one—their object though not the same, was coincident. HUTTEN clearly saw and appreciated the difference between them, declaring that he was "a mere man of the world, who sought the deliverance of Germany from the yoke of Rome, but

that LUTHER had undertaken the purification of christianity from human ordinances, and in view of this he exclaimed: "Thy work, holy man, is of God, and must be established; mine is of man, and must be destroyed"—a prophecy which was only too soon fulfilled.

Disappointed in his expectation of stirring up the highest dignitary among the German clergy against the power of the pope, HUTTEN turned his eyes to the head of the state, the celebrated emperor *Charles V.* It was well known that *Leo X.* had opposed his election to the imperial throne, it seemed therefore, not unnatural that he should be willing to pursue a course calculated to lower his pride and circumscribe his power. To urge him and the archduke *Ferdinand* of Austria to this policy, *Hutten*, in the summer of 1520, visited the imperial court which was then held at Brussels. But here begins the melancholy chain of events by which the ardent patriot finally fell a sacrifice to the vengeance of his country's oppressors. He was not even admitted to an audience with *Charles*, and his friends earnestly advised him to retire at once from the city, as they had certain information that assassins had been sent from Rome with the design of despatching him by the dagger or by poison. This he was unwilling to believe, and only followed their advice when he ascertained beyond a doubt that *Leo X.* from whom he had anticipated a reformation of those abuses which prevailed in the papal see, had urged the emperor to send him in chains to Rome. This excited all the angry feelings of the man and of the knight, and heightened into deep abhorrence all that hostility which he had hitherto cherished against every form of tyranny, but especially the papal.

Under such circumstances we cannot but admire the magnanimity displayed in an adventure which he had as he was returning into Germany. Travelling along one day, he met the infamous inquisitor *Hochstraten*, who, he had been assured, was one of the agents commissioned to take him a prisoner to Rome. As soon as he saw him he sprang from his horse and drawing his sword exclaimed to the trembling dominican: "Stand, thou base wretch, thy last hour has come! Thus at length shalt thou meet an end worthy of thy disgraceful life." The cowardly monk fell upon his knees before the angry knight and deprecated his wrath, begging him to spare his life. Checking his passion, *Hutten* merely gave him a few blows with the flat of his sword and then said, "Nay, I would not soil my sword with such blood as thine," and allowed him to go his way.<sup>1</sup>

On his journey *Hutten* everywhere heard that his life was in the greatest danger and that the pope had enjoined *Albert* of Mainz, upon pain of his sore displeasure, to use all his efforts to send him a prisoner to Rome. So well known was this fact that many of his former friends first became shy, and then entirely forsook him. Of this number was the celebrated *Erasmus*, who had not only carried on an active correspondence with him, but had also spoken of him in terms of the highest admiration, as for instance in the preface to his edition of the New Testament published in 1516, where he mentions him as one of the men of whom Germany had reason to be proud on account of his services in the advancement of literature. But as *Hutten* became bold, the timid *Erasmus* got alarmed. He had no disposition to forfeit the favor and the pensions of the pope and princes who were his patrons, and, of course, as he himself acknow-

<sup>1</sup>Wagenseil 109.

ledged, did not feel any call to become a martyr. In this we may pity his weakness and want of firm principle, but his subsequent treatment of Hutten is a blot upon his character, which all his services to literature and the Reformation, great as we must acknowledge them to be, cannot obliterate.

Strongly contrasted with this is the disinterested generosity of *Hutten*. He had now become fully reconciled to his father, who was proud of his well-earned fame, but no sooner had he become proscribed than he wrote to him and the other members of his family, not to send him any letters or money lest they should become implicated in his difficulties. And when, in the following year, he had by his father's death, succeeded to his estate as his eldest son, he voluntarily renounced them in favor of his brothers, whom he determined not to involve in his misfortunes.

From *Landstuhl* and *Ebernbург*, the two strongholds of *Sickingen*, where alone his life was secure, he continued to publish various appeals to his countrymen, particularly his famous, "*Address to the Emperor Charles V.*" a poem upon "*The burning of Luther's Books*," and after the diet of Worms in 1521, "*Invectives*" against the pope's legates Alexander and Caraccioli, and against the cardinals, bishops, and priests who opposed Luther at Worms, being an appeal to the emperor in Luther's behalf. In these and many similar works he kept no terms with the pope and his creatures but held them up to the execration of Germany and of all christendom. It was about this time that *Charles V.* very unexpectedly took Hutten into his service and under his protection, giving him an annual pension of two hundred gold florins. He was with the emperor in his ill-fated expedition into Rotheringia in 1521, and it appears to have been at this time that he levied a fine of two thousand florins upon the

Carthusians of Schledstadt in consequence of their having shamefully abused the picture of his bosom friend Sickingen. Soon after this he left the emperor's service, as it seemed to be a condition of his favor that he should imitate his master in his cautious policy and apparent servility towards Rome—this it was not in the nature of Hutten to do.

He therefore returned to Ebernburg. But here also his stay was short. Sickingen had now become involved in that contest with the arch-bishop of Treves and his allies, in which he finally lost his life and his all. There is no doubt that Hutten entered most heartily into his quarrel, for he had it for his object, as he himself expresses it, "to deliver the people from the heavy and unchristian yoke of the clergy and bring them to the easy laws and genuine freedom of the gospel. I am prepared to suffer death for the sake of the gospel; God's will be done." After his unsuccessful campaign in the summer of 1522, knowing that the allies were preparing for a most vigorous attack upon him in the following year, and sensible that he had not a sufficient force to resist them, he sent away all those who could be of no service to him in the hour of battle and who would be at all endangered by falling into the hands of their enemies. Among these was Hutten who had now for some months suffered from that disease which finally terminated his life. He was compelled, therefore, once more to go forth upon his wanderings which henceforward were to find no resting place this side of the grave. *Sickingen*, as is well known, fell mortally wounded by a beam forced from the wall of his castle by the artillery of his besiegers, and died on the 7th of May 1523. Luther hearing of this melancholy event exclaimed: "*The Lord is just but wonderful. He will not aid his gospel by the sword.*"

In company with *Bucer* and *Oecolampadius*, *Hutten* meantime, retired into Switzerland, where he took up his abode at Basel, by the magistrates of which place he was received in the most friendly and honorable manner. But here also, he unfortunately met *Erasmus*, who, as we have intimated above, had first become cold and then decidedly hostile to him. The warmhearted and generous *Hutten* proposed a reconciliation, but the selfish and politic *Erasmus* politely declined having intercourse with a man upon whom the tempest of adversity was so fiercely beating. Conscious of his baseness, he sought to excuse himself by writing to their friends, in a manner the most injurious and disrespectful to *Hutten*. One of these letters having been published—brought out *Hutten's* "*Expostulation*" in which *Erasmus's* failings were very pungently exposed. So enraged was the subject of this castigation that he wrote to the magistrates of Strasburg demanding the punishment of the printer who had published the "*Expostulation*," and when told that the man had a wife and family dependent upon his labor, he replied, "It would have been better for him to have begged or to have sold his wife's honor than to acquire bread for wife and children by such libels." He also replied to *Hutten* in a work entitled "*Erasmus's* Sponge," with which he endeavored to wipe off the charges made against him. Here the mild and refined *Erasmus* who was always complaining of the coarseness and violence of such men as *Luther* and *Hutten*, entirely forgets himself, and indulges in language the most abusive and indecent, whilst he attempts to overwhelm his unfortunate but noble adversary by imputing to him vices and crimes of the most serious character. But before this shameful effusion of vanity and spleen made its appearance, its illustrious author had aimed another blow at *Hutten*. Finding his situation insecure elsewhere he had retired to



Zurich, whither he had been invited by *Zwingli*. Erasmus, having first failed in rendering *Zwingli* hostile to him, next wrote to the magistrates of Zurich, portraying him as a most dangerous man. Leo X. sent a communication at the same time, threatening the city with destruction if it afforded Hutten protection or assistance. Against the charges of Erasmus he defended himself in a manner so mild and dignified, that one would think that he had some idea that this was to be his last effort upon earth.

So in fact it proved, and neither the revilings of a treacherous friend nor the threats of a merciless tyrant injured him against whom they were directed. His health was now so much shattered that he could attend to nothing else. In the vain hope of recovering it, he went to Ufna, an island in the lake of Zurich, where there resided a country pastor of the name of *Schnegg*, who was considered skilful in the medical profession. But Hutten was now beyond the reach of medicine. He expired in the month of August, 1523, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

Thus lived and died, ULRICH VON HUTTEN, a man of rare genius, who might have lived at ease in the courts of kings, or held distinguished posts in their armies, had he not preferred truth and liberty to every thing else. Ever true to his motto, "*The die is cast—I dare,*" he never for a moment compromised his principles, and however much mistaken he may have been as to the best means of compassing his ends, he never moved, either in prosperity or adversity, to abandon them. And though no tomb nor inscription now mark the place where his ashes repose, his writings, sword and pen, which were all of his earthly possessions that he left behind him, have raised him a monument and carved and emblazoned upon it a renown which will go down to the remotest posterity.

FACSIMILE OF MELANCTHON'S AUTOGRAPH.

*Isaie.* LIX.

Und ich mache diesen Bunde mit dir, spricht der Herr. Mein Geist, der bey dir ist, und mein wort, die ich in deinen mund gelegt habe, sollen von deinem mund nicht weichen, noch von dem mund deines Samens und Kindes-Kind, spricht der Herr, von nu an biss in Ewigkeit.

Diesen Trost sollen wir wol merken, dass der Ewige Gott seine Kirche erhalten wille für und für, nemlich das Volk, das Gottes wort bekennen wirt, darumb es nit von Türken oder andern Tyrannen uffgefressen wirt, so fern wir Gottes wort lernen, lieben und bekennen.

PHILIPPUS MELANCTHON. 1543.

TRANSLATION.

*Isaiah* LIX. (21.)

“And I make this covenant with thee, saith the Lord; my spirit that is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever.”

It is indeed consoling to observe that the eternal God will preserve his church for ever and ever,—that is, the people who shall profess the word of God; hence that word of God shall never be exterminated by Turks or other tyrants, as long as we learn, love and profess it.

PHILIPPUS MELANCTHON. 1543.

Facsimile of Melancthon's Autograph.

Esard 59

Vnd ich machte diese brude mit dir,  
spricht der Herr, Mein geist der  
bey dir ist vnd meine wort,  
die ich zu demen mind gelege  
habe, sollen von dirnen mind  
mehr weichen, vnd von dem  
mind dines samtes vnd kind  
kind, spricht der Herr von  
mü an biss in ewigkeit

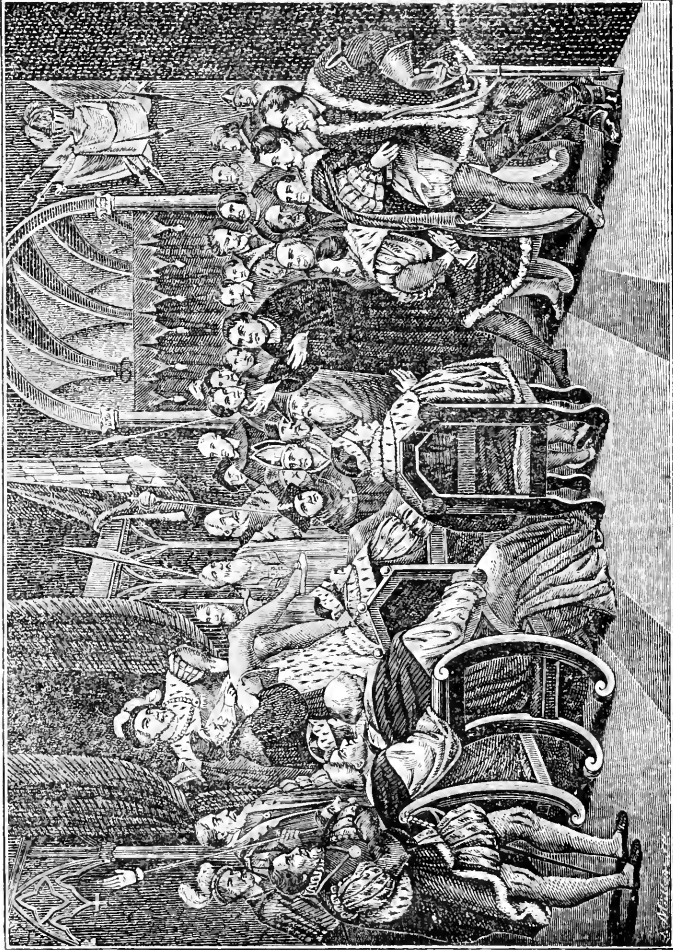
Dieses muß solung wie vnd was kan,  
das der ewige Gott sein vnd  
so zu was vnd für vnd für,  
nemlich das vnd des Gottes  
wort bekennen wird, das vnd  
ist mit von Tyranny vnd  
Tyranny vnd so frölich wird, so  
für was Gottes wort bekennen  
lieben, vnd bekennen,

Philippus Melancthon

1543







Luther before the Diet of Worms.

## THE DIET OF WORMS.

BY N. C. BROOKS.

SLOW sinking o'er Worm's lofty spires  
The day-god quenched his living fires,  
And, as his tints of mellowed light  
Were blending with the shades of night,  
A herald passed whose trumpet's sound  
Pierced the calm evening air around,  
And every listening bosom stirred,  
As if the Archangel's voice were heard.

Roused by that tramp, crowds filled the street,  
With hum of voice and tramp of feet,  
And gazed, with panting breast, the while,  
From pave and window, dome and tile,  
While a lone monk, with solemn pace,  
Followed a marshal with his mace  
Who led him to the hall where stood,  
The bitter foes that sought his blood.

Threading their way through crowds that part  
Before the halberd and the dart,  
The marshal and the monk pass o'er  
The threshold of that fearful door;  
And stand half-blinded by the rays  
Of flambeaux that around them blaze,  
And bicker from polished steel and gold,  
The arms and blazonry of old.  
A princely crowd the hall displayed  
In gorgeous pomp and pride arrayed,

The ermine, and the priestly lace  
The bishop's crook—the marshal's mace—  
The ducal hat—the purple robe—  
The sceptre, crown and golden globe,  
With every circumstance elate  
Of pomp and power, in church and state.

High 'mid the hall upon a throne  
Whose power the parted globe did own,  
The imperial monarch held his seat,  
With kings—priests—princes at his feet,  
All eager on the monk to take  
Revenge by bonds or steel or stake.  
Before that concourse stern and proud,  
With brows dark as the thunder cloud,  
And curling lip and flashing eye  
Like lightning from a troubled sky ;  
Under the sovereign pontiff's ban  
And interdict of God and man,  
The great Reformer rose, at length,  
In the calm confidence of strength,  
Which heaven vouchsafed him to oppose  
The craft and malice of his foes,  
His weapon truth—his shield from harm,  
The mighty, everlasting arm.

Before the crowd, the holy man,  
With dauntless breast, his speech began,  
Boldly denounced th' ambitious pride  
That spread o'er earth its empire wide,  
And sought in servile thrall to bind  
At once the conscience and the mind,  
And make the pontiff's earthly nod,  
Above the will and word of God ;  
Assailed the avarice that sold  
The lives and souls of men for gold



And made a God pure and sublime  
A pander unto lust and crime ;  
And justified the rights unbought  
Of conscience, judgment and free thought.

Fervour and truth, with matchless grace,  
Like heavenly light illumed his face ;  
And forth the powerful accents broke  
Like inspiration as he spoke.  
With parted lips and brows upraised  
The breathless concourse sat amazed ;  
And at his words conviction stole  
With power resistless o'er the soul.  
Confirmed in faith the doubtful rose,  
Dumb and confounded were his foes—  
The powerful curbed—the wicked awed  
By the restraining hand of God ;  
And that lone monk forsook the hall  
The dread of many and wonder of all—  
The church and empire had assailed,  
But simple truth o'er both prevailed.

Then Martin Luther's fearless hand,  
Lifting the heaven-avenging brand,  
Dealt on the triple crown a blow  
That laid the pontiff's honors low ;  
And shivered the sceptre that he swayed  
In guilt and blood o'er earth dismayed.  
Heaven vindicate what he began,  
God's glory and the rights of man ;  
Till from that crumbling throne of guilt,  
Empurpled with the blood it spilt,  
Blasphemous Antichrist he hurled  
And papal error fled from the enlightened world.

## LUTHER.

“I observe,” says Erasmus, speaking to a Cardinal, “that the more irreproachable men’s morals, and the more evangelical their piety, the less they are opposed to Luther. His life is commended even by those who cannot endure his opinions. The world was weary of a method of teaching in which so many puerile fictions and human inventions were mixed up and thirsted for that living, pure, and hidden stream which flows from the veins of the apostles and evangelists. The genius of Luther was such as fitted him for these things, and his zeal would naturally take fire at so noble an enterprize.”

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THE Elector of Saxony asked Erasmus his opinion of Luther, he replied, “I am not at all surprised that he has occasioned so much disturbance, for he has committed two unpardonable offences—he has attacked the tiara of the pope, and the bellies of the monks.”

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“I have often wondered,” says Melancthon, “how he could live with so little food; I have known him, though in good health, to abstain from food entirely for four days, and often for many days together, to be content with a little bread and a herring.”

JOHN GREGORY RADCLIFFE

CHAPTER

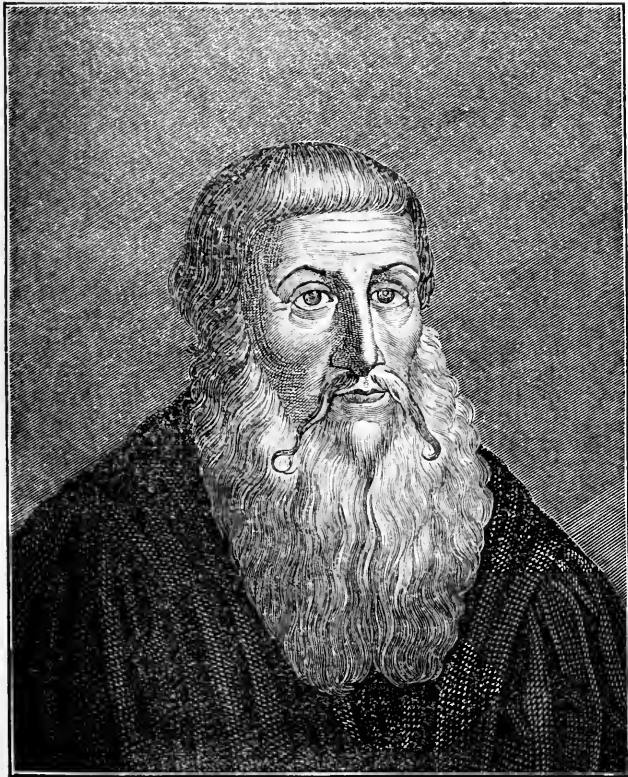
I was... what  
more respect for man's morals, and...  
legal... these they are opposed to Law. His  
life is... here who...  
opinion... weary of a method of teaching  
in which... human in...  
... and...

He...  
...  
...

The Elector of Saxony asked...  
Luther, he replied...  
permitted so much...  
unpardonable offences...  
... the...

I have...  
could live...  
good health, so absent...

often for many days together, to be content with a little  
bread and a herring."



**John Oecolampadius.**



## JOHN OECOLAMPADIUS.

WHEN the principal actors in the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland are presented to our view in their individuality, we are apt to fancy that we behold many contrarieties that are altogether irreconcilable. And yet we find that, from this very dissimilarity of genius and temperament, they have mutually supported and assisted each other in their common stupendous enterprise. Thus, in Saxony stood forth the fiery, God-inspired Luther, side by side with the gentle, cautious and learned Melancthon; and the ardent Zwingli, burning with zeal for the glorious cause found in John Oecolampadius, a friend and ally, against whose mild and quiet disposition the stormy waves of the times broke in peace.

The German name of this excellent man was *Hausschein*, but is more generally known in its Greek translation, Oecolampadius. This Melancthon of Switzerland was descended from a Swiss family, and born in the year 1482, at Weinsberg in Franconia. It was his father's wish that he should become a merchant; but conformably with the views of his mother, who longed to see him a man of learning, he was sent to Heilbrun, and thence to the University of Heidelberg, where he took his bachelor's degree at the age of fourteen. He afterwards went to Bologna in Italy to study jurisprudence; but finding very little satisfaction in these pursuits, he left it after a residence of six months, in order to devote

himself to divinity. At Stuttgart he studied Greek under the erudite Reuchlin, of whom he learned that copious language in less time than afterwards he did Hebrew from a Spaniard. His grammar in the former tongue is an eminent proof of the proficiency which he attained.

