

*Compliments of
L. M. Eckard*

THE DEAR MAN OF GOD,
DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER,
OF BLESSED MEMORY.

1483—1883.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE OBSERVANCE OF THE
FOURTH CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH, IN THE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ABINGTON IN
PENNSYLVANIA.

With

A MEMORIAL DISCOURSE

By

Prof. Robt. Ellis Thompson,

Of the University of Pennsylvania,

And

AN ADDRESS

By

Rev. N. S. McFetridge, D.D.

PHILADELPHIA.

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PRESBYTERIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
425 LOMBARD STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19147

INTRODUCTORY.

THE Session of the Presbyterian Church of Abington invited the churches of the vicinity—without respect to denominational distinctions—to unite with them in the observance of the 400th anniversary of Luther's birth. Without exception the responses were of the most cordial character. Although a violent storm prevailed at the time, an enthusiastic audience filled the church. The following programme was carried out, and the occasion throughout proved satisfactory to all concerned.

"I will pave the way by my example."—MARTIN LUTHER.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

REV. THOMAS MURPHY, D.D., PRESIDING.

OPENING HYMN, "Praise ye the Lord."—By the Choir.

INVOCATION.—By Rev. F. Palmer, Rector of Church of Our Saviour (Episcopal), Jenkintown.

SCRIPTURE READING, Psalm 118.—By Rev. P. J. Cox, Pastor of Methodist Church, Hatboro'.

In the absence of Mr. Cox, Mr. Montgomery, Pastor of Presbyterian Church, Ashbourne, read the lesson.

A SELECTION, "Ave Maria."—Miss Cook, of Philadelphia.

LUTHER'S BATTLE HYMN (953 in Hymnal).—Announced by Rev. J. Blanchard Hutchinson, Pastor of Baptist Church, Hatboro'.

To be sung by the whole congregation, standing.

ORATION.—By Rev. Prof. R. E. Thompson, D.D., University of Pennsylvania.

A SELECTION, "Jesus, lover of my soul."—Miss Cook, of Philadelphia.

ADDRESS.—By Rev. Nathaniel S. McPetridge, D.D., Germantown.

HYMN 640.—By Congregation.

CLOSING PRAYER.—By Rev. J. R. Eckard, D.D.

BENEDICTION.—By Dr. Murphy.

Captain Nicholas Baggs will act as Marshal, and to him all questions must be referred.

"And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—JESUS CHRIST.

The Session would express their appreciation of the kind service so willingly rendered, and so efficiently performed, by the ministerial brethren who took part. To Miss Cook, also, especial acknowledg-

ments are due for her delightful rendering of several selections. To her and to the choir, under the leadership of Mr. Roberts Stevenson, must be credited much of the enjoyment which all experienced.

As indicative of the spirit which characterized the exercises, the Session take the liberty of appending the opening prayer of Rev. F. Palmer, rector of the Episcopal Church in Jenkintown, and the letter read by Rev. Blanchard Hutchinson, of the Baptist Church, Hatboro'.

With these explanations this pamphlet is issued in the hope that it may prove a reminder to many of an occasion both pleasant and profitable.

On behalf of Session.

L. W. ECKARD, *Pastor*.

JAMES VAN HORN, *Clerk*.

PRAYER OF INVOCATION.

BY REV. F. PALMER.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we come to-day with an offering of thankfulness. What shall we render unto Thee, O Lord, for all Thy benefits toward us? We can but take the cup of thanksgiving with humble gratitude, and call upon Thy name, O Lord!

We give Thee thanks this day for all good men and women whom we have known, since their goodness has been a revelation of Thyself unto us; thanks that from our very cradles our mothers' tender love taught us of Thy divine love, since it revealed and was a part of it; that our fathers' judiciousness and strength taught us of Thy protecting care and wisdom. We rejoice that Thy face has been thus made so plain to us in the faces we have known and loved.

And we thank Thee, too, for all good men and women whom we have not known; that their number and greatness of character far exceeds our knowledge; that in every nation and kindred and people and tongue Thou hast them that serve Thee; and that there has never been a time of darkness, however great, when there have not been many, even though unknown, who have not bowed the knee unto Baal. We rejoice even in their diversity, in their difference from ourselves;

glad in knowing that Thou hast revealed unto them much that as yet we have not learned. But we rejoice still more in their unity, that with all their differences they are made one through Christ Jesus our Lord; that Thou hast a great body throughout the world, greater than any sect or creed, the holy Catholic Church, which is the blessed company of all faithful people.

And we give Thee thanks for him in memory of whom we come together to-day; that ancient Hebrew prophet of these later days; that second John the Baptist, who prepared the way of the Lord and made His paths straight. We rejoice that for the people as they sat in darkness and the shadow of death, the great light of Thy gospel not only existed, but through him was made to shine. And as of old Thy Spirit, brooding upon the earth when all was dark and void, by its divine word, "Let there be light," brought order and life into being; so through Thy Spirit Thou didst impress upon his mind that light should come forth from darkness, and through him "Let there be light" again sounded forth.

We thank Thee for the gifts Thou gavest him, for they were gifts not only to him but to us. We thank Thee for the clearness of mind that enabled him, with an eye single to Thy glory, to try things that differ, and to discern right from wrong; for the courage through which he was able to face persecution and the danger of death for Thy sake; for the human kindness that drew men and women and little children unto him, and revealed unto them the nature of Christ Jesus their Lord, even as He revealed the nature of God the Father; for the divine wisdom that enabled him to search into the depths of God's hidden things, and to reveal to men the worth and the attraction of a life with God.

And while we praise Thee thus for the seed and for the harvest it as brought forth, we pray that it may spring up yet more and more unto eternal life. Grant that we may be confirmed in our share of this goodly inheritance; that we may not be driven to and fro, and tossed about by vain doctrine, but that we may be established through knowing in whom we have trusted, and able to give a reason for the hope that is in us; that we may not rest in the ordinances of men, but that we may turn with him to a life of direct intercourse of the soul with Thee. And so give unto us, and all who love Thy name, that we may know the truth and thereby be made free; and that an abundant entrance may be ministered unto us—the more abundant through him,

thanks be to Thee!—into the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; unto whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen.

The following letter was read by Rev. Mr. Hutchinson :

HATBORO', PA., November 10, 1883.

