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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1883

No. 22.

## THE MONK THAT SHOOK THE WORLD.

BY THE EDITOR.

ON the tenth day of November, all Protestant Christendom celebrates the

"In Martin Luther," says the Chevalier Bunsen, "we have the greatest hero of Christendom since the days of the apostles. He was the foremost actor in the greatest event of modern times." "For him," says Car-

"I am a peasant's son," he says, "my father, my grandfather, my great-grandfather were thorough peasants" "He was born poor, and brought up poor, one of the poorest of men," says Carlyle, "yet what were all emperors,

destiny was born. "My parents," writes the Reformer, "were very poor. My father was a poor wood cutter, and my mother has often carried wood upon her back, that she might procure the means of bringing up her children."



LUTHER BURNING THE POPE'S BULL.

four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, the father of the Protestant Reformation. It will be appropriate to bring before the readers of PLEASANT HOURS the chief events of his life.

lule, "the whole world and its history was waiting, and he was the mighty man whose light was to flame as a beacon over long centuries and epochs of the world."

Luther was a child of the people.

ropes, and potentates in comparison." He was one of God's anointed kings and priests, the kingliest soul of modern times.

In the little village of Eisleben, in Saxony, in the year 1483, this child of

But though poor, his parents sought to make their son a scholar, and he was sent successively to the schools of Magdeburg and Eisenach, and to the university of Erfurt. A stern discipline ruled in the village school. Luther

complains of having been punished fifteen times in a single morning. So poor was he, that, when pinched with hunger, he used to sing from door to door the sweet German carols of the time for food. One day the kind-hearted Ursula Cotta, the wife of the burgomaster of Ilfeld took pity on the lad and adopted him into her household during his schooldays at Eisenach.

#### LUTHER A STUDENT.

At the university of Erfurt, Luther was a very diligent and successful student. The most important event of his college life was his discovery in the library of the university of an old Latin Bible—a book which he had never seen in its entirety before. "In that Bible," says D'Aubigné, "the Reformation lay hid."

Two other events also occurred which affected the whole of his after-life. A serious illness brought him almost to death's door, and his friend and fellow-student, Alexis, was smitten dead by his side by a stroke of lightning. The solemn warning spoke to the heart of Luther like the voice that spoke to Saul on the way to Damascus. He resolved to give up his hopes of worldly advancement, and to devote himself to the service of God alone. He had been trained for the practice of law, but he entered forthwith an Augustinian monastery. His scholar's gown gave place to a monk's coarse serge dress. The accomplished young doctor of philosophy performed the menial tasks of porter of the monastery, swept the church, cleaned out the cells, and with his wallet by his side begged bread for the mendicant brotherhood from door to door. He also studied with zeal the scholastic theology, and especially the Word of God. He sought to mortify his body for the health of his soul. A little bread and a small herring were often his daily food, and sometimes he fasted for four days at a time. The youthful monk was, at least, terribly in earnest in his self-imposed penance. At the end of two years he was ordained priest. As he received authority "to offer sacrifice for the living and the dead," his intense conviction of the real presence of Christ upon the altar almost overwhelmed his soul.

Luther was now summoned, in the 25th year of his age, to the chair of philosophy and theology in the university of Wittenberg. He devoted himself with zeal to the study and exposition of the Word of God.

#### LUTHER AT ROME.

Two or three years later he was sent as the agent of his Order to negotiate certain business with the Vicar-General at Rome. As he drew near the seven-hilled city—the mother-city of the Catholic faith, the seat of God's Viceregents upon earth—he fell upon his knees, exclaiming, "Holy Rome, I salute thee." He went the round of the churches. He visited the sacred places. He said mass at the holiest altars. He did everything that could be done to procure the religious benefits which the sacred places of Rome were supposed to impart.

The scarce disguised paganism of the papal court filled the soul of the Saxon monk with horror. He tells of wicked priests who, when celebrating the solemnities of the mass, were wont to use, instead of the sacred formula, the mocking words, "Panis es, et panis

manebis"—"Bread thou art, and bread thou shalt remain." "No one," he says again, "can imagine what sins and infamies are committed in Rome. If there is a hell, Rome is built over it." It was a dreadful disenchantment to his soul. He came to the Eternal City as to the holy of holies on earth. He found it the place where Satan's seat was. One day, while toiling on his knees up the steps of Pilate's stairs—the very steps, according to tradition, trodden by our Lord on the last night of His mortal life; "than which," says an inscription at the top, "there is no holier spot on earth"—there flashed once more through his soul the emancipating words: "The just shall live by faith." He rose from his knees. His soul revolted from the mummeries of Rome. The Reformation was begun.

#### SALE OF INDULGENCES.

Luther returned to his university, his heart full of grief and indignation at the corruptions of religion which he had witnessed. The measure of papal iniquity was filled up by her shameless traffic in pardons for sins past, present, and to come. Were there not historic evidences of this wickedness, it would be deemed incredible. To gain money for the erection of the mighty Church of St. Peter's, Pope Leo X. sent forth indulgence-mongers across the Alps to extort alike from prince and peasant, by the sale of licenses to sin, the gold required for his vainglorious purpose. One of the most shameless of these indulgence-sellers, the Dominican monk, John Tetzel, found his way to the quiet towns and cities of central Germany. In the pomp and state of an archbishop he traversed the country. Setting up his great red cross and pulpit in the market-places, he offered his wares with the effrontery of a mountebank and quack-salver, to which he added the most frightful blasphemies. "This cross," he would say, pointing to his standard, "has as much efficacy as the very cross of Christ. There is no sin so great that an indulgence cannot remit; only let the sinner pay well, and all will be forgiven him." Even the release of souls in purgatory could be purchased by money. And he sought to wring the souls of his hearers by appeals to their human affections:

"Priest! noble! merchant! wife! youth! maiden! do you not hear your parents and friends who are dead cry from the bottomless abyss, 'We are suffering horrible torments; a trifling alms will save us; you can give it; and you will not?'"

As the people shuddered at these words, the brazen impostor went on: "At the very instant that the money rattles at the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory and flies to heaven." There was a graded price for the pardon of every sin, past or future, from the most venial to the most heinous—even those of nameless shames.

#### LUTHER AND TETZEL.

The honest soul of Luther was roused to indignation by these impieties. "If God permit, I will make a hole in Tetzel's drum," he said. He denied the efficacy of the Pope's indulgences, declaring, "except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." But still the delusion spread. The traffic in licences to sin thrived apace. The brave Reformer took his resolve. He would protest in the name of God against

the flagrant iniquity. At noon on the day before the Feast of All Saints, when whoso visited the Wittenberg church was promised a plenary pardon, he walked boldly up and nailed upon the door a paper containing the famous ninety-five theses against the doctrine of indulgences. The first of these, which gives the keynote of the whole, reads thus: "When our Lord and Master Jesus Christ says 'Repent,' He means that the whole life of believers upon earth should be a constant and perpetual repentance." This 31st of October, 1517, was the epoch of the Reformation. The sounds of the hammer that nailed this bold protest to the church door echoed throughout Europe, and shook the papal throne. Thus was hurled down the gauntlet of defiance to the spiritual tyranny of Rome. The theses created a prodigious sensation.

Tetzel, of course, attacked them with virulence, caused them to be publicly burned, and declared their author worthy of the same fate. Luther cogently defended them.

"I will not," he wrote, "become a heretic by denying the truth; sooner will I die, be burnt, be banished, be anathematized. If I am put to death, Christ lives; Christ, my Lord, blessed for evermore. Amen!" He was summoned to Rome to meet the charges of heresy alleged against his teaching, but the place of the conference with the papal legate was changed to Augsburg, in Germany. "When all men forsake you," asked the legate, "where will you take refuge?" "Under heaven"—"sub celo," said Luther, looking upward with the eye of faith. "If I had four hundred heads," he said again in his striking manner, "I would rather lose them all than retract the testimony I have borne to the holy Christian faith. They may have my body if it be God's will, but my soul they shall not have." After ten days spent in profitless disputation, Luther appealed "from the Pope ill-informed to the Pope better-informed," and then to a General Council. By the advice of his friends, who feared lest he should be betrayed into the power of his enemies, he left Augsburg by night. By the connivance of the town authorities he escaped through the postern gate in the wall, and rode over forty miles the next day. His horse, we read, was a hard trotter; and Luther, unaccustomed to riding and worn-out with his journey, was glad to throw himself down on a truss of straw.

