

## ULRICH ZWINGLI.

The valley of the Tockenburg, in the canton of Saint Gall, Switzerland, is surrounded by the lofty mountains of the Sentis, the Kuhlstrater with its seven peaks and the magnificent prospect of the Tyrolse Alps spread out on the east. Through the valley runs a clear mountain stream, the source of the river Thur. On the most elevated point of the Tockenburg, 2,010 feet above the level of Lake Zurich, is a little village called Wildhaus, or the Wild-house. Here lived the amman, or bailiff of the parish, Zwingli by name, and Margaret Meili his wife. Two boys already cheered the lonely mountain chalet, when on New Year's day, 1484, a third son was born and received the name of Ulrich. Just seven weeks previous was Martin Luther born; and alike in the miner's cottage in Eisleben and the shepherd's chalet of the Tockenburg, two Margarets bent over cradles where slept the embryo reformers.

The child-life of the young Ulrich appears to have been particularly gentle and happy. The bailiff Zwingli was also a shepherd, as were most of the dwellers of Wildhaus, and in this tranquil pastoral life, joining in innocent rustic amusements, the boy Ulrich grew up at the foot of Mount Sentis, "whose rocks seemed everlasting and whose summits pointed to the skies."

In the long winter evenings in the Wildhaus cottage Ulrich would listen with glowing cheeks to the tales related by his father and elders of the village of the yoke the valley had once worn, and also of the independence the Tockenburg had won for itself; and love of country was fanned into a flame which never died in the breast of Ulrich Zwingli. A pious grandmother sat beside that hearthstone, and from her lips the boy learned Scripture stories and pious legends, eagerly receiving them into his childish heart.

The good amman early perceived that his boy might do greater things than follow herds on Mount Sentis to the sound of the shepherd's *runs des roches*. He sent his son to the neighboring town of Wesen. This uncle loved the boy as his own son, and delighted in his vivacity and superior mind. The school life of young Zwingli seems as pleasant as that of his home. He passed through no hardships and rigors as did Martin Luther at the same age. Great kindness and helpfulness of relatives and friends appear to have marked every step of Zwingli's road to learning. From the school of Wesen Zwingli soon passed to Basle, where he made rapid progress, and the bailiff resolved to send him to Berne, where Lupulus had opened a classical school. Here "the boy ardently inhaled these perfumes of antiquity, his style was formed—he became a poet." The Dominican monks at Berne had remarked Zwingli's beautiful voice, they had heard of his fine attainments, and thinking he might give lustre to their order, they endeavored to attract him to them, and invited him to remain in their monastery until he was old enough to pass his novitiate. The amman heard of the lures held out to his son, and knowing the corruptions existing in the monasteries of the day, he ordered Ulrich to leave Berne at once. Thus by a wise father was Zwingli saved from a monastery which Luther entered of his own free will, yet also against his father's wish. From Berne Zwingli repaired to Vienna to study philosophy; returning again to Basle he continued his literary pursuits. At the age of eighteen we find him teaching in St. Martin's school and also studying at the University.

He is represented at this time as most attractive in appearance, of amiable character, and fine conversational powers. The love of music, first fostered in his native mountains, was a passion with him, and upon the lute, harp, violin, or flute he loved to awake the tunes of his early home, or accompany them with his own *scotz*. In 1506 the lectures of Thomas Wittenbach at Basle seem to have quickened the seeds of divine life in the heart of Zwingli. I say quickened, for I make no doubt that under the gentle home-training which taught Ulrich Zwingli to look with horror on a falsehood, and by that pious grandmother, the seed had been sown. Wittenbach proclaimed, "The hour is not far distant when the scholastic theology will be set aside and the old doctrines of the church revived, Christ's death," he added, "is the only ransom for our souls." These words sank deep in the heart of the young scholar.

"At this time the pastorate of Glarus, not far from Wildhaus, became vacant. Zwingli was invited to fill it. He was ordained at Constance, preached his first sermon at Rapperswyl, read his first mass in the little church of Wildhaus on St. Michael's day and at the end of the year 1506 arrived at Glarus. He was now 22 years old, and as a Romish priest did not differ from the surrounding clergy. While pastor of Glarus he devoted himself to the study of Greek and the Scriptures. The divine light was shining into the soul of the priest of Glarus, for he says, "I began to entreat the Lord to grant me his light, and though I read the Scriptures only they became clearer to me than if I had read all the commentators."

In the same year, while the future German reformer tilled up the Santa Scala at Rome, and the Spirit spoke with a still, small, yet thunder voice to his soul, "The just shall live by faith," the Swiss pastor, kneeling in his quiet study, implores light on the Holy Word and Switzerland, and took his first step toward the Reformation. In 1515, as chaplain, Zwingli marched with the Swiss Confederates to the plains of Italy, whither, in the same capacity, he had been before. On the field of Marignano, where the flower of Helvetian youth perished, Zwingli threw himself with ardor in the

Zurich was for a while most pleasant. His affable, cordial manners, his handsome face, won all hearts. He still sought the relaxation of music, and often amused the little ones of his flock with his lute.

The gospel made rapid progress in Zurich, but not without opposition. The enemies of the truth plotted against Zwingli's life; but the Council of Zurich, hearing he was threatened, placed a guard about his dwelling nightly. In 1524 Ulrich Zwingli broke more fully from the shackles of Rome by marrying Anna Reinhart, the widow of a magistrate.

