

denies the Pope's power to cast him out, and appeals to a higher council. The appeal is granted. Again his enemies rejoice at once more having their formidable enemy in their grasp. His friends, knowing the character of the man, do all in their power to keep him from appearing, and even go so far as to resort to stratagem to detain him. Never does Luther appear to greater advantage as the champion of truth than at this time. On the one hand are his friends beseeching him to flee the country, assuring him that Worms will be his tomb. On the other hand his greatest foes resort to every intrigue in order to keep him back. Surely man never before fought against such opposition for truth's sake. He starts, and bids farewell to his home as one destined never again to behold it. Along the road many are the trials to which he is subjected. But his courage is equal to them all. Intimidations meet him at every turn of the road. "They will burn you," cries one, "if you enter Worms." To which he replies with holy boldness, "though they should kindly a fire whose flames should reach from Worms to Wittenberg and rise up to heaven, I would go through in the name of Lord and stand before them. I would enter the jaws of the behemoth, break his teeth, and confess Christ." Just as he is about to enter the city a messenger from Spalatin meets him, bearing this message, "Refrain from entering Worms." "Go tell your Master that though there should be as many devils at Worms as there are tiles on its roofs, I would enter it." And enter it he did. The people came flocking in thousands to see him, and while some gnashed upon him and cursed him as a heretic, others hailed him as the bearer of glad tidings, and the deliverer of the people. As the time approaches for him to appear before the crowned heads of Germany his soul is troubled with doubts and fears. Prostrate on the ground before his God, he pours out his soul in a flood of grief. The moment arrives, a deep calm comes over him, and with a soul filled with ecstatic joy he enters the Town Hall and confronts the assembled talent of Germany. What a moment! On the yea or nay of that monk hangs the future of the church. Will he retract? Will he pronounce those six letters, "Revoco?" Before him on the table lies a number of his works. The questions are put, First, "Do you acknowledge those writings to be yours?" Second, "Will you retract the propositions contained therein?" The vast audience sit spell-bound, awaiting his answer. With a serenity of countenance and firmness of voice he answers, "My Lords and your mighty Highnesses, the first I cannot deny. As to the second, they are based

upon the teachings of Scripture, and therefore I cannot retract. The people breathed freely—a low murmur ran through the hall, and even his worst enemies could not but admire his heroic bearing and Christian fortitude. Truth had triumphed. Upon the very ramparts of Roman Catholicism Luther had planted the standard of gospel truth. The field was his, and quit he would not until the last enemy of truth had been subdued. Though all the powers of darkness should assail him, they should march to victory only over his dead body. We talk of heroes, but where is the hero that rises to such sublime heights as the hero of the Reformation. The heroes of classic legends sink into nothingness beside the Monk of Erfurth. For true patriotism he is unsurpassed. Bound to his country by a tie which could be broken only by death, he fought for her as one who would raise her to an eminence which should have the eternal rock for its foundation, the right arm of Jehovah for its defence. With the flush of triumph on his brow and the pean of victory sounding exultingly in his ear, Luther passed to his reward. Luther has gone, but his works do live, and when the names of Wicklyffe, Huss, Latimer and Ridley shall have ceased to live in our hearts, the name of Luther, bright with the laurels of victory, shall live fresh as ever, engraved upon our hearts even as upon granite block. The time shall come when the last dark cloud of Papist tyranny shall be swept from our horizon. When nation shall see eye to eye with nation, when none shall say unto his fellow know the Lord, for all shall know him from the least unto the greatest. And may God speed the time.

H. C. SPELLER.

DARKEST BEFORE DAWN.

Does the gloom of the night-time grow deeper,
More dreary around thy way
Through this wilderness life? Worn traveller,
Dost thou long for the dawn of the day?

The day that will chase all the terrors
Which haunt thee on every side?
That will show thee snares and the briars
That thick in the darkness hide?

Is thy heart in its loneliness fainting,
As closer around thee are drawn
The deep folds of gloom? Oh! remember
'Tis darkest when nearest the dawn!