

pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less certainly, does a great mind bear up against public opinion, and push back its hurrying stream. Therefore should every man wait—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, nor in querulous dejection; but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavours, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes, what matters it? What matters it to the world whether I, or you, or any other man, did such a deed, or wrote such a book, so be it the deed and book were well done? It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame—about what the world says of us; to be always looking into the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices.

LUTHER TO HIS BOY.

To my Little Son, Hansigen Luther, Grace and Peace in Christ:

My Heart, Dear Little Son.—I hear that you learn well and pray diligently. Continue to do so, my son. When I come home I will bring you a fine present from the fair. I know of a lovely garden, full of joyful children, who wear little golden coats, and pick up beautiful apples and pears, and cherries and plums, under the trees. They sing and jump and make merry. They have beautiful little horses with golden saddles and silver bridles. I asked the man that kept the garden who the children were. And he said to me:

“The children are those who love to learn, and to pray, and to be good.”

Then said I:

“Dear sir, I have a little son named Hansigen Luther. May he come into this garden and have the same apples and pears to eat,

and wonderful little horses to ride upon, and may he play about with these children?”

Then said he:

“If he is willing to learn and to pray, and to be good, he shall come into this garden; and Lippus and Justus too. If they all come together they shall have pipes, and little drums and lutes, and music of stringed instruments. And they shall dance, and shoot with little cross-bows.”

Then he showed me a fine meadow in the garden, all laid out for dancing. There hung golden pipes and kettle-drums and fine silver cross-bows; but it was too early to see the dancing, for the children had not had their dinner. I said:

“Ah, dear sir, I will instantly go and write to my little son, Hansigen, so that he may study, and pray, and be good, and thus come into this garden. And he has a little cousin, Lena, whom he must also bring with him.”

Then he said to me:

“So shall it be. Go home and write to him.”

Therefore, dear little son Hansigen, be diligent and learn to pray; and tell Lippus and Justus to do so too, that you may all meet together in that beautiful garden. Give cousin Lena a kiss from me.

Herewith I recommend you all to the care of Almighty God.

A.D. 1530.

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

No sin looks so sinful as the sin of a saint, no blot so black as the blot on beauty. You never notice the blight on a nettle, you do that on a rose; you never notice a flaw in a flagstone, you do that on a stone of glory out of which a statue is to spring; you never notice a spider when she dangles from the rafters of a barn, you do when “she taketh hold with her hands in kings’ palaces.” So it comes to pass that a Christian in the world is a man under a microscope; fierce is the light that beats upon him, and all his faults are magnified. Men of the world will be the first to charge him with worldliness.