The breach was widening between the Saxon monk and the Church of Rome. Yet it was a violent wrench that tore Luther from the companionship of his old friends. But loyalty to the convictions of his conscience demanded the sacrifice of any earthly tie. A storm of fanaticism was kindling against the bold Reformer. His doctrines were condemned by the universities of Cologne and Louvain. The priests of Meissen even taught publicly that he who should call Luther would be without sin. Such teaching produced its natural result. One day a stranger who held a pistol concealed beneath his cloak demanded of him, "Why do you go thus alone?" "I am in God's hands," said the heroic soul; "what can man do unto me?" and the would-be assassin, brought into conscious conflict with the Almighty, turned pale and fled trembling away.

Before his final breach with Rome,

Luther wrote a letter of respectful remonstrance to the Pope, invoking him to set about the work of reformation in his corrupt court and in the Church. But this remonstrance only hastened his condemnation. What the Pope wanted was not arguments, but submission. The last weapon of papal tyranny was now employed. A bull of excommunication was launched against the Reformer. With solemn cursings the Saxon monk was cut off from Christendom. But his intrepid spirit quailed not. "What will happen," he wrote, "I know not, and I care not to know. Wherever the blow shall reach me I fear not. The leaf of a tree falls not to the ground without the will of our Father. How much less we ourselves. It is a little matter to die for the Word, since the Word, which was made flesh, first died for us!"

#### LUTHER BURNS THE POPE'S BULL.

"The son of the Medici," writes D'Aubigné, "and the son of the miner of Mansfeldt have gone down into the lists; and in this desperate struggle, which shakes the world, one does not strike a blow which the other does not return. The monk of Wittenberg will do all the sovereign pontiff dares do. He gives judgment for judgment. He raises pile for pile. The Pope had burned his books. He would burn the Pope's bull." On the 10th of December, therefore, 1520, amid a great concourse of doctors and students of Wittenberg, Luther cast upon the blazing pyre the papal bull, saying as he did so, "As thou hast vexed the Holy One of Israel, so may everlasting fire vex and consume thee." The breach with Rome was complete. He had declared war unto death. He had broken down the bridge behind him. Retreat was henceforth impossible. "Hitherto I have been only playing with the Pope," he said. "I began this work in God's name; it will be ended without me and by His might. . . . The papacy is no longer what it was yesterday. Let it excommunicate me. Let it slay me. It shall not check that which is advancing. I burned the bull at first with trembling, but now I rejoice more at it than at any other action of my life."

The Pope waged a crusade against Luther and his doctrines. His books were ordered everywhere to be burned. The young Emperor, Charles V., gave his consent to their destruction in his hereditary States. "Do you imagine," said the friends of the Reformer, "that Luther's doctrines are found only in those books which you are throwing into the fire? They are written, where you cannot reach them, in the hearts of the people. If you will employ force, it must be that of countless swords unsheathed to massacre a whole nation." The German fatherland, with its ancient instincts of truth and liberty, responded almost as one man to the invocation of the miner's son. New students flocked to Wittenberg every day, and six hundred youths, the flower of the nation, sat at the Reformer's feet. The churches were not large enough for the crowds who hung upon his words.

#### LUTHER AT WORMS.

Luther was summoned to appear before a Diet of the Empire at Worms. He was ill at the time, but rejoiced in the opportunity to bear witness to the truth. "If I cannot go to Worms in health," he said, "I will be carried

there, sick as I am. I cannot doubt that it is the call of God. He still lives who preserved the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace. If He will not save me, my life is of little consequence."

Luther, in feeble health, made his journey to Worms in a farmer's waggon. His progress was like that of a victorious general. The people thronged to see the man who was going to lay his head at the feet of the Emperor. "There are too many bishops and cardinals at Worms," said some. "They will burn you as they did John Huss." "Huss has been burned," replied the intrepid monk, "but not the truth with him. Though they should kindle a fire all the way from Worms to Wittemberg, the flames of which should reach to heaven, I would walk through it in the name of the Lord—I would appear before them—I would enter the jaws of this Behemoth, and break his teeth, confessing the Lord Jesus Christ."

As he approached the city one of his friends sent him word, "Do not enter Worms." With a dauntless confidence in God, the heroic monk replied in the memorable words, "Though there were as many devils in Worms as tiles on the housetops, yet will I enter it."\*

Luther's entry into Worms was more like a triumphal procession than like the citation of a heretic before an Imperial tribunal. He was accompanied by an escort of a hundred knights and gentlemen on horseback, and two thousand people on foot, who had come without the walls to conduct him into the town. The roofs and windows along the route were crowded with spectators. As Luther, clad in his monk's frock, stepped from the open waggon in which he rode, he said, in accents of unflinching faith, as he touched the ground, "Deus stabit pro me"—"God will be my defence."

The next day Luther was summoned before the Diet; and having commended his soul to God in prayer, he went undismayed to meet the august conclave. The noblest hearts of Germany stood by him. The brave old soldier, George of Freundsberg, grizzled with many years and scarred with many battles, tapped Luther on the shoulder as he passed, and said, "Poor monk! poor monk! thou art going to make a nobler stand than I or any other captain have ever made in the bloodiest of our fights! But if thy cause is just, and thou art sure of it, go forward in God's name and fear nothing. God will not forsake thee."

THE DIET OF WORMS.

The Saxon monk stood now before the Imperial Diet. Never had man stood before a more august assembly. On his throne sat Charles V., sovereign of a great part of the Old World and the New; around him sat six royal electors, twenty-four grand dukes, eight marquises, thirty bishops and abbots, and a crowd of princes and counts of the empire, papal nuncios, and foreign ambassadors. There, in his monk's frock, stood the man on whom had fallen the curse and interdict of Rome, summoned to defend himself against the papacy, before all that was most exalted and august in Christendom. "Some of the princes," writes D'Aubigné, "when they saw the emotion of this son of the

lowly miner of Mansfeldt in the presence of this assembly of kings, approached him kindly, and one of them said to him, 'Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.' And another added: 'When ye shall be brought before governors and kings for My sake, the Spirit of your Father shall speak in you.'"

Luther had restrained his natural impetuosity, but no fear of consequences shook his soul. "With Christ's help, he said, I shall never retract a tittle of my works." He felt that the crisis of his life was at hand. In the agony of his soul on that night of prayer, as if groping in the darkness for the sustaining hand of God, were wrung forth the following pleading cries, which, overheard by a friend of the Reformer, were left on record as one of the most precious documents of history: "My last hour is come; my condemnation is pronounced. O God, do Thou help me against all the wisdom of this world. O God, hearest Thou me not? O God, art Thou dead? Nay, Thou canst not die. Thou hidest Thyself only. Act, then, O God. Stand by my side. Lord, where stayest thou? I am ready to lay down my life for Thy truth. Though the world should be filled with devils, though my body should be slain, be cut in pieces, be burned to ashes, my soul is Thine. I shall abide with Thee for ever. Amen! O God, help me, Amen." These wrestlings of his soul in the hour of his Gethsemane are the key of the Reformation. Luther laid hold upon the very throne of God, and was enbraved with more than mortal might.

"Unless I am convinced by the testimony of Scripture," he declared, in his grand loyalty to truth, "I cannot and will not retract, for it is unsafe for a Christian to speak against his conscience." Then looking round upon that great assembly of the might and majesty of Christendom, he uttered the immortal words: "Hier stehe ich. Ich kann nicht anders, Gott helfe mir"—"Here I take my stand; I can do no other; God help me, Amen." "It is," says Carlyle, "the greatest moment in the modern history of men." The heroic scene is commemorated in the grand Luther Monument erected near this place.

