Luther and Other Leaders of the Reformation

John Tulloch

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Table of Contents

Prefatory Material
- Dedication
- Prefatory Note

Luther and Other Leaders of the Reformation.
- Introduction.
- I. Luther.
- II. Calvin.
- III. Latimer.
- IV. John Knox.
- Index

Indexes
- Latin Words and Phrases
- German Words and Phrases
- French Words and Phrases
- Index of Pages of the Print Edition

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TO

MY WIFE

INSCRIBED WITH LUTHER'S WORDS

"Gottes höchste Gabe auf
ist ein fromm, freundlich, gottes-
fürchtig und häuslich Gemahl
haben."

PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS volume has been for some years out of print. After the publication of two editions, the opportunity of reprinting passed while my time was otherwise occupied. The interest awakened in Luther this summer led me to a renewed study of the subject;[1] and I have described more at length some points in the career of the great Reformer, and especially the many-sidedness of his life and character, as depicted in the 'Tischreden.' The sketch thus enlarged may be welcome to many readers; and the contrast presented in the second sketch of the volume between the German and Genevan Reformers helps to bring out the characteristics of both. Besides the additions made to the chapter on Luther, I have carefully revised the volume throughout.

In some cases I have altered the spelling of the names; but others, such as "Wicliffe" and "Huss," I have let alone, although well aware that the more approved spelling is now "Wiclif" and "Hus." In a popular book it seemed affectation to change such well-known names. For the same reason, I have not entered into such minute questions as the exact form of Luther's "memorable words" at Worms, and other points regarding which discussion has been recently raised. These matters are not unimportant; but they do not affect the estimate I have given of Luther's career and character.

J. T.

St Andrews, November 1883.

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[1] Dr Julius Köstlin's 'Martin Luther, sein Leben and seine Schriften,' in two volumes, has appeared, as well as his popular 'Leben' in one volume, since the last edition of these sketches. The larger work is an ample and admirable monograph, but cannot be said to have added to our knowledge of the subject. The literature on Luther has been always ample, and its sources especially fresh and copious in the 'Tischreden'–and 'Briefe,' De Wette's ed., 5 vols.

LUTHER AND OTHER LEADERS OF THE REFORMATION.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Reformation of the sixteenth century can only be fully understood when we recognise it as the result of a long preparation. On the first view it seems a sudden outburst of spiritual life and intellectual freedom, led on by a few great men, whose energy and success appear almost miraculous in the face of the obstacles amidst which they contend; but, on a nearer and more comprehensive inspection, we discern several series of converging forces running through the preceding ages, all tending towards the same end,—and whose long-gathering impulse, as represented and expressed in the Leaders of the movement, more than anything else, precipitates the crisis. These Leaders must always fix our main attention: they not only cover the scenes of the actual movement by their great figures, but what they said and did forms the highest expression of the spiritual and intellectual influences previously in operation, and which then reached their highest point of development. Yet these men will also be better appreciated, when we view the gradual lines of advance which they headed, the "increasing purpose" of reform which manifested itself in the earlier centuries, and which, continually stifled and interrupted, nevertheless renewed itself with a deepening intention and meaning. The great actors on the stage become more intelligible and more interesting when we obtain a glimpse of the springs which moved them, and the prior and long-maturing conditions out of which their teaching and influence grew.

The preparation which led to the great crisis of the sixteenth century, may be said to carry us back to the first ages. The light of primitive truth was never entirely extinguished. It flickered indeed but feebly amid the encroaching darkness, yet we can still trace it here and there; and when the earliest Reformers appealed, as they did, to the primitive and apostolical character of their teaching in contrast to the sacerdotal corruptions and abuses against which they protested, there is no reason to doubt that their appeal often rested on a true succession of "simpler manners and purer laws," which had never been altogether lost. This succession appears especially in the south of Europe, along the Mediterranean coast, and in the romantic country which separates Italy from what we now call France. From Vigilantius, the opponent of Jerome, and the earnest denouncer of the increasing licence of monasticism in the fifth century, to Claude of Turin in the beginning of the ninth century—who distinguished himself by hostility to the idol-worship patronised at Rome, and who declared, as to the Pontiff, that "he is not to be called apostolic who merely occupies the apostolic seat, but he who fulfils the functions of an apostle,"—there were, no doubt, many witnesses to the like truth and faith which they defended. The same Alpine valleys which sheltered the last days of Vigilantius, saw the rise of Claude, and it is not likely that in the interval there should have been an entire lack of the reformatory spirit which animated them. There is reason to think, indeed, that the spirit which three centuries later broke out with such intrepid intensity in these very valleys, had lived on from the very first ages, obscure, and often ignorant, but never altogether submissive or absorbed in the ecclesiastical life, which spread from Rome, and sought to mould everything to its own dictates.