*The Hatboro' Baptist Church to the Abington Presbyterian Church,
Greeting :*

DEAR BRETHREN :—With much pleasure we unite with you in exercises commemorative of the 400th anniversary of the birth of the great German reformer, Martin Luther, and of his all-important and successful life-work. The past centuries in their rich fruitage have led us to see more clearly, and to estimate more justly, the character and work of the man and his mission. While led to admire his unanswerable protest for truth, his undaunted struggle with power, his mighty faith in God, and his utter self-surrender to all the perils and issues of the contest in which he was engaged, as a chosen instrument, to set forward the gracious purposes of God toward His Church and the world; we would, grateful for the work, the hour, the man, emulate his zeal and courage in pressing the truth he so boldly vindicated to its complete triumph, viz.: *the word of God*, the Christian's standard of faith and practice, unfettered, supreme, sufficient, final.

As bearers of this fraternal letter, and our representatives, we send our pastor, J. Blanchard Hutchinson; deacons, Charles S. Rorer, George Bowen, Edwin S. Ritchie; and clerk, John H. Kelly.

Respectfully submitted, by order of the church, November 4, 1883.

JOHN H. KELLY, *Church Clerk.*

MEMORIAL DISCOURSE.

NOTE.

The author of this discourse has had in view for some years past the purpose to prepare a work on Luther's life, with especial reference to his voluminous correspondence. The proposal of his revered colleague, the late Dr. Charles P. Krauth, to prepare an English Life of Luther, led him to postpone his plan. Dr. Krauth's death, with the work not only not completed but still in its initial stage, would have led him to resume his purpose, had not the failure of his own health compelled him to abstain from the additional labor. But the proposal from his friend and neighbor, Rev. L. W. Eckard, of Abington Church, that he should address a union meeting of Protestants in that church on the centennial anniversary of Luther's birth, seemed to be one which he could not refuse. The meeting requested the publication of the address, and Mr. Stevenson offered to bear half the expense, the session of the church assuming the other half.

The author still hopes to resume the labors on his Life of Luther, which he began in the *Penn Monthly* ten years ago.

CHELLEN HILLS,
November 19, 1883.

THE DEAR MAN OF GOD,
DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER,

OF BLESSED MEMORY.

FOUR hundred years ago a little child was born in the mountains of German Thuringia, to a poor, landless and almost homeless family of peasants, who were journeying from town to town to find a livelihood. Like his Master, he came into a world which seemed to have no welcome for him, and which seemed to grudge him an existence. He learnt obedience and courage and faith through suffering. He had a hard, sore, painful life of it, with want and poverty in his youth; then years of mental trouble, sometimes to the verge of madness; then years of peril, of hiding from the face of kings, of enmity from nearly the whole world. And when the times grew calmer for him, there came years of pain, sickness, toil for the churches; ending at last with a death that was welcomed as a release from labor and suffering. But out of this clouded and often stormy life God has evoked such a harvest of blessing for Christendom as makes the best and most civilized nations of the earth turn to-day with grateful hearts to the memory of his childhood.

I presume that the outline of his story is familiar to us all. You know that he graduated at the University of Erfurt in his twenty-second year, and entered the Augustinian monastery at Erfurt the same year; that he became professor at Wittenberg in his twenty-fifth;

that he went to Rome on the business of his order in his twenty-ninth; that he nailed up his *Theses* on Wittemberg Church door in his thirty-fourth; that he was excommunicated and burnt the pope's bull of excommunication in his thirty-seventh; that he was laid under the ban of the empire and hid by his friends in Wartburg Castle in his thirty-eighth; that he published the New Testament in German when he was thirty-nine, and the whole Bible when he was fifty-one; that he married an escaped nun when he was forty-one; and that he died when he was sixty-three. He was the greatest man of an age of great men; the excommunicated heretic with whom popes negotiated, and the outlaw upon whom princes leaned as a pillar of the public order.

But it is especially in his work as the Reformer of the Church that our interest in Luther centres. As a Reformer his fame is as wide as Christendom itself. He is feared and hated by those who know him not, as the chief foe of Christian faith and unity. He is loved by all who know him, as a man whose great nobleness and tenderness, equally with his great services to mankind, have erected for him a monument in millions of hearts more lasting than bronze or marble.

Permit me first to speak of the causes which made Luther a Reformer of the Church. Many who hate him, and some who admire him, say it was because he was staggered by the demands made on his faith by the Church of Rome. They say "he was less of a believer than other men of his time. Its skeptical tendencies had got hold of him, and he began to prune away the doctrines to belief of which he had been brought up, until by the abandonment of one doctrine after another, he became a Protestant." There could be no worse

caricature of the man than this. It is the very opposite of what Luther was. In his time educated men were divided pretty sharply between religious devotees on the one side and skeptics, especially Italian skeptics, on the other. It was both a skeptical and a religious age. Side by side with the revival of the study of the old pagan authors, there ran, especially in Germany, a great religious revival. That revival began about thirty years before Luther was born. It was promoted by pious princes and devout monks, and it especially affected the people of the great cities. Luther's friend, Dr. Johann Staupitz, was one of its foremost representatives, and his sovereign, the Elector Friedrich the Wise of Saxony, who came to the government when Luther was three years old, was one of its most zealous promoters. Even when he was on a hunting excursion, the Elector never failed to hear mass every day; and he kept agents at Venice and in the Low Countries to buy up relics of the saints for his churches. He called to his aid the Franciscan and Augustinian monks of the strict observance, *i. e.* those who had returned to all the rigidity and severity of their rule. For the revival was one of severity and asceticism, not of joy in God. It showed itself in the increased burden of penances, fastings and vigils. It sent the people from shrine to shrine on wearisome pilgrimages. It devised ever-fresh devotions and sought ever-new intercessors, in the hope of finding peace with God, through deliverance from the burden of sin.

At Erfurt young Martin Luther found himself in the presence of both these great tendencies of the time. At first it seemed that the new learning, the pagan poets and historians, would gain the day. He had the

keenest relish for that kind of study. His father pushed him forward to a career of success as a jurist. But in the long run the religious revival won him and made a monk of him. He entered the monastery of the Reformed Augustinians at Erfurt (as he says), "not for his belly's sake, but to save his soul." He had been lying for years under the sense of the wrath and curse of God. He could get no rest or peace. So he sought this as better than the career of honor and success that was opening before him. He betook himself to his cell, to fastings, to scourgings, to ceaseless prayers.

