

over the town and neighbouring country.*

In Marburg Elizabeth might have been comfortable as well as useful had not her lavish benefactions impoverished her, and had not her subserviency to the domineering Conrad darkened all her days. Her religious "director" insisted upon a yet more abject vow of renunciation and of obedience, and on Good Friday, with her hands on the altar, she renounced her own will, her parents, children, relations, and all pomps of this world, and stripped herself of all as Christ for the cross.

What did this practically mean? That she should hold all her possessions and powers and influence as a sacred trust which she must use as a stewardess of the bounty of God? Nay, but that all her money was received by Conrad, who doled out to her from time to time what he thought best; that her dear babes were torn from her, never to see her face again; that if she gave more to the poor than Conrad thought right, or in any way disobeyed him, he punished her not only with cruel penances, but even by himself slapping her face or beating her with a stick. And all this in the name of the gentle Jesus and his religion of love!

Conrad's aim was to crush her spirit and make her as clay in his hands, with the motive of training her up to sainthood. One cannot doubt that another motive was at work, the base delight in unlimited power over a beautiful spirit of an

infinitely higher type than his own. Behold, ye who would glorify mediæval piety at the expense of the more human and more Christlike religious life of our own time, the abominable possibilities wrapped up in that false ideal.

"Oh, God," cried Elizabeth, referring to Conrad, "if I fear a mortal man so greatly, how terrible must the Lord and Judge of all the earth be!" How sad a perversion of the idea of God, whom Jesus taught us to call Father.

Elizabeth did not live long in the castle at Marburg. For what reason we know not, but before long she exchanged the castle for her last earthly home in a little hut in a neighbouring village. Beside the hut she erected a large hospital, and there she nursed the sick, washing the foulest victims of scrofula with her own hands, and lavishing on diseased children the loving care which she was not suffered to show to her own sweet babes. In this period there are gleams of the old-time gaiety and joy, as she tried to make the poor and wretched merry, and as she laughed at the difficulties of her own position.

While she thus lived in a wretched hovel and lavished all her resources on the poor, there came an embassy from King Andrew to bring her home to Hungary. The Count of Banat and the Knights who accompanied him found her sitting at her door, clad in coarse patched raiment, spin-

regarding the Eucharist. But the attempt was in vain, owing to Luther's tenacious adherence to the precise words, "*Hoc est corpus meum*," which he wrote in large letters on the table. The beautiful church, erected in honour of St. Elizabeth, still attracts many pilgrims, and over her empty sarcophagus not a few tears are shed. The university founded by Philip the Generous in 1527 is attended by a thousand students. Our engravings reproduce the most interesting features of the ancient town.—Ed.

* The ancient town of Marburg nestles at the foot of the grim castle which, from the height of eight hundred feet, dominates the whole scene. This was long a state prison, but is now judiciously restored as a museum of antiquities. The fine Gothic chapel and rittersaal are worthy of inspection. It was in this castle that the famous dispute between Luther, Zwingli, Melancthon, and other Reformers took place in 1529. They met on the invitation of Philip the Generous with a view to adjust their differences