Rome, however, made a steady advance during all this period. From the alleged donation of Constantine to the grants of Pepin, it continued to grow in power and in centralised dominion. When, in return for the protection and privileges conceded to it, Leo III. placed the imperial crown of the West on the brow of Charlemagne (800), the Papacy may be said to have been fully consolidated, and to have entered upon the career of triumph which, amid all temporary reverses and disgraceful pollutions, it maintained for five centuries. From the middle of the eleventh to the close of the thirteenth century its career culminated. This is the time of its greatest ascendancy, of its proudest names—Gregory VII. (Hildebrand), Innocent III., and

Boniface VIII. By the light of these names, separated from each other by about a century,[2] we trace the highest successes of the Roman Pontificate. It reigned supreme, not only in the realm of religious thought, and over all the movements of ecclesiastical life, but it claimed to be the arbiter between contending sovereigns, to exercise feudal as well as spiritual supremacy over many kingdoms, and even to dispose of crowns, and award empire according to its will.

The spirit of religious opposition had sunk to its lowest ebb during the earliest part of this period. Throughout the tenth and eleventh centuries, there is no reforming name which can be said to arrest our attention. The following age, however, was destined to be one of extraordinary intellectual and religious conflict. While the Papacy reached its most scornful height towards the close of the twelfth century, and was enthusiastically supported by some of the most striking manifestations, both of its thought and activity,—the mysticism of Bernard, the scholasticism of Peter Lombard, the fierce bigotry of the Crusades—a series of reformatory energies at the same time broke out, and assailed it from different sides. Two of these were of an especially powerful and interesting character. The one, intellectual in its origin, passed into a movement of practical reform, directed against the overgrown temporal power of the Pope and the clergy generally; the other, spiritual in its beginning, maintained throughout an entirely religious character. The former is deeply important in its twofold speculative and political aspect the latter moves us by the terrible pathos of the sufferings which mark its course, and the tragic picturesqueness of its incidents. Abelard and Arnold of Brescia are the great names which signalise the one; Peter Waldo, the poor men of Lyons, and the peasants of the Cevennes and the Val de Sesia are the heroes of the other. Both were crushed beneath the heel of the triumphant hierarchical despotism, but both left their enduring trace on the mind of Europe.

It may seem singular to conjoin Abelard and Arnold of Brescia—the profound and subtle intellectualist and the stern practical reformer—the philosopher and the demagogue but there is no doubt that Arnold imbibed his spirit of life and zeal from Abelard, although it assumed in him a very different direction from that which distinguished it in his great master. When the latter retired from the Abbey of St Denis to a lonely priory near Troyes, Arnold was one of the eager and enthusiastic students who gathered in crowds around the famous teacher. His intellectual independence and ethical ardour kindled in Arnold an intense disgust at the worldly lives of the clergy, and led him to devote himself to an energetic mission of reform on his return to his native country. He appeared as the apostle of a primitive simplicity, setting an example, in his own life, of complete self-denial to all the pleasures of the world, and calling upon the clergy to renounce their secular callings and worldly positions. A secularised church, he held, was no longer a true church, and priests and bishops plunged in the affairs of the world were no longer the true ministers of Him whose kingdom was not of this world. The inspiring idea of all his movements was to restore the purity of the early faith, and to renovate the spiritual order after the pattern of the apostolic ritual. The influence of Arnold extended. widely. Many who did not sympathise with his religious sentiments, hailed him as the hero of a political emancipation from the Papacy. Expelled from Brescia, he fled for a time beyond the Alps and settled in Zurich, where he may have scattered the seeds which afterwards ripened into the teaching of Zwingli; but the popular spirit which had spread in Italy, very much as the result of his teaching, drew him back to Rome in 1145, where he and his party established a republic, and for nearly ten years upheld its ascendancy. Under the terrors of ‘an interdict, however, he was again expelled. He sought shelter in Campania, but was at length seized by order of the Emperor, transferred to Rome, and executed with such secrecy and despatch, that the mode of his death remains uncertain. Only one thing is known, that his ashes were flung into the Tiber, lest the devoted populace should pay honour to the remains of the martyr to their liberties.