"This monk speaks with an intrepid heart and unshaken courage," said the Emperor. Some of Luther's friends began to tremble for his fate, but with unflinching faith he repeated "May God be my helper, for I can retract nothing."

LUTHER CONDEMNED.

The papal party, fearing the effect of Luther's dauntless daring, redoubled their efforts with the Emperor to procure his condemnation. In this they were successful. The next day Charles V. caused sentence to be pronounced against the Reformer. "A single monk," he said, "misled by his own folly, has risen against the faith of Christendom. To stay such impiety I will sacrifice my kingdoms, my treasures, my friends, my body, my blood, my soul, and my life. I am about to dismiss the Augustine Luther, forbidding him to cause the least disorder among the people; I shall then proceed against him and his adherents, as contumacious heretics, by excommunication, by interdict, and by every means calculated to destroy them." Luther was further described as not a man, but Satan himself dressed in a monk's frock, and

all men are admonished, after the expiration of his safe-conduct, not to conceal him, nor to give him food or drink, but to seize him and deliver him into custody.

But the heart of the nation was on the side of Luther. There were, it is said, four hundred knights who would have maintained his safe-conduct, and under their protection he was permitted to depart from Worms. He visited first the village of his sires, and preached in the little church of Eisenach.

LUTHER AT WARTBURG

As he was travelling next day, accompanied by two friends, through the Thuringian Forest, five horsemen, masked and armed, sprang upon them, and before he was aware, Luther found himself a prisoner in the hands of those unknown men. Through devious forest ways, adopted to avoid detection or pursuit, he was conveyed up a mountain slope, and by midnight reached the lofty and isolated fortress of the Wartburg—a place of refuge provided for him by his friend, the "Wise" Elector of Saxony. He was furnished with a knight's dress and a sword, and directed to let his hair and beard grow, so that even the inmates of the castle might not discover who he was. Indeed, he tells us, he hardly recognized himself. Here in his mountain eyrie, like John at Patmos, he remained in hiding till the outburst of the storm of persecution was overpast.

At first his friends thought that Luther was slain. But soon, as evidence of his vigorous life and active labours, a multitude of writings, tracts, pamphlets, and books, were sent forth from his mysterious hiding place, and were everywhere hailed with enthusiasm. The bold blows of the imprisoned monk shook the very thrones of the papacy. Within a year he published 183 distinct treatises. He worked hard, too, at his translation of the Scriptures into the German tongue, and, secure in his mountain fortress, he sang his song of triumph—"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott"—

"A safe stronghold our God is still—  
A trusty shield and weapon."

But he was not without his hours of darkness and visitations of Satan. His long confinement proved irksome, and wore upon his spirits and his health. One day as in bodily depression he was working at his desk, at his translation of the Bible, to his disordered vision appeared an apparition of Satan, in a hideous form, forbidding him to go on with his sacred task. Seizing his ink-horn, the intrepid monk hurled it at the head of the arch-enemy of man, who instantly disappeared. On the walls of the old castle of Wartburg may be seen the ink stains to the present day.

LUTHER LEAVES WARTBURG.

Luther could no longer endure the restraint of Wartburg, and after ten months' concealment he left its sheltering walls. He went boldly to Wittemberg, though warned of the hostility of Duke George. "I would go," he wrote, in his vigorous way, "though it for nine whole days rained Duke Georges, and each one nine times more furious than he." Your true Reformer must be no coward. Like John the Baptist, like Luther, Knox or Wesley, he must boldly face death or danger, counting not his life dear unto him for the testimony of Jesus.

At Wittemberg, Luther was received,

by town and gown, with enthusiasm, and preached with boldness and success alike against the corruptions of Rome.

Among the many opponents of Luther, none was more virulent and violent than the royal polemic, Henry VIII., King of England. He ordered the writings of the Reformer to be burned at St. Paul's Cross; and denounced him as a wolf of hell, a poisonous viper, a limb of the devil.

Luther handled his royal antagonist without gloves. He was an equal master of invective, and he used it without stint. He refuted Henry Eighth's book in detail, and concluded with bold defiance. "It is a small matter," he said, "that I should revile a king of earth, since he fears not to blaspheme the King of heaven. Before the Gospel which I preach must come down popes, priests, monks, princes, devils. Let these swine advance and burn me if they dare. Though my ashes were thrown into a thousand seas, they will arise, pursue and swallow this abominable herd. Living I will be the enemy of the papacy, burnt, I shall be its destruction."

We defend not Luther's railing tongue, but it must be said in apology that it was the age of strong words and hard blows. The venerable Bishop Fisher inveighs against Luther as "an old fox, a mad dog, a ravening wolf, a cruel bear," and Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, uses yet more violent language. But the coarseness of this railing was partly veiled beneath the stately Latin tongue in which it was clothed.

SPREAD OF THE REFORMATION.

By tongue and pen the new doctrines were everywhere proclaimed. Despite the burning of Protestant books, they rapidly multiplied. In 1522-23, in Wittemberg alone, were published 850 pamphlets and books, of which 317 were by Luther himself, and many of them were translated into English, French, Italian and Spanish. The churches could not contain the multitude who thronged to hear the gospel. At Zwickau, from the balcony of the Rathhaus, or town-hall, Luther preached to 25,000 persons in the market-place. The Reformed doctrines spread rapidly, especially in Germany and the Low Countries, and soon, at Antwerp, a whole convent of monks were followers of Luther. They were imprisoned and condemned to death. Some escaped, but two—Esch and Voes, the protomartyrs of the Reformation—were burned at the stake at Brussels, July 1, 1523. As the flames arose around them, Esch said, "I seem to lie upon a bed of roses." Then both repeated the Creed and sang the *Te Deum*, and joined the noble army of martyrs in the skies. Luther commemorated their death in a beautiful hymn, and soon in almost every hamlet in the Netherlands and Germany were sung the triumphs of the martyrs' faith—

"No! no! their ashes shall not lie,  
But, borne to every land,  
Where'er their sainted dust shall fall  
Up springs a holy band."

LUTHER'S MARRIAGE AND HOME LIFE.

Luther had long asserted the right of a priest to marry; but for himself, he averred, he had no thought of it, for he every day expected the punishment and death of a heretic. But at length he considered it his duty to bear his testimony in the most emphatic manner against the Romish

\* "The Diet of Worms, Luther's appearance there on the 17th of April, 1521," says Carlyle, "may be considered as the greatest scene in modern European history."



"doctrine of devils," forbidding to marry. He therefore espoused the fair Katharina Von Bora, a lady of noble family, who had for conscience' sake abandoned the vocation of a nun. It was eight years after his first breach with Rome. He was then forty-two years old, so his reforming zeal cannot be ascribed, as it has been, to his impatient haste for wedlock. All Catholic Europe hurled its accusations and calumnies upon the Reformer. But in the solace of his happy home, and in the society of his "dear and gracious Ketha"—his "Lord Ketha," or "Doctress Luther," as, on account of her native dignity, he often called her—his spirit, amid his incessant toils and trials, found a sweet repose. In after years, in his songs and mirth and frolics with his children, he forgot the persecution of his enemies. By this bold act he made once more possible to the ministers of Christ that sweet idyl of domestic happiness which the Church of Rome, to the great detriment of manners and morals, had banished from the earth.

The remaining twenty years of Luther's life are less fertile in dramatic incident. They were, however, fruitful in labours of lasting benefit to mankind. The greatest of these is his translation into the common German tongue of the Holy Scriptures. This has fixed the language and faith of almost the whole of the German fatherland.

Luther's disposition was sunny, cheerful and magnanimous; but his temper was often irascible and his anger violent. But beneath the surface he had a warm, genial and generous heart. To use his own graphic words, he was "rough, boisterous, stormy and warlike, born to fight innumerable devils and monsters."