In all this Luther was doing what thousands of the best men in Germany were doing. But alas! he was having their experience in another matter also. He was finding that all these things brought him no peace, no cleansing of conscience, no assurance of salvation. Year after year he thus tortured himself in the hope of attaining the grace of forgiveness of sin and of acquiring merit towards God. In that time people knew (as he says) nothing of the free grace of God, freely given in Jesus Christ His Son. Christ appeared to them only as a stern and angry judge of sin, seated on a cloud and coming to judgment. They fled from such a Christ to find refuge with the Virgin Mary, the Virgin's Mother St. Anna, and a thousand other protectors. Even the study of the Bible did not clear this up to our Erfurt monk. He read the Bible through a monk's eyes and with a monk's understanding. The gospel seemed to him but a heavier curse and exaction added to the burden of the law. He thought of God as "a hard man, reaping where He had not sown and gathering where He had not strowed." When he came on any passage that spake of God's righteousness, he shrank

from it with a great horror, as though it were a sentence of death against himself. Not that his conscience was burdened with gross outward sins. He was blameless as a monk in all the strictness of a severe rule. His enemies, who had been witnesses of his whole life, could not point to one act in it unworthy of his profession. But he was conscious of the sinfulness of his own nature, and of the power of the enmity to the law of God which reigned in his members. Neither priestly absolution nor exhausting penances could reach and meet his need. He all but killed himself in his efforts to propitiate God by austerities. They found him once lying senseless and nearly lifeless in his cell, and only their songs of praise recalled him to a life which was a burden and a horror through the sense of sin.

God, however, had this man in His own hands, and was fitting him to lead others through this wilderness. Step by step he was brought to feel that salvation must come not by merit but by grace, and that his good works, like the Old Testament sacrifices, could not make the comer thereunto perfect. First of all an old monk reminded him that in the creed he professed every day to "believe in the remission of sins," and that he could not be said to believe this so long as he believed only in the forgiveness of David's sins, or Peter's sins, and not of Martin Luther's sins. Then Staupitz told him, when he mourned over the reality of his sinfulness, "You would like to be a sham sinner, and to have Christ a sham Saviour. But you must make up your mind that you are a very sinner, and that Christ is a very Saviour."

At last, when he was ripe to receive the truth of a free salvation, it was disclosed to him. In 1512 he

began to lecture on the Epistle to the Romans, and had not gone far when he was arrested by the seventeenth verse of the first chapter: "For therein the righteousness of God is revealed from faith to faith, as it is written, 'The righteous man shall live by faith.'" He at once perceived there was something here he had not fathomed, and he wrestled with it day and night until he came to the sense of it. He discovered that the righteousness of God is not a stern and awful standard by which He is condemning men for their sins, but the free gift apprehended by faith, and by which He makes men righteous. "Here at once I felt myself to be born again, and to have entered by an open door into very Paradise. I ran through the Bible and discovered parallels in other expressions, as that God's work is what He works in us; His strength that by which He makes us strong; His wisdom that by which He makes us wise." He thus ran his thought round the circle of the divine attributes, and found them each to be some way in which God comes to the help of man. All the old hard and blasphemous thoughts he had had of God went away from him. He saw in God the bountiful giver, whose hands always are full of blessings for His children, and who does not seek to have us climb up to Him by the ladder of merit, but Himself stoops to save.

The Roman Catholic Church, then as now, condemns all confident and appropriating faith as a piece of spiritual presumption in those who have not a special revelation to themselves, assuring them of their salvation. But Luther was not conscious of any breach between the teaching of the Church and this new experience. He found in Augustine, in Bernard, in Tauler, in Gerson, sayings which seemed to correspond to what he

had learnt from the apostle, and he nourished himself on their writings. For the rest he remained a zealous papist. "I was," he says, "a most reckless papist, so drunk, so drowned in the dogmas of the pope, that I was quite ready, if I had been able, to have slain all who detracted but a syllable from the obedience to the pope. I was such a Saul as many now are. I was not such ice and chill, as were Eck and his like, in defending the papacy. I took the matter seriously." It needed the logic of events to bring him to see differently.

So in 1515-17 Dr. Johann Tetzel came preaching the sale of indulgences, *i. e.* of remissions by the pope of the temporal penalties of sin for both this world and purgatory. The Elector Friedrich forbade him to bring the traffic into his dominions. The Elector believed in indulgences, and even in their sale to raise money for great emergencies, such as a crusade against the Turks, who were still the peril of Christendom. But he did not think that Germany should be drained of its money by this traffic, merely because the pope wanted a new church in Rome, and the Archbishop of Magdeburg wanted the large sum which the pope demanded from every new archbishop. So Tetzel skirted round the borders of the Electorate, setting up his cross in the market-places near the frontier. Rumors came to Wittenberg of the blasphemous sayings with which he pushed his wares,—that his preaching indulgences had saved more souls than that of St. Peter at Pentecost, that the cross he set up saved more than did that on Calvary, and that when the guilders rattled in the money-box under it (a box well locked to keep his hands out of it) the souls of the dead for whose benefit

indulgences were purchased escaped at once from purgatory to paradise. The poor people at Wittemberg, to whom Luther ministered in preaching and hearing confessions, flocked out to Tetzel to buy these wonderful wares; and when Luther exhorted them to penance and contrition for sin, they met him with Tetzel's letters of indulgence, alleging that these relieved them from all such obligation. Luther's whole soul was stirred with indignation, with the zeal of God's house. Like his Master, he made a scourge of small cords to drive the traffickers out of the temple. The first of November was the day of commemoration of the founding of the chief church in Wittemberg,—the church in which the Elector's zeal had gathered the grandest collection of relics to be found in any church outside of Rome. Pilgrims would be gathering from far and near to see these relics exposed to their devotion. Luther, on the evening before, nailed to the door of the church his ninety-five "Theses for clearing up the Efficacy of Indulgences," and challenged all comers to dispute them with him.

The step was no finality. Luther might have debated and withdrawn every statement in the series, without any inconsistency or loss of honor. But an effect was produced which went far beyond his intention. His words found a hearing beyond his expectation. The devout men of the revival listened with hungry ears to a man who had been through all their inward trials, but who seemed to have got farther on into the light and joy of the gospel than they. The hearing that his theses got was amazing to himself. They sped through Germany on wings of fire; they were translated from his Latin into the speech of the common people, who heard them gladly. Tetzel had to stop selling indulgences;

when the sale was begun again six years later, Luther's simple veto stopped it again; the Council of Trent forbade it forever, while continuing the use of indulgences as the Church's free gift upon various special acts of devotion.

It was the men of the revival who constituted the main strength of the Reformation. The pagans went on jesting about the new quarrel among the monks. But those who had wearied out their lives in trying to propitiate God, and heard the voice of a man who had found that God was seeking them, leaped up to greet the new light. What might have become of them, had no such teaching come, we cannot say. The kind of blank despair they were sinking towards might have caused a great reaction against all seriousness. Luther's influence against that result was not confined to the multitudes who became Protestants. Many heard his first message who refused to follow him further. His influence never will be estimated in its totality until his work as a reformer of the Roman Catholic Church is taken into account.