This abortive but magnanimous movement of Arnold is only one of many symptoms of revolt that marked the first half of the twelfth century. We have mentioned how it connected itself with the teaching of Abelard and Abelard himself, in his inquisitive and rationalistic theology, may be said to follow, although he does not appear to have been influenced by Berengar of Tours, in the end of the preceding century. Differing in many respects, and without any common aim, these three names stand forth together as antagonists of Catholicism in the greatness of its fame. Nor do they stand alone. In the south of France, where the spiritual agitation of the times seems to have been concentrated, various disturbing elements may be traced.—some of them the mere reflex of the great Manichean schism, casting forth its troubled energies from. the East, but others of them of native growth, marking the insurrection of the religious principle in behalf of evangelical simplicity and practical earnestness.

The distinction should be carefully observed between these two classes of phenomena. Sometimes they may have mingled with and crossed one another. The Bogomiles, the Catharists, and the Pasagians, are apt to appear confounded with the Petrobrusians and Henricians; but they were in reality very different. The former were all offshoots from the decaying trunk of Manicheism—expiring fragments of the great Gnostic heresy, which, attacking Christianity in the beginning of the second century, clung to it with a fatal tenacity through the most varying developments. They have no interest in our point of view. They were not signs of reviving health. Their opposition to Rome did not spring from any new excitement of the religious feeling. They were sects by long descent, and dragged out their existence in the midst of persecution from the mere lingering strength of the profound but half-forgotten principle in which they originated, rather than from any vitality of spiritual coherence. The latter were the expressions of a really reforming Christian spirit. Occupying in part the same area as the others, they have no affinity with them, save in opposition to the Papacy. Springing from within the bosom of the Church, they mark an awakening spiritual life, and not a decaying intellectual subtlety.

Peter of Brueys was a preacher of Languedoc, and Henry, a monk of Cluny. The restoration of a simple and less worldly religion was the aim of both, called forth by the same spectacle of ecclesiastical corruption which had moved Arnold of Brescia. Along with this practical bent we detect in the former certain theoretical tendencies similar to those of the later Anabaptist; but upon the whole a spiritual zeal and earnestness for the truth governed both. Both, like Arnold, were eminently preachers of righteousness, and not theosophists or rationalising mystics. They were the forerunners, in fact, of the great spiritual movement which burst forth in the second half of the century, and which, as it was more pervading and permanent, has become more historical than their comparatively insulated efforts. It absorbed these latter, and gathered under a common name the wide-spread spiritual excitement which at this time had nearly alienated from the Church of Rome the whole of the south of France, the fair region of Provençal song and civilisation. It was this, more than any singular power in their leader, or any traditionary inheritance of the truth, such as has been sometimes arrogated to them, that gave to the Waldensian, or, to adopt the still more general name, the Albigensian movement, which marks the close of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century, its great significance and most lasting influence. The spiritual forces which had been long in action, springing out here and there, at length spread themselves into a general stream, which drew the attention of the whole Church, and required the most consummate efforts of policy and cruelty to counteract and destroy it.

The special origin of the Waldenses seems clearly settled, notwithstanding the controversy which has gathered round the subject. Peter Waldo (Pierre de Vault) was a rich citizen of Lyons

in the middle of the twelfth century. While attending a meeting of his fellow-citizens, one of them suddenly fell down and expired. The incident made a deep impression upon him, and returning home he resolved to give himself to the study and advancement of religion. He disposed of his wealth among the poor, assumed himself the garb of poverty, and invited others to share with him a life of evangelical simplicity and self-denial. In so far, we see in him only the same characteristic reaction against clerical worldliness that distinguishes all the Reformers of the period; but his love of Scripture, and the means which he took to promote its knowledge, give to his labours a peculiar and enduring stamp. Unsatisfied with the mere fragments of Scripture retailed by the preachers or accessible in the ritual of the Church, he employed two persons with competent attainments to translate for him the whole of the Gospels, and other portions of the Bible, into the Romance language. These he studied with great avidity, and multiplied and spread abroad copies among the people. Gradually he had the whole or the greater part of Scripture translated and widely circulated; and from this source of knowledge and quickening, more than from anything else, the movement connected with his name made progress and gathered a permanent meaning and influence. This connection with Scripture, and the vigorous and unextravagant evangelical life which was the consequence, signalise the Waldensian Reformation from the similar attempts that mark the age, and enabled it to absorb them, thereby warranting the popular idea which brings the Waldensian movement more prominently than any that preceded it into connection with the Great Reformation.

