

Eck, Luther proceeded to appeal to the great assemblage before which he was arraigned. But he did not plead for himself—far otherwise. He warned the Emperor and the rulers of the judgment to come, and of the certainty that they must stand before God and give an account to him of their trust. Then, by examples of the overthrow of kingdoms and rulers, of Egypt, Babylon, and Israel, he made them feel their responsibility before God. He was judging his judges, and they stood condemned before the solitary monk they were seated to condemn.

A sound of applause followed his words. He was master, — or, rather, God, who in him had spoken, was the Ruler in that assemblage.

Presently, Dr. Eck rose again, and demanded a precise answer: 'Will you, or will you not, retract?'

To which Luther replied: 'Unless I am convinced by the testimony of scripture, or on plain and clear grounds of reason, so that conscience shall bind me to make acknowledgment of error, I can and will not retract, for it is neither safe nor wise to do anything contrary to conscience.'

Then turning round to the assembly, he said to the whole company: 'Here I stand. I can do no other. May God help me. Amen.'

The victory was won.

Luther was asked to withdraw for awhile, and the Diet deliberated. Then he was once more led before the Emperor's throne, and for the third time was asked to give his 'Yes,' or 'No.'

He said he had no other answer to give than that which he had already given. And so he and the Diet parted.

As no recantation could be procured, the opposers of Luther sought to obtain his life, but although the Emperor would have broken his word in company with the prelates, and would have cancelled the safe-conduct granted to Luther, the honest German princes (and some of them were Romanists) would hear of nothing so scandalous. Moreover, in and around Worms there were numbers of armed men, ready to fight if necessary. But God's way for Luther was not the sword. While the gates were watched, and his end was being prepared, he rode out through the walls, at a small exit. He was kept for months in hiding by his friends, and in vain was he searched for by his enemies.

Let us learn in our day our lesson from this grand old story. No battle for God is ever won by compromise. The truth must be maintained at all costs, and the truth held and maintained with a pure conscience, is mighty beyond all the forces of the world.

Let us also, again and again, thank God for Luther's 'No.' Had he hesitated — had he faltered, the Reformation on the Continent would have failed, and Rome would have been victorious. Oh! may God give us courage in our day to say 'No' to all the enemies of the truth.—'Faithful Words.'

A Man of One Book.

(By Rev. G. C. Needham.)

I know a humble mechanic—who was once a poor clog-dancer on the stage, brought up a Roman Catholic, exceedingly ignorant of the bible, and not a great man intellectually. He came into one of our Sunday afternoon meetings, was converted, and thereafter resolved that he would not read a single book for five years but the bible. He read neither newspaper nor magazine these five years. The only moments he had for study was a little time in the morning and at night. He commenced the study of the bible alone; he had no one to guide or help

him, but he memorized a verse each day, and could repeat three hundred and sixty-five verses in a year, which he kept stored in his memory. The way he managed was this: When he got up in the morning he took his bible, and after reading a few verses, he wrote a verse on a slip of paper, took it to his factory and put it on the bench before him, and often through the day while he was filing or sawing he had his eye on that paper; all day long he was memorizing it, meditating upon it, praying about it, and getting its sweetness down into his soul. For five years he kept at it, until now the man's inner life is filled with bible knowledge. Not only that, but he has become skilful in its use. He now reads other books, but only such as will aid him in bible study (and, my friends, I know few men in this land who have a profounder grasp of truth than that mechanic). Many pastors request him to fill their pulpits on Sundays, and when he stands up to preach he speaks in bible language. He is an illustration of the verse, 'The base things of the world and the things that are not, to bring to naught the things that are.' There is something marvellous about that man; he is not a very strong man physically; he is a very ordinary man, but in a section of his town, known as the most wicked part of that city, he started a mission and more than two hundred people were converted by his efforts. He gave them God's Word, which proved irresistible. I verily believe it possible that any ordinary man any ordinary woman, any young man, any young woman, may become fairly good bible students if they will take the time which is now wasted on more trifles, if they will use the spare moments for bible study. The Spirit of God will help them in it, will enlighten them, and will empower them to do good in their day and generation.—'Faithful Witness.'

Business That Does Not Pay.

Some people think that roguery and rascality can be made to pay. They have heard of rich scoundrels, and they think that by being scoundrels they may become rich. E. C. Jackson, a newspaper writer for many years, took pains to jot down the names and careers of a few big rascals, public officials, bank presidents and others who had embezzled millions of dollars, and in the 'Golden Rule,' he sums up the record.

Of twenty-three such men he writes: Eighteen went wrong through gambling;—cards, races, or stocks. 'Not one commenced with the intention of defrauding any one of a cent.' They fully intended to replace the money; but could not do it; took more, and were ruined.

Two of the twenty-three committed suicide, and one went insane before trial. Seven compromised by giving up all the property they had, or could get of their friends, and commenced life again poor and without a good reputation. Seven fled, wandered, and were captured; and five of them are serving time in prison. Two were pardoned out; but could never regain what they had lost. Six fled to other lands. Two of them returned to give themselves up; preferring prison at home to the life of a hunted wanderer in distant lands. One keeps a cheap restaurant in Mexico, making a bare living. Two spent all their ill-gotten gains trying to compromise so they could come home once more; and one of them died of a broken heart because he did not succeed. One was a young ex-treasurer of a western state who, taking from his pocket two small bills, said: 'This is every cent I have in the world. Six months ago I was worth easily \$100,000, had first-class credit, a good name, and hosts of

friends. To-day I am going to surrender myself to the authorities as a defaulter, with the penitentiary before me and everything I care for in the world gone except my family and a few friends.' 'The way of the transgressor is hard'; keep out of it.—'Safeguard.'

The Burial of Moses.

(By the late Mrs. Alexander.)

And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-Peor, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.—Deut. xxxiv., 6.

By-Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side of Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral,
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the springtime,
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills,
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On grey Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land,
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minister transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir
sings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior,
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet,
That ever breathed a word.
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—
The hill-side for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing
plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave—

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, and wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sheep
Of him he loved so well.