

and tell your master, that even should there be as many devils in Worms as tiles on the house-tops, still I would enter it." "Never, perhaps, was Luther so sublime," remarks an historian. Well, tiles are there still; and devils too, or devil's work; but not without tokens of the breach made in his strong holds by the great Reformer. I examined the older parts of the cathedral—carved gothic work on which, I daresay, Luther had looked. I read with something, perhaps, of a heretical smile, an inscription in good Latin on a more modern part of the wall, in honor of a noble donor, at whose expense the edifice had been enlarged and embellished. His devotion to mother church is set in contrast with the conduct of the separatists who some time before had in such numbers forsaken the one true church, and so "cut themselves off from the body of Christ." On the whole, I rather felt proud to read in a document meant to be self-gratulatory this extorted homage to the Wittenberg martyr and his following. But I was prouder still when I was conducted a little after to the Luther "monument" proper—a building in course of erection, in honour of the Reformer and Melancthon, and the princes of Saxony and Hesse who had befriended them. You ascend by a few steps to a stone platform, enclosed by a low wall of granite, on which, at equal distances, are reserved pedestals for the four or five illustrious personages whose busts are to adorn it.

We had opportunity, at Worms, of entering a Protestant (Lutheran) church, where a marriage solemnity was going on. The Pastor addressed the twain who stood before him, and was certainly not perfunctory. We witnessed the procession of the well-attired bridal retinue, in their egress from the church, their path almost strewed with nosegays. This only divided my attention with a large picture—(the Lutherans display pictures on their church walls, though not images)—of Luther pleading his cause at the Diet before the Emperor. Spires interested us much. Its cathedral rivals that of Cologne, or that of Rouen, in its magnificent dimensions and its costly paintings, these depicting a vast variety of Scripture scenes. But the interest of Spires to me centred in the Diets held there in 1526 and 1529; I longed to see the building, if aught of it remained, where, at the latter of these dates, in presence of Ferdinand, brother to Charles V. and of the Pope's legate, the famous "Protest" against the decree of the Diet prohibiting all changes in the received worship, was solemnly taken by John of Saxony, George of Brandenburg, Philip of Hesse, and other princes of the Reformation, backed by no less than thirteen imperial towns. A piece of ruined wall is all that remains of the building where that memorable stand was made in defence of primitive truth, and in assertion of liberty of conscience. I was glad to learn, however, that the town is still largely Protestant.

After Germany, Holland was my object. We had been aware that a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance was to be held in Amsterdam; and though rather late in August to admit of my being present, except for a part of the time of its proposed sittings, I stretched a point and remained a fortnight longer on the continent than I originally intended, that I might enjoy the choice opportunity of seeing in that place many Protestant brethren of all lands.

Meanwhile, before reaching Holland, I providentially learned from a fellow passenger in the same train, of a meeting to take place in Brussels, similar in kind, though on a lesser scale than that appointed at Amsterdam. This was the meeting of the Evangelical Synod of Belgium, but having so far an ecumenical character, that representatives or deputies from the French and Swiss Churches were expected to be present. The respectable person who informed us of this convention, was himself a