

umphant, with that the Pope has nothing to do." It ought to be easier after such a vision to bear the test of any market place and face any human excommunication.

It is not far from Savonarola to Luther, a man of like passion with ourselves, but ah, if we could gain a like steadfastness. Before the sovereigns of half the world with knights and nobles in gleaming armour he stands almost alone. A steeled baron touches him with his gauntlet and says, "Pluck up thy spirit, little Monk. I have seen hard battles in my day but nor I nor any knight in this company ever needed a stout heart more than thou needst it now. If thou hast faith in these doctrines of thine, little Monk, go on." Hear Luther saying in holy resolve: "Here I stand, I can do no other, God help me!" Here we have in a single sentence the Iliad of all the martyrs. I like to hear the echo of his prayers at Erfurt and the echo of his hammer at Wittenburg and the crash of the bottle aimed at the devil in Wartburg Castle. Higher criticism will doubtless feel itself free to maintain that it was rats and not the devil that invaded the good man's room, but there is little question that Luther having faced so many of the