After the conclusion of his academic studies, Oecolampadius became preacher at Weinsberg, and in that capacity commended himself greatly by the sobriety, gentleness and discretion of his behavior, which were the more striking from their contrast with the malicious and giddy gossiping of the priests around him. Capito, formerly preacher at Bruchsal, had become acquainted with Oecolampadius at Heidelberg, where he conceived a great affection for him; and being at that time stationed at Basel, he desired nothing more fervently than that his friend might follow him thither. He was gratified; Oecolampadius left Weinsberg in 1515, and was installed minister of the principal church at Basel. Here he met with the famous Erasmus, whom he afforded eminent aid in preparing his edition of the Greek Testament, enjoying in return the benefit of that various information which his friend is known to have so abundantly possessed. During his ministry at Basel, we have no grounds for supposing that the pure doctrines of the gospel were here disseminated by Oecolampadius. Indeed he did not stay long; for in 1516, he left it and went as cathedral preacher to Augsburg. Neither did he long continue here, having suddenly come to the determination to enter the monastery of Altenmünster. Perhaps he found the world of business too exciting, and thought by retreating from its tumultuous concerns, to pass his life in delicious and sequestered contemplation. Although he did not exclude the prospect of one day returning to active life, yet as might have been expect-



ed, his friends, and especially Erasmus, Pirkheimer and Capito were much grieved at so unexpected and singular a procedure.

It was here his acquaintance with Luther's writings began; and he was presently so captivated by the sentiments of that distinguished man, that he wrote to one of his friends: "I put such an estimate upon many of his doctrines, that even though an angel from heaven were to oppose him, I should not be persuaded to refuse him my approbation." But the very attachment which Oecolampadius manifested for Luther, together with the intrepidity he displayed in attacking superstition, in censuring abuses, in denying that the mass was a sacrifice for the living or the dead, and more than all, in writing against auricular confession, so brought upon him the hatred and persecution of his lay-brethren and superiors, that he was finally compelled to take refuge in precipitate flight. He hastened to the brave German knight Francis Von Sickingen, whose castle of Ebernburg was then open for refuge to all who were oppressed for righteousness sake. Already Martin Bucer, Schwebel, Agricola, and Ulrich Von Hütten, had congregated in this retreat, so that the last mentioned of these reformers, Hutten, the Demosthenes of Germany had some reason to call it, as he did, "the house of the just." Oecolampadius preached daily, until the difficulties of Sickingen, which concluded with the rout and death of that powerful baron, obliged him in 1523, to dismiss his friends and guests. They dispersed in various directions; and Oecolampadius returning to Basél, stayed with a printer named Andrew Cratander, who afforded him employment and subsistence. He was here appointed third professor of theology, and afterwards substitute of the infirm and superannuated preacher of St. Martin's church.

Luther wrote him under date of June 20th, 1524, congratulating him on his departure from the monastery, and exhorting him to perseverance in the faith of his choice, and continuance in all good works. Oecolampadius contracted a friendship for Zwingli also, which being ardently reciprocated, they were ever afterwards firmly united together in the great work of the Reformation. As on the one hand, he was elevated and inspirited by continual communion with these lion-hearted heroes; so on the other, they, when they seemed to blow the flame too violently, were admonished by the commendations which he did not fail to make in behalf of gentleness and forbearance. The enticements which were repeatedly held out to separate him from the Reformation party he knew full well how to withstand; and universally, whenever the best interests of religion were at stake, he showed himself equally undaunted and firm.

In 1524, a wider field for exertion was opened to Oecolampadius by the functionary's decease, whose substitute he had been, and his consequent position both as deacon and priest of St. Martins. The former office he relinquished; and entered upon the other on the express condition that he should be allowed full freedom in preaching, and liberty to reject the practices of the Romish church whenever they fell under his disapprobation. Having received this concession from the church-wardens and vestry, he thenceforth baptized the children in German, administered the Eucharist under both forms, and endeavored to rectify the erroneous notions of the people about church ordinances. He discontinued holy water, and rejected other sinful or useless abuses that had crept into the service. But not merely as a preacher did he promote the growth of the Reformation; but he stood forth as an author also; and his writings conciliated multi-

tudes who befriended and revered him, both in his own land and foreign parts.

When in the year 1525, the strife, so famous for its unhappy consequences, arose between the Saxon and Swiss Reformers concerning the doctrine of the Lord's Supper, Oecolampadius likewise was forced upon the stage, however little his natural temperament disposed him to such controversies. In his first work on this occasion, "De genuina verborum Domini, Hoc est corpus meum; juxta vetustissimos auctores, expositione liber," he drew upon himself the attacks of some learned men, who combatted his opinion that the words, "this is my body," are to be understood figuratively, and not as significant of any actual presence. But in this production bearing, as it did, the impress of a quiet and mild, though at the same time of a learned and acute man, he treated his opponents with a magnanimity and forbearance far more laudable than the bitterness and warmth to which Zwingli was addicted. He did not even honor many of his antagonists with a rejoinder; and it was only with Luther and Pirkheimer, whom he regarded and loved as friends, that he closed in this polemic struggle.

Though involved in these unfortunate and distracting controversies, he did not in the least neglect the congregation committed to his care; but continued his efforts to instruct and improve them by preaching, by writing, and by the pure example which he presented in the holiness of his life. At the discussion which in 1526 was carried on in Baden, he had to do with Eck of Ingolstadt, so infamous for the vanity and scurrility which he was wont to mingle with every thing he said; and whilst the latter defeated his own object by the very tediousness of his needless digressions and his miserable subterfuges, the Reformer won over many hearts by his

discreet and gentlemanly conduct. It is an evidence of his piety that he began every public act with prayer.

At the age of forty-five, following the example of his friends Zwingli and Capito, he married. His choice was Vibrandis Rosenblat, a young widow, by whom he had three children, Eusebius, Irena and Alitheia. After his death this lady enjoyed the singular felicity of being successively united to Capito and Bucer, two others among the most distinguished of the Reformers.

The new doctrines were, chiefly through the efforts of Oecolampadius, introduced at Basel, and in 1529 were displacing the Romish system, when the Anabaptists began anew to disturb the peace. On this occasion Oecolampadius was very solicitous to teach them in his usual mild way; yet he prospered so poorly that his very life was in danger at Leuffelsinger, a place inhabited for the most part by Anabaptists, where he was preaching at the instance of the city-council of Basel. During his sermon, one of the people stood up, and instigated the congregation to hurl the defender of infant baptism from the pulpit—"Let him stand forth," answered the servant of the Lord, "who can prove that I teach false and unscriptural doctrine." Oecolampadius was saved from the hands of the excited mob by the providential interposition of the police-officer.

With respect to the unfortunate Servetus, who came to Basel in 1530, and was subsequently burnt for heresy at Geneva, he conducted himself in the most upright and honorable manner; for, distinguishing with great consideration between the man and his errors, which he combatted, he refused to take any advantage of his situation, when in Basel, to the injury of his person. The golden words of Oecol-

ampadius, which are found in a letter to Farel, deserve to be taken to heart both now and forever: "Men do not want," he wrote, "a rough driver, but a gentle leader; and our vocation makes it our duty to conduct them, in all gentleness to Jesus. If we would prosper with our talents, it is indispensably necessary that we act with the spirit of meekness, patience, love and faith. We are made christian teachers to bless—not to curse."

In the autumn of 1529 Oecolampadius set out with Zwingli, Bucer and Hedio for Marburg, where Luther, Melancthon, Justus Jonas, Berentius and Agricola had already arrived, in order, according to the desire and invitation of the Landgrave Philip of Hesse, to hold a conference about the doctrine of the eucharist. By a wise arrangement, which had been previously brought about by confidential interviews, the Landgrave put Zwingli and Melancthon together on the one hand, and Luther and Oecolampadius on the other; in hopes that perhaps the greater vehemence and zeal of the principal Reformers, might yield to the prudent, gentle and pacific dispositions of each others companions. But alas! long as this interview lasted, it was as little satisfactory and conciliatory in its issue as the public debates which it was intended to heal. When we celebrate with thanks to God, the blessed memories of the great revivers of the evangelical church—those exalted spirits, Luther and Zwingli, who were filled with the power of God and truth, and united in every essential of religion; who can think of them, now that they are in the glory of heaven—who can think of them otherwise, than as brother angels, worshipping in closest communion of love at the throne of their common Father? If remembrance can cause a sigh to the blessed spirits above,

oh! will not that breath of sorrow be for the contentions they waged while joined with the frailties and infirmities of flesh? And if the everlasting tumult of this ruined world pierce with its din the mansions of love, will not the saddest tear that angels can shed for man, fall for the divisions, which, in the spirit they themselves once fomented, vex and rend the church of Christ?

After the close of this unhappy conference, Oecolampadius pursued the peaceful tenor of his life, purifying the churches of Ulm, Memingen and Biderach, and continuing his evangelical labors in the congregations and schools at Basel. But in October, 1531, he was destined to feel the bitterness of losing his beloved Zwingli, his most faithful friend and constant coadjutor in the cause of the gospel. If his death was an irremediable loss to Zurich, it made upon Oecolampadius an impression so deep and enduring, that he did not long survive his friend. From that time he felt an observable decline of his faculties; and in prospect of his approaching death, he assembled about him the Swiss clergymen, commended to them the affairs of the church in the most moving manner, exhorted them to courage and zeal in the ministry, and warned them against divisions, negligence and the fear of man. His children he commended to his mourning wife, step-mother and relatives, and enjoined them to bring them up that they might become as they were called, "pious, peaceful and true,"—for that is the meaning of their christian names. With great resignation, and joyful assurance he now saw his end approaching. On the 1st of December, he fell asleep quietly as he had lived. The spectators knelt down by his bedside and prayed.

In the cloister of Munster at Basel, his body was deposited and a Latin inscription engraven on his tomb, to the following effect:

Under this stone lies Dr. John Oecolampadius,  
Preacher of the gospel, mighty in  
Three languages, the first teacher  
Of evangelical truth in this town,  
And the bishop of this temple.  
As was his teaching, so was his life,  
Remarkable for holiness—Died 1st Dec.  
1531, in the 49th year of his age.

COMPARATIVE VIEW  
OF THE  
PRIMITIVE CHURCH OF CHRIST  
AND  
THAT OF THE EARLY REFORMERS.

BY REV. S. S. SCHMUCKER, D. D.

THE Providence of God has wisely so ordered, that the progress of human intellect, both in physical and religious knowledge, is almost invariably gradual. Even the most towering minds generally occupy a station, less in advance of their predecessors than is usually supposed. The prior and preparatory steps of improvement, are less known to after ages. They are more rarely blazoned forth on the page of history, whilst the biography of the favored individual, who had the good fortune to gather the pre-existent elements of illumination, and concentrate their rays to the burning point; who prosecuted the accumulated premises to their conclusions, and made the practical application to his age, of those principles which others cherished in theory, without carrying them into empyric life, is written in capitals and his merits magnified, even undesignedly, to the comparative disadvantage of others. Detached fragments of truth are successively elaborated by different intellects, but they are a rude and indigested mass, until some master-mind strikes out the happy thought of their connexion, which links them together, and chrystallizes them into permanent



form and symmetry. The discovery of the principle of universal gravitation, is usually attributed to Sir Isaac Newton; but it is not so generally known, that his cotemporary Hooke, had fallen upon some of its elements, so that he charged Sir Isaac, before the Philosophical Society, with having wrested his property from him, and himself claimed to be the discoverer. But although there are occasional strides in the progress of human improvements, although a particular individual may nationalize elements of light which were before the property of a few, although a fortunate or rather providential event may push to their consequences the principles which had been merely theoretical before; the most perfect human improvements are still imperfect, and, however glorious any revolution or reformation either civil or ecclesiastical may be, it should always remain open, both in its principles and details to new investigations and further improvement.

Such, both as to its origin and progress, was the glorious Reformation of the sixteenth century, an event produced by God, not by miracle, but in accordance with the analogies of his Providence, through the instrumentality of a chosen band of Spartan warriors, with Luther at their head. Detached elements of this memorable renovation of the church, had been mastered by kindred spirits of a prior age, by a Wickliffe, a Stickna, a Milicz, a Huss, a Jerome, a Gerson, a Savonarola; but it remained for the Saxon reformer to combine all these elements into a whole, and to accumulate such a weight of influence upon the lever of reform, as eventually to unhinge the papacy itself, and cast its machinery out of gear in a large portion of Europe. The object of the reformers was to restore the church to the principles of the apostolic age, and they accomplished much, though

not all, to which they themselves aspired. *Let us cast a glance at the points of resemblance, and then of discord, between the primitive church and that of the Reformation.*

Tired of the numberless rites, and ceremonies, and burdensome dogmas, imposed on the church by the usurped authority of her rulers, the reformers were early led to inquire, whether indeed God had delegated to any man the right to lord it over the conscience of his fellows. Nor was it long before they reached a firm foundation on this fundamental point. Although in the earlier stages of that reformation, of which he was alike the agent and the subject, Luther had appealed from the pope to a general council; it was not long before he went a step farther, and instead of a general council, appealed uniformly to the infallible records of inspiration. He was soon taught to see, that "the scriptures are able to make us wise unto salvation," and that as they were designed by a God of infinite wisdom, to make "the man of God perfect, thoroughly furnished unto every good work," they must be adequate to this purpose; and the rulers of the church had erred not knowing, or rather not wishing to know the scriptures themselves, nor permitting the people to know them. Luther therefore soon "gave heed to the more sure word of prophecy," and ceased to "bid God speed to all who taught another doctrine," and in this was followed by all the other reformers. The bulls of popes, the decrees of councils and tradition, or the so-called unanimous consent of conflicting fathers, were soon exchanged for the apostolical principle, that infallibility belongs alone to inspiration; and that since the apostles have gone to their rest, this inspiration we can find only in the genuine records of their living instructions, the sacred volume.

In the interpretation of these records, however, some diversity was soon found to exist as to their import on minor points; and the question arose, who shall decide, every individual for himself, or the popes and councils for the whole church? In preceding ages, when it was said, "Rome has spoken," the point in controversy was regarded as settled. At least no one dared to agitate it any longer, lest the tortures of the inquisition or the flames of an *Auto de Fe*, should bring him to silence. But the times were changed, and men began to think for themselves and to speak as they thought. The reformers knew that Rome decided disputed points, not by any superior scales for ascertaining the preponderance of evidence, but by an authoritative declaration of what pleased her best, and by coercive injunction of silence. They knew that among the mitred heads, in conclave or in council assembled, there was no more unanimity than among the same number of private individuals. They searched the scriptures, and found that even among primitive christians such diversities existed, and were not regarded as a barrier to ecclesiastical communion and recognition. They heard Paul say, "Him that is weak in the faith (who has doubts on some points) receive ye," but not in order to engage in disputations with him about doubtful matters." "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth. "Let every man" act as he is "fully persuaded in his own mind." Here was the right of private judgment fully awarded to all, and the reformers felt its necessity to their own justification, and in *theory* conceded it to others. History informs us, that for three hundred years after the apostles, all were admitted to the church, notwithstanding minor differences, provided they only received and professed the so-called Apostolic confes-

sion, which contains none of the sectarian peculiarities of modern times, but only those fundamental facts and doctrines, in which all evangelical protestant denominations agree. Something approximating to this was adopted in *theory* by the reformers at the diet of Augsburg. They say in their notable confession, the mother symbol of Protestantism, "For the true unity of the church, nothing more is required than agreement concerning the doctrines of the gospel, and the administration of the sacraments. Nor is it necessary that the same human traditions, that is, rites and ceremonies instituted by men, should be every where observed."<sup>1</sup> And although the summary of doctrines contained in this confession contains but few of minor importance; yet the fact that these few were not expunged, when this confession was afterward made a test of ecclesiastical communion, gave rise to the unhappy schism in the Protestant church. Luther himself composed a directory for worship for the Saxon churches in 1526, but he at the same time expressly declared that it was designed for Saxony alone, and that even there it ought not to remain unaltered.

Having adopted the Bible as the only infallible rule of faith and practice, the reformers could of course *not acknowledge the pope of Rome as head of the church*, any more than the high-priest of Buddhism, or the grand lama of Thibet. For they looked in vain in that holy record, for the authority by which the misnamed holy fathers had lorded it over God's heritage. They found, indeed, in that sacred volume sundry descriptions, strikingly characteristic of the papal hierarchy. They read of one, "Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, shew-

<sup>1</sup> Augsburg Confession. Art. VII.

ing himself that he is God;" but then this individual they also found denounced as "that man of sin, the son of perdition," and therefore they could have no fellowship with him. They accordingly maintained that christians and christian ministers have but one master, Christ, and that they are all brethren;" that, by *divine right, all ministers of Christ are of equal rank*. Some subordination and diversity of powers, was indeed adopted by the early reformers, but it was expressly done by human, and not by divine authority. Even in Denmark and Sweden, where the Lutheran church employs the term bishop, to designate those ministers to whom the supervision of a given district is confided, divine authority is no more appealed to than in Germany where they are called superintendents.

In order to enable men conscientiously to prosecute the study of the holy volume, it was necessary that they be liberated from the fear of persecution, either by the civil or ecclesiastical authorities. Rome had hitherto converted heretics by fire and sword, and thus deterred men from the impartial scrutiny of her doctrines. But the reformers felt the value of that civil protection in their religious investigations, vouchsafed to them by Providence, through the instrumentality of their Frederick the Wise. The same immunity from civil disabilities, which they had themselves enjoyed, Luther and Melancthon solicited the Elector to extend to the Anabaptists, who differed from them; although it is to be regretted, that, at a later day, the mild Melancthon himself approved the severity practiced against Servetus. Luther, however, faithfully and nobly persevered in his advocacy of liberty of conscience and hostility to persecution. "Do you say (affirms Luther,) the civil government should indeed not force men to believe, but *only interfere in order*

that the people be not led astray by false doctrine? and, how could heretics otherwise be put down? I answer, to counteract heresy is the business of ministers, not of the civil rulers. Here a different course must be pursued, and other weapons than the sword must fight these battles. The word of God must here contend; if this proves unavailing, neither can civil governments remedy the evil, though they should deluge the earth in blood. Heresy is an intellectual thing, that cannot be hewn by the sword, nor burned with fire, nor drowned with water. The word of God alone can subdue it, as Paul says, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." Thus clearly did this noble reformer plant himself on the ground of the apostles! Would that many of his followers, not excepting even some of those who bore his own name, had not forsaken this tolerant principle; would that they had exhibited more confidence in the truth, and had more constantly felt as did the poet:

"The weapons of our holy war,  
Of what almighty force they are."

These are some of the points of coincidence between the views of the early reformers and those of the primitive church of Christ, some of the intellectual achievements accomplished by these moral heroes. But their work was human, and therefore not perfect; and it may be profitable to glance at some of its defects, that we may labor for their removal.

They failed to make provision for the *continued prosecution of the work of reform*. Luther had wisely regarded the

reformation as unfinished, and exhorted his followers to turn away from his work and study the Bible more attentively. "I have not kept a list (he says, in a letter to Ursinus,) of my publications, nor have I all the works themselves; for I desire much rather that the Bible alone should be studied instead of my works." But unfortunately for the cause of truth and peace, the admiration of many of his followers degenerated into excessive veneration; and death which translated him to the abodes of peace in heaven, made his writings the occasion of rancorous contention on earth, and imparted a kind of canonical authority to them. Moreover, as the church established by his instrumentality, was designated by his name, his works were gradually regarded as the standard of orthodoxy, and all attempts to continue the work of reformation so gloriously commenced by him, were denounced as treason to his cause. "Even during his life-time, says the distinguished historian, Henke, there were some who followed him with a slavish servility. A species of canonization of this great man had already taken place; and he was not unfrequently known by the names, Megalander, man of God, second Elias, the last prophet, &c., and when he died, it seemed as if an oracle had been struck dumb." Had not the church, notwithstanding his violent protest against such a course, been denominated by his name; had not his works but the Bible been regarded as the grand source of religious light, as the grand subject of continued study, and had the Augsburg Confession alone been received as an auxiliary test, and even the mode of the Saviour's presence in the eucharist been stricken from that, the church would have enjoyed much more peace, and the whole field of doctrine, except the few points determined in that confession, would have been open to free, continued study and scrutiny in the light of God's word.

