

been a monk and a bigoted papist, at 42 married his wife Catharina, for three reasons, to please his father, to tease the pope, and to vex the devil. Luther, the grand old oak, with bark so rugged and impenetrable, but with heart so fresh and green. Luther, the man, with instincts so alive to the feelings, the wants, the humours, the wrongs of the great throbbing heart of the vulgar world. The age—the heart; its pulse—Luther. The man born for his age, its outcome, and at once the indicator and satisfier of its needs, who came, as some one has said, late enough to be tinged with the hues of modern thought, to be swayed by the impulses of modern progress, to be in unison with the sympathies of modern learning, yet early enough to inaugurate a religious movement that has proselytized a new found continent. Columbus is synonymous with North America alone, Luther with North America and Protestantism combined. And he was the reflex of his age, of the German type of his age, of the art spirit of his age, fit representative of the viking of old, born under a northern sky, nurtured on the pabulum of the forest and the marsh. "I am rough," he says, "I am boisterous, stormy, and altogether warlike, born to fight innumerable devils and monsters, to remove stumps and stones, to cut down thistles and thorns and to clear the wild woods." What wonder he has found an American home! Nearly 400 years have rolled away since the peasant's son, at the Diet of Worms announced his final position: "*I must be convinced* either by the witness of scripture or by *clear arguments*," and to-day his followers by thousands, by tens of thousands, by hundreds of thousands, by millions are silently or openly reiterating the same statement and testifying to the same truths, are formulating the same doctrines for which he fought

and suffered, grand old man, grand old artist. His work of translation has never been surpassed, beautiful for its simplicity. He was made for his age and will never die till the age itself expires, which cannot be so long as there remains one clerical household united by the ties of conjugal love, of family affection.

'Tis strange how everything in nature repeats itself, is in fact another phase of the same principle. The delineation of character for instance is but literary sculpture. Colour, light, shade, texture introduced into narrative is merely painting by means of verbal expression. The subjective writer, *i.e.* the critic, the casuist, or the moralist, moulds his creations from the plastic clay of human frailty or carves them from the rock of human stoicism. His perceptions are intuitive and mental. On the other hand, the objective writer, *i.e.*, the romancer, the simple narrator, or the poet, reproduces visible nature, its hues, its odours, its very motions and changes by the magic of his sympathetic pen. The first is a delineator of soul, animate and human, the second a painter of inanimate, but not soulless, nature.

There is nothing new under the sun, merely variety, offshoots from the great unity. Emerson speaking of Plato says: "Plato is philosophy and philosophy Plato—at once the glory and shame of mankind, since neither Saxon nor Roman has availed to add any idea to his categories," and he goes on to add, our modern philosophy, our literature, nay Europe is Plato. We might go further and say that our morality, our best religious instincts, pre-eminently Christian, are Gautama, who preached peace and good will 25 centuries ago on the plains of Hindostan. Our science is but the matured and articulate utterance of the incoherent because infant babblings of 20 centuries ago.