

dryshod and safe, while Pharaoh and his host sank as lead in the mighty waters: these things have filled the world with their report, and taught all nations their lessons. Men and nations are raised up, live out their life, and die, and their history is written to live for ever. Lessons taught in this way strike out and traverse the globe, and strike home, never to be forgotten. Take a few examples of *the higher life, or full trust and full salvation.* First:

MARTIN LUTHER.

When a little boy, Martin carried the faggots for his father, John Luther, to kindle the fire in his little iron smelting furnace in Germany. God designed him to become the bearer of fuel for his own great fire of the Reformation, to smelt the hearts of millions, and recast the life of the world. But as yet this boy's own heart and his own life were in the crude and corrupt state of nature, hard and unmalleable as the ore of the mine, and as full of impurities, to be expelled only by the fires of Divine love. His mother loved, and pitied, and indulged him; but his father was severe, and never spared the rod. That he was not an angel in his youth we may know, for he tells of himself that he was whipped fifteen times in one day in his first school. But all this did not beat grace into his heart, though it may have beaten letters into his head. He made brilliant progress in study, and at twenty years of age received his degree at the university as a Bachelor of Arts. Up to this time his heart was in the world. His father designed him for the law, and his own ambition no doubt aspired to the honors within easy reach in that line of life. God designed otherwise. Just at that critical time, when the very next step would be the first in a life-long profession, one of his fellow-students, dear to him as a brother beloved, one Alexis, was assassinated. The report of this tragic affair coming to Luther's ear, he hurried to the spot and found it even so. Often before, conscience, and the Spirit in his heart, had urged him to a religious life, in preparation for death and the judgment. And now, as he stood gazing upon the bloody corpse of his dear friend Alexis, and thought how in a moment, prepared or unprepared, he had been summoned from earth, he asked himself the question, "What would become of *me* if *I* were thus suddenly called away?"

This was in A. D. 1505, in summer. Taking advantage of the summer's vacation, Luther, now in his twenty-first year, paid a visit to Mansfeldt, the home of his infancy. Even then the purpose of a life of devotion was forming in his heart, but not yet ripened into full and final decision. The only life of religion known to him, and at all meeting his convictions, was that of the convent, the life of a monk and a priest. Whether it was because the purpose was only yet in embryo, or because he dreaded his father's displeasure, or shrunk from dashing his father's hopes and giving him pain, it seems he kept the matter back. The fire burned on in his own breast, but the young Bachelor of Arts kept it hidden, even from those most deeply interested in him of all upon earth.

On his way back to the university, however, he was overtaken by a terrific storm. "The thunder roared," says D'Aubigne; "a thunderbolt sunk into the ground by his side; Luther threw himself on his knees; his hour is perhaps come. Death, judgment, eternity, are before him in all their terrors, and speak with a voice which he can no longer resist. 'Encompassed with the anguish and terror of death,' as he says of himself, 'he makes a vow, if God will deliver him from this danger, to forsake the world, and devote himself to His service.'" Risen from the earth, having still before his eyes that death must one day overtake him, he examines himself seriously, and inquires