Moreover, as no provision was made for the occasional meeting of ministers and lay-elders in synodical assemblies, as the minister held his office from the civil government, and could undertake no material alterations even in the ceremonies and mode of worship, except by consent of the government, the rites and forms at first adopted, could not be improved without great difficulty; although Luther himself declared that they would need further reform. In the Lutheran church in this country, where we are not hampered by connexion with the State, the true principles of Lutheranism and of Protestantism, that the Bible is the only infallible rule has been more fully carried out and a better practice has been attained. The General Synod of the America Lutheran church has adopted only the doctrinal articles of the Augsburg Confession, and, in the Synods connected with her, ministers are required to profess, that they believe the fundamental doctrines of the scriptures to be taught in that symbol in a manner substantially correct. Sufficient latitude is thus given for free investigation of the word of God, and for minor diversities of opinion, without the danger of ecclesiastical disabilities. And yet there is as much harmony of doctrinal views in this church as in any other.

Again, the reformers failed to make the necessary provision to *preserve the unity of the Protestant church in the progress of its extension*. In the apostolic age, each congregation appears to have been independent of all others, excepting only the occasional meetings of the apostles, ministers and lay-representatives in synod convened for counsel, as in Acts xv. In that and the immediately succeeding centuries, the unity of the church consisted in unity of name, unity of fundamental doctrines, mutual acknowledgment of each other's acts of discipline, in sacramental and ministerial com-



munion, and in occasional epistolary intercommunication. Then there were no sectarian names employed to designate different portions of the church. There was no papal church, no Lutheran, no Presbyterian, no Methodist, no Baptist church; but only christian churches, and when it was necessary to distinguish these, it was done by affixing the geographical designation of their location, such as the church at Corinth, the church at Jerusalem, the church at Antioch, &c. But the Protestants unfortunately employed other names, expressive of some peculiarity by which they were distinguished from others, thus giving prominence and perpetuity to the points of difference. Some differences we know did exist in the apostolic church. Some of the disciples supposed, that the resurrection was already past, and others differed as to the relative sanctity of particular days, Rom. xiv. 1—13. Yet as these persons did not separate into different churches, and did not adopt different names and confessions of faith setting forth their peculiarities; these differences remained private matters and soon died away. But the Protestant churches grew up amid the convulsions incident to the Reformation, and necessary in order to wrest themselves from the grasp of papal oppression, and thus the church in each kingdom and province assumed some peculiarity from the circumstances of its own case, and no platform was established which would cover all the several portions of the Protestant churches, in the different countries, and no regular principles of mutual recognition and union were established. Indeed this could hardly be expected, when it is recollected, that the Romish church soon instigated some of her blind and bigotted princes to oppress, and, if possible, subdue the Protestants by force of arms, so that the latter had to struggle for their very existence. In the

apostolic church, we know of no other doctrinal confession, required for admission to church membership, than "belief in Jesus Christ as the Son of God;" Acts viii. 37, and even until the council of Nice, in the fourth century (A. D. 325,) no other confession was required in any part of the christian church than the so-called apostolic creed, which all orthodox Protestants could subscribe, as it contains none of the peculiarities of either sect, but only such facts and doctrines as they all believe. But the reformers in each of the countries of Europe, adopted specific and extended creeds, which their brethren in other countries could not fully adopt. Hence originated a great diversity of Protestant creeds, each one perpetuating the minor peculiarities of its authors, and conferring perpetuity on these differences. Had the Protestant churches in the different countries all adopted as a test of admission, only the confession of the first three centuries, that is, the so-called apostles' creed, and together with it some one brief confession containing only the additional doctrines on which they agree, leaving their members free to differ on minor points, their unity would have been much more prominent, most of their disputes concerning nonfundamental doctrines would have been either prevented or rendered more amicable because divested of ecclesiastical disabilities, and brotherly love would have continued among them in a much higher degree.

Yet every enlightened observer will perceive, that the discordant position of the different portions of the Protestant church, was the result of peculiar circumstances, and not of design; and that, although there is difference on nonessentials, there is nevertheless an undeniable unity among the so-called orthodox churches, on all the grand and fundamental doctrines of our holy religion; and this unity, the church

will hereafter learn more fully to understand and appreciate. If it is the design of the great Head of the church, that the Protestant denominations shall assume a more harmonious relation to each other, our own happy country is obviously the theatre, on which this glorious sacrifice of sectarianism on the altar of christian love can most easily be effected. For here we are free from civil interference with the church, and all her interests are in the hands of her own members. An œcumenical Protestant council about this time might do good, consisting of delegates from all the Protestant churches of our land, in equal or senatorial number, for the purpose, not of making laws, but of passing resolutions of mutual recognition; and bearing testimony to the truth, by voting their assent to the apostles' creed and some other united Protestant confession, embracing only the doctrines held in common by all. Such a council would give prominence to the actual union of Protestants in fundamentals, would tend greatly to promote brotherly love, and would hasten the accomplishment of the Saviour's prayer: "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, *that they may be one, as we are.*" In reality, Protestants agree as much in essentials, as does the thinking portion of Romanists. The papal church has embraced in her bosom as many different sects, each having its peculiar rules and principles and obligations, as are found in the Protestant church. Such are the Augustinians, and Dominicans, and Jesuits, and Jansenists, and Benedictines, and Franciscans, &c. But, whilst all these sects differed on material points of doctrine or discipline; and often waged bitter contention against each other, they all had the points of their agreement embodied into one manual or directory for faith and practice, which was professed by all, along with their

peculiarities. Thus their differences were almost forgotten in their agreement, and their contentions were temporary, and generally overruled by attachment to their church as a whole. When Protestants learn to discriminate more clearly between the fundamentals of their religion, in which they are all agreed, and those minor points on which they differ; less time, and intellect, and money will be expended in intestine controversy, and more be left to combat the enemies of the cross, whether found in the ranks of professed infidels, or amid the legions of anti-christian *Rome*; and then also will the temple of God, rebuilt by the Reformation, assume a more beautiful and connected appearance and approximate still nearer to its primitive perfection in the apostolic age.

## FAREL, THE PRIEST-SCOURGE.

BY PROF. J. W. NEVIN, D. D.

THE genius of christianity is characteristically free. In this respect it is broadly distinguished, not only from Mohammedanism and all forms of Paganism, but from the religion, also, of the ancient Jew. "The words that I speak unto you," said the author of it, "they are SPIRIT and they are LIFE." No creed, no catechism, no system of theology, as such, can properly measure and comprehend this life. It is ever manifold, though always the same. The formality of the ritual, the formality of the symbol, and the formality of the conventicle, are alike uncongenial with its nature. It is as free and universal as humanity itself, entering with boundless flexibility into all modifications and peculiarities of character, into all types of thought and feeling, into all measures and all forms of spiritual development; not to lose itself in the process, but powerfully to transfuse the spirit with its own life-giving force, causing old things gradually to pass away and all things to become new. The savage and the sage, the inexperienced child and the full grown man, the vulgar many and the cultivated few, men of all skies and climes, of all races, temperaments and nations, of all generations and historical stand-points; all alike fall within the scope of its action, and may be brought to exhibit its regenerating presence, under phases as various as their own variety itself. Christianity is restrained by no mountains, bounded by no seas. Just as little can it be imprisoned by

forms and ceremonies, articles of faith, or ecclesiastical constitutions of any sort. It is itself deeper than all other distinctions, more profoundly *human*, capable therefore of making its way through all to the inmost life of the soul itself, in which they have their ground. All are not apprehended by it in the same way; but all are subjected to a fundamental change, by which the individual existence in every case, without being annihilated or shorn of its proper attributes, is transmuted into such light-forms as may suit its own structure, "from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord."

In this view particularly, the early history of the church is full of interest and instruction. It forms at once the best commentary on the nature of religion and the clearest demonstration of its divine origin. Without formula or rule, (for the theory of it as an object of science was still to be evolved,) it wrought as the power of an inward life, omnipotent and free, penetrating the mystery of humanity to its deepest centre, and forming from the womb of chaos a new world of order, light and beauty, such as it had not come into the heart of man to conceive of before. In the midst of all the mistakes and follies of the early church, the presence of this omnipotent life stands out every where to view, under the most manifold and often widely different forms. No dead sameness fatigues the eye. All is original, fresh and free. John and Peter, James and Paul, how true each to himself, how perfectly unlike, and yet in a deeper sense the same. What widely different forms of existence are presented to us in Ignatius, Polycarp, Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Cyprian, Origen; and yet how the same ground tone reigns in this difference, and binds all together again in the harmony of the skies.

The period of the Reformation served to illustrate the free universality of the religion of Christ, and to show its divine character in the same way. The life of the church had been in a great measure traditional and mechanical for ages before, and it has been, we may say, comparatively traditional and mechanical since. But the force that wrought mightily in the work of the Reformation, during the first part of the sixteenth century, was in no sense mechanical. It was the power of a divine *life*, acting from itself and for itself, in its appointed organs. The reformers, though much employed in constructing confessions, catechisms and creeds, for the use of the church in subsequent times, were not themselves the product of theory or system. Their religion was no formula. It did not spring in any sense from the schools. Christianity, in their case, was absolutely free again, as at the beginning. It is this especially that imparts value to the history of the sixteenth century. A real, original life, speaks to us in the character of the reformers, always the same, and yet always unfolding some new side. Almost any of them is worthy of being made the subject of special contemplation and study. And indeed to understand the Reformation properly, it is absolutely necessary that it should be thus studied in the persons of its different organs. As no one of the gospels separately taken can be said to be a full transcript of the character of Christ, but only of one side of his character as it was seen and apprehended by the particular writer, and all must be united to complete the portrait; so can no single reformer, not even the full souled Luther himself, represent adequately and at all points the spirit of the vast movement, to which all belonged, and by which all were actuated and filled in their separate spheres. The Reformation was a general force, which no single indi-

viduality could embody in all its proportions, tendencies and relations. We have it under one aspect in Germany, under another aspect in Switzerland, and under a different aspect still in France. In the case of each country, however, it is the same deep power, everywhere true to itself, heaving the nations simultaneously with its presence. So it meets us distributively also in the persons of the several individual reformers. Manifold, but at the same time identical, in its manifestations, its true generality is revealed, not through Luther, Zwingli, Melancthon, Oecolampadius or Calvin, separately taken, but through these, and the "goodly fellowship" to which they belonged, collectively comprehended in a single image. Each particular reformer may be considered a special development of the life that wrought mightily in all. Each is adapted to shed light on the general idea of the Reformation, though not in the same proportion nor to the same extent. In proportion as the individual figures which our view embraces are multiplied, the idea itself will stand out for us always more universal, more free, and more demonstrably worthy of God.

Among these figures, one of the most striking, even though he should not be reckoned among the most conspicuous, is presented to us in the person of WILLIAM FAREL, the far famed *Priest-Scourge* of the South, whose honor it was in the end to plant the standard of the Reformation in Geneva. The reformers generally were bold and free; but the freedom of Farel was absolutely wild. It set all rule and all method at defiance. The Alpine hills, which gave him birth and folded him for years in their fostering arms, were not more original and independent. His spirit had its fit symbol in the mountain torrent, the avalanche, and the storm. His very name became a terror to the papists, and



wherever he came, excitement and confusion seemed to attend his path. The whirlwind formed, as it were, the very element of his life. Yet wild and irregular as his course appeared, it was true notwithstanding to the spirit of the Reformation, in whose general movement he was carried along. Eccentric though he might seem, and comet like in his orbit, he still revolved around the one great central sun, which bound the whole system together and filled it with light. The reformers generally, in their different spheres, knew him to be one of themselves, and prized and trusted him accordingly. The peculiarities of his character only served indeed to show the more strikingly what inward living reality the Reformation possessed. And nowhere perhaps do we find a more graphic illustration of its comprehensive freedom, broad and deep and universal as humanity itself, than when we behold it binding and blending into one life, elements so dissimilar and opposite, forms of existence so constitutionally divergent towards contrary extremes, as the calm, mild, grave, equal nature of Oecolampadius on the one hand, and the impetuous spirit, on the other, of his bosom friend, wild William Farel.

He was born in the year 1489, at the foot of Mount Bayard in Dauphiny, not far from the ancient town of Gap. His family was of noble descent, and held a sort of baronial pre-eminence among the rude and simple dwellers of the mountain hamlet, which carried its name. It had been long distinguished for its piety and attachment to the church, and was in fact a model of devotion at this time, in the Romish sense, for the whole neighborhood. His immediate parents were perfectly steeped in popish superstition. Never had its reign been more oppressive in that country than it was then; but they bowed their necks unresistingly to the full

weight of its yoke. "My father and mother," he tells us himself, "believed every thing." Both their faith and obedience were absolutely blind.

His first years were passed in the seclusion of his native village. In his eye was mirrored from day to day, as he pursued his childish and boyish sports on the banks of the Buzon, the magnificent ever varying scenery of the High Alps, till at length the image of it grew as it were into his very soul, not to be parted from it while it should continue to exist. The free mountain air filled his lungs and circled through his veins, till in the end it seemed to form an element of his spiritual nature itself.

He was indeed constitutionally framed to take a deep and lasting impression from the bold, wild forms, with which he found himself thus surrounded in the outward world from the beginning. The life which he inherited from his fathers, might be said to be itself connatural with the physical relations, in the midst of which it rose. His soul naturally was suited to reflect the Alpine heights, and sound responsive to the Alpine winds; to hold communion with the everlasting rocks, to climb beyond the clouds, or ride if need be on the rolling terrors of the storm. His character was unfolded accordingly, in marked and striking features from the first. His judgment showed itself quick and penetrating, his imagination lively, his temper earnest, free and ardent. To great vivacity was joined in his spirit, great simplicity and sincerity, and an indomitable will, that drew back from no danger, and could be worn out by no difficulty. Open, lofty, bold, what he thought he spoke, and as he felt he acted. In the nature of the case, these qualities not unfrequently degenerated into faults. His disposition led him at times to be violent, extravagant and rash.

Such a nature could not fail to surrender itself without reserve to the influences, which were brought to bear upon it from the beginning, in the sacred name of religion. The superstition of the parents, enforced by constant instruction and example, very early took full possession of the child. He grew up in the very element of papistry, and his earnest, trustful, susceptible spirit might be said to have drunk in the poison at every pore. His head was filled with legends of the saints. His credulity was taught to swallow the most monstrous lies. He threw himself with his whole soul into the mummery of the Romish forms. Prayers, penances, and pilgrimages, to see a miracle or adore a cross, all attested in their proper place the sincerity of his devotion. The recollection of what he had been and what he had done in this way, often served in subsequent times to fill him with grief.

But his soul at the same time thirsted for knowledge. He felt himself irresistibly urged to seek a wider sphere, in which to exercise his powers. At a period when but little value was placed on letters, his thoughts were turned powerfully in this direction, and he could not rest until his father, who for a time opposed his wish, at length consented that he should devote himself to study. This he did, as he was accustomed to do all things, with his whole soul. His resolution carried him forward in the midst of the greatest difficulties and discouragements, till he found himself possessed of all that could be learned in his native province. He then directed his eyes towards the University of Paris, whose reputation at this time filled the whole christian world. His parents yielded again to his wish, and in the twenty-first year of his age, accordingly we find him in the metropolis, with all the opportunities of that great seat of learning fairly at his command.

But Paris was to be for Farel, in the way of light, far more than he had himself anticipated. A gleam of evangelical truth had already begun to shine athwart the night of ages in that city, giving notice of the glorious day which was soon to burst forth on Europe generally, and it was so ordered that this should now fall upon the path of the ardent student, and turn his thirst for knowledge into an entirely new direction. His own mind indeed was one of the first in which the evangelical ray might be said to be fully comprehended.

One of the most remarkable doctors connected with the University of Paris at that time, was the aged and learned Lefevre. He was one of those who sought to rescue learning from the thralldom of the schools, and who dared to abandon Aristotle for the study of the Bible. Eloquent, affectionate and earnest, he engaged and captivated all hearts. Farel soon came within the magic circle of his influence, and the truth which fell from Lefevre's lips contributed mightily, through God, to the regeneration of his soul. The master and the pupil were indeed drawn towards each other with mutual attraction. Both were serious, earnest, devoted to the ordinances of the church. Both at the same time had a heart for something deeper than the mere forms, in which the religion of the age was made mainly to consist. They were drawn together as worshippers of the Virgin and the saints. But their communion became gradually more broad and free; and although Lefevre himself continued firm to the last in his allegiance to Rome, the measure of his evangelical liberty soon grew to be so great, that Farel could not fail to come under its force, and to feel himself shaken in the very ground of his religious life by its means. In the end, the pupil became more free than his master.

It was not, however, with a sudden bound, that Farel was enabled to clear himself of the dismal territory of superstition. The spiritual revolution was not effected without a long and violent struggle. No man could be more fully wedded to the reigning system of error, than he was when he came to Paris. If any one presumed to speak against the pope in his presence, he was ready to gnash upon them with his teeth. Satan, as he tells us, had lodged popery so deeply in his heart, that even in the pope's own heart it could have sunk no deeper. His creed was, "I believe in the cross, in pilgrimages, in images, in vows, in relics. What the priest holds in his hands, shuts up in the box, eats himself and gives to be eaten by others; *that is my only true God, and to me there is no true God besides, in heaven or on earth.*" His fiery spirit spurned all moderation. His whole nature lay engulfed in the mystery of delusion. "Oh, how I shudder at myself and my sins," we hear him crying afterwards, "when I think on it all; and how great and wonderful a work it is, that man should ever be delivered from such an abyss!"

But in the midst of all his punctuality and zeal as a papist, he found no solid peace in his soul. In vain did he seek light and nourishment from the legends of the saints. In vain did he consult doctors, and invoke the aid of philosophy. All failed to satisfy the anxious cravings of his spirit. In despair he turned to the Bible. But this, to his dismay, was found at variance with the order of things that surrounded him in the church. A terrible struggle followed, in which Satan seemed to prevail. He persuaded himself that it was not safe for him to listen to the Bible, except under the guidance and interpretation of the church. Pained and offended with the light, he buried his face again in the

bosom of that false mother, and abandoned all right and title to think for himself. The reign of darkness was complete.

In this way, however, God was in fact preparing the future reformer for the liberty of the gospel. Thus thrown upon himself, to work out the great problem of life in his own strength, he was made to feel the full desolation of his nature; and when at length the grace of Jesus Christ rose upon his sight, it was only the more welcome for the long fruitless struggles through which he had previously toiled, and from which as in a quiet harbor he was here invited to rest. This deliverance, in due time, he was brought happily to experience. Lefevre had been gradually rising more and more above the murkey atmosphere with which he was surrounded, till in the end the full glory of the gospel burst upon his view. He began to teach boldly and broadly the great doctrine of justification by faith alone, dismissing all regard to the saints, and exalting Christ and his cross as the alpha and omega of the christian salvation. Without regard to tradition or philosophy, he expounded the Epistles of Paul in the spirit of the great apostle himself, and in doing so shook the University and the Sorbonne to their very centre. To the hearts of many, these instructions were accompanied with extraordinary power. But on no one probably, did they fall with greater effect, than upon young William Farel. He was in the right position exactly, to understand the necessity and worth of such a free salvation as was now disclosed to his view. With intense interest he hung upon the words of truth, which he seemed to hear as from the lips of Paul himself, and the clear distinct statement of the gospel was sufficient to bear down all doubt with regard to it in his mind. At once he embraced the gift of pardon and eternal life, and became a new man. "Lefevre," he tells us,

“rescued me from the false imagination of human merit, and taught me that all is of *grace*; which I believed as soon as it was spoken.” For a time, indeed, he found himself still fettered to some extent by the old superstitious habit of his soul. He could not easily throw off in particular his long accustomed veneration for the saints. But Christ was fairly seated on the throne of his heart, and the Holy Ghost spoke with power to him from the Bible. In the end, his deliverance became complete. The whole army of saints, with the Virgin Mother at their head, was routed and forced to retire. Jesus reigned, not only supreme, but alone. Farel stood in the midst of a new world. Idolatry was torn up by the roots from his heart. The authority of Rome was completely and forever prostrated. In the full sense of the word the truth had made him free.