Peter Waldo and his followers seem at first to have had no inclination to separate from the Church. They desired rather to be recognised within the Church—to be allowed to study Scripture and follow their self-chosen mission of instructing the ignorant and neglected under its highest sanctions. For this purpose, when they were forbidden by the Archbishop of Lyons to expound Scripture, they appealed to the Pope, Alexander III. They sent delegates to Rome, bearing a copy of their Romance version of the Bible, and soliciting the approval of the Holy See to their formation into a spiritual society. The knowledge of this fact we derive from the account of an English Franciscan monk,[3] who was present in Rome at the time, and who has left us a graphic account of the external aspect of the poor men of Lyons, as they appeared in the streets of the Holy City, but who discovers too plainly, at the same time, that he did not understand the spirit that animated them. “They go about barefoot, two by two,” he says, “in woollen garments, possessing nothing, but, like the apostles, having all things in common—following naked Him who had not where to lay his head.” The Pope appointed a commission to converse with the poor men, and inquire into their story. The members of the commission, of whom the Franciscan monk was one, performed their part ill. When they could find no harm or heresy in the men, they sought to cover them with ridicule, and by their advice the Pope refused the request of the deputation. It was one of those critical moments in the history of the Papacy when its usual penetration and policy forsook it, and its very consciousness of strength proved a source of weakness. The opportunity once passed, it could never be recalled. The Waldenses. had no wish to separate from the Church; but the thought of abandoning their mission of Scriptural instruction and preaching never entered into the minds of these simple men, and the result was, they were driven outside of the Church, to which they might have given a new life and strength, throughout the south of Europe. Innocent III., with his higher discernment, saw the mistake of his predecessors, and sought to correct it by forming the now widely spread sect into a church society of Pauperes Catholici, but it was then too late. They had by that time learned to look with indifference on the sanction of the Church, and assumed somewhat of an attitude of hostility to it.

In the course of thirty years the poor men of Lyons had multiplied into the great Albigensian sect, covering the whole of the south of France. It was in 1170 that the deputation waited in

Rome the decision of the Lateran Council in their case; it was in the opening of the thirteenth century that a special embassage, headed by no fewer than three papal legates, met on its pompous journey a Spanish ecclesiastic, who condoled with its members on the almost universal disaffection towards the Church of the fair district through which they passed. Something more than condolence, however, was already moving the heart of St Dominic. He saw far more clearly than his companions the real state of matters, and the remedy that was needed. "It is not by the display of a pompous procession, by the celebration of worldly dignity and a host of retainers," he said, "that the cause of the truth will be advanced among these poor and ignorant, but zealous and simple-minded people. Zeal like theirs must be met by zeal, humility by humility, preaching falsehood by preaching the truth." Such was the great work which he undertook amongst them. Now, as later, zeal called forth zeal, earnestness without the Church awoke earnestness within it; and Dominic, at the head of his black friars, was the historical reaction, within the Church of. Rome, of Peter Waldo and his followers without it. Dominic, however, or at any rate his followers, soon brought more than spiritual weapons to their aid. The Inquisition, with all its gloomy horrors, was set up in Toulouse, and its secret and terrible power soon reached to every village and family of the suspected heretics. Unmoved by friars' preaching, unyielding before the darkest tortures, the bloody sword of the Crusader was finally invoked to crush the poor peasants of Languedoc. Under the leadership of one of those men who live in history, branded by its vilest stigma of religious ruffianism—Simon de Montfort—a war of devastation was carried into those beautiful provinces. Men, women, and children were massacred or driven from their homes to seek a precarious shelter amid the wild fastnesses and lonely valleys, whose romance still receives its most hallowed charm from the sanctified memory of their faith and the pathetic glory of their sufferings.

Temporarily strengthened by such a bloody triumph and the earnestness and zeal everywhere called forth by her new mendicant orders, the Church of Rome seemed once more alone in its proud predominance—its enemies crushed and its members elated with the fire of a freshly kindled energy. During a century and a half longer, it may be said to have maintained the unchallenged ascendancy to which the rivalrous zeal of Dominican and Franciscan, the tortures of the Inquisition, and the sword of the Crusader had once more raised it. This long period, indeed, was not without witnesses to the reforming earnestness for which Arnold of Brescia and Peter of Brueys had suffered, and the simple truth for which the poor men of Lyons had been massacred or driven from their homes. Robert Grostête, of Lincoln, by his simple and quiet dignity, and blameless holiness of life, withstood the insolent pride of Innocent III. in his last years. William of Occam attacked the scandals of the Papacy by his withering satire. The Fraticelli and Spirituals, as they were called among the Franciscans, and many of the Tertiaries or secular fraternity attached to the same body, raised their voice against the disorders of the Church; and in a book, entitled the 'Everlasting Gospel,' supposed to be the production of the Abbot Joachim, anticipated a reformation destined to come through the humble power of the preaching of the Word. The spirit of evangelical purity and simple-minded and benevolent zeal which so prominently characterised the movements of the twelfth century, continued to live, especially in Flanders and Germany, in societies known under various names, such as Beghards and Cellites, and the "Vineyard of the Lord." Through these different undercurrents the unextinguished Christian life of the twelfth century propagated itself onward to the fourteenth century, but none of them assumed any historical prominence; in none of them did the opposition to Rome rise into any consistent vitality or vigour.