Luther did not leave the Church of his birth and education because it was not "liberal" enough or negative enough for him, or because it asked him to believe more than he could find credence for. Indeed he did not leave it at all. He was cast out of it unheard, untried, and after he had appealed from the decision of the pope to that of a general council. "Luther rent the unity of Christendom," say the papists. No! the papacy rent the unity of Christendom, as in the eleventh century by excommunicating the Orthodox Church of the East, so in the sixteenth century by excommunicating the Protestant Church of the North. His instincts were

all churchly. He loved the visible unity of a united Christendom. He did not quarrel even with the arrangement which gave the Church of western Europe a pope as its head, although he denied the pope's infallibility and asserted the papacy to be a merely human contrivance. He was not a man who left Christendom out of his thoughts, to care for his own soul. "After the right order of love," he says, "we should pray especially for Christendom, which concerns us more than prayer for our own selves. It is not a good prayer in which one asks for himself alone. God will hear the multitude, not me or thee, or some separate Pharisee. Therefore sing with the multitude and you sing well; or even if you sing but ill, it passes when it is with the multitude. If you sing by yourself you cannot escape judgment." "If every man is to set up his own principle," he says, "we shall have as many churches as heads. Those who withdraw themselves from the unity and order of the Church's authority seek in vain to stay themselves upon their inward enlightenment and their achievements. For obedience is better than the sacrifice of fools, who do not know how much harm they are doing." Luther was a reformer, not a revolutionist. He believed in the Church, while he recognized the corruptions in doctrine and practice which called for great changes in her. Even in these changes he sought to hold what was best in the Church's past.

He insisted that the Protestant Church must take its stand upon the old Catechism, viz., upon the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments—which he as a boy had learnt at school, and which he lifted from the subordinate place it had held to a place of highest honor. He held up the two sacraments in all the greater glory

and honor, because he stripped away the five which later ages had added to them. He held up the good order of the family and the authority of the civil magistrate against all depreciators,—papists on the one side, and on the other wild fanatics who sought to bring in “the reign of the saints.” He reformed the Church by taking the great central current of Christian history as the line for its future movement, removing only those things which were hiding God and His grace from men. “Better,” said he, “that the temple be broken to pieces than that God be hidden by it from the eyes of men.” But he broke only where he believed that there was a hiding of God.

What were the chief features of his Reformation? (1) The restoration of the true conception of the *Church* of Christ. With Rome the Church was and is the hierarchy only. When Luther was a lad at school, he used to see a picture in which the Church was represented as a great ship, manned with popes, bishops, priests and monks, while the poor laymen were tossed hither and thither in the waves of the sea, which stood for the world outside the Church. Here and there they clutched at a rope the priests or monks threw out to them. That picture represented the prevalent idea of what the Church is. Luther insisted that the Church is not the clergy only, but the people, “the congregation of faithful men to whom the word is preached and the sacraments administered.” That was what the apostles meant by it, and the return to their conception was a vast change. It recognized the universal priesthood of believers, and rejected the claim of the hierarchy to come between the soul and its God. It rent anew the Jewish veil which the Roman Church had been patching

up across the inner sanctuary of worship, and gave free access to the holiest of all.

One consequence was the decay and ultimately the abolition of auricular confession. "Confess your sins one to another," the apostle had said. Go to the brother you have injured and confess your fault. Get his forgiveness before you seek God's. "Confess your sins to the priest," said the Church of Rome; "make this separate order of men powerful through the possession of the secrets of every heart and of every household. Come and get the absolution at the hands of the priest, instead of going to headquarters and asking it of God himself." Luther asserted the Christian's liberty in this matter. If any man thought the priest or minister could help him to a sense of forgiveness, or to do his duty, let him go to priest or minister. If not, the private confession to God, and the general confession of the Christian congregation, are all that is required of him. No priestly shadow should fall between him and his Maker.

(2) With the separate priesthood and the confessional went priestly and monkish celibacy also. A Christian minister who is neither a member of a priestly hierarchy nor the depository of unwilling confidences need not be separate in his mode of life from other men, farther than his labor in word and doctrine demands this of him. He will be the better guide for other men, if he be husband and father as they are, by setting them the example of ruling his own household in the fear of God, and through knowing in his own experience the trials and temptations of their daily life. Luther himself had vowed to live unmarried. For twenty years of his life he kept that vow. The troubles of other consciences

forced him to ask whether it was of real obligation upon them. And he reasoned thus: "If I vow a thing to any man and he releases me, I am not bound. If I vow to God what He has neither required nor accepted at my hands, then I never was bound." But for years after this he went on living as a monk, wearing the monk's dress, and making his home in a corner of the old convent, which all but himself and the prior had abandoned. A Protestant prince he had urged to marry, replied that Luther should live up to his own doctrine. A godly woman in South Germany wrote to ask why he did not himself put honor upon marriage by his own example. There were a number of escaped nuns in Wittenberg, and Luther had busied himself in finding homes or husbands for them. One of them flatly refused the husband he suggested, and told his messenger she would have no objection to marry the Reformer himself. He was taken by surprise. She was of noble family; he was a peasant's son, and the gulf between the two classes is still thought impassable in Germany. He was utterly poor, with no salary and no income from his books, for he never would accept any compensation for them. He was so ill in health that he did not expect to live. But after some delay he decided to take her at her word, and Catherine von Bora became his wife. His enemies jeered and spread filthy and mendacious libels over all Germany. The weak-hearted among his friends trembled for his influence as a reformer. But they need not have feared for a man who followed God's leading and walked in the paths of God's order. Luther the husband, Luther the father, Luther the householder, became a new power in Germany. The twenty-two years of his married life were more fruitful in all whole-

some influences than those which had preceded them. He looked back with no regrets to the life of celibacy, although his household life was one of trials and difficulties. He was and he remained a poor man. At times he had hard work to keep the wolf from the door. At one time he had to supplement his meagre salary as professor by working at the turning-lathe. He left but a scanty inheritance to his children. But he left them the fragrant memory of a godly example. His beautiful *House-Postill* is a series of sermons which he preached to his family, when he was too weak and ill to occupy the pulpit. His *Table-Talk*, written down by his friends, is full of edifying discourses and delightful mother wit, and is such a frank record of his thoughts and words as few men could endure to have made of them. He abounds in praise of the family life, which he calls the true monastery, as full of crosses as any soul can need, but full also of substantial joys, of which the monks know nothing. He hated monkery (he said) because it disqualified men for helping to bear rule in the Church, in the state and in the home.

