

wind of energy, to work without resisting in this world—and also before he died he wrote four hundred books! books in which the true man was!—for in the midst of all they denounced or cursed, what touches of tenderness lay! Look at the Table Talk, for example. We see in it that a little bird having alighted at sunset on the bough of the pear tree that grew in Luther's garden, Luther looked up at it and said, "That little bird, how it cowers down its little wings, and will sleep there, so still and fearless, though over it are the infinite starry spaces and great blue depths of immensity. Yet it fears not; it is at home. The God that made it too is there." The same gentle spirit of lyrical admiration is in other passages of his books. Come home from Leipsic in the autumn season, he breaks forth into loving wonders at the fields of corn. "How it stands there," he says, "erect on its beautiful taper stem, and bending its beautiful golden head, with bread in it—the bread of man sent to him yet another year!" Such thoughts as these are as little windows, through which we gaze into the interior of the serene depths of Martin Luther's soul, and see visible—across its tempest and clouds—a whole heaven of light and love. He might have painted—he might have sung—could have been beautiful like Raphael, great like Michael Angelo.

As it was, the extremes of energy and modesty met in his active spirit. Perhaps, indeed, in all men of genius one great quality strongly developed might force out other qualities no other. Here was Luther—a savage kind of man as people thought him—a Wild Orson of a man—a man whose speech was ordinarily a wild torrent that went tearing down rocks and trees—and behold him speaking like a woman or a child. But no sentimentalist was he! A tolerant man, but with nothing of sentimental tolerance. He went to the real heart of that matter. When his reforming associates made vast fuss about some surplice that somebody or other wanted to wear, he ended the matter with a "What ill can a surplice do to us? Let him have three surplices if he will. That is not our religion, nor interferes with it at all. *Domine miserere mei.* That is what we have to think of. That is what we must think the essential of Christianity." Nothing of what is commonly called cant, or pride, or ambition, was in Luther. It was this that made him not higher than the lowest man with a soul, nor yet lower than the highest. Thus, when he was threatened with the anger of "Duke George" if he went to Leipsic, he made answer that he had no business at Leipsic, but if he had, nothing on earth should prevent him. If it rained Duke Georges for nine days running, there he would go. Well, and this man who thought and acted in this way passed a whole life of suffering! He was a deeply melancholy man. More labour had fallen upon him than he could rightly bear, and it was in vain that he prayed to be released; he toiled and sorrowed on. Even with Satan himself—the evil principle of the world—was he destined to hold high argument. Men would laugh at that, and a cheap game, indeed, was ridicule; but he recollected that in Luther's days God and the Devil were equally real; and that he thought he was from the first, as when he had that vision of the crowded house-tiles of the old city of Worms, a man specially selected to fight with devils. Well then, he sat alone one night; he was translating the twenty-third psalm, and pondering on its deep significance: he had sate fasting for two days, when the Devil rose and stood before him, and opened the famous dialogue, accusing Luther of crimes; and threatening him with hell, and terrifying him to recant; all which the Christian put an end to at last by taking up his ink bottle and flinging it at the Devil. The mark made by the ink on the wall is shown to this day:—

and a memorable spot truly, is that—a spot that may mark at once the greatness and poverty of man!—the record of a delusion which any doctor's or apothecary's prentice could explain now a-days: but also of a courage that could rise against what seemed to be the bodily impersonation of darkness and despair, and of enmity to good. No braver man than Luther ever appeared in Europe.

INTOLERANCE OF SPAIN.—If any one thing characterizes this declining nation, it is her determined opposition to all the heaven-born principles of the reformation. To this, more than to all things else probably, she owes it, that from being first in the scale of empires, as she was in the 15th century, she has gradually sunk so low that "none may do her reverence." We copy the following from the N. York Observer, of the 20th ult. It will interest all the friends of evangelical religion:—

EXPULSION OF A METHODIST MISSIONARY FROM CADIZ.

Our readers will remember the Rev. W. H. Rule, the faithful and zealous Methodist missionary, whose labors at Gibraltar we noticed several years since. Two years and half ago he went to Cadiz, where he established a branch of the Gibraltar mission for the benefit of British and American seamen who visit that port, and also commenced a Spanish school, and opened a place of religious meeting, in which he conducted the devotions of a few Spaniards who desired to attend Protestant worship. As might have been anticipated, however, the Popish authorities in Spain have expelled him. Popery cannot long maintain its ascendancy where liberty of opinion and worship is tolerated. The following is the "Royal order" issued on the 30th of April:—

Ministry of the Government of the Peninsula: Fourth Section: I have laid before her Majesty the Queen Governor your communication of the 23d inst. relative to the English Methodist clergyman, Mr. Rule, who, with criminal tenacity, attempts to propagate in that capital (Cadiz) his doctrines, availing himself both of preaching and teachings. Her Majesty, being fully informed, has designed to approve of all the measures you have taken in this serious business, and in order to avoid the evils which might result to Spain from permitting the introduction of new seeds of discord, she has thought fit to command that Mr. Rule be forbidden to open establishments of any sort, whether a school of primary instruction, a college of humanities, or any other, in which, directly by himself, or by persons under his influence, he might disseminate doctrines contrary to our religious unity. It is also the will of her Majesty that the said Rule be not permitted under any pretext to have meetings, conferences, or preachings, in his house, and that if, in spite of this prohibition, he should continue to hold such exercises, contrary both to our belief and to our laws, after the facts have been fully made out by written information, you cause him to leave the province. Finally, her Majesty desires that you enjoin on the commissions of primary instruction that they watch over all the schools of their districts with the greatest care, in order to prevent the introduction into them of doctrines that this fanatical secretary endeavours with such perseverance to spread abroad. By Royal Order I communicate this to *Usia* that you may understand it and carry it into effect. God keep you many years.

Madrid, April 30, 1839. HOMERAN DE COS.
To the Civil Governor of Cadiz.

(Copy)

MANRIQUE.

We are in the dark grave of depravity, and we can no more raise or bring ourselves out of it, than a carcase, which is lain in a grave, can throw off the clods that cover it, or unlock the door of the vault it is in.

Taylor.