

cess, being patriotically pure as those ever are who are viewing, not enjoying, the treasury benches. Home reveals the inner man. Christ's character is more complete with the home glimpses at Nazareth, Cana, and Bethany. Men may and do atone to themselves for public servility by home tyranny. A man's true self is seen where he is acknowledged lord and master.

Luther never forgot his early home nor his father's prayers at the children's bedside. True that home was stern, if the anachronism may be pardoned, even puritan. It may be questioned whether the "life made easy" of the sentimental part of the nineteenth century is the proper soil for developing heroes. The sunny south and citron groves must ever yield to the bracing north and mountain home. Luther's after judgment may suffice us "it is right to punish children, but at the same time we must love them." Luther was forty-two when heart and hand were offered to Catharine Bora—the romance of youth was passed, but his heart was ever fresh. Calvin married at the age of thirty-one, expecting his wife to look after his health; Luther married to "spite the devil," and in obedience to the divine wisdom, "it is not good for man to be alone." The marriage was a happy one. His Kate, his queen, his "Lady of the Pig Market," as he sometimes playfully styled her, was as great in her home as Luther in the church. She managed well, "serving with careful Martha's hands and loving Mary's heart." His table talk gives his estimate of a wife's position of subordination. "Between husband and wife there should be no question as to *meum et tuum*. All should be in common, without any distinction or means of distinction," is it any wonder that his wife mourned him as "a beloved and precious man?" Five children were born to them. Hans, the elder, died young. To him the wondrous child letter was written. Think of the redoubtable monk, whose voice of thunder shook the mightiest temples and thrones of Europe, who defied the world with devils o'er, though seeking to devour him, staying to write to his boy of four years old of the pretty garden with merry children and hobby horses, and pipes and drums and golden frocks and silver saddles. I don't discuss the theology, but the man; yet if any feel disposed to question Luther's orthodoxy

let him study the Apocalypse. When, beside the deathbed of the aunt of the family you hear such words as these, you are very near the heart of the man: "You will not die, you will sleep away as in a cradle, morning will dawn and you will awake to live forever."

Firm in discipline—he kept one of his children from him three days, demanding an apology—he was the happiest, sunniest companion of his little ones. His letter to Hans a type of the pleasant, playful chat about God and heaven. Childhood and motherhood were sweet sacraments of the temple home, and companionship the accompanying worshippers.

No happier home can well be conceived—friends shared the hospitality of his table. He could playfully tease his wife and play with his children. Unrestrained sympathy, confidence, and peace. Thus he became not only the Reformer of the church, but also "the Reformer of the domestic life of his nation—a pattern for filial reverence, marriage, the training of children, as well as for the social family life—the very blessings of his life on earth, of which Protestants and Catholics may alike partake, have sprung from Luther's marriage." Nor is it for us Britons to forget that the reigning house of Hanover is of Luther's nation, that a young princess of that house, wedded to her German cousin, has developed into the best-beloved sovereign of earth, whose imperial palace is a home, and whose domestic virtues have given to the British Empire a court peerless in its purity as it is matchless in its glory. It is no fancy touch, but a line of God in history, which connects the truly evangelical home of the great Reformer with the no less Christian home that still mourns the loss of Albert the Good, and rejoices in the continued love of our queenly Queen Victoria.

THE MINISTRY OF WOMEN.

A REJOINDER.

In an old village blacksmith shop met the village theologians, the sturdy smith himself being the sturdiest of them all. He always argued with an iron in the fire and an arm upon the bellows. So long as he had the best of it the fire slumbered and the iron rested.