Farel continued in Paris several years after his conversion, giving lectures in one of the colleges as master of arts, when he had taken that degree. During this time, he was conspicuously associated with Lefevre, and those who had come to think and feel on the subject of religion in the same way, in a steady effort to diffuse the light and grace of the gospel. A very considerable evangelical interest, the product of that deep force which was now in different lands, without concert or correspondence, urging forward the glorious life of the Reformation, had been formed, and made itself sensibly felt, in the very heart of the French nation, before either Wittemberg or Zurich had begun to move in the same direction. Auspiciously the morning of the new era dawned on this ancient christian land, and all seemed to promise the presence of a bright and triumphant day. For a season it was apprehended, that the court itself might be engaged to fall in with the evangelical movement, to which in fact the

brightest ornament of it had been already won, in the person of the king's sister, Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre. But circumstances which it does not fall in our way here minutely to explain, soon turned the face of things into a new aspect. The jealousy of the Sorbonne prevailed. The teachers of the new faith found it necessary to withdraw from Paris, Farel among the rest. He was not in priest's orders, it is true; but no man had shown himself more indefatigably active in behalf of the gospel, among citizens and students, professors and priests, and he was not to be tolerated of course, when Lefevre and his friends were required to quit their place. A temporary refuge for the persecuted interest, was found at Meaux, under the patronage of Briçonnet, the distinguished bishop of the place, who was himself warmly attached to the evangelical doctrines. It was in the year 1521, that Farel was led, on the invitation of this excellent ecclesiastic, to take shelter under an appointment to labor in connection with the schools and churches in his diocese. There for a short time again, the work of the gospel went forward with great power.

But this stimulated the enemies of the work to new and more active zeal, on the other side. The fanaticism of the mendicant monks especially was roused to virulent action. A heavy pressure was brought to bear upon the bishop of Meaux from abroad; he was required to vindicate his own character from suspicion, by purging his diocese of heresy as taught by others. The shock was more than he had strength to meet. He quailed before it, and yielded to its force; the diocese of Meaux proclaimed itself true once more to Rome, and the friends of the Reformation were ordered forth, to find harbor as they best could in some different quarter.



Meanwhile, on all sides, the elements of wrath were combining, and gathering into a dark cloud, which threatened to descend in a storm of persecution on all who were suspected of being favorable to the new doctrines. In a short time, blood began to flow, and in different districts the truth of the gospel was sealed, as it came to be still more plentifully afterwards, by the baptism of fire. Christ's faithful witnesses in France were brought to stand in jeopardy every day, and could maintain their ground at most points only with the continual peril of their lives.

We find Farel next actively employed, as the open friend of the Reformation, in his native province of Dauphiny, where the good work of the Lord had already begun and made some progress. His three brothers were won over to Christ, and had courage, when it became necessary to give up along with himself, fortune, country and friends, for his service. Most industriously he endeavored to extend the knowledge of the truth among his relatives and others, in the city of Gap and its vicinity; till at length he was summoned before the magistrates, and not without rough handling expelled from the place as a "firebrand of discord." This however did not reduce him to silence. It only threw him out upon the open plains, and among the villages and secluded hamlets, to preach among the simple and the poor, from house to house, the free salvation of Christ. This exposed him to much privation and no small danger. He was obliged to betake himself at times to the forests and wild ravines among the mountains for shelter.

Switzerland at this time offered a free and inviting asylum, to the persecuted heretics of France. Here the Reformation had already secured considerable ground, through the labors of Zwingli and others, and was at the same time

steadily making progress. Opinion was comparatively free, and foreigners were encouraged to expect a kind reception. Among others, Farel, finding himself so much circumscribed at home, and hoping to be benefitted himself by the society of the Swiss Reformers as well as to find in connection with them a wider field of usefulness, was induced to turn in this direction. Making his escape from France, with difficulty, by obscure and toilsome ways, he entered Switzerland early in the year 1524. Here he was destined to spend his days, and to take a leading part in the work of the gospel. God had raised him up and educated him, and cast him out of his native land, that he might at length occupy with proper effect the broad field in which he was now called to labor.

He came to Basel. There was already in that city a French church, composed of refugees, who had fled there to escape the scaffold. These had already made the name of Farel familiar, among the friends of the Reformation in the place. He was welcomed accordingly, as a man who stood ready to face all dangers for the sake of Christ. Here he met Oecolampadius. No two men could well be constitutionally less alike. They were drawn together however by a powerful inward attraction, almost as soon as they met, and soon their friendship was complete. Oecolampadius took him into his house, and made him one of his family. The earnestness and courage of Farel seemed to impart new vigor to his own character, and to inspire his gentle nature with fresh energy and confidence, in the midst of the difficulties with which he was surrounded. The other evangelical preachers in Basel also were greatly taken with his learning and piety and bold open spirit, and found themselves confirmed and fortified in their faith by his presence.

Basel had not yet declared in favor of the Reformation, though it had taken a strong hold on the public mind. The influence of Oecolampadius and his associates was gathering weight, from day to day, especially with the magistrates and the mass of the common people; though the learned doctors and members of the University generally were bitter in their opposition. A public disputation had already been held, in which the Reformers openly vindicated the marriage of priests, before a numerous assembly. Farel felt encouraged to challenge another discussion, that might go at once to the ground of the difference between the two parties, and modestly solicited permission from the University to defend publicly certain theses, which he had prepared for this purpose. This request the University refused. He then applied to the council of the city, and his application was granted. The University sought to prevent the students and priests from attending the disputation; but the council interposed again, not only allowing but requiring all such persons to be present. The occasion was one of vast popular interest. Farel acquitted himself with great ability as well as great boldness and courage; and the impression made upon the people in favor of the cause he maintained was deep and lasting. With all his fire, he was a man of solid learning, and his words were full of weight at the same time that they were distinguished for their sparkling vivacity. Oecolampadius, Pelican, and the other reformers in Basel, were led to think more highly of him than before. "He is a match for the whole Sorbonne together," wrote Oecolampadius to Luther.

There was one man, however, at Basel, of very considerable eminence, with whom Farel stood on less favorable terms, although he was considered generally to have no great

regard for the pope. This was Erasmus, the celebrated scholar of Rotterdam. He had made Basel his home, on account of the literary advantages of the place and the attractions it possessed generally; and Basel, the Athens of Switzerland, felt herself honored and flattered by his presence. There he sat as the monarch of letters, surrounded with his court of learned men, the object of veneration to scholars throughout Europe. Zwingli in early life had made a pilgrimage to Basel, expressly to see him, and came away completely charmed with his person. "There is nothing I am so proud of," he said on returning to his home, "as of having seen Erasmus." A very considerable intimacy had subsisted also between him and Oecolampadius. Latterly however, he had grown cool towards the reformers generally, having no heart to sympathize with the deep earnestness of their religious spirit, and resenting the freedom with which he had been handled by two or three of them through the press. In these circumstances, Farel was not a man to suit his fastidious taste; and Erasmus of Rotterdam was just as little suited to find favor in the eyes of Farel. They felt as it were instinctively, each of them, that they belonged to totally different spheres, between which there could be no cordial union. Farel, with that keen-sighted vision which belonged to him, looked into the very soul of Erasmus, and had no power to disguise the contempt he felt for his character. With characteristic recklessness, he spoke of him as a man who had not courage to own the truth which he knew. The wife of Froben, the printer, he said, knew more of theology than Erasmus—no common wife, by the way, of no common printer. Still worse, he was charged with stigmatizing the learned man, under the name of *Balaam*, as one who had been hired by the pope to curse God's

people. Erasmus was greatly nettled, and sought a personal explanation, from which however, he derived but little satisfaction. It was a serious thing, however, to be prosecuted by the wounded pride of such a man at Basel. Erasmus took pains to place the character of Farel, and of the French refugees generally, in the most unfavorable light; and such was his influence in the end, that the bold and zealous servant of Christ, after the lapse of a few months, received an order from the magistrates to quit the city. Basel, the asylum of persecuted exiles, the metropolis of humanity and polite learning, at the bidding of the prince of scholars, thrust Christ himself for the moment from her bosom, in the person of his outcast martyr. "Such is our hospitality," exclaimed Oecolampadius, "we are a true Sodom!"

This is one of the most instructive passages, in the somewhat enigmatical life of Erasmus. How the spiritual poverty of the philosopher stands forth to view, as contrasted here with the inward grandeur of the Reformer. It is such a commentary on the nakedness of man, in his best estate, as we have when we listen to a Pliny or a Trajan in correspondence, on the style of persecution to be exercised towards the christians in Bithynia; or look upon the cold features of a Marcus Antonius, in the reflected glares of those fierce fires, which burned by his order for such a man as Polycarp, and for the noble company of martyrs at Lyons and Vienne. Erasmus was full of self, as Farel was full of Christ. The smooth-going, time-serving spirit of the one was continually affronted by the straight-forward, lion-hearted "simplicity and godly sincerity" of the other. It was the spirit of the Reformation in full collision with the pride and self-complacency of the world; and all the littleness of Erasmus, as the heartless slave of his own narrow person,

was perhaps never more broadly revealed than in the case of this concussion.

Farel only gained new strength by his trials, and was prepared more and more to endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He visited Strasburg, and strengthened himself there by entering into bonds of friendship with Bucer, Capito and Hedio, as he had previously made himself acquainted with Zwingli and Myconius, by a visit to Zurich. Soon after we find him girding himself for active service again in a new field. Montbeliard, through the favorable disposition of its prince, Duke Ulric of Wurtemberg, was thrown open for the reception of the gospel, and Farel was considered the proper man to carry it thither. The whole case constituted a clear call for him, to devote himself in form to the work of the ministry. Thus far, he had acted only as a layman in the church, though in an unusually prominent and energetic way. It was now necessary that he should act with higher authority, in the house of God. But how was he to be ordained? Extraordinary emergencies justify extraordinary measures. So it was considered in this case. Oecolampadius, in the retirement of his own house, to which Farel had before secretly repaired for counsel and direction, dared to ordain him himself, conferring upon him in the name of the Lord full authority to preach the gospel. He exhorted him at the same time to study moderation, and to blend the dove with the lion in his ministry. Thus furnished, the son of thunder took his departure for Montbeliard.

His ministry here, was attended with great power, and the influence of it extended far beyond, into neighboring districts of France. He seems to have been in fact the soul of a very extensive movement, which was going forward in fa-

vor of the Reformation, in all that region. He became the organ of a powerful agency established at Basel, for the dissemination of the gospel in France. Books and tracts were provided for this object in plentiful supply; especially copies of the New Testament, as translated by Lefevre into the French tongue, were multiplied as fast as possible. Several presses were kept actively employed at Basel in the service of this work, producing tracts and books for France. Farel presided as a sort of general agent, over the whole movement. Colporteurs were employed to carry them and offer them at low prices at every door. The effects wrought by this agency were immense.

It was not long, however, before a powerful opposition began to show itself to the labors of the Reformer in Montbeliard itself. The popish ecclesiastics were roused. A dignitary of the order of the Franciscans rose in the church while he was preaching, charged him with falsehood, and denounced him as a heretic. A great uproar followed. In the end, the Franciscan was required by the duke to retract his charges in the most public manner. This shock seemed to inspire Farel with new zeal. He became more bold and fearless than ever in unmasking the wickedness of the priests, and dragging into light the abominations they were endeavoring to uphold. Oecolampadius and other friends sought by letters to restrain him; but from this time, their affectionate counsels appear to have been in a great measure without effect. The impetuosity of his nature triumphed over all obstacles cast in its way, and bore him irresistibly forward in its own direction. He felt perhaps, that his character indicated a peculiar commission, called for by the circumstances of the age, and not to be interpreted in the light of common prudence, by men of a different temperament

from himself. There is abundance of evidence, at all events, that his excesses were not the mere sallies of unreflecting passion. There was calculation in his extravagance, and method in his madness.

Such an explosion took place at Montbeliard on the festival of St. Anthony, towards the end of February 1525, when in one of his walks, he met on the bridge of the small river that runs through the place, a solemn procession, reciting prayers to the saint, and headed by two priests bearing his image. The gross idolatry moved his soul to pious indignation. He stepped forward, snatched the image out of the priest's hands, and threw it over the bridge into the stream. The excitement which followed, was of course very great. It is only strange, that Farel did not fall a victim to the fury of it on the spot. As it was, he was obliged to conceal himself, and soon afterwards to quit the city.

After a short visit to Basel, he procured an appointment from the authorities of Bern, to preach the gospel in Aelen, a district extending from the Alps to the vineyards of the Rhone, at that time under the government of this state. Here he labored with his usual ardor, combatting superstition in every direction, and making himself a terror to the priests and monks, far and wide. He was engaged at the same time in an extensive correspondence on the leading theological interests of the day.

In the year 1528, a famous Conference was held at Bern, between the Reformed and Popish clergy, which resulted in a decision of the magistrates to reform the Church throughout their territory. Great confusion of course followed, when this order began to be carried into effect. Farel found himself however completely at home, in the midst of the commotion. His whole soul abhorred the idolatries of



Rome, with an energy proportionate to the power they had once exercised over his own life; and now that the way was opened, he went forth exultingly to tear up the system, root and branch, wherever it came in his way. His action was in the style of a violent missionary crusade. Images, altars, crosses fell, demolished by the zeal of the restless iconoclast, in every direction, without mercy. No vestige of idolatry could find toleration in his eyes. All this, however, was no holiday work, in the midst of an ignorant and fanatical people, whose whole religion had been so long wrapped up in these sacred objects. To be rudely interrupted while preaching in the pulpit, was for him a comparatively small thing. But matters were carried a great deal farther. In one case at least, the pulpit was fairly thrown down, and more than once he was severely flogged by parties both of men and women. A strange way this of subduing a refractory district to protestant freedom. The indefatigable courage of such a man as Farel only, could have carried the work successfully through. But he *did* carry it through. The priests finally yielded, the people became quiet, and Aelen was protestantized to the full extent of the order, which had been published by the magistracy of Bern.

But Farel did not limit his activity, in this case, to the district of Aelen. He made excursions, in the same work, into neighboring districts. In the end, we find him embarked in a sort of general agency, under the patronage of the government of Bern, for the overthrow of idolatry in the whole surrounding region. Wherever he went, his method of working was still in the same stormy style. There was no parleying, no preliminary negotiation, no diplomatic show of compromise or courtesy. Formality and etiquette were given to the winds. He would interrupt the priests when

they were preaching, (as he was often served himself,) and refute or expose them on the spot. Whenever he could do it, he would ascend the pulpit himself, often in the very midst of some religious ceremony, and begin to harangue the people. It was not uncommon then for such a noise to be made, by hisses, cries and screams, as made it impossible for him to be heard at all. But his plan, in such cases, was to go steadily forward with his discourse, as though he had no perception of the disturbance whatever, till at length it fairly wore itself out with its own bootless effort. Then his eloquence rose, and rolled like a mountain torrent down upon the congregation. When allowed to proceed thus far he seldom failed to make an impression on the mass of his hearers. But in many cases, the struggle between preacher and people came to a less pleasant issue. Screams and hisses, having so little effect, were followed up with rougher measures. The uncompromising reformer was laid hold of, dragged from the pulpit, beaten, kicked, and maltreated in all manner of ways. In these assaults, women and children took an active part. The children sung, hissed, shouted and screamed; the women tore his hair, beat him and scratched him, like so many furies. More than once, he came near losing his life in such affrays. In one case, he returned to his home, vomiting blood, and completely shorn of his strength. In another case, his blood stained the walls of the cathedral, and remained there for years, a monument of the harsh treatment to which he had been subjected:

In the midst of all this tempestuous action, he was always full of joy and hope. His spirit gathered strength from opposition, and drew fresh courage from defeat itself. His strange, wild ministry moreover was everywhere crowned with success, as became more evident in the course of time,

by its results. Behind the earthquake, fire and storm, had been heard in many hearts the "still small voice" of the Spirit, convincing of sin and leading the weary and heavy laden to Christ. Some of his most bigotted and virulent opposers, he had the satisfaction of embracing afterwards as his brethren and helpers in the work of the gospel.

These operations could not fail of course to spread his fame, on all sides. To the papists, no name in Switzerland was so terrible as that of Farel. He was hated and feared, as the Scourge of priests and monks. To gather into one single epithet as much of odium and reproach as could be thus embodied, he was styled familiarly *Der Luther*. This was equivalent to *heretic, apostate, fiend*, all at a single blow.

In the year 1531, Farel and another minister were appointed by the Synod of Bern a deputation to visit the Waldenses in the valleys of Piedmont, and to confer with them on the subject of the Reformation. This mission he fulfilled in a very satisfactory way.

On his way back, he made his first attempt on *Geneva*—a point to which his attention had been particularly directed before, by Zwingli. The doctrines of the Reformation had already gained some ground in the place, and efforts were made in secret for their farther propagation; but the reigning tone of thought was all the other way. The senate was opposed to change; the clergy were more than commonly bigotted and corrupt; and the people were involved in gross darkness. The presence of such a man as Farel, the Priest-Scourge, could not be quietly endured. A malignant diabolical plot was entered into, on the part of the priesthood, to put him out of the way. This he was enabled, by the merciful providence of God, happily to escape; but it was made plain that he could not labor with safety, at this time in Ge-

neva, and his friends contrived to send him away as soon as possible, by stealth, from the place.

In less than two years, however, we find him in Geneva again. He gained regular admission into the city for himself and a youthful colleague, named *Viret*, under the covert of an embassy, which was sent from Bern to make complaint on the subject of some public grievance. His movements now were characterised by great prudence and circumspection, and showed nothing whatever of that wild impetuosity which he had displayed previously in other places. Through the influence of the embassy from Bern, he procured an order from the senate for his personal protection, while he went forward cautiously preaching the evangelical doctrines, at his own lodgings; or from house to house. Next he succeeded in obtaining a requisition, that the clergy should preach nothing, except what they might be able to prove from the scriptures; which was a blow struck at the very root of the reigning system. The priests were filled with spite. A doctor of the Sorbonne was called in from a distance, expressly to counteract his influence. Farel charged *him* with teaching unscriptural doctrine, and challenged him to meet the accusation before the senate. A conference accordingly was held, in which Farel conducted himself with great calmness and self-possession, and in the end completely overpowered the Dominican doctor. Judgment went against him by general consent, and he was ordered to retract his errors publicly in the church. Things had now reached a crisis. The government knew not how to act, being distracted by different views within, and opposing influences from abroad. But Farel had already judged for himself, what the case required. Boldly he began to grapple with the established superstition, in season and out of

season, in his old style. The magistrates were alarmed, and bade him be still. But it was too late; they might as well have tried to stop an avalanche or chain the whirlwind. The people had begun to feel the mastery of his giant spirit. Soon he was thundering in the pulpit of the great cathedral itself. The discovery of a plot to murder the reformed and change the government, turned the popular feeling powerfully against the clergy. The case became worse still, when the pope issued a decree of excommunication against the city. This operated as a death blow to the authority of Rome. The council were persuaded at length to call a meeting of the people. Farel addressed them in strains of solemn, overwhelming eloquence. In the end, it was resolved by an almost unanimous vote, that Geneva should go with the Reformation. This took place on the 10th of August, 1535. The edict, establishing and proclaiming the great revolution in form, was issued on the twenty-seventh day of the same month.

Farel won Geneva for the gospel, and he was instrumental also in winning for the place the ministry of the man, whose name became afterwards its highest ornament. This was *John Calvin*, the youthful theologian, a refugee from France, whose great work *The Institutes of the Christian Religion*, with its masterly address to the French king, had a short time before made its appearance, and was fast drawing upon its author the eyes of all Europe. No man knew better than Farel himself, that talents and resources of a different order from his own were required, to carry forward and complete the work he had now happily begun. His first care, was to secure efficient help, worthy of the trying but vastly important field he was called to occupy. At this juncture, he was apprised that Calvin had stopped in the

place, and at once it seemed to be revealed to him by the spirit, that God had here brought within his reach the very man who was needed for this service. The stranger was on his way to Strasburg, where he hoped to be at liberty to pursue his studies and make himself useful, and intended to tarry in Geneva but a single night. Farel called upon him, and urged him to enter the field which was here calling for work. Calvin excused himself on various grounds. On this, Farel, in the spirit of one of the ancient prophets, said to him with awful solemnity, "Now in the name of Almighty God do I declare to you, since you make your studies a pretext, that unless you address yourself with us to this work, the curse of God will rest upon you, for seeking your own honor rather than that of Christ." Calvin was overpowered. The words of Farel were to him, like the voice which thundered through the heart of Saul, on his way to Damascus. It seemed to him, as he himself says long afterwards, as if God had stretched out his hand from the heavens, to arrest him, and fix him in that place. He gave himself to Geneva.

