

icity, came to see him. "Pray do not come," they said, "to the conference." He rose and walked up and down the room, and exclaimed, "Here at, at Eisleben, I was baptized. Will it be my lot also to die here?" A little while after he took the sacrament. Many of his friends attended him, and sorrowfully felt that soon they would see him no more. One of them said to him, "Shall we know each other in the eternal assembly of the blessed? We shall be all so changed." "Adam," replied Luther, had never seen Eve, and yet when he awoke he did not say, 'Who art thou?' but, 'Thou art flesh of my flesh.' By what means did he know that she was taken from his flesh and not from a stone? He knew this because he was filled with the Holy Spirit. So likewise in the heavenly Paradise we shall be filled with the Holy Spirit, and we shall recognize father, mother, and friends better than Adam recognized Eve."

Having thus spoken, Luther retired into his chamber, and, according to his daily custom, even in the winter-time, opened his window, looked up to heaven and began to pray. 'Heavenly Father,' he said, "since in thy great mercy thou hast revealed to me the downfall of the pope, since the day of thy glory is not far off, and since the light of thy gospel, which is now rising over the earth, is to be diffused through the whole world, keep to the end, through thy goodness, the Church of my dear native country; save it from falling, preserve it in the true profession of the word, and let all men know that it is indeed for thy work that thou hast sent me." He then left the window, returned to his friends, and about ten o'clock at night retired to bed. Just as he reached the threshold of his bedroom he stood still and said in Latin, "In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum, redemisti me Deus veritatis" ("Into thy hand I commend thy spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth").

The 18th of February, the day of his departure, was now at hand. About one o'clock in the morning, sensible that the chill of death was creeping over him, Luther called Jonas and his faithful servant Ambrose. "Make a fire," he said to Ambrose. Then he cried out, "O Lord my God. I am in great pain! What a weight upon my chest! I shall never leave Eisleben." Jonas said to him, "Our heavenly Father will come to help you, for the love of Christ which you have faithfully preached to men." Luther then got up, took some turns up and down his room, and looking up to heaven

exclaimed again, "Into thy hand I commend my spirit; thou hast redeemed me O God of truth."

Jonas in alarm sent for the doctors, Wild and Lunwig, the count and countess of Mansfeld, Drachstadt the town-clerk, and Luther's children. In great alarm they all hastened to the spot. "I am dying," said the sick man.—"No," said Jonas; "you are now in a perspiration, and will soon be better."—"It is the sweat of death," said Luther; "I am nearly at my last breath." He was thoughtful for a moment, and then said with faltering voice, "O my heavenly Father, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the God of all consolation, I thank thee that thou hast revealed to me thy well-beloved Son' Jesus Christ, in whom I have believed, whom I have preached, whom I have confessed, whom the pope and all the ungodly insult, blaspheme and persecute, but whom I love and adore as my Saviour. O Jesus Christ, my Saviour, I commit my soul to thee. O my heavenly Father, I commit my soul to thee. O my heavenly Father, I must quit this body, but I believe with perfect assurance that I shall dwell eternally with thee, and that none shall pluck me out of thy hands."

He now remained silent for a little while; his prayer seemed to have exhausted him. But presently his countenance again grew bright; a holy joy shone in his features, and he said with fullness of faith "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." A moment afterward he uttered, as if sure of victory, this word of David: "He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death." Dr. Wild went to him and tried to induce him to take medicine, but Luther refused. I am departing; I am about to yield up my spirit." Then returning to the saying which was for him a sort of watchword for his departure, he said three times successively, without interruption, "Father! into thy hand I commit my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth—thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth."

He then closed his eyes. They touched him, moved him, called to him, but he made no answer. In vain they applied the cloths which the town-clerk and his wife heated; in vain the countess of Mansfeld and physicians endeavoured to revive him with tonics. He remained motionless. All who stood around him, perceiving that God was going to take away