

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

ULRICH ZWINGLI.

The valley of the Tockenburg, in the canton of Saint Gall, Switzerland, is surrounded by the lofty mountains of the Sentis, Kufstater with its seven peaks, and the magnificent prospect of the Tyrolean Alps spread out on the east. Through the valley runs a clear mountain stream, the source of the river Thur. On the most elevated point of the Tockenburg, 2,010 feet above the level of Lake Zurich, is a little village called Wildhaus, or the Wildhouse. Here lived the amman, or bailiff of the parish, Zwingli by name, and Margaret Meili his wife. Two boys already cheered the lonely mountain chalet, when on New Year's day, 1484, a third son was born and received the name of Ulrich. Just seven weeks previous was Martin Luther born; and alike in the miner's cottage in Eisleben and the shepherd's chalet of the Tockenburg, two Margarets beat over cradles where slept the embryo reformers.

The child-life of the young Ulrich appears to have been particularly gentle and happy. The bailiff Zwingli was also a shepherd, as were most of the dwellers of Wildhaus, and in this tranquil pastoral life, joining in innocent rustic amusements, the boy Ulrich grew up at the foot of Mount Sentis, "whose rocks seemed everlasting and whose summits pointed to the skies."

In the long winter evenings in the Wildhouse cottage Ulrich would listen with glowing cheeks to the tales related by his father and elders of the village of the yoke the valley had once worn, and also of the independence of the Tockenburg had won for itself; and love of country was fanned into a flame which never died in the breast of Ulrich Zwingli. A pious grandmother also sat beside that hearth-stone, and from her lips the boy learned Scripture stories and pious legends, eagerly receiving them into his childish heart.

The good amman early perceived that his boy might do greater things than follow herds on Mount Sentis to the sound of the shepherds *rans des vaches*. He sent his son to the neighbouring town of Wesen, to the house of his uncle the Dean of Wesen. This uncle loved the boy as his own son, and delighted in his vivacity and superior mind. The school life of young Zwingli seems as pleasant as that of his home. He passed through no hardships and rigours as did Martin Luther at the same age. Great kindness and helpfulness of relatives and friends appears to have marked every step of Zwingli's road to learning. From the school of Wesen Zwingli soon passed to Basle, where he made rapid progress, and the bailiff resolved to send him to Berne, where Lupulus had opened a classical school. Here "the boy ardently inhaled these perfumes of antiquity, his style was formed—he became a poet." The Dominican monks at Berne had remarked Zwingli's beautiful voice, they had heard of his fine attainments, and thinking he might give lustre to their order, they endeavoured to attract him to them, invited him to remain in their monastery until he was old enough to pass his novitiate. The amman heard of the lures held out to his son, and knowing the corruptions existing in the monasteries of the day, he ordered Ulrich to leave Berne at once. Thus by a wise father was Zwingli saved from a monastery which Luther entered of his own free will, yet also against his father's wish. From Berne Zwingli repaired to Vienna to study philosophy; returning again to Basle he continued his literary pursuits. At the age of eighteen we find him teaching in St. Martin's school and also studying at the university.

He is represented at this time as most attractive in appearance, of amiable character, and fine conversational powers. The love of music first fostered in his native mountains, was a passion with him, and upon the lute, harp, violin, or flute he loved to awake the tunes of his early home, or accompany them with his own songs. In 1505 the lectures of Thomas Wittembach at Basle seem to have quickened the seeds of Divine life in the heart of Zwingli. I say quickened, for I make no doubt, that under the gentle home-training which taught Ulrich Zwingli to look with horror on a falsehood, and by that pious grandmother, the seed had been sown. Wittembach proclaimed: "The hour is not far distant when the scholastic theology will be set aside and the old doctrines of the Church revived. Christ's death," he added, "is the only ran-

som for our souls." These words sank deep in the heart of the young scholar.

At this time the pastorate of Glarus, not far from Wildhaus, became vacant. Zwingli was invited to fill it. He was ordained at Constance, preached his first sermon at Rapperswil, read his first mass in the little church of Wildhaus on St. Michael's day, and at the end of the year 1506 arrived at Glarus. He was now twenty-two years old, and as a Romish priest did not differ from the surrounding clergy. While pastor at Glarus he devoted himself to the study of Greek and the Scriptures. The divine light was shining into the soul of the priest of Glarus, for he says: "I began to entreat the Lord to grant me His light, and though I read the Scriptures only they became clearer to me than if I had read all the commentators."

In the same year, while the future German reformer tolled up the Santa Scala at Rome, and the Spirit spoke with a still, small, yet thunder-voice to his soul, "The just shall live by faith," the Swiss pastor, kneeling in his quiet study, implores light on the Holy Word, and Switzerland took its first step towards the Reformation. In 1515, as chaplain, Zwingli marched with the Swiss Confederates to the plains of Italy, whither, in the same capacity, he had been before. On the field of Marignano, where the flower of Helvetic youth perished, Zwingli threw himself with ardour in the cause of Rome. For her he wielded the sword. It was a sad error. He forgot that as the minister of God, he should fight only with the sword of the Spirit. In his own person was fulfilled the prophecy of his Master at another impulsive servant, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

From Glarus Zwingli was removed to Einsiedeln, whose convent and church, especially dedicated to the Virgin, were believed to be invested with a miraculous sanctity. Yet it was here that Zwingli completed his education as a reformer. His soul grew daily more attached to the Word of God, and here he copied out the Epistles of St. Paul. He learned these epistles by heart and somewhat later the other books of the New Testament and part of the Old. Zwingli did not, like Luther, expose the sores of the Church; he endeavoured to instil the truths of the Bible into the hearts of his flocks, and then relied on it for the result it was destined to produce. The pilgrims who repaired to our Lady of Einsiedeln heard a new message: "Christ alone saves and He saves everywhere."