Farel and Calvin went forward vigorously with their work. But they soon found themselves in great difficulty. Geneva was, in a religious view, still unformed and chaotic. The elements of confusion were every where at work. A powerful opposition organized itself against the strenuous reformers. They were brought into collision with the government. In the course of a year matters had come to such a point, that an order was issued requiring them to leave the city. It was the age of earthquakes and storms.

Calvin, in due time, moved by the tears of Geneva, came back. Farel had bound himself to another field, to encounter new storms, as the hardy pioneer of Christ. Immediate-

ly after his expulsion from Geneva, he was waited upon at Basel by a delegation from Neufchatel, and earnestly solicited to transfer his labors to that place. This call after full consideration he had accepted, and Geneva could not draw him back again to her bosom. He continued however always to take the most lively interest in her welfare; and it was by his earnest intercession mainly, that Calvin was induced to give himself a second time to the afflicted and repentant city.

Neufchatel was no bed of roses for Farel, more than the other fields to which his labors thus far had been given. His zeal for holy living, soon gave rise to deep and wide-spread disaffection. A case of discipline, proved the signal for this feeling to explode, in a violent popular commotion. A powerful party called loudly for his dismissal. For a time, the city was in a hurricane of strife. In the midst of it all, however, Farel stood firm as a rock. The plague burst out among the people, just at this time. This helped to show him in his true character. Day after day he was at the bedside of the sick and dying, making no distinction between enemies and friends, unmindful altogether of himself, and earnestly intent only on administering to the wants of his fellow-men. This opened the eyes of many, and turned their hearts to kindness and respect. Other influences also came in to moderate the wrath of his enemies, and the intrepid pastor, in the course of a few months, remained in undisputed quiet possession of the field.

His heart still sighed, however, for new conquests; and he was led, by the advice of his friend Calvin, in the Autumn of 1542, to make a descent on Metz, where a feeble evangelical interest was struggling to rise above the billows of persecution. His first sermon was in the church-yard of the

Dominicans. The bells were all set ringing to drown his voice; but his trumpet tongue rang, in clear piercing notes, above the discord, and forced the people to hear. The next day, he addressed an audience of three thousand people. All Metz was astounded. He was called before the council, and asked by what authority he preached. "By the authority of Christ," was his bold reply, "and at the desire of his people." Great opposition and excitement prevailed. Farel had his home once more in the bellowing, flashing storm. To complete the scene, the terrors of the plague again crossed his path, and he became as before an angel of mercy to the abodes of the sick, in spite of the prohibitions which were thrown in his way. As usual, his preaching was productive of fruit. He found it prudent however, after some time, to retire to Gorze, in the neighborhood, where he could carry forward his evangelical work with more safety. It was after all, however, a rough business still. On one occasion, as a Franciscan friar was declaiming from the pulpit on the perpetual virginity of Mary, Farel stood up and gave him the lie in no measured terms. Immediately, as in old times, the women pounced upon him like wildcats, dragged him about by his hair, pulled his beard, and might have made an end of him, if he had not been seasonably rescued from their hands. In the end, he narrowly escaped with his life from a terrible slaughter, inflicted on the Protestants in this place by the bloody Duke of Guise.

On the close of this missionary campaign which lasted a whole year, he returned to Neufchatel, which he still considered his proper home. Here he was still tried with various difficulties, which often put his courage severely to the test. But his authority grew with his age, and he held his position firm, in the face of all enemies, till the close of his life.



At the same time, his relations to the church at large involved him continually in new and weighty cares. No man was less capable of confining his thoughts to a single city or district. The troubles of Geneva were felt by him, almost as much as the troubles of Neufchatel. His soul wept and bled with the martyrs of France, as though he had been one of their number, as indeed he was himself. Every controversy that divided and distracted the friends of truth, as especially the great sacramentarian strife, came home to him as a personal wound. All questions of discipline or doctrine that agitated the age, were allowed to claim his attention. He lived in active correspondence with the other reformers at every point. Beyond all his contemporaries perhaps, he exerted himself at home and abroad in favor of education, establishing and encouraging schools, and promoting with all his power a proper regard to intellectual culture. A volume would be necessary, to detail even in a general way the manifold forms of action, by which his "care of the churches," especially in the latter part of his life, made itself known.

At the same time, the spirit of an evangelist continued to animate him to the last. He was always ready to go forth personally in missionary tours, wherever they promised to advance the glory of Christ, without regard to sacrifice or cost. When quite an old man, we find him still employed in these evangelical campaigns, with all the fire apparently of his earlier years. His zeal for the propagation of the gospel was known far and near, and he was often invited to visit different points, where his services were needed in this way. One of his expeditions was in favor of the Waldenses, in whose circumstances he never ceased to take the most lively interest. But the richest treat for him in this

way, must have been the tour he made, when he was about seventy years old, to his native Dauphiny. Hundreds of congregations in France, having renounced the mass, were at this time thirsting for the word of life; and now Farel was invited by a special message to visit that same Gap, which in the beginning of his labors had expelled him from her bosom as a "firebrand of discord." There were still lions and dragons to be faced, in obeying such a call. But to Farel it was as a voice from God himself, and lions and dragons had no power to keep him back. He stood once more on the soil that gave him birth, by the streams, and before the cloud-kissing summits, that enshrined the spirit of his boyish years, and the full eloquence of his soul was permitted to pour itself forth for Christ without restraint. The magistrates threatened, but the people heard. Immense audiences hung upon his lips from day to day, and "the word of God had free course and was glorified." Refreshing to the soul of such an one as Farel, the aged, must have been that missionary visit to the home of his fathers.

At the age of sixty-nine, Farel married. The step was generally condemned. It was intended perhaps to be a bold protest against the Romish celibacy, as Luther wished his conduct to be taken, when he set public opinion at defiance in the same way. He had a son by this marriage, who died however a few years after the death of his father.

In the year 1564, Calvin wrote to his friend that he was near the hour of his dissolution, and bade him an affectionate farewell. Farel immediately set out on foot to pay him his last visit. "Oh, that I could die in his stead," he exclaimed, in speaking of him on his return.

He was left behind in this case, only for a short period. His own dissolution took place the following year. A visit

to Metz, where he preached with great power, resulted in sickness, which soon shewed itself to be "unto death." His submission, patience and trust in God, were worthy of his profession and previous life. His sick chamber was full of light and love. With patriarchal solemnity he exhorted and counselled magistrates and ministers, and all who came into his presence, according to their several stations. His soul went forward to meet the king of terrors, with all the courage and animation it ever displayed in the service of Christ. Rather death was shorn of his terrors altogether, and had become to him only as the voice of the bridegroom, by which he was welcomed into heavenly joys. He slept in Jesus, September 13th, 1565, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

Such was William Farel, the thundering *Priest-Scourge*, child of the whirlwind, and fellow to the Alpine storms; one of the most remarkable men certainly, produced by the age of the Reformation. It is not easy to estimate properly the moral character of his zeal. Tried by the common standard, as found to hold in quiet and peaceful times, it might seem to have been of an absolutely fanatical complexion. It showed no respect to times, or persons, or places. It gave all courtesy and calculation to the winds. It grappled with all that came in its way under the form of opposition, with an earnestness which seemed like wild tempestuous instinct, more than the result of clear thought and sober reflection. In ordinary times, and with the great body of men at any time, such violence of spirit *would* deserve to be condemned at once as extravagant and fanatical. But the period of the Reformation was no common time; and the men who were raised up, (created by the wants of the age itself,) to preside over the mighty moral revolution were anything but common

men. It will not do, to try the free workings of a Luther's soul rigidly by the formulas of our common every-day life; just as it will not do, to subject the genius of a Shakespeare to the dissecting knife of a cold and merely speculative criticism. And so are we bound to reverence the still wilder freedom of William Farel. We may find it impossible to approve or justify many things that appear in his life. His brother reformers did so at the time, and gave him abundance of wholesome advice on the subject of moderation; which in general seems to have answered very little purpose. Still a great deal must be allowed to the wants of the time, and the temperament of the man. In the circumstances of the case, this was the most natural, and probably the most effective form, in which the life of the Reformation could have developed itself through his person. There was no affectation in his character. It was all the free evolution of his own nature, from its innermost ground outwards, under the action of divine grace. Hence with all his wildness, he was neither quack nor fanatic. *Quackery*—a crying evil in the church at the present time—consists in a pretension to inward power, (with or without the clear consciousness of the pretender himself,) on the ground of a merely phenomenal activity, without any regard to its spiritual basis. Simon Magus was a quack; Apollonius of Tyana, was a quack; and Simeon the Stylite, sitting on the top of his pillar to the glory of God, was a quack. And many quacks there be in every direction still; quacks little, and quacks big; seeming to be what they are not; and dreaming to accomplish by the flesh, what can be accomplished only by the spirit. Such however Farel was *not*. The outward in his case rooted itself continually in the inward; and the result was power, such as quackery can never reach. *Fana-*

*ticism*, again, is zeal pervaded with malign affection; taking its rise from selfishness, and always returning thither at last as to its proper end. Widely different from this was the spirit of Farel. Love lay at the foundation of all his activity, and uttered itself through its most violent explosions. There was no selfishness or malevolence about him; but a willingness rather to suffer all imaginable indignities and provocations, if only he might hope to be serviceable to the souls of his fellow men. Whatever may be said against him, he was at least a genuine man, pervaded with the life of God in all his movements; he was no fanatic, and he was no quack.

Let no apology then be drawn from his irregularities, in favor of wild measures in the service of religion, on the part of common men in common times. This is the very essence of quackery, to ape the forms by which in special cases true power has made itself known, and then claim shelter beneath the shadow of such example without a particle of its spirit. If men affect to roar and thunder and play the Boanerges, in the style of a Whitefield or a Farel, let them show their title to do so by exhibiting the inward power of these preachers, and not expect their roaring and thundering of itself to pass for such strength. Where the life gives birth to the form, going before it and creating it freely for its own use, we have reason to be satisfied even with the most abnormal manifestations. They become in that case natural and right. But the same or similar irregularities put forward in any other way, in their own name and for their own sake, betray weakness and deserve contempt. The quack is the slave of forms, even where he assumes to be free in his movements. He would fain be something more than common, and dreams of becoming so by outward attitudes

and positions; as though *these* could create life or generate light and power. But it is pitiful, when small men, traditional men, mechanical men, without spiritual bottom or force, set themselves to gain credit in this way; and most especially so, if their sphere of action be the sacred ministry.







## FACSIMILE OF CALVIN'S AUTOGRAPH.

THE handwriting of this distinguished reformer will be seen to be particularly illegible, and we cannot imagine how his correspondents were able to read it all. If his writings were not transcribed in a fair hand before they were sent to the printer, we can easily imagine the temper of the typesetters. It will be interesting to compare our decyphering of it which is perfectly correct, with the original.

Ornatissimo viro et fideli Christi servo, D. Rodolpho Gualthero Tigurinæ ecclesiæ pastori . . . . et Symmistæ colendo.

Pater hujus pueri, a quo literas meas accipies, est quidem homo senatorii ordinis apud nos; sed quia non admodum est opulentus, filius isthic cuperet exiguo sumtu; et discendæ vestræ linguæ et bonis simul literis dare operam. Etsi autem invitus tibi molestiam exhibeo, fugere tamen non potui, quin hanc commendationem amico promitterem. Rogo igitur, quoad tibi commodum erit, ut puerum consilia regas, et gratia favoreque tuo, si opus erit juves. *Frisio nostro scribere supervacuum duxi*, modo puerum meo nomine commendare ne graveris.

JOANNES CALVINUS TUUS.

*Genevæ, 15 Augusti, 1556.*

### TRANSLATION.

To the most accomplished gentleman and faithful servant of Christ, Mr. Rudolph Walther, pastor of the church at Zurich, and

The father of this lad, by whom you will receive this letter, is a man of senatorial rank among us; but because he is not very wealthy, the son desires at a small expense to learn your language with you, and to devote himself to literature. Though I do not wish to give you any trouble, yet I could not avoid promising my friend this recommendation. I request, therefore, that as far as your convenience will allow, you will give this youth your advice, and as far as is necessary, aid him with your influence and favor. I considered it superfluous to write to our Frisius; you can only commend the lad to him in my name without any trouble.

Your

JOHN CALVIN.

*Geneva, August 15, 1556.*

## MAURICE AND THE EMPEROR.

BY REV. PROF. C. F. SCHAEFFER.

DURING the convulsions in church and state which characterize the sixteenth century, a number of individuals appeared, whose heroic virtues or whose enormous crimes have assigned to them a prominent position on the page of European history. The reader who dwells on the eventful period of the Reformation, gazes in silent wonder on the glittering vices of Leo X., recoils with loathing from the baseness of Tetzl, or is soothed and charmed by the virtues which adorned the electoral house of Saxony. He is alternately attracted and repelled, as the actors in the busy scene appear before him, till all his attention is absorbed, and his whole heart is won by Luther himself.

The Reformation which this remarkable man was the instrument of effecting, lends an additional interest to many individuals whose talents or political power exercised a commanding influence over their cotemporaries. The Emperor, Charles V., a monarch distinguished alike by his splendid abilities, his tortuous policy, and the accumulated power which he wielded, appears in intimate connexion with every great event that marked the stormy period of his reign. Scarcely less remarkable is an individual who held a subordinate rank—Maurice, apparently the friend and the foe of both the Emperor and the Reformation; his rise from a station of comparative obscurity to the loftiest rank among the princes of the German empire, exhibits incidents which re-

semble fiction more than they appear to partake of historic truth. The dominions of his ancestors had been divided, in the course of time, and at the era of the Reformation, the Albertine or younger branch of the Saxon family, to which he belonged, was represented by his uncle, George, duke of Saxony. When George, who survived his two sons, had descended to the grave, his brother Henry, whose sole dominions had consisted of the small territory of Freyberg, took legal possession of ducal Saxony. In him the Protestants found an ardent friend, and a zealous member of the League of Smalcald, which the elector and other princes had formed in 1531, for the defence of the gospel. When he died, in 1541, Maurice, his son, who was zealously attached to the Protestant opinions, both from education and from principle, was only in his twentieth year, but even at this age exhibited unusual discretion in the measures which he adopted immediately after his succession; he had, doubtless, already at that early period, indistinctly conceived the vast plan which later events enabled him to develop more clearly, and accomplish with unparalleled success.

He appears to have been animated by an ambitious desire to establish the liberty of his country, and the rights of conscience upon a firm basis, and with singular consistency of purpose, to have combined plans of self-aggrandizement with the loftiest patriotism and the purest principles of religion. His policy led him to assume a hostile attitude towards those whom nature and the claims of near affinity should have taught him to revere, while it required him to court those whom honor and religion should have urged him to resist. In the conflict between his feelings and his principles, he often suppressed the former, in order to secure a glorious victory for the latter. It is difficult to define his

real position; his public acts were not all consistent with christian integrity, but their brilliant results, which he had long anticipated, seemed to have justified in his eyes the questionable policy by which he was guided. He found in Charles V. a monarch whose grasping ambition attempted to extinguish all the rights and privileges of the German empire, and whose policy or whose bigotry could never tolerate the existence of the Protestant religion. No German prince possessed sufficient political power to contend successfully in open warfare with the emperor; none seemed to be qualified by diplomatic tact or political art to baffle his designs. Maurice resolved to deliver the state and the church from their insidious and powerful foe. Although he perceived that the attainment of this object required a long course of dissimulation, and the possession of a large military force, his energetic will impelled him to engage in the enterprise.

Without revealing his plan to a single individual, he commenced his operations by an official refusal to accede to the league of Smalcald, while he obstinately avowed his attachment to the Protestant religion, he declared that he was unwilling to involve himself in a struggle with the emperor. His sagacity had taught him that the members of the league could not sustain themselves in a contest with Charles V., as their private and separate interests were not controlled by the absolute or undisputed power of one individual, and that his neutrality would attract the favorable attention of the emperor. He courted the latter, aided him in his military operations, and soon won his esteem. Although he had married the daughter of Philip, landgrave of Hesse, a zealous Lutheran, his personal and avowed dislike towards his cousin, John Frederick, Elector of Saxony, which Luther and

the landgrave could not induce him to suppress entirely, led the emperor to regard him with peculiar favor; and it was now his great object to gain the entire confidence of his imperial master.

Immediately after the peace of Crespy in 1544, which terminated the hostilities between Charles V. and Francis I., the king of France, Pope Paul III. summoned a General Church Council, and directed it to be held at Trent, a city in the Tyrol, on the confines of Germany and Italy. At that period, it belonged to the emperor's brother, Ferdinand, the king of the Romans, but the selection of a city in the vicinity of the papal dominions, while the religious controversies which the council was partly intended to decide, were chiefly conducted in a remote country, gave umbrage to the Protestants. The measures which Ferdinand had proposed at a diet or assembly of the states of the empire previously held at Worms, were resisted by them with inflexible constancy, and they refused to acknowledge the authority of a council over which the pope evidently designed to exercise unlimited control. Maurice, while professing, with apparent candor, an inviolable attachment to the Protestant religion, assumed an appearance of moderation, and expressed a willingness to gratify the emperor by assisting at the council. It was opened at the close of the year 1545 with great solemnity, and, while the personal and conflicting interests of the emperor and the pope, prevented a cordial co-operation, other considerations induced them to suspend their own hostility, and concert measures for extinguishing the Protestant cause; in accordance with their designs troops were raised in various parts of the imperial dominions. The confederates of Smalcald, alarmed by these hostile preparations, which were not effectually concealed, and convinced of the

insincerity of the emperor, determined to avert the impending danger by increased vigor in their movements. They collected an army of seventy thousand foot and fifteen thousand horse, for which abundant stores were provided: these preparations, without requiring the united effort of the whole Protestant body, furnished them with an army which is said to have been one of the most numerous, and which was undoubtedly the best appointed of any that had been levied in Europe during that century. But, instead of proceeding to action, they resorted to negociations, until the emperor recovered from his surprise, and published the ban of the empire against the Protestant leaders, John Frederic, Elector of Saxony, and Philip, landgrave of Hesse; the sentence declared them to be rebels and outlaws. These two distinguished princes could have treated it with defiance, if the slow movements of the former and the bold policy of the latter had not prevented all concert of action. Their forces were not guided by one mind, and the papal and imperial troops gained several advantages. During these transactions, Maurice, intent on the execution of the plan which still lay buried deeply in his bosom, concluded a treaty with the emperor, and obligated himself, as a faithful subject, to assist his master, provided that the latter would stipulate to bestow on him the dignity and territories of his relative, the elector; nevertheless, he so successfully concealed this agreement from the world, that when the unsuspecting elector joined the confederates at the beginning of the campaign, he committed his dominions to the protection of Maurice. Soon after, the emperor, agreeably to their secret understanding, officially informed Maurice that the ban had been denounced against the elector, whose territories were consequently forfeited, commanded Maurice, as the next legal

heir, to seize them, and formally declared that his disobedience to the imperial decree, would render him accessory to the crimes of his kinsman.

Maurice, with his usual art, obtained the concurrence of his own Protestant states, and aided by Ferdinand's Catholic troops, soon acquired possession of nearly the whole electorate. A crisis seemed to have arrived. He was declared by the astonished Protestants to be an apostate from the religion which these extraordinary proceedings were really intended to establish, and a betrayer of German liberty, which the emperor, the real dupe of Maurice, was to be the unconscious agent of ultimately placing on a firm basis. The landgrave disowned his son-in-law, and even papists beheld the conduct of the latter with detestation. The difficulties in which the Protestants were involved, however, even without the influence of this untoward event, have produced the result which the sagacious Maurice had foreseen. They made overtures of peace to the emperor, but were repulsed; several of them ultimately accepted the vigorous terms which he proposed to those who were willing to return to their allegiance. John Frederic retired to his electorate, and unmolested by Charles V., whose extensive dominions called his attention to other points, soon rescued nearly the whole of his territory from his enemy.

The death of Francis I. in 1547, and the accession of Henry II. to the throne of France, enabled Charles V. to resume his operations in Germany. He immediately marched against the elector of Saxony. An engagement followed on the 24th of April, in the vicinity of Muhlberg, on the river Elbe; the imperial forces prevailed; the elector, who was distinguished for personal courage, received a wound in his face, the order of battle could not be restored, and he was



taken prisoner. His heroic wife, Sibylla of Cleves, who was equally remarkable for her abilities and her virtues, vigorously defended Wittenberg, the electoral residence, which was besieged by Maurice, till she was subdued by the fear that her continued resistance would give the emperor a pretext for putting the elector to death. The whole electorate was surrendered; and now Maurice attained one object which was essential to the success of his plan. At the diet held at Augsburg in 1548, he was solemnly invested with the electoral dignity in an open court so near the apartment of the imprisoned and degraded elector that he could witness the ceremony from his window. John Frederic viewed the scene with great tranquillity, and then returned to the devotional reading in which he chiefly passed his time.