But the home side of Luther's character is its most delightful aspect. Playing on his German lute, from which he said the devils fled away, singing his glorious German carols; paying mirthful homage to his gentle spouse, the grave "Lady Ketha;" romping with his little Hans and Katharina around a Christmas tree; or tearfully wrestling with God for the life of his babe Magdalen, and then, awe-struck, following the flight of her departing spirit through the unknown realms of space—these things knit to our souls the great-hearted Dr. Martin Luther.

#### HIS LAST DAYS AND DEATH.

His latter years were frequently darkened by sickness, sorrow, the death of friends, doctrinal differences among the Reformed Churches, and the gloomy shadows of war hanging over his beloved country. His work was done, and he longed to depart and be at rest. "I am worn-out," he wrote in his sixtieth year, "and no more of any use. I have finished my course. There remains only that God gather me to my fathers, and give my body to the worms." Three years later, January, 1546, with his three sons, he travelled to Eisleben to settle a dispute between the Counts of Mansfeldt and some of the miner folk. He preached four times, enjoyed the recollections of his birthplace, and wrote loving letters to his "profoundly learned Laay Ketha." His conversation in those last days was unusually earnest, rich and impressive. It related to death, eternity, and the recognition of friends in heaven. On

February 17th he was seized with a painful oppression at the chest, and after fervent prayer, with folded hands, and thrice repeating to his friends the words, "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit; Thou hast redeemed me, 'Thou faithful God," he quietly passed away. His remains were removed in solemn procession to Wittenberg, and deposited in the castle chapel, near the pulpit from which he had so often and so eloquently preached.

Luther was emphatically a man of prayer. He lived in its very atmosphere. "Bene orasso," he used to say, "est bene studuisse"—"To have prayed well is to have studied well," and he habitually fed his soul on the Word of God. "The basis of his life," says Carlyle, "was sadness, earnestness. Laughter was in this Luther, but tears, too, were there. Tears also were appointed him; tears and hard toil. I will call this Luther a true, great man; great in intellect, in courage, affection and integrity. Great not as a hewn obelisk; but as an Alpine mountain—so simple, honest, spontaneous. Ah, yes, unsubduable granite, piercing far and wide into the heavens; yet in the clefts of it fountains, green beautiful valleys with flowers! A right spiritual hero and prophet; once more a true son of nature and fact, for whom these centuries, and many that are yet to come, will be thankful to Heaven."

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

#### THE LUTHER FESTIVAL.

WE are glad to take part in the great Luther festival now being celebrated throughout Protestant Christendom, by the issue of this special Luther number of PLEASANT HOURS, with its Luther sketches, pictures, poems and music. The famous Luther Hymn of which we print three translations, may be called the Battle Hymn of the Reformation. Based upon the noble forty-sixth Psalm, it expresses the brave monk's confidence in God, when, like the Hebrew singer, he was assailed by bitter persecution. No hymn is so often sung in the German Fatherland, and in all Lutheran churches throughout the

world. It has been chanted by mail-clad warriors on the field of battle. It has been their *Te Deum* of victory, their solace in defeat. At the famous battle of Lutzen, when Gustavus Adolphus, the Lutheran hero of the North, the champion of the Protestant Reformation in Europe, won in his death hour a mighty victory over the papal hosts under Wallenstein, his whole army as they went into action burst forth in this famous hymn, and under its inspiration swept the foe from the field. This hymn has been many times translated. We give three of the best English versions; first, that of Dr. Hedge, the one adopted in our own hymn-book; then a fine translation by Longfellow; and lastly, one by Carlyle, whose rugged nature is akin to that of the great Reformer. The German original is very simple, and almost rude, which feature the very literal translations closely retain, and also preserve the very rhyme and rhythm. It will be interesting to compare these translations line by line. The music given on the last page is that composed by Luther himself for this noble hymn.

We also give other extracts from Longfellow's grand mediæval poem, "The Golden Legend," illustrating the old monkish life of which Luther is the noblest product.

The following extract from a German letter will show the intense interest felt in this celebration in the land of Luther, the home of the Reformation:

"The four hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great Reformer will receive most marked commemoration. The approaching honours to Luther's memory are a red flag to bigoted Romanists. His name by them is being dishonoured and defamed throughout Germany. Foul vituperation and the falsifying of history are pressed into their unrighteous service. A rebuke from the throne has been administered. A lion-hearted Emperor will render justice to the lion-hearted apostle of Protestantism. A royal decree has been issued designating November 10-11 as 'Luther-days' to be observed in Prussia. 'I pray that God may listen to the supplications in which I and all evangelical Christians unite, that the celebration be productive of lasting benefit to our evangelical church.' King William is neither agnostic nor rationalist. The 'Life of Luther' will be distributed in the schools of Saxony and Brandenburg. The city of Leipsic will erect a 'Luther-church.' Thirty thousand dollars have already been collected towards it. 'Erfurt will erect a Luther-statue.' Throughout Prussia all church bells will be rung on the evening of November 9. On the 10th, in the morning, there will be a school festival; in the evening, liturgical or other preparatory services. On Sunday, the 11th, the celebration will take place by divine service. Luther's Hymn is to be sung. The Emperor desires that 'the sermon may not seek the glorification of men, but give expression to the feelings of gratitude towards Almighty God for the great benefits he has granted to Germany by means of the Reformation.'"



LUTHER HOUSE, FRANKFORT.

#### A WORD TO OUR NEW READERS.

WE are glad that, as one of the first fruits of Methodist Union, we address in this paper an increased number of readers. By mutual agreement the *Ensign*, the excellent Sunday-school paper of the Bible Christian Church, is merged into PLEASANT HOURS, which will be sent instead of the *Ensign* to the readers of the latter. We believe that they will so like the change that we shall have a largely increased subscription list from the Bible Christian schools during the ensuing year.

#### THE POPYRUS.

THE papyrus, or paper-reed, is an Egyptian sedge, growing in the water to a height of from eight to ten feet. About one fourth of its length is under water. From each root arise a number of stems, tall and leafless, triangular in shape, as thick at the bottom as a man's arm, and terminating in spikelets. It was from these stems that the *biblos*, or inner layer of the bark, was obtained. It was cut into strips, which were placed in order on a board. Another row was placed cross-wise on these; the whole pressed together, dried in the sun, and then polished smooth with a suitable instrument, so as to make it fit for writing. By fastening sheets together a roll could be made of any desired length. The use of this paper is very ancient, specimens being in existence which are said, on good authority, to have been made before the days of Moses. It continued in use until about the eighth or ninth century.

From papyrus comes our English word *paper*; and from *biblos* we have *bible*.

We ought, perhaps, to explain that the expression "Papal Bull" is derived from the seal or "bulla" which was attached to the decrees of the Pope. It is not the name of any animal, though some of these decrees were as cruel as a mad bull.



CATHEDRAL OF WORMS.

FOOTPRINTS OF LUTHER.

BY THE EDITOR.  
AT ROME.

**T**HE first place at which I came upon the footprints of the great Reformer was at the old Augustinian monastery in which he lodged during his celebrated visit to Rome. During this time he occupied a cell in the large and gloomy pile of the Augustinian monks, of which order he was a member. It is just within the *Porto del Popolo*, or gate of the city by which, before the construction of the railway, all visitors from the north arrived. Just without the gate is a cattle market, and here, amid the most unsavoury surroundings were, till the Pope was deprived of his temporal power by Victor Emmanuel, the little Presbyterian and English churches—the only Protestant places of worship tolerated for heretic use. It must be particularly galling to his Holiness to see several fine new Protestant churches rising on some of the best and most populous streets of the city; and worst of all, to behold a depot of the British and Foreign Bible Society spread its long contraband wares under the very shadow of the Vatican.

