

"Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy."

I strolled on. A little farther up the Pactolus stood the temple of Cybele. The church to which "He" spoke, "who had the seven spirits of God and the seven stars," was a small and humble ruin of brick and mortar; but of the temple of the heathen mother of the world, remained two fair columns of marble, with their curiously carved capitals, and the earth around was strewn with the gigantic frustra of an edifice, stately even in the fragments of its prostration. I saw for a moment the religion of Jupiter and Christ, with the eyes of Croesus and the philosopher, from Athens; and then I turned to the living nations that I had left to wander among these dead empires, and looking still on the eloquent monuments of what these religions were, thought of them as they are, in wide-spread Christendom!

We visit Rome and Athens, and walk over the ruined temples of their gods of wood and stone, and take pride to ourselves, that our imaginations awake the "spirit of the spot." But the primitive church of Christ, over which an angel of God kept watch, whose undefiled members, if there is any truth in Holy Writ, are, now "walking with him in white" before the face of the Almighty, a spot on which the Saviour and his Apostles prayed, and for whose weal, with the other churches of Asia, the sublime revelation was made to John—this, the while, is an unvisited shrine, and the "classic" of Pagan idolatry is dearer to the memories of men than the holy antiquities of a religion they profess.—*Willis's Telling of Adventure.*

From Mr. Carlyle's Lectures.

#### CHARACTER OF LUTHER.

MARTIN LUTHER presides yet over modern history. Great he was, not only in the actions he did, but in his own intrinsic qualities. And in all manner of contradictions did he seem to have been born. The son of the very poorest people—his father a miserable miner, his grandfather and all his ancestors peasants of the like sort—he was reared in the depths of poverty, and struggled forward to the light out of an extremity of vilest hardship. He "bore the bag" at school, and he sang there and in the streets, for assistance and support. But what of that! Truth did not desert him for it. "There was no formality in my friend Martin Luther." He could stand alone in the middle of the world. Law student he was at the first, but an event very sudden and full of awe withdrew him from worldly studies. While yet only twenty years old he was walking with a friend in the University of Urfurt, when a thunder bolt darted out of Heaven and struck down his companion dead at his feet. This seemed as it were to Luther to have borne a mission from above; and from that instant in which he thus saw eternity lying at his feet, law and all its matters, and indeed all other proceedings of the world, looked poor and mean, and insufficient for the cravings of the soul. He entered the order of Augustines, and became a pious and laborious monk. At the first, as he expresses it, he was in a sort of state of reprobation. But he began to study the Bible, and it happened to him to see the Pope! This was on a mission to Rome, when, just as the natural loveliness of religion had broken in upon him, he beheld in this way the worst vices and corruptions of her ministers in the world. Yet he was silent. In truth, he now felt he had another concern to look after, for was there not his own soul to save? Now, nothing was so admirable as the entire modesty and simplicity of him! The idea of reforming the church never entered his head. The living life of a true man—that was his notion—and all else flowed

naturally out of that. He saw that penances, and vigils, and the like would not, and could not, work out salvation. It must be more hope in the Bible—it must be more faith in the Bible.

At this very time—in the memorable year 1515—Tetzel came to Wittenberg with a very famous set of indulgences for sale. Luther saw him enter his own church, and offer in exchange for sundry pieces of money what were called "indulgences," from "Christ's holy lord the Pope," for the total remission of sins—pieces of paper with a red cross upon them, by which, for a consideration, the gates of hell were closed, and those of heaven and glory eternally opened! Luther saw these things publicly sold in his own church to his own people, and then spoke out and said, "That shall not be." This was the beginning of the reformation. Again observe the modesty of Luther. He set forward no plea or pretence of reforming the church. He shouted out nothing in big words about what he would do. There was no vanity in him. All he did was to deny, and refuse to tolerate a falsehood—and so the Reformation began. Four years went on in this way, and then he was summoned to the Diet of Worms to appear before all the princes and chiefs of the Roman Catholic faith. It was the 17th of April, 1521—a day to be remembered forever—that he arrived at the old city of Worms, to testify eternally to the truth, or to give it up utterly. A fearful enterprise! More than two thousand good people had gone out, on horse or foot, to meet him, and dissuade him from advancing further. He said he had the safe conduct of the Emperor. "Well," they answered, "Huss had it too, but it turned out to be safe conduct into a prison six feet long, seven feet wide, and two feet eight inches high, from which he was carried out to be burned." "I cannot help it," Luther remarked, "I must go on. To Worms will I go, though the gates of hell, and the powers of air are against me. Yea, to Worms will I go, though there were as many devils in the city as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses." He went accordingly, and was asked to recant what he had written, and he answered that he could not. Whatever there was of intemperate expression in his writings he would indeed recant; but the doctrine of them was God's truth, and he durst not do it. "Here I stand," he said, "I can do no other. It is impossible to admit any thing that is against the conscience, God be my help. Amen." And there and then, upon that very spot, was the Reformation consummated. A poor man stood up before the princes of the world and said that; and all the world rose up and said, "Yes; it is right, that thing which you have said."

And never—Mr. Carlyle continued, in affectionate eulogium on the personal character of Luther—never stood up a truer-hearted, a better, or a greater man than he who stood before the Diet of the German empire. In his face might be read the various elements of his character. A coarse, rugged, plebeian face it was, with great crags of cheek-bones—a wild amount of passionate energy and appetite! But in his dark eyes were floods of sorrow; and deepest melancholy, sweetness, and mystery were all there. Often did there seem meet in Luther the very opposite poles in man's character. He, for example, of whom Richter had said that his words were half battles, he, when he first began to preach, suffered un-heard of agony. "Oh, Dr. Stauplitz, Dr. Stauplitz," said he to the Vicar-General of his order, "I cannot do it. I shall die in three months. Indeed, I cannot do it." Dr. Stauplitz, a wise and considerate man, said upon this, "Well, Sir Martin, if you must die you must—but remember that they need good heads up yonder too. So preach man, preach—and then live or die as it happens." So Luther preached and lived—and he became indeed one great whirl-

wind of the world—a dried book in the mi touches o for exam alighted a grew in I said, "T wings, ar though ov blue dept home. T same gen passages the autun ders at th says, "er its beauti of man se as these gaze into Luther's and clou might hav been beau gelo.

As it w met in his of genius force out ther—a a Wild C ordinarily and trees or a child lerant m rance. I When his some sur wear, he surplised he will. with it at we have the essent commonl Luther. the lowes highest. anger of made ans if he had it rained I he would acted in t He was had faller it was in ed and so the evil p hold high a cheap g lected tha equally re first, as house-tile ly selecte alone one psalm, an had sate and stood gue, accu with hell, the Christ ink bottle made by t