In the course of the fourteenth century, the Papacy, by its own weakness, may be said to have invited the extensive movement of opposition which then again set in against it. The enforced residence of the Popes at Avignon during the first seventy years of the century, and

the disgraceful schism which followed their return to Rome, and lasted for the next forty years, proclaimed the weakness of the great power which had hitherto governed Christendom. Not only so, but those very orders whose first institution had done so much to reinvigorate Catholicism, and before whose preaching and regular organisation no less than before the sword of the Crusader and the arm of civil authority, the heretics had been crushed and driven out of sight, had now yielded almost everywhere to the process of corruption that seemed inherent in every species of monasticism. The friars, black and grey, had ceased to be the self-sacrificing and earnest preachers that in the beginning they had been. Their simplicity and zeal had perished, and ignorance and cupidity taken their place. They wandered about from country to country, vending relics and disposing of pardons to the highest bidders: their sermons had become mere fables—"chronicles of the world, and stories from the siege of Troy." The ignorant crowds that gathered around them in the villages through which they passed were pleasantly deluded by their lies; their letters of fraternity were a passport to self-indulgence. It is not to be wondered at that a cry of indignation arose against them from many of the regular clergy, as well as all in whom there remained any reality of religion.

It was at such a time that John Wicliffe appeared, the greatest of all the "Reformers before the Reformation," and who initiated a movement which not only spread throughout England and the south and west of Scotland, but also reached to Bohemia, and whose suppressed but powerful agitations lasted till the great outbreak of the sixteenth century. There are two distinct periods in the reforming career of Wicliffe, in the first of which he appears as the great opponent of the Mendicants, and the intrepid advocate of national rights and liberties against the usurpations of the Papacy—in the second of which he assumes the higher character of a doctrinal reformer, denouncing not merely the ecclesiastical abuses but the false teaching of the Papacy. In both points of view he rises far above all preceding Reformers, if not in the consistency and heroism of his character, in the clear and thorough comprehension of the principles from which he argued, and in the intellectual power and moral dignity with which he maintained them. We recognise in him, the more we know of him, a man who was not merely moved by a violent hatred of the papistical abuses amidst which he lived, and who stood forward in a half-political, half-religious attitude against them, but who was moreover animated by the most liberal culture of his day, and took a foremost rank among the leaders of its thought. He remains undoubtedly the greatest reforming spirit that England has produced—the hero, more than any one that has followed him, of its democratic religious sympathies—the embodiment, in the fourteenth century, of the principles and energies which, in every Protestant country more than in England in the sixteenth century, brought forth men of heroic mould, reaching far above their contemporaries.

Wicliffe's hostility to the monks was first stimulated by his regard for the privileges and interests of the University of Oxford, of which, in the course of twenty years of residence,[4] first as a scholar, and then as a fellow of Merton College, he had become a distinguished member. The Mendicants swarmed in Oxford as in Paris and the other universities, and strove zealously to acquire and keep all academic influence in their hands. They sought to regulate the degrees according to their pleasure, and to facilitate, in defiance of certain statutes, the course by which a youth could become one of their number. Parents became alarmed, and students rapidly and greatly diminished. The university was violently divided; and Wicliffe, not content with resistance to them on this particular matter, boldly denounced their whole system as an imposture.

A dispute affecting his own academic position and rights no doubt quickened his zeal. He had been appointed to the head of Balliol Hall, and almost immediately afterwards to the head of a new college instituted by Islip, Archbishop of Canterbury, which received the name of

Canterbury Hall. According to its original constitution, this college was to be partly composed of monks and of secular priests; but the keen rivalry of the two classes rendered such a constitution impracticable. The archbishop accordingly expelled the monks and the warden, whom he had set at their head, filled their place with secular students, and appointed Wicliffe to be warden; but, having died in the following year, the new primate, Langham, himself a monk, restored the expelled members and their former warden to their position, and in fact converted the new college into a monastic establishment. Wicliffe appealed to Rome, although with little hope of receiving justice in such a quarter.

