

LETTER OF LUTHER TO HIS ELDEST BOY.

“Grace and peace be with thee, my dear little boy! I rejoice to find that you are attentive to your lessons and your prayers. Persevere, my child, and when I come home I will bring you some pretty fairing. I know of a beautiful garden, full of children in golden dresses, who run about under the trees, eating apples, pears, cherries, nuts, and plums. They jump and sing and are full of glee, and they have pretty little horses, with golden bridles and silver saddles. As I went by this garden, I asked the owner of it, who those children were, he told me that they were the good children, who loved to say their prayers, and to learn their lessons, and to fear God. Then I said to him, dear sir, I have a boy, little John Luther; may not he too come to this garden, to eat these beautiful apples and pears, to ride these pretty little horses, and to play with the other children? And the man said, if he is very good, if he says his prayers, and learns his lessons cheerfully, he may come, and he may bring with him, little Philip and little James. Here they will find fifes and drums and other nice instruments to play upon, and they shall dance and shoot with little crossbows. Then the man showed me in the midst of the garden a beautiful meadow to dance in. But all this happened in the morning before the children had dined; so I could not stay till the beginning of the dance, but I said to the man, I will go and write to my dear little John, and teach him to be good, to say his prayers, and learn his lessons, that he may come to this garden. But he has an Aunt Magdalene, whom he loves very much,—may he bring her with him? The man said, Yes, tell him that they may come together. Be good, therefore, dear child, and tell Philip and James the same, that you may all come and play in this beautiful garden. I commit you to the care of God. Give my love to your Aunt Magdalene, and kiss her for me. From your Papa who loves you,

“MARTIN LUTHER.”

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

The following anecdote, Dr. Waugh, (late of Wells' Street Chapel, London,) used to tell, has been communicated to me by one of the most distinguished literary writers of the day—a gentleman who has on several occasions been a gratified listener while the Doctor was relating it:—A singularly pious but exceedingly simple-minded and blunt-mannered Scotchman, named John Adams, who had been long employed about the farmstead of the late duke of Buccleugh, had been provided with a better situation by his Grace, in the service of George the Third, then residing at Windsor Castle. The Duke had previously mentioned to the King, that John was a man of decidedly religious habits, and that, therefore, though otherwise a most trustworthy and diligent servant, he would feel uneasy in his mind if he were asked to work on the Sabbath-day. The King, who had himself more correct notions regarding the sanctity of the Sabbath, than usually obtains either in palaces or in the mansions of the nobility, said that he venerated the man for his religious strictness, and that he would not be asked to do anything which could do violence to his view respecting the way in which that day ought to be observed. In the course of a little time, the King and John got very familiar together, and at length the monarch frequently gave him the key of a small cellar in which he kept some wine* of his own; desiring John to fetch one bottle, or two bottles, as the case might be. One Sabbath evening, the King called John, and said he wanted him to fetch a bottle of Madeira from his cellar. George accompanied John to the cellar, to see that the right wine was taken, and the door was again locked. As John attempted to put the key into the lock, his hand shook in a very marked manner; so much so, indeed, that some time elapsed before he could get the door opened. The King observing this, said, “What's the matter, John, that your hand shakes so much?”

“Weel, your Majesty, I'm some thinkin' it's because this is the Sabbath, and that it's nae right to be employed in this way on His blessed day.”

“John, my good man,” said the monarch, “I respect your religious scruples, and I'll never ask you to bring me wine on a Sunday in future.”

* This monarch, though he did not drink to excess, was exceedingly fond of Madeira, and always kept for his own use a certain quantity of it in a small cellar, to which even the Queen was not allowed access.