But especially was he great in his love of children, his sympathy with their joys and sorrows, his joy in their simple faith in God. He whom popes hated and princes feared made the children love him. "They are far more learned than we. They have fine good thoughts of God, that He is in heaven, and is their God and their dear Father." The secret of this sympathy was that he was one of those rare natures out of whose heart the child never dies. The freshness, the simplicity, the directness of a child, Luther always preserved. Hence his keenness of joy in all things good, and of indignation against all things base and unworthy. Great truths

never lost their quickening power for him. To great iniquities he never grew accustomed. To each he came as fresh in his love of the good and his hate of the evil as though it were the first time he stood face to face with it. Other men said of truth, "Oh, that is old, that is commonplace." They said of God's works, "We have seen all that so often." They said of men's sins, "Why, what do you expect? Didn't you know they would do that?" For good and evil both they grow used to things, incapable of fresh emotion. Not so Dr. Luther. The good and the true were always fresh in their charm; the evil fresh in its horror. He had the child inside the rough exterior of the man.

To Luther belongs the honor of founding the household of the Christian pastor, with all its influence for good. No other households surpass this in ennobling social influence. No others have given the world so many men of eminence in the sciences, in literature and in the public service, say the scientific students of heredity. No others (say the records of the churches) have given to the ministry so many faithful pastors, in spite of the painful experiences which the children of such families often witness in the scanty support, and the unreasonable demands of Christian congregations.

(3) To Luther we owe the *freedom of the Bible*. His own soul was nourished by the word of God. He desired that others should be fed by it. When he was born the Bible played but a small part in the world. When he died it was in everybody's hands. It was he that, in the providence of God, effected this change. A Latin Bible for himself was what he asked, when he entered the monastery at Erfurt, and the monks gave it. To escape from teaching Aristotle, to get to lecture on the

Bible, was the object of his first studies at Wittenberg. His first lectures were on the Psalms and Paul's epistles. His sermons from the first delved deep into it to find the pearl of great price for his hearers. When he was shut up in Wartburg Castle, and laid aside for the time from an active share in the Church's work, he set himself to make the Scriptures speak in German to all German men. Not such German as was written by learned doctors who thought in Latin, but the German as it was spoken by the men in the markets, the women in the houses and the children at their play. His mastery of his own language was wonderful. "His words," says Richter, "are half-battles." As he said of Paul, his are not dead words, but "have hands and feet." "His pages," Hare says, "are like a day in spring, when life seems bursting from every bud and gushing from every pore." "He created the German language," says Heine; "he had something original, incomprehensible, miraculous." And all this power he put into his translation. In eighteen months he had the New Testament ready. It sped as fast and as far as his Theses had gone. Dr. John Cochläus, his papist biographer, grumbles that cobblers and women got it by heart, carried it about with them, and disputed with priests and doctors of theology out of it. It was fifteen years before the whole Bible was ready. His life was almost done before he had completed all his revisions of it. He spared no pains. He spent days at times over a verse. He sought help from all classes of men. He gathered around him an advisory body of scholars in Wittenberg. He wore himself out in this great toil, although, as his friends said, he seemed built to last for centuries.

And with what result? For one thing, the greatest of all modern versions of the word of God, a book that fixed the grammar and the vocabulary of the German language, and a German classic so enshrined in the hearts of that people that even the vast scholarship of Germany hardly dares to amend it. His is homely, colloquial, forcible, less dignified and stately than our dear English Bible, but more simple to the common people. Take one text for instance. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," our English Bible reads. Luther has it, "Whose heart is full his mouth runs over." And then remember that this Bible of his is the parent of the many translated Bibles, in which the apostles and prophets now speak more tongues than were heard at Babel or at Pentecost. It was his doing that the Bible passed out of the keeping of a privileged class, to become "the anchor of national seriousness," as a Roman Catholic writer says of our English Version. Many of the happiest renderings of our own version came to us from Luther through his disciple Tyndale, who made the first Protestant translation into English. Luther set the grand example of putting the word of God into the hands of the people, so as to make the speech of prophets and apostles our household words, and permeate our literature and our current thought with its maxims of life and faith and holiness. And wherever this book speaks its words of comfort and wisdom to the poor, the helpless, the bedridden and the hungry after righteousness, there is seen a fruit of Dr. Martin Luther's work.

(4) With the Bible went the *preaching of the word*. There always had been preaching since the days of the apostles, but the constant use of preaching as a part of

the public worship of God was in disuse. Most of the parish priests were dumb dogs, who could but say mass without understanding what was said. The principle that every Christian pastor, and not only the more distinguished men among them, on every occasion, and not only at great church festivals, should expound the word to his people, and become an educator in spiritual things, and not merely an offerer of prayer and rehearser of ceremonies,—this we owe to the Lutheran Reformation.

He himself was a great preacher, as his many sermons attest. He was great in his humility, his condescension to the humblest and simplest. He gave his whole soul to the work, and toiled for his simple flock at Wittenberg as though he had nothing to do for any one else, and no audience beyond those who gathered within those four walls. When he mounted the pulpit stairs he was not thinking of what he should say in his next pamphlet against Dr. Eck or Dr. Cochläus, but only of what he should say to the simple folk, to make God nearer and the gospel more real to them. "Dear brother," he once said to a brother in the ministry, "when you preach regard not the doctors and the learned men, but the common people, to teach them clearly. In the pulpit we must feed the common people with milk, for each day a new church is growing up which stands in need of simple instruction. Keep to the milk of the catechism, and reserve the wine of high and subtle discourse for the strong-minded elsewhere." "My audience," he told Butzer, "are most of them poor and plain people, and I deal with them as a good mother does when she gives her crying baby the breast, which is better than spiced sirups and confections." But he had no patience with long sermons, for he

thought the weakness of the sick, the aged and the children should be thought of. Once, when Dr. Bugenhagen preached too long, Dr. Luther, who was unwell, got up and went home before the sermon was over. He specifies somewhere the five points of a good sermon: a good start, sticking to the text, keeping God's glory in view, leaving something for next time, and stopping at the right time.