Many public discussions and disputations—after the fashion of the times—on the new doctrines now working like leaven all over Switzerland occupied much of Zwingli's life from this time forward. Not only was he called to defend the Reformation against its enemies, but in 1527 pamphlets began to pass between himself and Luther on the subjects of the Lord's supper, on which the views of the two reformers differed widely. Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, invited all the theologians of the different parties to meet in friendly conference at Marburg. But the conference ended without agreement. "Let us acknowledge our union on all other points," pleaded Zwingli. He held out his hand—but Luther rejected the sign of



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cause of Rome. For her he wielded the sword. It was a sad error. He forgot that as the minister of God he should fight only with the sword of the Spirit. In his own person was fulfilled the prophecy of his Master to another impulsive servant "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

From Glarus Zwingli was removed to Einsiedeln, whose convent and church, especially dedicated to the Virgin, were believed to be invested with a miraculous sincerity. Yet it was here that Zwingli completed his education as a reformer. His soul grew daily more attached to the Word of God, and here he copied out the Epistles of St. Paul. He learned these epistles by heart, and somewhat later the other books of the New Testament and part of the Old. Zwingli did not, like Luther, expose the sores of the church; he endeavored to instill the truths of the Bible into the hearts of his flock, and then relied on it for the result it was destined to produce. The pilgrims who repaired to Our Lady of Einsiedeln heard a new message, "Christ alone saves, and he saves everywhere."

In 1518 Zwingli was elected to the cathedral of Zurich, and on the first day of the year 1519, his thirty-fifth birthday, he ascended the pulpit. He proclaimed the same message here as at Einsiedeln, "Christ the true source of salvation." Zwingli's life at

friendship, saying coolly, "You have a different spirit from ours." Zwingli's tender, affectionate nature was hurt to the quick; he burst into tears.

The line was now drawn between the friends and foes of the Reformation in Switzerland. The five Catholic cantons would not agree to the just and reasonable demands of the Protestant cities and cantons. The latter resolved to obtain their rights by force of arms. Zwingli alas! favored prompt warfare for the right. On the field of Cappel, three leagues from Zurich, Swiss met Swiss in battle. The Zurichers were brave, but too few in number to prevail over their enemies, and among the slain was Ulrich Zwingli. He lay under a pear-tree in a meadow, his face turned towards heaven. Some even of his enemies could not restrain their tears as they looked on his dead face. It was demanded that the portion sent to each of the five cantons. In vain the pitiful amman of Zug exclaimed, "Peace be to the dead—let God alone be their judge." Fierce cries answered his appeal, the drums beat to muster, the dead body was tried, and it was decreed it should be quartered for treason, and then burned for heresy. Flames consumed Zwingli's disjointed members, and a lawless multitude rushing upon his ashes scattered them to the winds of heaven.

The pear-tree beneath which he died was long cherished by loving hearts and hands, and when it waned away it was replaced by another, and that by yet another. A block of granite marks the spot of his martyrdom. Zwingli fell in the forty-eighth year of his age, and a great light went out of Christ's church. "God's blessed truth planted by him in evil days, and watered by his blood, still lives and thrives on the soil of his beloved Switzerland." And his ashes were scattered to the winds of heaven, so shall the "everlasting gospel" be proclaimed, be sent "to every nation and tongue and people with the message," "Christ alone saves, and he saves everywhere.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*"

## THE SECRET OF IT.

An old farmer being asked why his boys stayed at home when others did not, replied that it was owing to the fact that he always tried to make home pleasant for them. He furnished them with attractive and useful reading, and when night came and the day's labor was ended, instead of running with other boys to the railway station and adjoining towns they gathered around the great lamp, and became absorbed in their books and papers. His boys were still at home when the oldest was twenty-one, while those who were furnished with no reading at home, sought city life and city dissipation as soon as they were seventeen or eighteen.

All will do well to heed this testimony of a farmer who has known how hard the struggle for a footing on free soil without capital is, and how valuable and comparatively cheap are the aids which good reading brings to him. In this age of general intelligence, the mind must be catered to, and books and papers furnished; and not only this, but in this age of cheap and artistic chromos, pictures can also be bought to use in making home attractive. The farmer's life is the most independent of any and there is no reason why it may not be as attractively surrounded.—*Household.*

## MAKE THE HOUSE ATTRACTIVE.

It is a common complaint that farmers' sons are deserting the farm. Instead of following the occupation of their fathers, they flock to the cities and larger towns to work at a trade or to engage in a mercantile life. One cause of this exodus from the farm is that the home is not attractive. In too many farm-houses the family life is one "horrid grind," with few pleasures and scarcely any recreation. Books are rare, and literary and scientific papers almost unknown. From early morning till bedtime it is work, work. There is little conversation or reading or music to relieve the monotony. Unless boys and girls are allowed recreation and mental food the home will become dull and prosy, and the energetic and ambitious, longing for a change, will go out from it to seek a broader and more diversified life. A happy childhood and a home associated with delightful memories have power to hold young men and women as with chains of steel. Farmers have much leisure in the winter, and if they would manage to make home an attractive place, it would be easier than it is to keep the children on the farm, and to inspire them with a love of their father's vocation. Farming is essential to national growth, and ought to command the services of the most enterprising and energetic young men of our city.—*The Christian Chronicle.*

WHEN JOHN B. GOUGH, the famous temperance lecturer, was a lad of sixteen he lived in New York with his mother and sister, who had just come over from England. They were dreadfully poor, for the children had lost their work, because the times were dull. John pawned his coat that his mother, who had become ill, might have some mutton broth. One day he left her in tears and went sobbing down the street. A stranger asked him what was the matter. "I'm hungry, and so is my mother," John answered. The stranger said he could not do much, but he would give him a three-cent loaf of bread. When the boy reached home the good woman put the Bible on the rickety pine table, read from it, then all knelt and thanked God for the precious loaf. What a thanksgiving! A while after the boy found work at four dollars and a half a week.

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