While Wicliffe's own case was still pending at Rome, a question of great national importance occurred betwixt the King of England and the Papacy. Urban V. had made a demand for the payment of the arrears of the one thousand merks which Innocent III. had extorted from King John as the annual acknowledgment of the alleged fealty of the kingdom to the Roman See. The tax had been intermitted for thirty-three years, and the unwise demand for it was encountered on the part of nobles and King with proud and high-hearted resistance. "Julius Cæsar exacted tribute by force, which can give no perpetual right; let the Pope come and take it by force—I am ready to stand up and resist him." Such was the spirit that animated not only one of the warlike peers that Edward consulted in his council-chamber, but the country. After all that had happened, and with the red blood of Cressy and Poictiers still fresh in the memories of men who had gloried in the national triumph, it was not to be supposed that a French Pope should be quietly permitted to exact tribute from England. Wicliffe, who had been advanced to be one of the King's chaplains, and who, in this capacity, had been present at the debate on the subject in the King's council, was called upon to reply to a defence of the papal claim which had been anonymously sent abroad. He ingeniously set forth his arguments in the name of the bold barons who had resolved to resist the claim; and in this manner, while protecting himself as yet from direct conflict with the ecclesiastical authorities, he assumed the front, as it were, in a great national movement against the pretensions of the Papacy. Occupying such a position, it may be imagined that his interests were not likely to thrive in Rome; and in 1370, accordingly, decision was pronounced against him in reference to the wardenship of Canterbury Hall.

This result did not seriously affect his position at Oxford. He was appointed Doctor and Professor of Divinity; and from this time we may date the growing enlightenment of his mind as to the whole subject of the Papacy, the unscriptural character of its doctrines, at well as the unnational and degrading effects of its worldly pretensions. For some time still, however, we merely see him in the capacity of a practical reformer, leading on a general national movement supported by the King and the Parliament. Great dissatisfaction had long prevailed at the papal interference with the royal patronage in the appointment to livings, and especially at the number of rich benefices bestowed upon foreign prelates, and the constant drain of the national resources in consequence toward the papal court. The grievance was of old standing; and, in order to avert it, the first statute of Provisors had been passed in the reign of Edward I. The abuse, however, had continued, to the indignation of the Parliament as well as the King. The most determined resolutions were formed to withstand all further encroachments of the papal see. The Pope, on his part, complained that his apostolic briefs were not allowed to be published in England, and that his nuncios were ignominiously prevented from entering the country. A commission was appointed to confer with the papal legate at Bruges on the disputed point, and Wicliffe was nominated as second in the commission. The result of the negotiation was a compromise between the contending parties, which removed special difficulties that had occurred in the course of the dispute, but which did not attempt to deal with the general question, and settle the rights on either side.

On his return Wicliffe was promoted to a prebend, and received the Rectory of Lutterworth, so associated with his last years. He may be said to have now stood at the height of his fame—a name of power in the country, allied with that of his great friend and protector the Duke of Gaunt, the King's brother—a terror to the monks—an apprehension to the hierarchy. His brief residence at Bruges, and what he learned there in intercourse with the papal legates, had deepened his dislike to the system, and at length he hesitated not to attack it openly. The Pope had become to him Antichrist,—"the proud worldly priest of Rome—the most cursed of clippers and purse-kervers!" The extortionate spirit which the Papacy everywhere manifested kindled his keenest indignation. "Though our realm had a huge hill of gold," he said, "and never another man took therefrom but only this proud worldly priest-collector, in process of time the hill would be spent; for he is ever taking money out of our land, and rendering nothing back but God's curse for his simony, and some accursed clerk of Antichrist to rob the land more for wrongful privilege, or else leave to do God's will, which men should do without his leave." Looking to the frightful evils which had sprung out of the worldly grasping of the clergy, with the Court of Rome at their head, Wicliffe was led to adopt views fundamentally at variance with all right of Church property and the endowment of the Church. The Roman bishop who accepted the endowed protection of Constantine, he considered to have introduced ecclesiastical corruption, and he boldly and passionately called upon the King and Parliament to withdraw the temporal property of the Church, and restore it to its primitive condition of evangelical purity and usefulness; for, "by reducing the clergy to meekness and useful piety, and ghostly travail, as lived Christ and His apostles, sin should be destroyed, and holiness of life brought in, and secular law strengthened, and the poor communion aided, and good government, both spiritual and temporal, come again; and, what is best of all, as Christ's Word would run to and fro freely everywhere, many men would wing their way to heaven."