I lingered long in the old church of *Santa Maria del Popolo*, attached to the monastery, in which I felt certain the devout monk Luther must often have worshipped. A solemn vesper service was being celebrated, and the Hymn of the Virgin was chanted, as it had been every evening at sunset since the time of Luther, and long before. The church is said to have been founded in 1099, on the site of the burial place of the arch-persecutor Nero. As I stood on the stone steps leading to the church, in the early evening, I saw a group of monks mustering for a funeral procession. They wore long gowls of coarse frieze, of a

brown colour, with hoods of the same material. Their feet were bare, save for leather sandals attached by thongs to the soles. They walked bareheaded, and a broad patch or tonsure was shaven on the crown. Just such a figure, I thought, in just such a garb, the monk Luther may have sauntered on this spot three hundred and seventy years ago. An Italian gentleman, of whom I made some inquiries, explained that the brethren of the *Misericordia*, or *Confraternity of Pity*, brought the dead bodies on a bier to the church on the day of their death, and that the funeral always took place at night. After a few minutes' talk he politely raised his hat and shook hands, though I had never seen him before—such is the courtesy of

the Italian character.

I watched the monks shambling away with their wooden bier, their choir boys, and taper bearers, dressed in soiled linen surplices, and went to watch the sunset from the famous *Pincian Hill*, the fashionable evening resort of the Roman aristocracy. Here, on the site of the celebrated gardens of *Lucullus*, a military band discourses fine music, and the leaders of society receive calls seated in their carriages. The sunset view over the city was magnificent—the great dome of *St. Peter's*, the round castle of *St. Angelo*, and many a stately campanile were defined like a silhouette against the glowing western sky. A long range of engirdling wall of the city, rising in places sixty or seventy feet, was also brought into view.

On descending I entered again the church. The monks had returned with their solemn burden, and there, on a bier before the altar, lay the dead, keeping its lonely state. Not a living soul was in the church but myself. The coffin was covered by a heavy velvet pall, which was embroidered in white with those ghastly emblems of mortality, death's heads and cross bones. Several monuments on the wall bore the same funereal imagery, and on one *Death* was represented as a hideous skeleton, with uplifted dart. Around the bier were tall tapers burning, and as the darkness filled the church, the ever-burning lamps before the altar, and the tapers, twinkled brighter and brighter amid the deepening gloom; and I thought how like feeble tapers in a funereal vault are the faint gleams of Gospel light which struggle through the shadows of papal superstition.

THE HOLY STAIRS.

The next spot which prominently brought the great Reformer before my mind was the famous *Scala Santa*, or

Holy Stairs, at the palace of *San Giovanni in Laterano*. These, it will be remembered, are a flight of twenty-eight marble steps, said to be those of the palace of *Pilate* at Jerusalem, which our Saviour ascended when led before the Roman Procurator. They were brought, according to tradition, to Rome, in 326, by the Empress *Helena*, and are so holy that they may only be ascended on the knees. For their protection they are covered with wood, but openings are left through which the devout may kiss the sacred stones. It was extremely touching to observe the intense devotion with which the pilgrims from many lands, with prayers and tears, toiled up these sacred steps, once trodden, as they firmly believed, by the Saviour's feet. At the top of the steps is a Latin inscription which declares: "Non est in toto sanctorum locus"—"There is on earth no holier spot than this." It was while painfully toiling up these very steps that there flashed through the soul of Luther the emancipating words: "The just shall live by faith." He rose from his knees and walked down the steps. His soul revolted from the mummeries of Rome. The Reformation was begun.

AT FRANKFORT.

The next place at which I came definitely upon the footprints of Luther, was far away over the Alps, in the heart of his own German Fatherland. It was in the quaint old Imperial city of *Frankfort*, with its steep-gabled, many-dormered, strangely carved, and overhanging houses. Not far from the *Romer*, in which for five hundred years all German emperors elected, stands the quaint-looking structure shown in our engraving. The most prominent feature is an immense oriel window, rising from a single column, and towering in three overhanging stories to the roof. At the side of the door is a stone effigy of the Reformer, with an inscription declaring that here he preached to the people when on his journey to witness a good confession before the Emperor at Worms.

AT WORMS.

The Emperor granted a safe-conduct to "the honourable our well-beloved and pious Doctor *Martin Luther*." The champion of the Reformation made his journey in a farmer's waggon. His progress was like that of a victorious general. The people thronged to see the man who was going to lay his head at the feet of the Emperor. Toward Worms, there-



THE CASTLE OF WARTBURG.

fore, I also went, to tread in the footsteps of this great champion of the liberties of man. I wandered through the narrow streets and bustling market-place and depopulated suburbs, and tried to conjure up the great world drama of the *Diet of Worms*. As I walked through the quaint old town, and saw the many-tiled houses, I thought of that other memorable saying of the grand old monk, three centuries and a half ago: "Wenn so viel Teufel zu Worms waren, als Ziegel auf den Dächern, noch wollt Ich hinein"—"Though there were as many devils in Worms as tiles on the housetops, yet will I enter in."

The most impressive memorial of the great Reformer is the famous *Luther monument*. On a lofty pedestal stands a colossal statue of the "monk that shook the world." In his left hand he holds a Bible, on



LUTHER ON PILATE'S STAIRCASE.

which his right hand is emphatically placed, while his face, on which beams a sublime expression of faith, is turned upward. On the base are the immortal words: "Hior stohe Ich: Ich kann nicht anders. God helfo mir. Amen!"—"Here I take my stand. I can do no other. May God help me. Amen!" Around him stand figures of Wycliffe, Huss, Melancthon, and Reuchlin, and other famous forerunners or fellow-helpers in his glorious work.

Then I went to the grand old cathedral, begun in the eighth century, in which the condemnation of Luther was signed by Charles V. It is the finest example of Romanesque architecture in the Rhine valley. It is 423 feet long. The vaulted roof rises to a height of over a hundred feet, and its four lofty towers are weathered with the storms of well-nigh a thousand years. In this stern cradle of the Reformation the power of Rome is still supreme, and a mass for the dead was being sung. When the procession of priests and nuns filed out, I was left alone to moralize upon the memories of the past.

#### AT WARTBURG.

Our small engraving shows the lonely castle of Wartburg, in the heart of the Thuringian Forest, whither Luther was carried off by his friend, the Elector of Saxony. While riding through the forest on his way from Worms, a company of masked and armed horsemen swooped down upon the defenceless monk, and at midnight he found himself in this mountain eyrie among the clouds. Here, like John at Patmos, he remained in hiding till the outburst of the storm of persecution was overpast. At first his friends thought he was dead. But soon a shower of tracts, pamphlets, and books from his pen, convinced them that he was in vigorous life; and here he performed his greatest work for the German Fatherland—the translation of the Scriptures into the common speech.

Other relics of the glorious monk I also saw, as his portrait and that of his wife, the gentle Katharine Von Bora, at Heidelberg, and the ring with which he espoused his "dear and gracious Ketha," as he fondly called her. These little souvenirs, trifling as they may seem in themselves, yet acquire a touching interest as visible links which connect us more sensibly with one of the grandest men that ever lived and laboured for the glory of God and the welfare of man.

#### A SUNSHINY SOUL.

HERE are some people who are always bubbling over with humor, in season and out of season; everything is turned by their Midas touch to sparkling merriment. What unconscious physicians these people are! It doeth one good like a medicine to hear their voices, and to see their funny faces, always running over with laughter like a mountain spring. The healthiest and the longest-lived persons almost always have a twig of humor in their make-up. There is something wonderfully preservative in laughter. A man who cannot laugh is like a tree from which the worms or the winds have stripped all its leaves. It soon grows feeble and sapless, and dies before its time. The healthy tree laughs with its myriad leaves for generation after generation, sound at

heart and beautiful to look upon; and when it dies, the woodman cuts it down, and finds the allotted number of rings in the firm white wood, and core as sound and sweet as the sapling's. So it is with the man whose disposition is one of sunshine and laughter. He lives merrily and dies cheerily, and the world is better for him. His memory does not pass away, like that of the sour, glum misanthrope. There may be grander things about a man than his humor, but there is nothing by which he will be remembered so long. After his wisdom and his learning are forgotten, if he ever laughed, that laugh will be his memorial. It will go ringing on, when every other utterance has died away. Happy are they who are happy!—Interior.