(5) The last aspect of his work as a Reformer, of which I shall speak, was the purification of the Church's *worship*. It was one of the wonders of Pentecost that "every man heard in his own tongue the wonderful works of God." Christianity adapted itself to every speech under heaven. Rome, in her contempt for the new tongues which were spoken by the nations which had arisen on the ruins of the Roman empire, consecrated Latin to the service of God, and debarred the popular tongues from the sanctuary. This first step led to others. Instead of the simple forms of common prayer and common praise, she established a priestly ritual and liturgy, of which the people were to be spectators. They were not to join in the words with which the priest approached God for them, but only to follow his symbolical acts with their eyes, perhaps at a distance, and to pray apart from him and in other words or in none. Luther broke down this barrier of separation—of priestly speech, priestly prayers and priestly praises. He re-established the united worship of the Christian congregation as in the days of the apostles. He taught the people the *Vater Unser* for the *Pater Noster*, German for Latin, intelligent devotion for parrot-like recitations. He raised their conception of prayer by showing them that it was not a mere duty, and least of all a penance

by which they might acquire merit toward God, but a beautiful privilege of coming to our Father with our burdens and temptations to get His help. He is never tired of dwelling on the Lord's Prayer, its simplicity and its profundity. "We know from it," he says, "that when our prayers tend to the sanctifying of His name, and the increase and honor of His kingdom, if we also pray according to His will, then He heareth us. But when we pray contrary to these, then are we not heard. For God doeth nothing against His name, His kingdom and His will." "The first three petitions do comprehend such great and heavenly things that no heart is able to search them out. The fourth containeth the whole policy and economy of temporal and domestic government. The fifth striveth and fighteth against our own evil consciences, and against the sins that trouble them." But the whole Bible, and especially the Psalm book, was his prayer-book. When they brought him news in Coburg Castle that his father was dead, he had but peeped into the letter, when he caught up his Psalm book and went off to spend the sorrowful day in solitude with God. He taught men to pray by directing them to the true Hearer of prayer. He swept away all intercessors but the one Mediator between God and man, rejecting as such the priests on earth and the angels and the saints in heaven.

Equally great were his services to the praises of the Church. With Latin prayers had come Latin hymns, in which the people could join only with a *Hallelujah* or a *Kyrie Eleison* (Lord have mercy) at the end of each verse. Luther translated into German the best of these, adding others of equal merit of his own, thus laying the foundation of that grand storehouse of German

hymns, which contains eighty thousand of merit. He was a great lover of music as a glorious gift of God, a thing which Satan hated, a means to give life and power to holy words, and to refresh weary and troubled souls. Besides being himself able to perform on several instruments, he composed some of the noblest hymn-tunes the Church possesses.

What a man must he have been to have been the fit instrument for such works as these! Let us turn from the work to the man, and to the secret of his power. He was above all things *a man of God*. The old Germans called him "the dear man of God, Doctor Martin Luther, of blessed memory." That was the essential thing about him. He came to men with the authority of one who had spoken face to face with God, and who could say, "As the Lord liveth before whom I stand." He had a message to his own generation from the Most High, and men's hearts burned within them as they spake with him, and the gainsayers were silenced, they knew not why. God was not to him, as to some men, a probability, but the most absolute certainty, the root and source of his being. To have discovered that there was no God would have left life and existence a blank desolation to him.

Through his life of trials and shocks he endured, like Moses, "as seeing Him who is invisible." When he stood before the emperor, the prelates, the princes and delegates of the imperial diet at Worms, his eye saw more than did those of other men. High above the throne of Charles and the seats of the electors, the monk saw the throne of God. In that higher presence he dare not flinch or falter. He refused to retract what he had written, unless refuted by sound reasons or the

clear witness of God's word. And he added, "Here I stand. I can do no otherwise. God help me. Amen." From that moment the cause of the Reformation was safe. The younger, the less sophisticated princes, like Philip of Hesse, felt that he was a man who had the reality with him.

And the work of his life was to bring men nearer to God, and to rend away all veils that hid His face from them. The Church of Rome was shutting men from the sight of God's face, or asserting that the vision of that face was the privilege of the few, of the saints, and not the birthright of the many. The common man was to deal with God only through the Church. He was to come to a priest to confess his sins, and to ask God's forgiveness and absolution at second-hand. When he prayed he was to beg the Virgin and the saints to plead for him at the throne of grace, instead of coming boldly to that throne for himself.

At every point the system of the Church was shutting men out from contact with God, and was teaching them that He was a distant and stately prince, who could be approached only through a long line of officials and chamberlains, who took the people's messages to Him and brought back His reply. And to sustain this system God was represented as a stern and severe judge, whose anger flamed even at the faults of inadvertence. Christ was set forth as a harsh and exacting judge, who would make men pay to the uttermost farthing. The divine patience and tenderness were transferred to His virgin mother and the saints. They alone in heaven, and especially the Blessed Virgin, represented the principle of long-suffering love. To them, and above all to her, sinners must fly for refuge from Christ. In their path

of severity, of self-denial and of good works commanded by the Church, the sinner must walk if he would acquire any standing before God. It was "an intolerable torment of heart and conscience; an intolerable burden of commands bound on men's shoulders; a false fear of death and of hell."

Through all this horror Luther passed. He was made to feel it in its deepest depths as only a keenly-sensitive nature could feel, and to believe in it as only a devout and earnest soul could believe. And then he was shown the way out of it all, that he might teach others the truth which brought light to his own soul. His teaching sent men straight to God, through Jesus Christ, for the forgiveness of sins. It sent them to God's throne in prayer, and not to pray to saints and angels. It set aside priestly prayers in an unknown tongue, and gave the Christian congregation the voice of common prayer and common praise in their own national speech. It broke the seals which shut up the word of God from the laity, and made the Bible every man's book.

A second source of his power was his character as *a man of faith*. He believed God heartily, and looked for whatever God had promised. He had a hearty trust in God's character and purposes. He had found that God meant good and only good to him and his. Faith was the central principle in his own Christian life. By faith in God he had escaped out of the despair of his early experience. He insisted that faith, and not love nor mere obedience, furnishes the starting-point in every Christian life. It must come before these, or love will be a meaningless emotion, and obedience an empty form. "The righteous man shall live

by faith" he found to be the common testimony of prophet and apostle and conscience.

Luther, however, did not get his faith by a dull acquiescence in things he had received from others. He had to battle for this faith, not in the beginning only, but all his life long. His faith was (as the apostle says) "a victory" won over the world, the flesh and the devil. Hence his greatness as a minister of comfort to the weak in faith. He who was a Boanerges in his thunderings against the papacy, was a very Barnabas in his dealing with troubled consciences. A minister of the gospel came to him with the tearful confession that he found it hard, and at times impossible, to feel the truth of the gospel he preached to others. "God be praised," exclaimed the great and good man, "that others fare as I do. I had thought my own experience singular." That minister never forgot the comfort thus delicately conveyed to him.

Another time a woman came to complain that she had lost her faith utterly. "Ah," said he, "then you cannot say still the creed you learned when you were a child?" She repeated it, and he asked, "Do you believe that to be true?" "Yes, Doctor." "Then, good woman, your faith is stronger than mine. I have to pray every day for such faith as this."