Maurice became the most powerful prince in Germany by this addition to his territories, and the moment rapidly approached in which he intended to divest himself of his disguise, and assume that attitude towards the emperor, the enemy alike of his country and his religion, which was the ultimate object of these unusual steps. His father-in-law, the landgrave Philip, had also submitted to the emperor, and was held in rigorous confinement. Maurice, who had incurred odium among all classes by conniving at the injustice practised towards his father-in-law by the emperor, for whom he had seemed to sacrifice honor, patriotism and religion, loudly urged his master to liberate the captive. The emperor naturally ascribed the importunities of Maurice, which were publicly and ostentatiously continued, to the domestic ties of the latter, and, although he refused to gratify his favorite, retained all his partiality for him, while Maurice, by these importunities, regained in a considerable degree, the confidence of the Protestants. He did not neglect one part

of his complicated plan while he labored for success in another, but now published an energetic declaration, in which he assured the Protestants of his devotion to their religion, and of his determination to guard against all the errors or encroachments of the papal see. This unequivocal and public expression of his views, which seemed to close every avenue to a permanent union with the Catholic emperor, assumed in the eyes of the Protestants, the character of a formal secession from the papal party, while with unparalleled art, he induced the emperor, whose heart was not interested in the cause of religion, to regard it as a harmless effusion of zeal for abstract principles.

Still he feared that the suspicions of the emperor would awake if those of the Protestants were lulled asleep, and amid the exciting scenes of the times, a new device readily suggested itself to his adventurous genius. The Protestant city of Magdeberg, which had persisted in its refusal to adopt the interim or temporary rule of faith and worship published by the emperor, was put under the ban of the empire, and Charles V. had determined to punish the contumacy of its inhabitants with severity. The diet held at Augsburg in 1550 petitioned the emperor to entrust to Maurice the command of the troops which were sent against the city; the appointment was made by the one and accepted by the other with equal alacrity. The emperor persuaded himself that the Protestants would abandon every hope on seeing the most powerful prince of their party avowedly engaged in an attempt to annihilate the last of the Protestants who defended their religion by arms. But this moment he himself unconsciously took the decisive step for which his secret foe had so long and so patiently waited, in order to crush all the plans of his dupe. Maurice already possessed extensive do-

minions; he could collect around his person all who favored the new religion; but he could not act without a numerous army; and yet any attempt to assemble forces in considerable numbers, without a motive that would satisfy the wary emperor, would have been premature. The pretext was now found. In the autumn of 1550, Maurice assumed the supreme command of all the troops collected at Magdeburg, and began the siege in form; but he prosecuted it with as little vigor as the actual position of the parties allowed. The period had arrived for disclosing to others the secret which he had hitherto concealed with consummate skill. During the siege he concluded a secret treaty with Henry II. of France, and with several German princes, against the emperor, and even sought an alliance with Edward VI. of England, to whom he appealed for aid in the defence of the Protestant religion. Of all the proceedings which were conducted with profound secrecy, Charles V. received no intelligence. At length, after a siege of twelve months, which afforded Maurice ample time for gaining the affections of the troops and arranging all his plans, he concluded a treaty of capitulation with Magdeburg, on terms which were sufficiently rigorous to satisfy Charles V., but which, in accordance with a secret pledge given by Maurice to the authorities of the city, were not really executed. So adroit were his measures, that while the grateful citizens voluntarily conferred on him, by their own election, the office of burgrave, the emperor extolled his fidelity and success in the reduction of the city.

As Maurice had now disclosed his plans to several princes who adopted them with eager delight, his sagacity readily dictated a mode of dismissing the troops which were no longer needed, without actually dispersing them. They

were so judiciously divided among his secret allies on various pretexts, that although the vast army appeared to the emperor to have been dissolved, it could at any time be re-assembled by the master spirit. While waiting for the arrival of the decisive moment, Maurice, agreeably to his usual policy, made a final attempt, in the most public manner, to induce the emperor to liberate the landgrave; the intercession of eminent princes was united with those of the son-in-law, and the emperor, who was at Innspruck, unwilling to pronounce a distinct and positive refusal, which Maurice of course expected, still expressed to the ambassadors of the latter his desire to confer on the subject with their master, from whom he expected an early visit. Maurice, at the same time, gratified the emperor by sending commissioners to the council of Trent, the authority of which he officially recognized.

At this time the emperor was suffering from a severe attack of the gout, and continued at Innspruck, a town on the river Inn, at a convenient distance from Trent, and distinguished not only for its importance as a military post, but also for its romantic situation. The Duke of Alva had begun to suspect Maurice, but his representations were unheeded by Granvella, the emperor's prime minister. Two of the secretaries of Maurice had been bribed to disclose their master's secrets to Granvella, who, though he was himself one of the most subtle statesmen of that age, was, in this instance the dupe of his own craft. The skill of Maurice in diplomatic contests, was not equalled by any politician; he had discovered the treachery of his secretaries; but, in place of inflicting punishment upon them, he appeared to place unlimited confidence in their integrity, and, while he pretended to disclose all the secrets of his bosom to these

members of his council, he gave them false information alone. The communications which they made with fidelity to their new employer, necessarily deceived him. Hence, Granvella, confiding in his own arts, would not allow the emperor to listen to the suggestions of the Duke of Alva or distrust Maurice, as he prided himself on his accurate knowledge of the movements of the latter, and believed that none could surpass him in cunning.

The arrangements of Maurice were now completed, and the crisis arrived. He suddenly joined his army, which was instantly brought together, and published a manifesto, in which he declared that, in attacking the emperor, three reasons impelled him to resort to arms; first, the hostility of Charles V. towards the Protestant religion; secondly, his invasion of the rights and privileges of the German empire; thirdly, his refusal to liberate the landgrave. The first reason at once justified Maurice in the eyes of the Protestants; the second, won the confidence of all the friends of liberty in every religious party; and the third, touched a cord in the bosoms of all who possessed the least decree of sensibility. Maurice rapidly advanced, arrived at the castle of Ehrenberg which commanded the only pass through the Tyrolese mountains, took possession of this strong fortress without loss of time and almost without bloodshed, by the fortunate discovery of a secret path to the summit of the rock on which the castle stood, and was now only two days march from Innsbruck. An unexpected event somewhat retarded his progress; a battalion of mercenaries mutinied, and it was not without a considerable loss of time that Maurice quelled the insurrection. The delay prevented him from being himself the messenger of his success. The emperor, who had not yet recovered from his late illness, still occu-

pied his lodgings at Innsbruck; it was a gloomy night; the rain fell in torrents, and all had retired to repose; the emperor was suddenly aroused by the tidings that Maurice was approaching, not as a friend, but as a foe. The consternation of the emperor was indescribable; his affrighted and bewildered attendants were scarcely controlled by the voice of their master; but the danger was imminent, a litter was hastily constructed for the emperor, who could not mount a horse, and he was carried forth by torch-light, amid the raging storm. The gloom which surrounded the terrified band, and the difficulties of the road, added to their distress; the courtiers who followed at unequal distances, on foot or on horses, concerned for their personal safety, and conscious of the hazards of the road, increased the general confusion. The emperor hastened onward as rapidly as the wild and mountainous country permitted, and, at length, paused, with his dejected and exhausted train, at Villach, a remote spot in Carinthia, unable to continue his flight.

The eager Maurice arrived at Innsbruck a few hours after the departure of the emperor; he was disappointed in his design to seize the person of the emperor, but his general plan was completely successful. The fathers at the council of Trent were filled with dismay, when the intelligence of the bold steps of Maurice reached them, and a prorogation of the council followed, which continued not less than ten years. After Maurice had restored the Lutheran clergy to their rights, wherever his authority extended, he met Ferdinand on the 26th day of May, 1552, at Passau, for the purpose of concluding a peace. The hesitation of the emperor, who was represented by his brother, to accede to the propositions of the Protestants, was terminated by the energetic measures of Maurice, whose political wisdom taught him

that a longer delay could only add to the strength of Charles V., and enable him to dictate his own terms. The celebrated peace of religion was ultimately concluded at Passau, on the 31st day of July, 1552, which secured for those who adhered to the Augsburg confession of faith, the undisturbed exercise of their religion, as well as recognized other important rights and privileges which they had never before enjoyed without molestation.

This treaty, to which Charles V. was compelled to accede, destroyed the vast fabric which it was the object of his whole policy, during many years to erect; it annulled all the restrictions by which he attempted to impede the progress of Protestantism; it defeated all his plans for rendering the imperial authority absolute and hereditary in his family; and, it doubtless largely contributed to that satiety of the world, which induced him, in less than four years after these events, to retire from the usual scenes of his grandeur, and close his life in a monastery.

Maurice was subsequently appointed to the command of a powerful force which several princes of Germany sent against the turbulent Albert of Brandenburg; a fierce engagement took place on the 9th of July, 1553, at Sievershausen, in the duchy of Lunenburg. Victory declared for Maurice, but he did not live to enjoy it. As he was leading a body of horse to a second charge, he received a severe wound which occasioned his death two days after the battle.

This remarkable man, who combined the knowledge and prudence of an experienced statesman, with the vigor of youth, closed his career in his thirty-second year; he lived long enough to furnish a striking illustration both of the deceitfulness of the human heart, and of the over-ruling Providence of God. Indeed, the whole history of the Refor-

mation abounds in similar illustrations. Thus the king of France, while he was persecuting his Protestant subjects with all the fierceness of bigotry, assisted Maurice in his efforts to protect the Reformation in the German empire. While the splendid virtues of Luther qualified him for the office of restoring religion in its purity to the world, the vices of the popes, which so pointedly contradicted their claims to sanctity, facilitated his task. And thus too, Maurice, although he was influenced by unsound views of duty, and guided by personal ambition, became the instrument of establishing the Protestant religion on a firm basis. The injustice of which the pious John Frederic was the victim, furnished the wily Maurice with the means of concentrating in his own person that amount of political strength, which enabled him to ruin the projects of Charles V., the enemy of the true faith. Thus the Almighty accomplishes his lofty plans; he can glorify his name without human instrumentality; he can employ the righteous in offices that promote his honor; he can regulate the caprice of human passions, and render even the vicious subservient to his exalted designs. We adore Him whose knowledge is unsearchable, and praise his holy name for the wisdom and the goodness which he displayed in so ordering all events as to produce and give permanent success to the glorious Reformation.





Facsimile of Swinpli's Autograph.

An den wohlgeliebten Meistern  
wenn ihr streiten zu  
Zug sinen gim:  
sigen herren

Non sum infans carissimè wennherren quam vider de christi doctrina  
sentias vider hac parte memorare opus nō habeo, na tū d<sup>r</sup> p<sup>r</sup>suasus sum  
senhiedner <sup>655r</sup> d<sup>r</sup> pio christi discipulo, qui cupiat curdos christo lucrifacere,  
nisi quosdam p<sup>r</sup>iciose cecitas in m<sup>r</sup>g<sup>r</sup>u<sup>r</sup>stū ageret, -----

Ego quid tot negociis implicor ut hac vice nihil ad vos scribere  
liceret, quoniam nō dabit<sup>r</sup> lubens ad id scribam. sicut et d<sup>r</sup>is ad ea incolunt

Et viginti 19 die Febr. M DXXII Huldri. Zwinglius vobis

piscis optimos misisti dono, gratia d<sup>r</sup>o. qui ut gustū delectat ita animū  
lotosi curat q<sup>d</sup> ab amico tam nosse studioso misisti sūt, h<sup>r</sup>ic ab utroq<sup>e</sup> tibi  
di da accipit puta tam<sup>2</sup> sicut q<sup>d</sup> a nobis p<sup>r</sup>estā vobis.

FACSIMILE OF ZWINGLI'S AUTOGRAPH.

AN den wohlgelahrten meister wernherr Steiner zu Zug  
seinen günstigen Herrn.

Non sum nescius *carissime Wernherr* quam recte de  
christi doctrina sentias. Unde hac parte monitore opus non  
habeo, ita enim de te persuasus sum sentiendum esse, ut de  
pio Christi discipulo, qui capiat cunctos Christo lucrifacere,  
nisi quosdam perniciosam cæcitas in transversum ageret.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ego quidem tot negotiis implicor ut hac vice nihil ad rem  
scribere liceat, quum vero dabitur lubens ad eam scribam.  
Servet te Christus cum ea incolumen.

Ex Tiguro 19th die Febr. MDXXII.

HULDR. ZWINGLIUS TUUS.

Pisces optimos misisti dono, gratia deo; qui ut gustum de-  
lectant ita animum lætificant, quod ab amico tam nostri studi-  
oso missi sunt; hæc ab utroque tili dicta accipe, puta tam a  
Leone quam a nobis. Iterum vale.

TRANSLATION.

To the learned Master Wernherr Steiner, at Zug, (His  
gracious Sir:)

I very well know, dearest Wernherr! how correct your  
opinions are of the doctrines of Christ. Hence there is no  
necessity of giving you any advice on that subject, for I am  
well persuaded that you are to be regarded as a pious disci-

ple of Christ, who desire to gain all for Christ, if a pernicious blindness did not lead some in a contrary direction.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am at present engaged in so much business, that I cannot this time write any thing relative to the matter; but when an opportunity offers, I will cheerfully write about it. May Christ take you and that affair into his keeping.

Your,

ULRICH ZWINGLI.

*Zurich, Feb. 19th, 1523.*

You have sent—thank God—a present of most excellent fish, which are as grateful to the taste as refreshing to the heart, because they have come from such a warm hearted friend. Regard this as said by both of us, Leo, and myself. Again farewell.

## THE COUNTER REFORMATION.

BY REV. PROF. H. L. BAUGHER.

THE history of the Reformation is one of the most interesting extant. It is full of instruction, and bears upon it every where the marks of divine interposition. There were indeed no miracles wrought, in the ordinary sense of the term. There was no pillar of cloud by day and fire by night, but God was as certainly and as evidently controlling the affairs of the church then, as he was in the wilderness. What is perhaps most remarkable in this important revolution is, the apparently simple and inadequate means for the accomplishment of such glorious results, and the rapidity with which Protestant principles diffused themselves throughout Europe.

The son of a poor miner, a youth who begged his bread and was educated by the charities of others; a simple monk, by the power of the truth first influencing his own heart and from that fountain gushing forth in living streams, is able to move the world. From such a beginning, who would have anticipated the results which now present themselves in every continent! Luther himself probably saw no farther than others, but led on step by step, under the influence and by the guidance of a power which is as resistless in the silent impulses of truth and motive as in the heavings of the ocean, the whirlwind and the storm, he was finally delivered from the thralldom of popery and had his eyes opened upon the important results of his labors.

In the year 1521, was dated the sentence of outlawry against Luther. Charles and Leo concluded a treaty, one object of which was to enlist the overwhelming power of the emperor not only against the Protestant leaders individually, but against Protestantism itself. Luther was withdrawn from the stage of action. Doubt and despondency rested upon Protestantism just struggling into life. It was a dark and gloomy day. The light of divine Providence seemed to be shrouded in darkness, and the church was left to be tossed upon the angry billows of war and political intrigue. But the world held only the dark side of the cloud. They could not penetrate its depth and gloom. To the heavenly intelligences the other side was bright and radiant. It awakened bright hopes, and flung the light of its glory far into the future to illumine the prospect there. That cloud had its special mission. It thundered indeed terribly and darted its lightnings flash after flash all through the horizon; but soon it discharged itself in copious and refreshing showers. Luther was hurried away to the fortress of Wartburg, which he appropriately called his Patmos. It was indeed the rock which sent forth, especially to Germany, the waters of life. Here the Bible was translated into the vernacular tongue, which perhaps more than any other cause contributed to the rapid diffusion of the principles of Protestantism.

Up to the time of the last sittings of the council of Trent, the principles of Protestantism were making continued advances. The impulse which the Reformation had received appeared to be irresistible. Romanism, in whatever form it presented itself, yielded. Indeed, north of the Alps and the Pyrenees, Romanism could appropriately be said to have been subdued. It is true the conquest was not complete in its details, (for as we shall soon see, it retained sufficient

power to produce a reaction of the most serious character.) There were princes and noblemen, both secular and spiritual, who adhered to the ancient faith; and the impressions of early youth could not be entirely effaced from the minds of the great mass. In the north of Europe, Protestantism became universal and firmly established. It had spread to the most remote regions. Denmark received the new doctrines with enthusiasm. "Bugenhagen, who introduced it, dwells with delight on the eagerness with which his preaching was listened to there, even on working days as he expresses it, even before day-break, and on holy-days all the day long."<sup>1</sup> In Iceland and the remote regions of Lapland, the Romanists were compelled to give way to evangelical preachers. In Sweden, Gustavus Vasa, in his will, made it almost a condition of right to the throne that his successors adhere firmly to the evangelical doctrines and to reject all false teachers. Prussia had secularized the monastic orders. When Livonia was to be added to Poland, the first condition of submission, was permission to adhere to the Augsburg confession. In Poland proper, many nobleman became Protestants, and some Protestants obtained even bishop's sees; and, under Sigismund Augustus, who himself was a Catholic, they formed the majority of the Senate. In Hungary opposition to the Reformation on the part of the government only tended to diffuse its principles more widely. In 1554, a Lutheran was elected Palatine of the empire. Transylvania separated itself altogether; and in 1556, the property of the church was confiscated by a formal decree of the Diet.

In the Germanic body, where the Reformation had originated, and, by wars long and perilous, had obtained consider-

<sup>1</sup>Rank Hist. Popes.

ation, and taken deep root, it was on the point of gaining entire possession of the several states of that body.

In Bavaria the Protestant movement had proceeded with equal activity. Many of the nobles embraced the Protestant faith. The duke himself from time to time attended a Protestant sermon.

In Austria the new opinions had made still greater progress. All the colleges of Austria proper were filled with Protestants, and it was asserted, that only about one thirtieth part of the inhabitants had adhered to Catholicism. The region between Bavaria and Austria, under the government of the archbishops of Saltzburg, no longer maintained its ancient faith. The mass, fasts, and festivals were no longer observed in the capital. Protestant sermons were read at home by those who could not attend their preaching. The country people loudly demanded the cup in the sacrament, and as it was not granted, they avoided the ordinance altogether. "They no longer sent their children to school and on one occasion a peasant rose up in the church and called aloud to the priest 'thou liest.'" In the Rhenish provinces, in Westphalia the same state of things existed. In fine, throughout the whole of Germany, Protestantism decidedly prevailed. The nobles were inclined to it from the first. The official functionaries were educated in the new belief. The common people would no longer tolerate the doctrine of purgatory, nor certain ceremonies, such as pilgrimages and the exhibition of saints' relics, and not a convent was able any longer to support itself. In the year 1558, a Venetian ambassador reckons that only a tenth part of the inhabitants of Germany had remained faithful to the old religion.

These changes were truly astonishing. With the extension of Protestant principles went hand in hand the increase



of secular power and wealth. The confiscations of church property were very great. In addition to this, Protestant opinions had become predominant in the establishment of institutions of learning. The education of the young was in the hands of Protestants.

France, Great Britain and the Netherlands followed the example of Germany. Protestant principles crossed the Alps and the Pyrenees, entered the ecclesiastical states and were found even in the court of the pope himself.

What a revolution is here presented to us; what a change of sentiment and practice, of doctrine and ceremonies, since the important visit of Luther to the imperial city. What conquests had the Protestant or rather the christian spirit achieved in the short period of a few score years. The dead mass was enlivened. The waters of intellectual and moral life were agitated by the breath of the Almighty and soon they began to flow throughout the earth in healthful streams. Why did they not continue to flow uninterruptedly to their glorious destination? Why in a few years do we find a reaction powerful, wide-spread and wasting? In order to answer this question intelligently we must consider the following particulars.