#### THE REFORMER.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ALL grim and soiled and brown with tan,  
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,  
Smiting the godless shrines of man  
Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome,  
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;  
Wealth shook within his gilded home  
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled  
Before the sunlight bursting in;  
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head  
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;  
That grand old time-worn turret spare;"  
Meek reverence, kneeling in the aisle,  
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Grey-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,  
Groped for his old accustomed stone,  
Leaned on his staff, and wept, to find  
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his creamy eyes,  
O'erhung with paly locks of gold;  
"Why smite," he asked in ead surprise,  
"The fair, the old!"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,  
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;  
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,  
As from a dream.

I looked; aside the dust cloud rolled—  
The Waster seemed the Builder too;  
Up springing from the ruined Old  
I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad—  
The wasting of the wrong and ill;  
What'er of good the old time had  
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;  
The frown which averted me passed away,  
And left behind a smile which cheered  
Like breaking day.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,  
I fear no longer, for I know  
That, where the share is deepest driven,  
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,  
The pious fraud transparent grown,  
The good held captive in the use  
Of wrong alone—

These wait their doom, from that great law  
Which makes the past time serve to-day:  
And fresher life the world shall draw  
From their decay.

Oh! backward-looking son of time!—  
The new is old, the old is new,  
The cycle of a change sublime  
Still sweeping through.

God works in all things; all obey  
His first propulsion from the night:  
Ho, wake and watch!—the world is grey  
With morning light!

The sweet girl graduate now divides  
her time between the picnic and the  
hammock, while her mother plays a  
solo on the wash-board.

#### SHE HELD THE FORT.

HERE were brave girls among the early French colonists of Canada. One striking instance is related of a mere child defending a fort seven days against assaulting savages. In F. Eggleston's recent historic story is told as follows: "One morning in 1692, the inhabitant-Vercheres, a settlement twenty miles below Montreal, were in the field at work. There were but two soldiers within the fort. The commander and his wife were absent. Their daughter Madeleine, a girl of fourteen, stood on the landing with a hired man, when she heard firing.

"Run, mademoiselle! run!" cried the man. "Here came the Iroquois!" "Looking round, the girl saw the Indians near at hand. She ran for the fort, and the Indians, seeing they could not catch her, fired at her. Their bullets whistled round, and 'made the time seem very long,' as she afterwards said.

"As soon as she neared the fort, she cried out, 'To arms! to arms!' hoping that she would get assistance. But the two soldiers were so frightened that they had hidden in the block-house.

"When Madeleine reached the gate of the fort, she found two women there crying for their husbands who were in the fields and had just been killed. Madeleine forced them in, and shut the gate. She instantly went to examine the defences of the fort, and found that some of the palisades had fallen down, leaving holes through which the enemy could easily enter.

"She got what help she could and set them up." Then the little commander repaired to the block-house, where she found the brave garrison of two, one man hiding in a corner, and the other with a lighted match in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that match?" said Madeleine.

"Light the powder, and blow us all up," answered the soldier.

"You are a miserable coward!" said the girl. "Go out of this place!"

"People are always likely to obey, in time of panic, the one person who shows resolution and coolness. The soldier did as Madeleine bade him. She then flung aside her bonnet, put on a hat, and took a gun.

"Her whole force consisted of the above-mentioned soldiers, her two little brothers, aged ten and twelve, and an old man of eighty—and some women and children, who did nothing but set up a continual screaming, as soon as the firing commenced.

"Let us fight to the death," said brave Madeleine to her little brothers, who seem to have possessed no small share of her own courage. "We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the king."

"Madeleine now placed her brothers and the soldiers at the loopholes, where they fired at the Indians lurking and dodging about outside. The savages did not know how large the garrison was, and therefore hesitated to attack the fort; and numbers of them fell before the well-directed shots of the soldiers.

"The girl-commander succeeded, after a while, in stopping the scream-

ing of the women and children, for she was determined that the enemy should perceive no sign of fear or weakness; she flew from bastion to bastion to see that every defender was doing his duty; she caused a cannon to be fired from time to time, partly to intimidate the savages, and partly in hope that the noise might convey intelligence of the situation, and bring them help.

"Thus the fight went on, day after day, and night after night, the heroic girl keeping up her vigilant exertions so constantly that it was forty-eight hours before she caught a wink of sleep.

"For a whole week Madeleine held the fort, with no favouring circumstances but the stormy weather, which prevented the Indians from setting fire to her wooden defences. At the end of that time reinforcements came down the river and 'raised the siege.'"

#### THE GOOD PRIEST.

BLESSED Lord! how much I need  
Thy light to guide me on my way!  
So many hands, that, without heed,  
Still touch Thy wounds, and make them bleed!  
So many feet, that, day by day,  
Still wander from Thy fold astray!  
Unless Thou fill me with Thy light,  
I cannot lead Thy flock aright;  
Nor, without Thy support, can bear  
The burden of so great a care,  
But am myself a castaway!

The day is drawing to its close;  
And what good deeds, since first it rose,  
Have I pressed, Lord, to Thee,  
As offerings of my ministry?  
What wrongs repressed, what right main-

tained,  
What struggle passed, what victory gained,  
What good attempted and attained?  
Feeble, at best, is my endeavour!  
I see, but cannot reach the height  
That lies forever in the light.  
And yet forever and forever,  
When seeming just within my grasp,  
I feel my feeble hands unclasped,  
And sink discouraged into night!  
For Thine own purpose, Thou hast sent  
The strife and the discouragement!

The evening air grows dusk and brown;  
I must go forth into the town,  
To visit beds of pain and death,  
Of restless limbs, and quivering breath,  
And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes  
That see, through tears, the sun go down,  
But never more shall see it rise.  
The poor in body and estate,  
The sick and the disconsolate,  
Must not on man's convenience wait.

LONGFELLOW.—Golden Legend.

#### PARROT AND TELEPHONE.

THAT noisy member of the family, the parrot, seems delighted with a telephone in the house. He views it, doubtless, as an instrument to enlarge his vocabulary:

An Indianapolis gentleman named Kregelo has a telephone at his house, which is much used for business purposes. Mrs. Kregelo has a parrot, which being an unusually smart bird and good talker, has picked up the telephone language.

Whenever there is a call, the parrot immediately begins at the top of his voice, "Hello! hello! Yes, this is Kregelo's. What do you want! This is Kregelo's. Hello! hello! hello!"

A GENTLEMAN, whose custom was to entertain very often a circle of friends, observing that one of them was in the habit of eating something before grace was asked, determined to cure him. Upon a repetition of the offence, he said, "For what we are about to receive, and for what James Taylor has already received, the Lord make us truly thankful."



LUTHER AT WARTBURG.

"O'ER God, a tower of strength—He,  
A goodly wall and weapon;  
From all our need He helps us free,  
That now to us doth happen.  
The old evil foe  
Doth in earnest grow,  
In grim armour dight,  
Much guile and great might;  
On earth there is none like Him."

O yes; a tower of strength indeed,  
A present help in all our need,  
A sword and buckler is our God.  
Innocent men have walked unshod,  
O'er burning ploughshares, and have trod  
Unharm'd on serpents in their path,  
And laugh'd to scorn the devil's wrath!

Safe in this Wartburg tower I stand,  
Where God hath led me by the hand,  
And look down with a heart at ease,  
Over the pleasant neighbourhoods,  
Over the vast Thuringian woods,  
With flash of river, and gloom of trees,  
With castles crowning the dizzy heights,  
And farms and pastoral delights,  
And in the morning pouring everywhere  
Its golden glory on the air.  
Safe, yes, safe am I here at last,  
Safe from the overwhelming blast  
Of the mouths of hell, that followed me fast;  
And the howling demons of despair,  
That hunted me like a beast to his lair.

Of our own might we nothing can;  
We soon are unprotected;  
There fighteth for us the right Man,  
Whom God Himself elected  
Who is He? ye exclaim;  
Christus is His name.  
Lord of Sabaoth;  
Very God in truth.  
The field He holds for ever.

"This world may full of devils be,  
All ready to devour us;  
Yet, not so sore afraid are we,  
They shall not overpower us.  
This world's prince, howe'er  
Fierce he may appear,  
He can harm us not,  
He is doomed, God wot!  
One little word can slay him!"