It was not to be supposed that sentiments such as these should long pass unnoticed. The hierarchy were watching their opportunity against the Reformer; and, at a meeting of Convocation in the beginning of 1377, he was summoned to be examined as to his opinions. Courtenay, Bishop of London, now, as afterwards when raised to the primacy, distinguished himself as his chief opponent. Wicliffe obeyed the summons, and on the 19th February attended at St Paul's, the place of citation—but not alone. His friend John of Gaunt and Lord Percy, earl marshal, accompanied him. An immense and excited crowd had collected, whose sympathies appear to have been by no means in favour of reform. The popular feeling at the time ran high against the great Duke, who was supposed to cherish sinister designs against the young Richard, son of the Black Prince, who had been the idol of the nation, and whose death, during the previous year, was still deeply mourned. It was the outbreak of this feeling, no doubt, that Wicliffe now experienced. With difficulty could he and his friends get admittance to the chapel; and the wild scene which ensued, when at length they forced their entrance, is graphically narrated by the historians. Courtenay and John of Gaunt broke out into a violent altercation. As the fierce words of the Duke that he would drag the bishop out of the church by the hair of the head circulated, an irresistible tumult rose among the multitude outside. The assembly was broken up, and Wicliffe escaped under the protection of his friends. The popular excitement, however, vented itself against the Duke's palace; it was attacked, the arms on it reversed, and the palace itself would have been burnt to the ground but for the intervention of the bishop.

Foiled for the time in their aims, the bishops resolved to call in the papal authority to their help. Information of Wicliffe's opinions was despatched to Avignon, and their condemnation solicited. The Pope, Gregory VI., eagerly responded to the call, and replied by five bulls, three addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury and other bishops, one to the King, and one to the University of Oxford, commanding an inquest into the erroneous doctrines attributed to the

Reformer. As the consequence of these proceedings, Wicliffe was summoned before the prelates at Lambeth. The meeting took place in the spring of 1378, and no fewer than eighteen articles were exhibited against him, but none of them, as yet, touching any point of doctrine. They mainly concerned his principles as to Church property and the validity of Church censures. On this occasion he was no longer backed by his noble friends. The accession of Richard II. in the interval had changed the tactics of John of Gaunt, and withdrawn him at least from open connection with the Reformer. He had now, however, a more powerful backing. The popular feeling had turned toward him with enthusiasm, and its impatient and threatening manifestation awed the Assembly. When it had scarcely commenced, it was hurriedly closed by the entrance of Sir John Clifford, who, in the name of the Dowager Princess of Wales, commanded the bishops to desist from further proceedings. They barely had time to lay upon Wicliffe an injunction to refrain from preaching the obnoxious doctrines when they dispersed. The Catholic historian, Walsingham, contemplates their easy conduct with indignation. "As reeds shaken by the wind," he says, "their speech became soft as oil, to their own discredit and the degradation of the Church: they were panic-stricken as men that hear not, and in whose mouth there is no reproof."

Wicliffe was now the recognised head of an extensive reaction against the hierarchy. His own views became enlarged, and his untiring energies sought additional means of influence, and more familiar channels for diffusing his opinions. He entered upon his great work of translating the Scriptures, and as he progressed in it, he began to question the doctrines, as well as the external powers and prerogatives, of the Church. He especially attacked the doctrine of transubstantiation, He denied that the substance of the bread after consecration was destroyed, according to the current view; it was only exalted to a nobler substance. It did not cease to be bread although it became the body of Christ. The Duke of Lancaster and others warned him that they could not follow him in the perilous path on which he had now entered. But Wicliffe no longer sought for such encouragement: he was firm in his own strong and brightening convictions. By his indefatigable exertions the Scriptures were widely circulated, and his opinions spread abroad. He had a numerous retinue of poor preachers, who itinerated from village to village, carrying copies of parts of the Scriptures with them. The common people heard them gladly, and the silly sermons of the monks were neglected. Many of the burghers and middle class adhered to his views, and lent their countenance in the diffusion of the Bible. His influence seemed likely to grow into a great schism, which might have alienated the greater part of the nation from Rome.

The time, however, was not yet ripe. A series of popular commotions, which, in their origin, had no connection with the dissemination of Wicliffe's opinions, but which were easily identified with them in the minds of the timid and the prudent, broke forth throughout England. The sack of London, the murder of the archbishop, the wild levelling doctrines proclaimed by the leaders of the movement, alarmed all the friends of order. Now, as in later times, the supporters of religious reform were discredited by the apostles of anarchy: all innovation was confounded with disorder; and in the minds of many the name of Wicliffe became scarcely less opprobrious than that of Wat Tyler or John Ball.