A woman who had been his servant, but had fallen into a careless and godless way of living after leaving his family, sent for him when on her death-bed. She was tormented with the notion that she had sold herself to Satan. He replied, "Suppose you had, while you lived with me, sold all my children to some stranger—would that have been binding in law?" "No," she replied, "for they were not mine to sell." "Well," he

answered, "neither are you your own to sell or give away from Him. He who made you, redeemed you at a great price; He claimed you as His own in your baptism; and even if you tried to, you cannot give away what is not yours. So turn again to Him and ask His forgiveness, and bid Him take back what is truly His own; but throw your sins back on the devil, for that is all that belongs to him."

Wonderful too was his patience with the weak and the ignorant. While engaged in the visitation of the churches of Saxony, he was hearing the people of one congregation repeat their creed. "What do you mean by these words 'God Almighty'?" he asked one of the peasants. "*Ich weiss nicht*" (I do not know), replied the poor man in his gruff Saxon dialect. "Yea, my man," said Dr. Luther, "I and all the scholars are like you. We do not know what the Power and the Almightyness of God are. But do you just believe that God is your loving and faithful Father and most wise Lord, who will and can help your wife and children in every need, and knows how best to do it." When he came back from that visitation he set himself to write his two catechisms, which explain the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, in the simplest language. For this he had to find time in the intervals of his public labors, his immense correspondence, his controversies, his sore sickness.

A third element of his power was this, that Luther was *a man of truth*—of absolute veracity and sincerity. Because he believed in God he hated lies with all his heart. This was the mark of a strong man, then as now. In his days Christendom was full of edifying lies, of relics manifold and impossible of dead saints. For

instance, three heads of John the Baptist were shown to the faithful and kissed by the privileged, in as many churches of Germany, each authentic beyond question, and sanctioned by the authorities of the Church. Enough wood of the holy cross existed to make a good-sized man-of-war, and a theory arose that it had been miraculously multiplied to meet the wants of the Church. Lying relics, lying miracles, lying pretences, were honeycombing the life of Christendom, and the Church seemed about to sink into a bottomless pit of falsehood and of practical atheism.

Multitudes of people saw through all this business of pretence and make-believe, as clearly as did Luther and long before Luther did. Erasmus and his school held up the frauds of monks and priests to the laughter of the learned world, but they made no earnest and public protest against the wickedness of it. Indeed Erasmus seemed to think that the learned alone had a right to the truth, and that for the vulgar a lie might serve as well as the truth or even better. He looked on (in his own phrase) like a spectator at a play and amused himself with the rogueries he did not really care to have stopped. Others had got to a still lower level than this. They began to regard the whole Christian system as a lie, and to turn to the old pagan writers as the only sensible and truthful people they knew of. "How profitable this fable about Christ has been to us!" was the language of a dignitary of the Church in Italy. "Does Melanchthon really believe all this?" an Italian prelate asked, showing a Wittenberg student Melanchthon's treatise on the immortality of the soul; "I thought he had been a wiser man." An elegant, refined and self-indulgent paganism was becoming the ruling

power in the Church. Luther took no part with the scoffers and the unbelievers. While he remained a papist, he was a papist with all his heart. It was not in the spirit of Erasmus that he denounced Tetzel's lies about indulgences. To his astonishment and horror he found that not Tetzel but he was regarded as the false teacher, that pope and archbishop were accomplices in this bad business, and that whoever called the traffic in indulgences in question was liable to atone for it at the stake. He stood face to face with the fact that he must become an accomplice in the lies, or take an attitude of resistance to those dignitaries of the Church. His adversaries drove him on from position to position, by showing him that he could not call one falsehood in question without challenging a score besides. And step by step he passed onward in his loyalty to the truth, until the Babylonish captivity into which the papacy had carried the Church lay manifest before him in all its ugliness and deformity.

It was one of the principles of Luther's Reformation that the truth always is edifying, while a lie never can be so. He had faith in God, and therefore he believed that truth is always best for men.

And so he stands before the world to-day, the Reformer, the Man of God, the Man of Faith, the Lover of the Truth; dear to all who truly know him, and whose eyes are not held from seeing what manner of man he was.

In the story of this life of storm and struggle and pain, out of which God brought such results, there lie

many unread lessons for us. I shall speak of but one. It is the one taught also in a mistranslated verse of the apostle's Second Epistle to the Corinthians (4 : 3) : "If our gospel be hid, it is hid by the things which are perishing." Whatever stands in the way of God's disclosures of Himself to men is a doomed thing. It may have had its uses. It may be as sacred as the brazen serpent lifted up in the wilderness to heal the dying Israelites, but it will be ground to powder and sown upon the water. It may be as subtle as the all-pervading atmosphere of materialistic skepticism, which to-day pervades the world of thought and excites the fears of the weak in faith. It is doomed, it shall perish, if it come between God and the souls of men. Not, however, by man's power or wisdom. "Our strength were nothing in the fight." As Luther says elsewhere, "We tell our Lord God plainly that if He will have His Church, He must maintain it and defend it; for we can neither uphold nor protect it. If we could, indeed we should become the proudest asses under heaven." It is His affair; so let us lift up our heads, for our redemption draweth near.

ADDRESS

BY

REV. N. S. McFETRIDGE, D.D.

Following the oration of Prof. Thompson came the following address by Rev. N. S. McFetridge, D.D.:

It will be understood that I am brought in somewhat as a dessert after a bountiful meal. Well, I have no objection, provided you have none, for I like desserts myself, though I am sometimes informed that it were better for me to do without them. That may be so; still I take them, as I took my wife, "for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer." And so you will have to take my remarks to-day.

In thinking of what I should say in the few minutes allowed, I have felt as if I stood in a blaze of sunshine trying to catch a few of the rays and hold them up for inspection. For assuredly the Reformation was as a sun rising over a world, and shining more and more unto the perfect day. There is no church, and no people, on the face of the earth, which has not experienced its benign influence. The Roman Catholics are benefited by it, as are the Protestant Catholics. It is the blessing of no one party, but the common heritage of all; and Martin Luther belongs to us all.

Allow me, therefore, to indicate two or three things that this day should emphasize to us.

First. It should emphasize to us Luther's real object. That object was not the destruction of the Church, but the salvation of her; the purging of her of that which was eating the life and soul out of her. Had his object been other or less we should not now be celebrating his birthday, for no weapon that is formed against the Church shall prosper. The work that he did *had* to be done, if the Church was to be saved to the world and its Christ. And he was the man who was called to do it. Pope Leo called him a boar and a wild beast, which had forced itself into the vineyard of the Lord to despoil it; but he was rather a keeper of the vineyard, come into it to root out the weeds, and chase out the foxes, and prune the branches, that the vine might not die, but live and bring forth fruit.