The word they shall perforce let stand,  
And little thanks they merit!  
For He is with us in the land,  
With gifts of His own Spirit!  
Though they take our life,  
Goods, honours, child, and wife,  
Let these pass away,  
Little gain have they.  
The Kingdom still remaineth.

LONGFELLOW.—Golden Legend.

HAD AN EYE ON HIM.

"THAT young Brown has become a Christian, has he?" So said one business man to another.

"Yes, I heard so."

"Well, I'll have my eye on him to see if he holds out. I want a trusty young man in my store. They are hard to find. If this is the real thing with him, he will be just the man I want. I've kept my eye on him ever since I heard of it. I'm watching him closely."

So young Brown went in and out the store and up and down the street. He mixed with his associates, and all the time Mr. Todd had an eye on him. He watched how the young man bore the sneer of being "one of the saints;" if he stood up for his new Master and was not afraid to show his colours. Although Mr. Todd took rides, went to church, or did what he pleased on Sabbath, he was very glad to see that Brown rested on the Lord's day and hallowed it. Though the Wednesday evening bell never drew the merchant to the prayer-meeting he watched to see if Brown passed by. Sometimes he said: "Where are you going, Brown?" and always received the prompt answer: "To prayer-meeting." Brown's father and his teacher were both questioned as to how the lad was getting on.

For a year or more Todd's eyes were on Brown. Then he said to himself: "He'll do. He is a real Christian. I can trust him. I can afford to pay him. He shall have a good place in my store."

Thus, young Christian, others watch to see if you are true; if you will do for places of trust. The world has its cold, calculating eye on you, to see if your religion is real, or if you are just ready to turn back. The Master's loving eye is on you also. He sees not the missteps alone, but also the earnest wish to please Him. He, too, has places of trust. The work is pleasant and the pay good. These places may be for you when, through His strength, you have proved yourself true.

Fix your eye on Him and he will keep you in the way.

LUTHER'S PSALM.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

**A**MONG Luther's Spiritual Songs, of which various collections have appeared of late years, the one entitled *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott* is universally regarded as the best; and indeed still retains its place and devotional use in the Psalmodies of Protestant Germany. Luther's music is heard daily in our churches, several of our finest Psalm-tunes being of his composition. Luther's sentiments also are, or should be, present in many an English heart; the more interesting to us is any the smallest articulate expression of these.

The great Reformer's love of music, of poetry, it has often been remarked, is one of the most significant features in his character. He it was, emphatically, who stood based on the Spiritual World of man, and only by the footing and miraculous power he had obtained there, could work such changes in the Material World. As a participant and dispenser of divine influences, he shows himself among human affairs; a true connecting medium and visible Messenger between Heaven and Earth: a man, therefore, not only permitted to enter the sphere of Poetry, but to dwell in the purest centre thereof; perhaps the most inspired of all Teachers since the first Apostles of his faith; and thus not a Poet only, but a Prophet and god-ordained Priest, which is the highest form of that dignity, and of all dignity.

Unhappily, or happily, Luther's poetic feeling did not so much learn to express itself in fit Words that take captive every ear, as in fit Actions, wherein truly, under still more impressive manifestation, the spirit of spherical melody resides, and still audibly addresses us. In his written Poems we find little, save that strength of one "whose words," it has been said, "were half battles;" little of that still harmony and blending softness of union, which is the last perfection of strength: less of it than even his conduct often manifested. With Words he had not learned to make pure music; it was by Deeds of love or heroic valour that he spoke freely; in tones, only through his Fluency, amid tears, could the sigh of that strong soul find utterance.

Nevertheless, though in imperfect articulation, the same voice, if we will listen well, is to be heard also in his writings, in his Poems. The following, for example, jars upon our ears, yet there is something in it like the sound

of Alpine avalanches, or the first murmur of earthquakes, in the very vastness of which dissonance a higher unison is revealed to us. Luther wrote this Song in a time of blackest threatenings, which however could in nowise become a time of despair. In those tones, rugged, broken as they are, do we not recognise the accent of that summoned man (summoned not by Charles the Fifth, but by God Almighty also), who answered his friends' warning not to enter Worms, in this wise. "Were there as many devils in Worms as there are roof tiles, I would on;"—of him who, alone in that assemblage, before all emperors and principalities and powers, spoke forth these final and forever memorable words: "It is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I, I cannot otherwise. God assist me. Amen!" It is evident enough that to this man all Pope's Conclaves, and Imperial Diets, and hosts, and nations, were but weak; weak as the forest, with all its strong trees, may be to the smallest spark of electric fire.

A safe stronghold our God is still,  
A trusty shield and weapon;  
He'll help us clear from all the ill  
That hath us now o'er taken.  
The ancient Prince of Hell  
Hath risen with purpose fell;  
Strong mail of Craft and Power  
He weareth in this hour,  
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,  
Full soon were we down-riden;  
But for us fights the proper Man,  
Whom God himself hath bidden.  
Ask ye, Who is this same?  
Christ Jesus is his name,  
The Lord Zebaoth's Son,  
He and no other one  
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all Devils o'er,  
And watching to devour us,  
We lay it not to heart so sore,  
Not they can overpower us.  
And let the Prince of Ill  
Look grim as e'er he will,  
He harms us not a whit;  
For why! His doom is writ,  
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's Word, for all their craft and force,  
One moment will not linger,  
But spite of Hell shall have its course,  
'Tis written by his finger.  
And though they take our life,  
Goods, honour, children, wife,  
Yet is their profit small;  
These things shall vanish all,  
The City of God remaineth.

THE TEMPERANCE BATTLE-FIELD.

**A**MAN can endure far more fatigue of body or mind without alcoholic stimulants than with them. A brickmaker had a number of men in his employment, some of whom drank beer to help to work, and others were total abstainers. He found that while the beer drinker who had made the fewest bricks made six hundred and fifty-nine thousand, the total abstainer who had made the fewest bricks seven hundred and forty-six thousand, that is eighty-seven thousand more than the other.

There was once a very exhausting time in the British Parliament. The session was prolonged until the six hundred and fifty-nine members were nearly all sick or worn out. There were only two that went through undamaged, and they were total abstainers. If young men are preparing for athletic games or boat racing, all alcoholic stimulants are rigorously excluded, and the young men who have

won the greatest fame in such things are total abstainers.

Many years ago Colonel Lemantowski, who had been twenty-three years in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte, arose in a temperance meeting, tall, vigorous, and with a glow of health on his face, and made the following remarkable speech: "You see before you a man seventy years old. I have fought two hundred battles, have fourteen wounds on my body, have lived thirty days on horse-flesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, and only a few rags for clothing. In the desert of Egypt I have marched for days with the burning sun upon my head; my feet blistered with the scorching sand, and with eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled with dust, and a thirst so tormenting that I have opened the veins of my arms and sucked my own blood. Do you ask how I survived all these horrors? I answer that, under the providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health, and vigor to this fact that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in my life; and," continued he, "Baron Larry, chief surgeon of the French army, has stated as a fact that the six thousand soldiers who survived to return from Egypt were all total abstainers."—*Rev. J. C. Seay, nour.*

TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR.

**N**OT three months ago I stood by the grave of a suicide. Men do not kill themselves for nothing. A bullet in the brain is not like the precious jewel in the toad's head. When a man wants to get rid of life, it is generally because he is afraid to live longer. A rosewood cradle in his babyhood, and a coarse pinewood coffin at forty. These are impressive facts. What was the matter? Logic—stern, awful logic. Two and two make four; that was the trouble. That man might have slept under a monument, instead of having a nightmare in Potter's field. His father gave him everything but moral principle, and he did not give him that because he had none to spare. The boy had money, and horses and wine and fiery impulses and no restraints, and temptations by the score. That father lived long enough to see that there was a mistake somewhere, but exactly where it had been made in the education of his son he could never tell. He only shook his head sadly, grew a little more gray, and possibly a little more peevish than could be attributed to the passage of time merely, and then went to bed one night and never woke. The boy—but why follow him along the slimy path? He slipped from filth to filth, until the patrolman found him in a gutter and carried him to the morgue with an ounce of lead in his brain. Money and no manliness to begin with, and neither money nor manliness to end with. As I came home from that doleful service little Jack's question rang in my ears, "Does two and two always make four?" and men and houses and clouds and sky seemed to answer "Always!"—*Dr. Hepworth.*

BERTIE went to the zoological gardens with her mother. She was standing before the lion's cage, when she exclaimed, "Mamma, I should think the lion would be afraid of his own roar!"



EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.

Words and Music by DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott, Ein gut es Wehr und Was ist ten;  
 Er hilft uns frey aus aller Noth, Die uns jetzt hat be trof fen.

Der alte böse Feind Mit Ernst ers jetzt nicht, Gress Macht und weil

Let sein grau sam' Rits - zeuen ist, Auf Erden ist nicht sein Gek - chen.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

A STRONG TOWER FROM THE ENEMY.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

(Translated by Dr. Hedge.)

**A** MIGHTY fortress is our God,  
 A bulwark never failing;  
 Our Helper He, amid the flood  
 Of mortal ills prevailing.  
 For still our ancient foe  
 Doth seek to work us woe;  
 His craft and power are great,  
 And, armed with cruel hate,  
 On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,  
 Our striving would be losing;  
 Were not the right man on our side,  
 The man of God's own choosing.  
 Dost ask who that may be?  
 Christ Jesus, it is He;  
 Lord Sabaoth is His name,  
 From age to age the same,  
 And we must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,  
 Should threaten to undo us;  
 We will not fear, for God hath willed  
 His truth to triumph through us.  
 The prince of darkness grim,  
 We tremble not for him,  
 His rage we can endure,  
 For lo! his doom is sure,  
 One little word can fell him.

That word above all earthly powers—  
 No thanks to them—abideth;  
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours  
 Through him who with us sideth.  
 Let goods and kindred go,  
 This mortal life also;  
 The body they may kill;  
 God's truth abideth still,  
 His kingdom is forever.

A boy went to his father crying,  
 and told him that he had kicked a fly  
 that had a splinter in his tail.

WHEN Walter Scott's daughter con-  
 demned something for being "vulgar,"  
 her father sharply replied, "You speak  
 like a very young lady. Do you know  
 the meaning of the word 'vulgar'? It  
 is only 'common.' Nothing that is  
 common, except wickedness, can de-  
 serve to be spoken of in a tone of  
 contempt. When you have lived to  
 my years, you will agree with me in  
 thanking God that nothing really worth  
 having in this world is uncommon."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 1079.] LESSON VI. [Nov. 11.

SAUL REJECTED.

1 Sam 15. 12-26. Commit to memory vs. 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice.  
 1 Sam. 15. 22.

OUTLINE.

1. A Just Reproof. v. 12-19.
2. A Weak Excuse. v. 20, 21.
3. A Divine Rejection. v. 22, 23.
4. A Useless Regret. v. 24-26.

TIME.—B.C. 1079.

PLACE.—Gilgal in the Jordan valley.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Samuel rose early*—After a night of prayer for Saul, who had disobeyed God. *Saul came to Carmel*—A village west of the Dead Sea. *A place*—A monument in honour of his victory over the Amalekites. *Gone down to Gilgal*—The military headquarters of the nation, in the Jordan valley. *I have performed*—His boasting of his work showed a conscience ill at ease. *Beating of the sheep*—God had commanded that every thing belonging to the Amalekites should be destroyed. *The people spared*—Sinners often try to throw the guilt of their acts on others. *The Lord thy God*—As if Saul were more desirous of God's honour than Samuel. *Little in thine own sight*—Not expecting great position. *The sinners the Amalekites*—They were a very wicked people on the south, who had done great wrong to Israel in former times. *Ry upon the spoil*—Thus he had disobeyed God, and tried to enrich himself with the plunder. *As great delight in burnt-offerings*—These were the outward forms of religion, but obeying the voice of the Lord is its true essence. *Rebellion, witchcraft*—Of consulting with evil spirits against God's command. *Thou hast rejected*—The act seemed comparatively slight, but it showed a spirit of disobedience, and the spirit as judged by the prophet. *I have sinned*—His confession of sin was not deep enough to win God's favor. He still tried to blame the people for his own act. *Turn again with me*—Show an appearance of friendship.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That God expects an exact obedience!
2. That sinners' excuses cannot deceive God!
3. That lost opportunities can never be regained!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did God command Saul to do? To destroy the Amalekites. 2. Who were

the Amalekites? A very wicked people. 3. What did Saul do? He disobeyed God. 4. How did he disobey God? In sparing the best of the spoil. 5. For what purpose did he say that it was spared? To sacrifice to the Lord. 6. What did Samuel say to him? "To obey is better than sacrifice." 7. What was Saul's penalty for his disobedience? God rejected him as king.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The acceptable sacrifice.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

44. When did the Spirit of God come upon the Apostles and other disciples? The Spirit of God came upon the Apostles and other disciples at the feast of Pentecost, which was about ten days after Christ went to heaven.

B.C. 1065.] LESSON VII. [Nov. 18.

DAVID ANOINTED.

1 Sam. 16. 1-13. Commit to memory vs. 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have found David my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him. Psa. 89. 20.

OUTLINE.

1. The Lord's Commission. v. 1-3.
2. The Lord's Choice. v. 4-12.
3. The Lord's Anointed. v. 13.

TIME.—B.C. 1065.

PLACE.—Bethlehem, in the tribe of Judah.

EXPLANATIONS.—*How long wilt thou mourn*—Samuel had mourned over Saul's forsaking God for fourteen years. *Rejecte him*—Though rejected, he was still allowed to rule, but God did not direct him nor sanction his acts. *Fill thine horn*—A horn used as a flask for carrying oil, with which kings were anointed. *Provided me a king*—Owo who was fitted to do God's work for Israel. *How can I go*—Samuel was well-known, and after spending so many years in quiet his journey would be noticed. *I am come to sacrifice*—This was true, and Samuel was not obliged to tell the whole purpose of his errand. *Him whom I name*—Samuel would know by an inward voice from the Lord. *Came to Bethlehem*—Ten miles from his house at Ramah. *Elders of the town*—Its rulers. *Trembled*—They feared that he had come to reveal and punish some wrong. *Peaceably*—In friendliness. *Sanctify*—Prepare for the sacrifice by certain washings and religious services. *Sanctified Jesse*—Personally attended to the consecration of Jesse and his sons. *The Sacrifice*—After the ruin of the tabernacle at Shiloh, no one place was kept sacred until the building of Solomon's temple. *Eliab*—Who was probably of tall and noble appearance. *Look not on...his stature*—God would not choose another king like Saul for his appearance. *Man looketh on the outward*—The eyes of men cannot look into the heart. *On the heart*—God sees the true chara ter within, while men can only see the outward acts. *The youngest*—David, at that time perhaps fourteen years old. *Keepeth the sheep*—In the fields around Bethlehem. *Ruddy*—This may mean "having red hair," which was considered very handsome in the East. *Goodly to look to*—This means, "having bright eyes." *Anointed him*—Poured oil on his head. *In the midst of his brethren*—They did not know that he was anointed king, but may have thought it a call to follow Samuel. *The Spirit of the Lord*—A divine wisdom, power and courage.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That God chooses men for his work?
2. That God sees deeper than men!
3. That God sends power upon those whom he calls?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did God choose for king instead of Saul? David, the son of Jesse. 2. What was he doing at the time? He was keeping sheep. 3. What did Samuel do to David by God's command? He anointed him. 4. What came upon David after he was anointed? The Spirit of the Lord.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine omniscience.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

45. In what manner did the Spirit of God come upon them?

The manner in which the Spirit of God came upon the Apostles and other disciples was, that a noise like a rushing wind, filled the house where they were met, and cloven tongues of fire sat upon them.

The most convenient habit you can acquire is that of letting your habits sit loose upon you.

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