

admittance to his apartment, he met with little interruption in the arduous task which he here engaged in of translating the Bible. But this sedentary life and severe literary labour impaired his health, so that he writes to Melancthon: "Being visited with divers ailments, I have for eight days neglected study and prayer." For his health's sake, therefore, he was permitted to enlarge his sphere of action, and even prevailed upon to partake in the pleasures of the chase. "Last Thursday," he writes to Spalatin, "I went a-hunting to taste for once this honey—not unmingled with gall—in which the great men of the earth find such delight. We took a hare and two poor partridges. Truly a fitting occupation for idlers! Even here amid the snares and hounds, my thoughts turned to theological matters," &c.

Luther was now also allowed, under the care of a prudent and trusty soldier, to make occasional excursions in the neighbouring country. This wise guide gave his charge the sage and, doubtless, very needful counsel to preserve strictly his incognito, telling him that at the inns where they halted he must beware of impatiently unbuckling his sword and taking to his book, and thus incurring the dangerous suspicion of being a cleric or a man of letters.

In addition to his mighty work of translating the Bible, in which he virtually, if not literally, threw his ink-stand at the Adversary—an allegory dear to the German mind—Luther, during his sojourn at the Wartburg, wrote many fine hymns, among them one composed on the burning at Brussels of the first martyrs to his doctrine; and likewise penned several conclusive replies to the virulent attacks of his theological opponents.

But even the solicitude of his friendly custodians, and the strong bolts and bars of his mountain fastness, could not hold captive this eager, restless guest. The news of Carlstadt's fanatical excesses at Wittenberg left Luther no peace of mind; so, unattended, and still wearing his knightly garb, he left the Wartburg on the 3rd of March, 1522, and in a few days reached Wittenberg in safety.

Luther's "hermitage," supposed to be much in the same condition now as when occupied by him, is a small wainscoted room, whose furniture, if not actually used by Luther, is at least of sufficient antiquity to have been so. Precious as every detail of the Wartburg is to its princely owner, there is reason to believe that in his esteem its memories of the Reformer and the least vestige of his presence there far outweigh all other associations connected with the ancient pile. However, under former lords the jealous supervision now maintained here does not seem to have been exercised, since the table at which Luther translated the Scriptures, as well as the bit of black basalt in an unprotected part of the wall—the stone which represented the famous ink-stain—have long ago disappeared piecemeal under the ravages of Protestant relic-mongers. The table has been replaced by another of the same date, on the wall above which hang portraits of Luther and of his parents, by Lucas Cranach. Standing in this room, and looking through the quaint round window-panes, it is difficult to tear oneself away from the wide and beautiful panorama of hill and forest which this position affords, as easy to imagine how this—his "airy domain," his "bird's refuge"—must have endeared itself to one so keenly susceptible of natural beauty as Luther.

Besides those we have alluded to, the Wartburg contains many other apartments of great interest, the chief of these being the banquetting-hall, which occupies the third and highest story of the ancient palace or "Landgrafenhaus." The walls and open roof of this fine room are richly decorated with exquisite modern painting and sculpture, the profound symbolical meaning of which it would take much learning and space to unfold. The prevailing idea in these noble works of art as well as in the old stone carvings of the Wartburg, is the triumph of Christianity over Paganism, of true faith over superstition, the glorious and final victory of right over wrong.

Hamburg.

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The Family Treasury.