Hence, as it appears to me, all who love the Church of Christ and the truth of Christ, and who delight in the overthrow of the devil, must hail this day with gladness. If any man will curse the sunshine, he may; still the sunshine will continue to beam and laugh and play about him all the same. So let us endeavor to hold before us Luther's object—the purity of the Church and the glory of Christ.

Second. The day should emphasize to us the necessity of union among all Protestants. We are here, men and women who are partakers of the common blessing, equally interested in the welfare of our race, to manifest our fidelity to the principles of the Reformation, and our unity in all the essential doctrines of the gospel. If there be a weakness in Protestantism that needs to be watched and resisted, it is its tendency to division, occasioned by its grand principle of private judgment. Of course morality and religion must have their basis

in private judgment, in the individual conscience, else they will be only mechanical and utterly void of merit. But it is easy to understand how private judgment may be allowed to lapse into individual license, where all communion and union of parts are impossible. There never again may be a one Church, in the sense of having one form of government; for sinful men cannot be safely trusted with great powers. And if I were not a clergyman, I would say that least of all can clergymen be trusted with great powers. Still, though there be a private judgment and an individual conscience, can there not be unity the truest and most substantial? Names and forms can never keep living and loving souls apart; else there could be no such institution as the family. May not, therefore, the outwardly-separated communions of Protestants be as really one in a common faith and affection and purpose—heart to heart and shoulder to shoulder—as if they all bore the same name? Do not we Episcopalians, and Methodists, and Baptists, and Presbyterians, love Luther and his work quite as truly as the Lutherans love them? Would we not, as readily as they, join with him in lifting up and carrying forward the banner of the cross, or in making a bonfire on a cold December day in which to roast a Roman “bull”? Yes, the Presbyterians would gather the sticks; they are said to be dry enough for that, though I am inclined to believe they have as much succulency in them as the other branches of the vine. And the Methodists would kindle and blow up the fire. And the Baptists—well, they would “take the bull by the horns” and immerse him in the flames. And the Episcopalians would gladly sing a *Te Deum*. And so we would all take part and complete the work. And so

may the day be past forever when it can be said by enemies, "see how these Protestants devour one another."

Third. It should be emphasized to us all to-day that God makes things work together for the good of them that love Him. Who could have foreseen, when the Mohammedan power arose, how it was going to serve the interests of the Church? Yet so it has done. It and Romanism were born about the same time, and both grew up in different directions. It was false prophet against false priest; with the balance of morality on the side of the prophet. And when the Protestants in Germany were beginning to multiply, and threaten the reigns of pope and emperor, who but the sultan kept Leo and Charles V. in such hot water as to prevent them from murdering outright the new faith and the new people? Solyman the Magnificent cared no more for Protestants than for papists; but the King of kings cared for them and the truth, and employed this splendid invader as a shield to His Church. Ay, He to whom belong the shields of the earth was making things work together.

And you recall the journey of Luther to Rome, and its consequences. What a happy providence, that journey! Once a converted Tartar king desired to visit the pope, in order to kiss his toe and refresh himself with a sight of the wonderful holiness that he imagined surrounded the vicar of Christ. But St. Louis, who knew more of the pope than the Tartar king did, persuaded him out of his intention. And why? Oh, because, as the pious Louis said, he was afraid that the sight of the pope and the things around him should so disgust the new convert as to turn him back again to

his paganism. Oh, wise Louis! Well it was that no St. Louis was around to prevent the Saxon monk from going to Rome and seeing for himself. Ay, God was making things work together.

And St. Peter's at Rome; you recall that. Leo wanted to have the most magnificent building that the world ever saw; not for the glory of Peter or Christ, but for his own glory and the glory of the bones of the saints. But how to get the money for its erection was the troublesome thing. Well, this happy thought struck him and must have made him dance with delight: he would sell indulgences for it. Ay, there was his hen that should lay his golden eggs. So out goes Brother Tetzels with his bag of indulgences, at approach of whom Friar Luther goes out with his ninety-five New Testament indulgences and sticks them up on the church door; the very place where they ought to be stuck. And you know the result. So we may say, had there not been a St. Peter's, there had not been a Reformation. So let St. Peter's stand, a monument to the Reformation; the great pontifical idol that called out the earnest and pious monk. Ay, God was making things work together. And so He is doing now. Wherefore we can work and pray in Luther's faith and Luther's hope.

Fourth. One thing more the day should emphasize to us: the power of the pen and the press in the work of the world's evangelization. They say that one day when Luther was in Wartburg Castle the devil made his appearance to him, while he was translating the New Testament, and threatened to devour him for being engaged in such a work. Luther had been troubled by this person before, and now he determined to give him

a final shot if possible. So catching up his ink-pot he hurled it with all his might at the devil's head. At this the devil was terribly scared and fled for his life. He never had seen such a thing before. He had seen "holy water," and liked it; but what sort of black water was this? Would it not blacken the eyes and brains of him, that he never could see nor think again? Anything almost he could endure but this ink, that was medicated with the doctrines of the New Testament! Hence he fled in great fright.

Now it seems to me that was a most excellent thing for Luther to do, and is a most excellent thing to be kept up. Let every inkstand in Protestantdom be hurled at the devil's head; hurled through the pen and the printing-press. It may be that he sometimes hides behind the editor's chair; but the editor should look out for him, and fire his ink at him. It may be that he has analyzed some of the modern ink, and finds it made of different stuff than was that of Luther. But if real, sterling, Protestant ink be used—ink in which the translating pen of the New Testament has been dipped—and hurled at his head, not at his tail, he will fly out of our houses and churches as badly frightened as he fled from Wartburg Castle.

Oh, gloriously has the writer's and printer's ink fought the devil already! Let it fight him even more gloriously. Let every man and woman of you who wields a pen, wield it against this foul fiend and in defence of God's truth.

Let us have the faith, the zeal, the earnestness, the sublime courage, of Luther and the Reformers. When John Ziska, the leader of the Hussite Reformers, was dying, he begged that his friends should take his skin,

when he was dead, and make a drum out of it, with which to drum up the Reformers and lead them on to battle against Christ's enemies. What an excellent drum! It would be the brave old hero speaking again in the conflict. Ah, the heroism of those men makes us feel like falling down and worshipping them. Oh, had we their spirit, how worthy we should be of the name stamped on our creeds—Protestantism!

A beautiful and suggestive monogram has been made, in Latin, out of this word Protestantism: *Pro—te—stant—i, Jesu—s, Salvator—m, Mundi*; “for Thee they stand, Jesus, Saviour of the world.” So let it be our name before men and angels; ours in all its fullness and power and sweetness: *for Thee they stand, O Jesus, Saviour of the world!*