The assertion that the counter Reformation amongst the Romanists was the result of the sittings of the council of Trent, would be perhaps too broad. But surely from that council the secular and spiritual rulers arose rejoicing. An impulse had been there imparted, which was felt throughout christendom. A reform had been loudly demanded. A reform was effected, not indeed such as to gratify the ardent aspirations of the humbled devout christian, but such as tended to infuse new life and spirit into the active and aggressive operations of the church. The pollution and de-

bauchery, the riots and bloodshed, which disgraced the streets of Trent during the session of the council, gave sufficient evidence of the character of the men who composed it. They were not reformed. The priests and higher prelates, who should first have been subject to the purifying action of truth and discipline, remained as a whole nearly unaltered in heart and life. Yet a great reform was in progress and wonderful results followed the spirit of the church which began to be everywhere revived. Church discipline became severe and uncompromising, in urgent cases the sword of excommunication was employed. Seminaries were founded in which the young clergy were carefully educated in austere habits and in the fear of God. The clergymen governed by fixed laws. Strict rules were laid down to regulate the administration of the sacraments and for preaching. Strict supervision was enjoined upon the superior clergy over those committed to their charge and they were required to reside within the limits of their jurisdiction. In addition to all this they bound themselves by a peculiar profession of faith, which they subscribed and in which they swore to observe the decrees of the council of Trent and to render entire obedience to the pope. In fine it was the reorganization of the papal system, which had relaxed through power and luxury, upon principles inherent in the system, and with the spirit of intolerance, exclusiveness and pride, which characterized it in its palmy days. This was the commencement of that great struggle of popery which resulted in the reconquering and complete subjugation of many of the fair provinces of Protestantism.

In Pius the V. the rigid party of Catholics found a suitable leader. A man spotless in character, rigid in his attendance upon the auterities of Catholic forms, inflexible in his

opinions and resolute as a pope to extend throughout the church his own views. With such a leader and with the powerful resources which yet remained in the papacy there was reasonably to be expected, not only an obstinate resistance to the advancement of Protestant principles, but a powerful aggressive movement. Both speedily followed. Before the end of the next twenty years popery was completely re-established in Austria and Bavaria. "The Germans were conquered on their own soil, in their very homes and had wrested from them a portion of their own country." In France and the Netherlands, Protestant blood flowed like water, for now there was arrayed against the cause of truth a consolidated secular power, animated by the bitterest spirit of bigotry. Sweden, around which so many guards had been placed to prevent her soil from being polluted even by the footsteps of popery, was invaded and her Queen the eccentric Christina converted to the papal faith. Even England was attacked, not only internally by the spiritual resources of popery, but by its combined and concentrated secular power. When the great Elizabeth laughed at the proposition of pope Sixtus inviting her to return to the bosom of the Catholic church, the resolution was formed to deprive her of her kingdom by force. The attempt was made by the "invincible Armada." Thus the aggressive movements of popery became more and more conspicuous and formidable. Europe was a theatre far too small for her wide grasping ambition, and Asia, Africa, America and the Islands of the sea were visited by her restless, self-denying and devoted missionaries.

Some of the causes which contributed to the success of the counter Reformation will lead to interesting and profitable reflections.

1. It is reasonable to suppose that Protestant principles had not been thoroughly infused into the minds of the people. One might infer, a priori, that where the truth had found a congenial soil, where it had taken root and was germinating, there an essential change in the nature of the plant could not take place. Popery may uproot, destroy and substitute its own noxious weeds, but it can never change the elements of a growth springing up and nourished in an atmosphere of truth.

Besides, a revolution such as that produced by the Reformation requires time and labor for its perfection. Where popular opinion, sustained by the learning and eloquence of scholars and orators, diffuses itself rapidly throughout a community, the great mass will almost necessarily be urged along by feeling. The impulse of the moment oftentimes leads to action where no fixed principles control the will. Undoubtedly many Catholics became Protestants under the popular impulse, which like wild-fire, was bearing every thing before it. They became nominal Protestants when no change had been produced in their hearts, or, like many of the Iconoclasts, their judgments had been correct on one or two points whilst their spiritual nature remained unchanged.

But, Protestant principles had not been adopted by very many of the powerful nobles and princes. They were for a time paralyzed, overwhelmed by the new spirit which animated every thing around them. They were in doubt as to the result, and like prudent, worldly-wise men, they were tolerant and waited to catch the most favorable breeze which might waft their bark in safety along the troubled waters. Such were duke Albert of Bavaria, the electors of Treves and Mayence, and the abbot of Fulda. Once they were tolerant, although Catholics, and respected the rights and

privileges of their Protestant subjects. Now, inflamed with a zeal which trampled under foot every obstacle to the onward progress of the Catholic faith, they became successful champions in the cause.

Other places of power vacated by the demise of the old incumbents were filled with young men educated in the strict principles of the papacy and animated by the new spirit through which it had been revived. Rudolph II., emperor of Austria, immediately upon his accession to the throne, laid the foundation of that reaction which gathered strength every year, and which it was resolved should not cease until Protestantism were banished from the empire.

In addition to all this, the Catholic rulers, both temporal and spiritual, began to discover that the progress of evangelical principles provoked a stronger opposition to their authority on the part of Protestants and rendered their position insecure. Under the influence therefore, of selfish feelings, they co-operated powerfully with the efforts emanating from Rome to re-establish on an immovable foundation the Catholic faith.

2. The causes mentioned above gave origin to others. Where secular power was in the hands of Catholic rulers they did not hesitate to employ it for the advancement of their cause. Indeed independently of their own inclination they were required by the precepts of their faith to use it for the extermination of heretics. Every where the power, which in subordinate situations was held by Protestants, was transferred to Catholics. The preachers of the gospel were silenced, displaced and banished. Where these means were insufficient the sword of persecution was not drawn in vain. The Saltzbergers were banished. The Calvinists of France and the Netherlands were massacred. The inquisition was

the grand engine which revived Catholicism employed to maintain its purity, and overawe any movement on the part of individual Protestants. The papal nuncio in Spain writes to his sovereign, "The obedience paid to the king, nay, his whole government depends on the inquisition; were that to lose its authority, seditions would instantly arise." As many Catholics became Protestants in name, without its spirit, under the impulse of popular feeling, so doubtless many formal Protestants became Catholics through fear of the secular arm. Thus popery possessed the means of securing the habits of obedience already formed with all the external associations of the past; and, as that which is external constitutes a large part of obedience, it was not difficult to fasten that yoke upon the necks of a subject people.

3. Of far greater influence were the operations of the society of Jesus. If secular power and a revived and vigorous spirit were important to the Catholic church, for the maintenance and diffusion of her doctrines; of how much greater importance was an order of men who would give a legitimate direction to both. This order of men was founded by Ignatius Loyola, a Spanish cavalier. It is not my business here to detail a history of his life, or the motives which led him to pursue a course, which in its results upon the christian church, have been so eventful. My object is to exhibit the connexion which this society had with the counter-reformation of popery.

This institution had its origin almost coterminously with the Reformation and had attained sufficient form and consistency, when the Council of Trent arose, to enter at once into the most active and efficient operations. Three principal objects were constantly aimed at by the members of this association, and these the most weighty in their prac-

tical influence upon the church, viz. *Preaching, confession, and the education of youth*. They ardently longed to control the common mind, to govern the conscience and to train up the rising generation under the influence of their own views and feelings. In order to carry these views more rapidly into effect and bring under their control both nobles and commons, their laws were so framed as to separate their fraternity entirely from all the ordinary relations of life. In the language of Ranke: "Love of kindred was denounced as a carnal affection. He who renounced his possessions in order to enter the society was not to give them to his relations but to distribute them to the poor. He who had once entered could neither receive or write a letter that was not read by a superior. The society would have the whole man. It would bind every inclination in its fetters. It would share even its secrets. In this society obedience usurped the place of every relation, or affection, of every impulse or motive that could stimulate man to activity; obedience for its own sake without any regard whatever to its object or consequences. He who entered this society must suffer himself to be ruled by his superiors in blind submission like some inanimate thing; like the staff which is turned to any purpose at the will of him who holds it. He was to behold in his superiors the representatives of divine Providence."

With such objects in view, with such a spirit and such a compact, efficient organization, and such favorable circumstances for action, what important results might not be anticipated? In all directions the members of this society were speedily sent forth. No obstacles impeded their progress, no discouragements damped their ardor. They were living automatons with the will of a single man and the ambition

which grasped at the dominion of the world. Their schools and colleges were rapidly planted in the cities on the Rhine, in Austria and Germany. Their preachers were successful and they managed to bring under their government the consciences of men. They aimed especially to become confessors to the powerful and they succeeded. Wherever the Jesuits appeared, a new impulse was given to Catholicism, if it had been in a declining state, and where it had been subdued, they revived and re-established it. From Vienna they immediately extended over the whole of Austria, and from Cologne over the whole of the Romish provinces. "As late as the year 1551 they had no firm station in Germany; in 1566 their influence extended over Bavaria, Tyrol, Franconia, Swabia, a great part of the Rhineland and Austria and had penetrated into Hungary, Bohemia and Moravia."

Whilst the German divines were disputing most acrimoniously with each other on extreme points which were of little or no practical benefit, the Jesuits appeared with a system perfected, harmonizing with itself, and instead of quarrelling gave each other honor. Many persons were unsettled in their opinions by the violent discussions which were in progress; and they were placed in that mental position in which they were easily taken captive by these foreigners who presented a system drawn up with much prudence, finished in its most minute details and leaving no room for doubt. Is it wonderful that the German divines, thus related to each other, should be conquered by these wily Jesuits? What a lamentable commentary is here presented to us on the effects of angry discussions about non-essentials in religion? Where was the spirit of the Master and the power of the truth when our forefathers were devouring each other in the fury of religious debate?



Now is it asked what particular power it was which gave this society such wide-spread and rapid success? Was there any striking originality of genius which distinguished them above their Protestant rivals? They were in all probability not so learned, nor so acute, nor so eloquent, not so pious, not more agreeable as companions, nor more persevering. But they were *united*. There was one great end to be attained and that was continually before them. There was not only unity of purpose, there was also unity of plan. Every thing was calculated. Every thing had its particular scope and object. There was no individual selfishness, but there was the most exclusive selfishness of party. They were industrious, enthusiastic, worldly-wise, well-bred men; agreeable companions; and they possessed a sufficiency of external morality and piety to make them acceptable to the people. On the other hand the Protestant divines, divided into sects, manifesting a hostility against each other, in some instances greater than that against the common enemy, by a course of conduct at variance with the precepts by which they professed to be guided, opened the way to their rivals for an easy conquest.

Finally, their schools were better planned and better conducted than those which they found in existence. Their teachers were engaged for life, and brought with them to the work a spirit which looked beyond the simple effects of instruction. It regarded the extension of the church and the future glory of the instructor. Time only can make a perfect teacher. It was found that the Jesuits' scholars learned more in one year than those of other masters in two, so that even Protestants recalled their children from distant gymnasia to entrust them to their care. Whilst they cultivated and taught the more elevated branches of knowledge, so that in

languages they had teachers among them, who might claim to be ranked among the restorers of classical learning, they did not overlook schools of a lower order. They divided their schools into classes, which they taught from the first rudiments into the highest branches of learning. The poor were not neglected. Great attention was paid to moral education, and they formed men of good conduct and manners. Lastly, they taught gratuitously. They were forbidden to ask or receive pay or alms. Their instruction was as gratuitous as their sermons and masses. There was no box for the receipt of gifts even in their churches. Such a course of conduct could not fail to make the Jesuits extremely popular. And here we have the solution of the problem of their wonderful success. The same causes will make men popular any where and amongst any generation of men that has ever existed. The wonder is that they made no greater conquests.

The practical tendency of these facts and reasonings for our own day must not be overlooked. Popery professes to be unchanged. In its doctrines and spirit this is certainly true. Never will it or can it change in these particulars, until it is riven asunder by the power of God and its fragments scattered amongst the elements of spiritual life existing elsewhere, to be absorbed by them and employed for his glory.

Where had Protestants a fairer field for the development of their system and its establishment upon a broad and deep foundation than in this country? They had the occupancy of the virgin soil. The seeds and the planting and the cultivation were their own. The civil and ecclesiastical power were in their own hands. The colonies with a single exception were strictly Protestant, and it must be conceded that

their early administration both secular and spiritual tended to exclude every thing opposed to the genius of their religion. They were jealous of their rights. They feared popery, many of them having experienced its destructive influences before they sought this asylum from oppression. But did they succeed in excluding from their happy shores the power which they so much dreaded at home? Let facts reply. Little more than forty years ago there was no Roman Catholic see in the United States. Now there are twelve (including an arch-diocese in Baltimore,) comprising in their jurisdiction all the States and Territories of the Union. The professed followers of the pope number between 600,000 and 1,000,000, and are governed by one arch-bishop, twelve bishops and three hundred and forty-one priests. They have in their connection four hundred and one churches, four hundred mass-houses, ten colleges, nine seminaries for young men, three theological seminaries, two novitiates for Jesuits, thirty-one monasteries and convents with academies attached for young ladies, thirty seminaries for young ladies and twenty-nine schools of sisters of charity. With such a catalogue before us how can we be in any doubt concerning the resources and the aggressive character of the papacy? Here is the instrumentality and efficiency which conquered the Protestant Germans on their own soil. It would be interesting and profitable to place in contrast the position and movements of the Romanists in this country and that which they occupied when they commenced aggressive operations in the counter Reformation in Germany. This must be reserved for another occasion. Suffice it to say that here the civil authorities protect them and they enjoy the most perfect liberty to act out their system. These privileges they did not always enjoy during the Reformation.

They pursue the same policy which was then pursued, with none of the disabilities which then surrounded them. Their schools they locate and open when and where they please, and they are patronized by Protestants. Money flows in upon them from foreign sources as it did upon the arch-duke Charles of Austria, so that they can operate with efficiency in any direction. There is a great destitution of Protestant preachers and teachers. At least 2,000,000 are destitute of the stated preaching of the gospel and 1,500,000 children from four to sixteen years old are destitute of common school instruction. In addition to all this a large number of Protestants are altogether indifferent to religious influence of any kind and would unite with any denomination which would promote their secular and political interests. The Romanists are as compact as ever, and finally the Protestant church presents as much real discord, although in a more refined form, as it did in the days of the Reformation, whilst vital piety is sinking under its withering influence. Now if we reason from the facts as they exist we may justly infer that popery will continue to increase and with accelerated rapidity. If we regard the judgments of God visited upon his people, for their want of piety and zeal in his cause, we must arrive at the same conclusion. The struggle is at hand, it is in progress. Any one at all acquainted with the events transpiring in own country must see, that the Roman hierarchy will not be satisfied until it have achieved its most glorious conquest here or perish in the effort. Like a goodly vessel equipped and manned at all points, prepared to encounter the storm and to catch every favoring breeze, she sits upon the sea of life separate from every thing but the element which sustains her, waiting her time. And when the favored moment arrives with all her sails set she will press into port or be cast stranded on the beach.

## THE LIAR-MURDERER.

BY ROBERT J. BRECKINRIDGE, D. D.

OUR blessed Redeemer has summed up in a single verse (John viii. 44,) the two great, essential characteristics of the enemy of souls. He is the father of lies; he is, from the beginning, a murderer. Woful combination! A mind impervious to truth; a heart steeled against goodness. Such is Satan; the union of all that is false, with all that is malignant.

From the creation of man, this faithless and pitiless enemy has pursued his steps. Endowed with transcendent force, urged forward by undying restlessness, laboring with sleepless energy, grasping at the universal dominion of nature, panting for the eternal ruin of human kind, eager only to dishonor the glorious name and works and truth of God, this great and bad spirit, leading his immense, infernal hosts, seeketh only and seeketh ceaselessly whom he may devour, what he may pollute, how he may destroy. In Eden man listened to his seductions, and the wrath and curse of God against our undone race, was the first trophy of the great liar-murderer in his pursuit of poor humanity. From Adam to Noah, "prince of this world," he nurtured it for that great catastrophe—which found eight souls with God, and sent untold myriads to wo. From Noah to Abraham he seduced another world to perdition, and gloated once more, over the carcasses of a nation putrid around the Red Sea, over the bones of seven nations more which might have paved Canaan, and over fallen Israel, save two men. The

law itself, while it made sin abound, made the abounding triumphs of this demon of falsehood and blood but the more apparent; and when the God-man came to his own, even his own received him not, and the chosen people and visible church of the adorable God so delivered itself up to hell-engendered madness, that they shouted—"not Christ—but Barabbas,—we have no king but Cæsar—upon us and upon our children be his blood!" Oh! ruthless, piteous day! Ye will trust Satan and not Jehovah? Oh! people laden with sin! And ye will trust him still, after eighteen centuries of tears? Ye will have Barabbas the murderer, Barabbas the rebel, Barabbas the robber, the notable Barabbas will ye have; but Christ ye will not have? And so for weary centuries, victims all the while of robbers, seditions, blood-guiltiness, and all notable villanies—ye choose Barabbas still! Ye will have no king but Cæsar? And where is king Cæsar now—and where are your father's fathers—and all who, believing Satan, made and have kept that league with hell?—Ye will share with the red dragon, the shame of that precious blood? Ye will hang its infinite penalty for everlasting ages around the necks of children's children? Oh! day of black renown to the murderer-liar, which gave him the dominion of an apostate church at the moment that he was cast out from being the prince of an apostate world!

But all these triumphs cannot satisfy his vast, capacious perfidy. Ruin in Eden, extinction almost total of the Adamic world, and pollution scarcely less complete of the Noac-ic—desolation to Israel—the blood of Calvary itself—these satisfy not; for the seed of the woman may yet bruise the serpent's head. Again the mysterious wickedness—the mystery of iniquity—the vigour of the liar-murderer begins to work. He has defeated the covenant of works; why not defeat the covenant of grace? He has won one church? why not

win another? He has persuaded them that were once God's people, to reject and crucify their promised Lord; why may he not corrupt those who once were not God's people, to renounce him who was crucified for them? He may—he can—he will—alas! he did.

Forty days and nights, in the wilderness, he struggled personally for the overthrow of the God-man. Defeated, overcome, confounded, he, believing and trembling, yet abhorring and dreading, returned no more in person, till the fearful hour of the bloody sweat in Gethsemane. But he had his representative even amongst the chosen twelve; for he who was the truth said even to Peter "Get thee behind me Satan," and of Judas "One of you is a devil;" and into this arch traitor's heart, did the liar-murderer put the hellish purpose to betray the Lord of glory. Can it be that even his cruelty relented? That even his perfidious heart was appalled? Or did he see dimly that this frightful crime—God's chosen people murdering God's only son,—was more than even divine long suffering could endure, and must be pregnant with results in some way answerable to its own awful nature? Fearing to consummate an act whose import must be tremendous and might not be comprehended—can it be that even he did at the last moment falter, and seek delay for further knowledge, and move the stern Roman to pause amid the vehement clamor for the blood of Jesus, and stir up the wife of Pilate by horrible visions, to interpose her woman's intercession for the just one? He remembered Eve, by whom he had set up his dominion over the world! Did he seek, through Pilate's wife, to arrest what he began to see might be its overthrow?

The rending of the veil of the temple, the quaking of the earth with inward terror, the sun hiding in darkness his glo-

rious light and refusing to make manifest the unparalleled deed—death trembling as one conquered and relaxing his stiff, relentless grasp—the dead walking forth, awful amid the frightened multitudes—the manifest glories of the risen and ascended Saviour—the sublime wonders of Pentecost—the perpetual witness of God himself by countless signs, captivity itself led captive, and gifts to men, priceless and innumerable; all these things only filled the soul of the liar-murderer with new conceptions of the extent to which his Judas, his Sanhedrim, his Herod, his Pontius Pilate, his bad, rebellious city, his corrupt, clamorous rabble of princes, nobles, priests, scribes, pharisees, his hosts of immediate followers, his own ravening hate, had utterly undone him! And so the highest heavens resounded, “Now is come salvation and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ; for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God, day and night.” And then followed the sorrowful lament, “woe to the inhabitants of the earth, and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.” (Rev. xii. 10, 12.)

