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Luther in His Home.

The picture represents Martin Luther, the great German Reformer, in his house. On his left sits his wife, with a child on her lap; behind him, at the table, is Melancthon, the mildest and most amiable of the Reformers; and before him are some choristers, who have come, as is their wont, to sing hymns, which Luther accompanies on the guitar. It is well known how Luther loved music. 'He who despises music, he wrote, 'with him I am not content; for music is a gift from God, not a gift from man. It drives away the devil and makes people cheerful. After theology, I give to music the next place and the highest honor.' In summer, Luther and his family spent their evenings in the garden; in winter, in his warm, comfortable room. The Christmas fes-

I know a pretty, merry garden, wherein are many children. They have little golden coats, and they gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries, and plums; they sing, and jump, and are merry. They have beautiful little horses, too, with gold bits and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belongs whose children they were; and he said, "They are the children that love to pray and to learn, and are good." Then said I, "Dear man, I have a son, too; his name is little Hans Luther; may he not also come into this garden and eat these beautiful apples and pears, and ride these fine horses?" Then the man said, "If he loves to pray and to learn, and is good, he shall come into this garden; and Lippus and Jost, too, his play-fellows; and when they all come to-

garden.' Then the man said, "It shall be so; go and write him so."

"Therefore, my dear little son Hans, learn and pray with confidence; and tell Lippus and Jost, too, that they must learn and pray, and then you shall come to the garden together."

"Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God. And greet Aunt Leuce; and give her a kiss for my sake. Thy dear father,

MARTIN LUTHER.

The Chinese Baby.

'How is your baby getting on?' 'Puh tsai lias' (which means 'no more,' a common Chinese expression for the word 'death'). 'What!' we exclaimed, 'your baby dead?' 'Yes,' she answered; 'there was no one to take care of the



LUTHER IN HIS HOME.

tival, with the brightly lighted and gaily decorated Christmas-tree standing in the middle of the room, was always observed in the Reformer's family as the happiest evening in the whole year. That Luther loved children, and could well enter into their feelings, the following letter, which he wrote from Coburg to his little son Hans, fully proves:—

'Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I see with pleasure that thou learnest well and prayest diligently. Do so, my son, and continue. When I come home I will bring thee a pretty fairing.

gether they shall have lutes, and trumpets, lutes, and all sorts of music; and they shall dance and shoot with little cross-bows." And the man showed me a fine meadow there in the garden, made for dancing; there hung nothing but golden fifes, trumpets, and fine silver cross-bows. But it was early, and the children had not yet entered; therefore I could not wait the dance. I said to the man, "Ah! dear sir, I will immediately go and write this to my little son Hans, and tell him to pray diligently and to learn well, and to be good, so that he also may come to this

child, so it was the best thing to do.' 'You don't mean to say you killed your baby?' we asked. 'Yes,' was the answer, with her eyes on the ground. 'How did you kill your baby?' The answer was that she had just put it in a bucket of water.

We felt like fainting away, and could not speak to her for a few minutes. There we stood face to face with a murderer of her own child, with no seeming shame or condemnation over what she had done. We felt inexpressibly sad, as she is a woman who has heard a good deal of the truth. So we asked