

and he walked through the corridors like a spectre, and once even was found on the floor of his cell powerless from exhaustion, in a kind of ecstasy or trance. Yet the holiness, the satisfaction, the peace, he sought was not enjoyed. A darker cloud came over him. The devil seemed, as with the young man in the Gospel, to "tear him in pieces;" he saw opening before him the very hell from which he shrank; and in the agony of despair he cried out, in the language of one greater than himself, "O wretched man that I am; who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

In this condition he was one day found by Staupitz, the Vicar-General of the Order. Staupitz was a man pre-eminently fitted to sympathise and guide. His nature was gentle; his mind was well-informed. He had himself passed through a conflict similar to that of Luther; he understood the theory of the Gospel; he enjoyed the blessing of spiritual peace. In conversation with Luther, he explained to him the nature of true repentance and urged him to an implicit reliance in the Great Atonement of the Cross. It sounded as new language in Luther's ears; it opened up a new prospect before his mind. More devoutly he studied the Holy Scriptures; more assiduously he read the works of St. Augustine. One day, as he walked in the convent grounds, he was met by a pious old monk, who inquired into the cause of his apparent dejection, who exhorted him to "believe," and who quoted the testimony of St. Bernard that when a sinner believes in Christ he receives the assurance of the Holy Ghost put into his heart that his sins are forgiven. It was the turning point of his career. The great crisis had been reached; the saving change was now produced. He saw before him the refuge from the storm; he heard behind him the voice which proclaimed his safety. As a drowning man catches at the rope, so Luther clung to the cross. A heavenly light broke in upon his mind; a "peace which passeth understanding" sprang up within his soul. He was "a new creature in Christ Jesus,"—standing upon new ground, realizing new sensations, exulting in new prospects. One word had prepared the way for the wondrous change. The talisman was faith. Without faith he waged a ceaseless war with the devil, and walked in the grim shadow of despair; with faith he trampled the devil beneath his feet, and became a hero and a victor. It was not a speculative fancy, or a metaphysical abstraction. There was a living power within which linked his soul with Christ as the all-sufficient Saviour. He could not define the *modus operandi* of the work; he could not undervalue the ordinances which Christ had instituted in His Church, and which became the medium of His manifestation to the believing sinner. But he was conscious of reality in the change, because he had the evidence within; and without magnifying faith beyond its proper sphere, as the instrumental cause of pardon, he could appropriate the words of the inspired Paul, "I believed, and therefore have I spoken."

And this is the true preparation for all useful labor in the Church. We are not fitted for offices of spiritual trust,—we cannot become faithful representatives of Christ,—until we have realized His faith and are imbued with His Spirit. There is power in holiness, as there is vitality in faith. The closer our communion with God, the greater will be our influence with our fellowmen. We may still shake the world by prayer and faith. In the absence of these energising powers,