The judgment of the world had set; the deliverer of it had been offered up; the prince of it was judged; the great assize of forty centuries was closed; the cause of poor humanity, which to men and angels seemed so often lost, was won on Calvary; the great paradox was solved,—God’s hatred to sin, his love to sinners; the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, was slain; from thenceforth, what remained was for the crucified one to establish his conquests, to gather in his elect, to draw all unto him. Satan has lost the world. Henceforth his war is against the followers of the Lamb. He musters all his strength to seduce,



to corrupt, to betray, to murder saints. He will be an angel of light—he will sit in the temple of God—he will profess that he is a God—he will conceal his lies, uttering them in hypocrisy—he will do wonders so cunningly that though they be feigned they shall almost deceive the elect—he will even be like the Lamb in his outward pretendings, and subdue to whispers his dragon voice—he will be servant of the servants of God—apostle and successor of apostles—if a prince, prince only of apostles that he may be vicar of Christ—he will draw the followers of Christ to himself that he may more safely and surely lead them to Christ—he will so love the saints that he will teach the living ones to worship those that are dead—so reverence Jesus that he will cause all men to worship his mother, his cross, the very bread and wine that represent his sacrifice—he will be so careful of God's honor that he will conceal his written word for fear men may pervert it—so submissive to his precepts that he will do nothing without manufacturing a divine, traditional precept for it—he will be so jealous of the rights of Christ in and over his church that he will pursue with fire and sword even the followers of Christ who will not confess allegiance to Christ's vicar—he will so pity the nations of the earth that he will accept their submission and direct with absolute sway all their affairs in such a channel as to glorify St. Peter in the person of his successor; in one word the liar-murderer will destroy the earth in the name of the creator, corrupt the church in the name of God, persecute the saints in the name of Christ, pollute society in the name of religion, and demonstrate in the name of truth and charity that he is the father and the pattern of liars and murderers.

The apostle John, as he stood upon the shore of his prison island, saw, rising out of the sea, a beast having seven

heads and ten horns, upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name *blasphemy*. To this fearful apparition, "the dragon gave his power, his seat, and great authority." And men "worshipped the dragon"—and "they worshipped the beast." "And all the world wondered after the beast." Rev. xiii. 1—4. That dragon, John himself informs us, "is the devil and satan." Rev. xii. 9, and xx. 2. Upon that beast, to which the dragon—who is satan—gave "his power, his seat, and great authority"—John saw, a woman sitting; a woman "having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornications; upon her forehead a name written, mystery, Babylon the great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth: a woman drunken with the blood of the saints and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus." Rev. xvii. 3—6. A woman, is throughout the scriptures the image of a church; a pure virgin, a chaste matron, representing a true and faithful church; a filthy and vile prostitute representing a corrupt and apostate church. When John saw a *church* in league with hell, polluted beyond utterance, and steeped in the blood of saints and martyrs, he says, "I wondered with great admiration." And the angel at once explained to him the frightful "mystery of the woman and of the beast that carrieth her." Rev. xvii. 6, 7. The dragon as already shown, is satan—the liar-murderer. The beast to whom he gave "his power, and his seat, and great authority," and on which the woman sat, had seven heads—which represent,—saith the angel to John, in the first place, "seven mountains on which the woman sitteth"—(verse 9)—to wit, the seat of the authority of the polluted, persecuting, hell-leagued church; and in the second place, seven forms of supreme authority which had been and should be manifested in that

seat of the woman's accursed authority, (verses 10, 11:) every head, that is, every mountain and every form of supreme authority, written over with—blasphemy—blasphemy! And one of these forms of supreme power, in that polluted seat of the woman's authority—namely the last form that shall exist there—is the beast himself on which she rode—being of the seven, but himself the eighth; that is, essentially the prolongation of the seventh though in truth an eighth; a blasphemous pope, successor to a blasphemous emperor—in the same spot: and he shall be followed by no new authority—but “goeth into perdition,” (verse 11.) And the beast had ten horns—crowned horns—on every horn a crown. These, saith the angel, are ten kingdoms, which as yet, to wit, while he spake to John in Patmos, have not arisen; they shall arise hereafter when the beast himself arises; synchronously with the beast himself shall the kingdoms of the crowned horns arise; kingdoms like minded with the beast and submissive to him; kingdoms warring with the lamb—but at last to be overcome by him, (verses 12—14;) the kingdoms in short, foretold by Daniel from of old, and into which the Roman world during the barbarian inundations, subsided after the fall of the Roman power in the West—and amidst which and along with which Anti-christ arose. And what vile, horrible, false, bloody church that is which this mother of harlots represents—doubt not—saith the angel, for “the woman which thou sawest is that great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth,” (verse 18;) that imperial, eternal, all conquering Rome—standing, while John listened and the angel expounded unto him these awful visions—the undisputed mistress of the world—wielding an iron sceptre over “peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues,” (verse 15.) Behold the

vast, predicted sway of the liar-murderer over prostrate nations—by means of that accursed beast—the possessor of “his power, his seat, and great authority”—upon whom sits the false, bloody, filthy, apostate, fore-doomed church of Rome!

In this community,—Catholic—Roman—apostolic—miscalled a church, miscalled—holy, there are or rather were two elements, the opposite of each other, which must be carefully distinguished. There was once a true church of the Lord Jesus in the city of Rome. Glorious confessors, blessed martyrs were there, tender virgins there were thrown to wild beasts in the amphitheatre, that heathen matrons might feast their eyes on the cruel death pangs of Christ's gentlest lambs. The noblest Romans of them all died for a show there, for Jesus' sake—for vile ruffians, the height of whose dignity and joy—was *bread and games* panem ac ludes,—*bread and games*—panem ac ludes—for which the unwashed villains sold their country and their liberties, and clamoured day and night. How long the spirit of this early church lingered in apostate Rome—how far it mingled with and controled her first crimes and lies—what remnant of it may yet tinge the lowest border of the lowest strata of the oppressed nations which own her sway; is not for man to say. Come out of her my people—saith the long-suffering God; so his poor, scattered, mourning children—one here, and one there—may still linger forlorn and sad amid blackness and ferocity, seeking peace and finding none. Let the loud cry therefore be lifted up by every voice in christendom,—“Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.” And if they come not, let their blood be upon their own heads. Again it is true there were once in Rome,

those "beloved of God, called to be saints;" for that chief of saved sinners, "Paul, servant of Jesus Christ"—has left to us an epistle expressly written to them; and of all the churches planted by the apostles, of all the epistles written by the apostles—not one epistle has so marvellously accomplished its testimony against those to whom it was written,—not one church has so long, so fully, so clearly demonstrated, by its fate, the truth of God. "Boast not against the branches," was the faithful and prophetic warning. "But if thou boast, thou bearest not the root, but the root thee. Thou wilt say then, the branches were broken off, that I might be grafted in. Well, *because of unbelief they were broken off; and thou standest by faith. Be not high-minded, but fear: for if God spared not the natural branches take heed lest he also spare not thee.*" Rom. xi. 18—21. She was high-minded, she did not fear, she did boast, she did not stand by faith; and God did not spare her. Nay her case is this much worse than that of the Jews, that they were the natural branches, and being broken off might be grafted in again; but Rome is the wild olive, and being broken off, can be no more grafted back. In all the word of God there is nothing more remarkable than the utter difference which everywhere obtains between his mode of speaking of the Jewish and the Roman apostacies. To the latter there is neither promise nor exhortation to repent, but only wrath and wo and the quenchless hate of an insulted God; to the former, pity, and boundless love, and promises overflowing with grace, mercy and peace, yet to be fulfilled in peerless glory. It is not then, this early christian Rome, nor the feeble remnants of long rejected truth that may yet linger in obscurity amidst her ruins; it is papal Rome, the mother of harlots and of abominations, the vile, drunken harlot with

hands and face and raiment smeared with christian blood; this is the last great master piece of the liar-murderer.

“When he speaketh a lie he speaketh of his own, for he is a liar, and the father of it.” “There is no truth in him.” (John viii. 44.) Such is the testimony of him who cannot lie. What truth then could there be in that hateful beast, whom this father of lies made his vicar, or in that polluted harlot who sat in infamous state upon him? Dragon, beast, and harlot—all alike liars—slanderers, perfidious, haters of all truth, mockers of it, scoffers at it; their lives, their conduct, their principles, their speech, their very being, one constant false witness against the truth, one ceaseless effort to turn the truth into a lie,—one vast, continual perjury! Truth, the first, most glorious, most essential attribute of Jehovah,—the basis of his eternal throne, the very essence of all his acts, and of every manifestation he maketh of himself; truth, the other name of him who is the way and the life, of him with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning; truth, the glorious object of all intelligent search in this world of chaos, the image of that sublime rectitude from which we are fallen, and in being restored to which in knowledge and holiness, we are restored to the lost image of God himself; truth, the bond that holds the universe together, that keeps man united with man in every portion of his social existence, that fixes the trust of our hapless race to the throne of the infinite and eternal one; truth, the grandest, the simplest, the loveliest, the sublimest of all abstract contemplations, the sweetest, the bravest, the wisest, the most effective of all practical existences; this is the object of quenchless abhorrence to the dragon, the beast, and the harlot, the murderer-liar and his accomplices. What lies has not Rome told and acted, coined, certified, sworn to with a

fourfold perjury against God, against his truth, against his saints, and against human kind? Is there one attribute of God that has not been traduced by Rome? One act of his administration of which she has ever spoken, that she has not borne false witness of it? Is there one essential doctrine of religion, natural or revealed, that she has not denied, perverted, or obscured? One lie of paganism, heathenism, Judaism, or even Atheism itself, which she has not stamped in its ultimate and essential foundation, if not in its manifested blackness, with the feigned approval of heaven? Has she ever spoken of God's saints but to villify and degrade them? Has she ever fulfilled one hope of the human race, ever failed to betray every trust reposed in her, ever omitted to prove herself false, recreant, faithless, perfidious to all, every where, in all time, that put confidence in her truth? *Idem—semper—ubique*—is her boastful claim; and it is true in the most fearful of all senses. *Mystery—blasphemy—mystery—blasphemy*—everywhere, always, unchangeably false; so pronounceth God against Rome, and so heaven, and earth and hell attest.

It is an easy transition, to pass on from hatred of truth to hatred of all who love truth. The murder of God's saints seems to us poor dim-sighted mortals, a more atrocious form of crime than the hatred of that divine light in which these saints walk; but in reality it is a mere dependent accident, a palpable manifestation, the concrete form of the abstract enormity. So God puts together the two charges in one count of the indictment; liar against all truth, perfidious and pitiless murderer of all who love truth, art thou, oh! dragon. This terrible blood-guiltiness of the liar-murderer, has a double manifestation; *first*, in his direct shedding of the blood of the righteous, by means of his agents and followers; and

*secondly*, in his leading on the wicked to such enormous crimes that the wrath of God overtakes them even here. Equally in both cases he feasts on blood; equally he feels that he has wounded and mocked heaven-descended truth, whether he obscures her life-giving light and seduces to ruin those she weeps over while she condemns them, or whether he gluts his immediate hate in the sufferings of her chosen ones. When the Adamic world perished—when Egypt “groaning for burial stench the air,”—when the carcasses of the whole host of Israel filled the wilderness—when the seven nations of Canaan were cut off in their sins—when forsaken Jerusalem was delivered over to crimes and sorrows such as the earth had never heard of before and the besom of destruction swept her clean and utterly; the wild and piercing yells which the dull ears of mortals could not distinguish from the shout of battle and the screams of dying multitudes—were bursts of demoniac joy from the hosts of the liar-murderer. Until the personal advent of the God-man, this—rather than direct persecution—was the common form in which the dragon exhibited his lust for blood. For why should he cause the false to shed, before the time, the blood of the false, when they were alike sweeping one another and the whole world onward to perdition? But from that hour when there appeared in heaven that great wonder, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars—travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered; and a great red dragon having seven crowned heads and ten horns; from that hour that dragon has stood ready to devour that child, and to overwhelm that woman, and to consume the remnant of her seed. (Rev. xii.) From that hour the conflict has not ceased, and the great spectacle of earth has been the victorious



struggle of christianity, first against apostate Judaism—then against heathen Rome, and now for twelve centuries against papal Rome.

It was contrary to the spirit of Judaism to persecute; and it persecuted nothing till its mission was ended, and then it began with the blood of the Son of God. But with the loss of God's spirit, the Jews lost at the same time, the legal power to slay his servants; and the christian blood shed even in Jerusalem was shed by the connivance of heathen Rome. On Rome therefore, heathen and papal, lies the blood of fifty millions of christian martyrs; a number greater than that of all the malefactors executed by public authority since the world began! The testimony of the world's hatred to God, is greater than the testimony of its hatred to all crimes united. The blood-guiltiness of Rome, heathen and papal, is established by an earthly testimony more dreadful and emphatic, than all the remaining guilt of human kind.

Peter, say the Romanists, founded the church at Rome, and was its first bishop. In the forty-fifth year of the christian era he wrote his first epistle from that city; at least we must believe it, for so Rome has constantly declared, and here repeats it to-day in the chronology prefixed the Baltimore edition of the Rhemish version of the New Testament, "published with approbation." The *idem, semper, ubique* says so: let us believe it. But Peter says in that epistle (v. 13,) that he wrote it from *Babylon*; and John proves at large (Rev. xvii.) that mystic Babylon is papal Rome; and thus the *idem, semper, ubique* proves that papal Rome is "the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit," (Rev. xviii. 2,) and that she is "drunken with the blood of the saints and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus," (Rev. xvii. 6, and xviii. 24.) And to this agree all the records

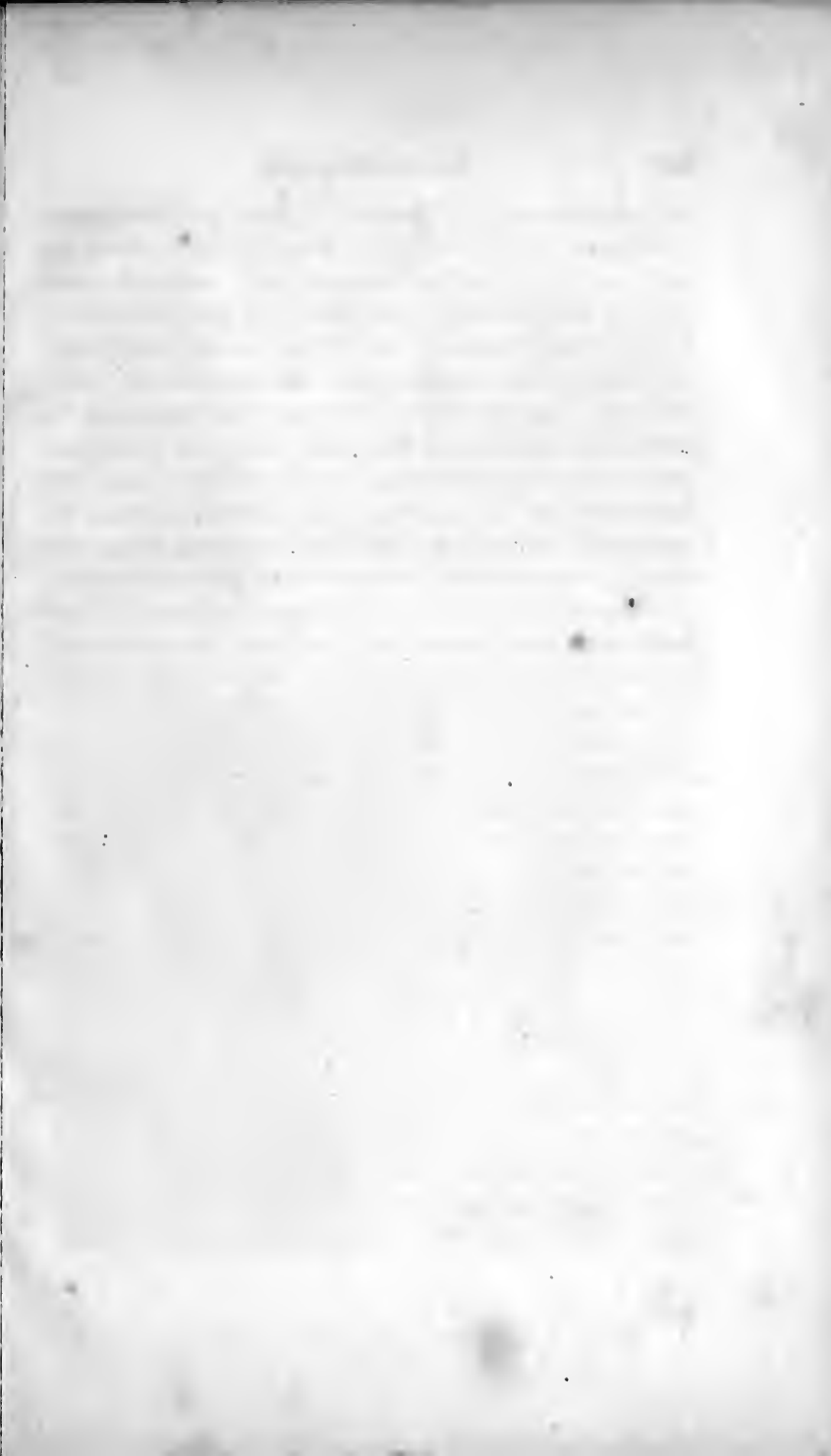
of earth for twelve hundred years. Blood—blood—blood; crucify—crucify—crucify; to prison with the heretic—to the rack with the heretic—to hell with the heretic; accursed—accursed—accursed let him be—in all the faculties of his mind—in all the powers of his soul—in all the affections of his heart—in every bone, every muscle, every tendon, every nerve and member; excruciate—excruciate—excruciate—men, women, children—families—nations—generations; kill, slay, burn, ravage, exterminate; anathema—anathema.

Oh! accursed Anti-christ—the brand of God is upon thee. Is there nothing thou hatest but truth? None thou wilt in no wise tolerate but them that are right? How marvellous is this conjunction! In all the oceans of blood shed by papal Rome, not one solitary drop was ever shed but to establish a lie! Never, even by wondrous accident, did popery set herself to work, and take to the faggot, the rack, the gibbet, the cold steel—but that she was wrong; out and out wrong, and the right with her victim. When all the countless graves over which she has spread bloody winding-sheets shall burst open, not one murdered tenant of them all but will hear the voice from the great white throne, saying—“bad you may have been, but Rome was worse; wrong you may have been, much and often, but you died in the right, and your innocent blood is clotted on the hands and face of the drunken harlot.” Oh! accursed Anti-christ, why did you shed, for centuries together, the blood of those poor Greeks who professed to love Jesus, because they would not worship images, nor bow down to pictures? Why did you desolate Europe with countless woes and crimes, in the fierce wars about investitures? Why did you marshal the almost uncounted millions of Europe’s deluded chivalry,

upon the embattled hosts of Asia—for a hundred and fifty years together—making the universe one great place of skulls, in those fearful crusades to protect idolatry? Why did you exterminate with ruthless fury the faithful and inoffensive Vaudois? Why did you uproot and murder the Bohemian people—the faithful and heroic followers of Huss? Why did you put out in blood the reviving cause of God in Spain, in Italy, in so many parts of Germany three centuries ago? Why did you butcher the poor Huguenots—the Hollanders—the Protestants of Ireland? Oh! why, for a thousand years together, have you, in cold blood, racked and tortured and burned, by means of the Inquisition—the scattered children of the most high God—in every nook and corner of the earth to which your bloody hands could reach? Oh! accursed Anti-christ—vicar of the liar-murderer, *idem, semper, ubique*, innocent blood cryeth against thee; innocent blood with which thou hast filled the earth, and polluted the sanctuary of Christ, and hid the face of heaven's mercy from thee forever. The loud and bitter cry of innocent blood, is lifted up against thee from the face of the whole earth—and from the breadth of the whole heavens, and from beneath the throne of God on high! Innocent blood, which God would not forgive to Jerusalem—which he will never forgive to thee!

Yes, that cry will be heard; surely will it be heard; surely will God avenge his own elect. The great and terrible day of God draweth on apace. What did God do to his enemies when he brought his people out of Egypt? What, when he brought them into Canaan? What, when he opened wide the door to the Gentiles? Alas! alas! then, what will he not do when he comes of set purpose to establish in glory his down trodden saints, and to take vengeance on all

his and their enemies? Who can abide the day of the wrath of God Almighty? How will the liar-murderer endure his prison house, and his eternal lake of fire? And thou accursed Anti-christ, how wilt thou endure that day, when the cry will be, "Rejoice over her, thou heavens, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her." (Rev. xviii. 20.) And the response will echo back throughout the universe, "Alleluia, salvation, and glory, and honor, and power unto the Lord our God; for true and righteous are his judgments; for he hath judged the great whore which did corrupt the earth with her fornication, and hath avenged the blood of his servants at her hand." Alleluia; the smoke of her torment riseth up for ever and ever. Alleluia; the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Amen: Alleluia. (Rev. xix. 1—6.)





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