In 1518 Zwingli was elected to the cathedral of Zurich and on the first day of the year 1519, his thirty-fifth birthday, he ascended the pulpit. He proclaimed the same message here as at Einsiedeln: "Christ, the true source of salvation." Zwingli's life at Zurich was for a while most pleasant. His affable, cordial manners, his handsome face, won all hearts. He still sought the relaxation of music, and often amused the little ones of his flock with his lute.

The Gospel made rapid progress in Zurich, but not without opposition. The enemies of the truth plotted against Zwingli's life; but the Council of Zurich, hearing he was threatened, placed a guard about his dwelling nightly. In 1524 Ulrich Zwingli broke more fully from the shackles of Rome by marrying Anna Reinhart, the widow of a magistrate.

Many public discussions and disputations—after the fashion of the times—on the new doctrines now working like leaven all over Switzerland occupied much of Zwingli's life from this time forward. Not only was he called to defend the Reformation against its enemies, but in 1527 pamphlets began to pass between himself and Luther on the subject of the Lord's Supper, on which the views of the two reformers differed widely. Philip Landgrave, of Hesse, invited all the theologians of the differing parties to meet in friendly conference at Marburg. But the conference ended without agreement. "Let us acknowledge our union on all other points," pleaded Zwingli. He held out his hand—but Luther rejected the sign of friendship, saying coolly: "You have a different spirit from ours." Zwingli's tender, affectionate nature was hurt to the quick; he burst into tears.

The line was now drawn between the friends and foes of the Reformation of Switzerland. The five Catholic cantons would not agree to the just and reasonable demands of the Protestant cities and cantons. The latter resolved to obtain their rights by force of arms. Zwingli, alas! favoured prompt warfare for the right. On the field of Cappel, three leagues from Zurich, Swiss met Swiss in battle. The Zurichers were brave, but too few in number to prevail over

their enemies, and among the slain was Ulrich Zwingli. He lay under a pear-tree in a meadow, his face turned towards heaven. Some, even of his enemies could not restrain their tears as they looked on his dead face. It was demanded that the body of the heretic be dismembered, and a portion sent to each of the five cantons. In vain the pitiful amman of Zug exclaimed, "Peace be to the dead—let God alone be their judge." Fierce cries answered his appeal, the drums beat to muster, the dead body was tried, and it was decreed it should be quartered for treason, and then burned for heresy. Flames consumed Zwingli's disjointed members, and a lawless multitude rushing upon his ashes scattered them to the winds of heaven.

The pear-tree under which he died was long cherished by loving hearts and hands, and when it wasted away, it was replaced by another, and that by yet another. A block of granite marks the spot of his martyrdom. Zwingli fell in the forty-eighth year of his age, and a great light went out of Christ's Church. But "God's blessed truth planted by him in evil days, and watered by his blood, still lives and thrives on the soil of his beloved Switzerland." And as his ashes were scattered to the winds of heaven, so shall the "everlasting Gospel" he proclaimed, be sent "to every nation and kindred and tongue and people," with the message, "Christ alone saves, and he saves everywhere."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

THE SILENCE OF PRAYER.

It is not necessary to say much to God. Oftentimes one does not speak much to a friend, whom one is delighted to see. It is not so much a variety of thoughts that one seeks in intercourse with a friend as a certain repose and correspondence of hearts. It is thus we are with God, who does not disdain to be our tenderest, most cordial, most familiar, most intimate friend. A word, a sigh, a sentiment, say all to God.

It is not necessary always to have transports of sensible tenderness; a will, full naked and dry, without pleasure, is often purest in the sight of God. In fine, it is necessary to content one's self with giving to Him what He gives to us to give—a fervent heart when it is fervent; a heart firm and faithful in aridity, when He deprives it of sensible fervour.

In prayer we speak to God, but there is also the silence of prayer. Our lips utter no sound, we cannot find words to express the language of the heart, but the soul still prays. Perhaps, we are too weary in body or in mind; perhaps the brain may be too utterly exhausted to frame the petitions we would ask. Still, we desire to hold communion with Him who bids us come to Him when we are tired: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Then comes the experience and the sweetness of the silence of prayer. What is it?

1. It is just kneeling down in our accustomed place and lifting up our hearts to Him in a wordless petition, which speaks only in the well of longing deep down in our souls.

2. It is letting God speak to us, in our silence, and listening to His voice. There are many things He will say to us if we will only hear Him—deep, sweet, holy things—comforting things, and things that will draw us away from the world to follow Him more closely.

3. It is a time of great nearness to Jesus. Is He not close by? Having felt the weakness of our nature, He draws near in full sympathy with our weariness.

4. It is the time of strengthening. Our "strength is" sometimes "to sit still." No less do we receive strength from God when we are drinking in silence from Him who chooses sometimes Himself to be "silent in love," so may we arise from the silence of prayer invigorated and strengthened.—*The Christian*.

DENOMINATIONAL LOVE.

This is something different from what is ordinarily termed brotherly love. The love of the brethren extends to all "who call on the name of the Lord" out of a true heart, without regard to distinction of church organization. The Christian of no nation, or clime, or colour, is to be excluded from its operation. Wherever the image of Christ is found there is a true object of the brotherly affection of the believer.

Denominational love is also different from a love of the truth of Christ. It may be necessary often to