Under the influence of such suspicions, and with Courtenay elevated to the primacy in place of the murdered Sudbury, the clergy resolved to proceed more resolutely than they had yet done against the Reformer. He was summoned to a synod at the Grey friars in London. As the synod convened, an earthquake shook the city, and many were disposed to regard it as an unhappy omen; but Courtenay, with great presence of mind, said, "It is the earth throwing off its noxious vapours, that the Church might appear in her perfect purity." Twenty-four articles were

exhibited against Wicliffe. After three days' debate ten were condemned as heretical, the rest as erroneous. Among the heretical articles, prominence was given to his denial of transubstantiation; and many who were otherwise inclined to follow him, shrank from his views on this head. Every solemnity was given to the promulgation of the decrees of this synod, and a preacher sent down to Oxford, the great seat of Wicliffe's influence, to uphold the cause of the Church. The Reformer himself was prostrated with illness, but nothing daunted in spirit. When supposed near to death, he raised himself in his bed, and said, "I shall not die but live, and declare the work of the friars."

In a few months his voice was again heard in reply to the Council of the Greyfriars, and in a petition addressed to the King and Parliament, in which he claims that he may be allowed to defend the articles contained in his writings, as proved by authority or reason to be the Christian faith. The Parliament was convened in autumn (1382) at Oxford. The Convocation met along with it. The latter body, less confident than the synod at the Greyfriars, hesitated to stir the question as to the temporal privileges of the hierarchy, while Parliament declined to interpose in the matter of doctrine: it had no wish to defend any heresy as to transubstantiation. The result was that the Reformer was summoned to answer on this single point. He appeared, and debated it before his auditory with a profound and perplexing subtlety. Master of a homely and rugged speech in addressing the common people, he was at the same time a most skilfully trained disputant, possessed of the highest scholastic attainments, which he did not hesitate to employ to confound and puzzle his adversaries. But though confounded, they were resolved. Lancaster strongly counselled him to submission; but he would not yield. He was condemned, and his condemnation publicly promulgated in the very place where he was holding his lecture. No extreme measures, however, followed this step. He was permitted to retire to Lutterworth, where, in the quiet labours of his parish, and in unremitting zeal for the truth, he spent the two remaining years of his life. Worn out by labours and anxieties, the paralysis from which he had formerly suffered again attacked him. On the last Sunday of the year 1384, while engaged in conducting public worship, he was struck down, and, two days afterwards, expired.

The high character of Wicliffe, the ardour of his faith, the spiritual energy of his life, had made a strong impression. He himself asserts that a third of the clergy had adopted his views. Knyghton, the chronicler, regretfully declares that, "of two persons met on the road, one of them was sure to be a Wicliffite." His disciples, known as Lollards, abounded everywhere—in the Church, in the castle, on the throne—among the poor, the wealthy burghers, and the nobles. The widow of the Black Prince was favourable to them, and the good Queen Anne was almost an active partisan. To what height Lollardism might have grown in England, save for the political mischances which had in some degree overtaken it before its founder's death, and which continued to pursue it, it is difficult to say. The accession of the Lancasterian family to the throne, the support which they gave to the hierarchy, and which the hierarchy in return rendered to them, the revolutionary designs attributed to the Lollards, and for which their leader, Sir John Oldcastle (Lord Cobham), suffered in 1417, all contributed to crush the party; while the long wars of the Roses which followed, still further served to obscure the light of truth which had been kindled in England. As we shall see, however, this light was never entirely extinguished. It lived on in faint streaks here and there, until it was swallowed up in the dawning glory of the sixteenth century.

Not in England, but in a country which would seem at first to have little connection with it, is the movement of Wicliffe found renewing itself, and rising into European prominence. Bohemia stood in many respects isolated from. the German states: a Sclavonian kingdom, surrounded by Teutonic neighbours, with interests of its own, and a population inquiring, earnest, and

independent. The University of Prague was a centre of attraction to thousands of students from Germany and Poland: its halls were as thronged as those of Paris and Oxford, and its scholastic reputation scarcely inferior. A spirit of freedom in the Church had raised up a succession of men distinguished by reforming zeal and practical earnestness—Militz, Conrad of Waldhausen, and Matthias of Janow. By the pastoral labours of the first, the most wonderful moral change had been wrought among certain classes of the brilliant but dissolute city. Conrad was even more distinguished as a preacher; the very Jews flocked in crowds to hear him. He inveighed against the worldly practices of the Church, and especially the taking of money in exchange for spiritual blessings, which he denounced as the worst of heresies. He exposed the hypocrisy and pretended poverty of the monks. He tried to elevate the popular mind above its idolatry of relics, and held forth the supremacy of the spiritual life. "They only," he said, "who are led by the Spirit of God are the sons of God." Dominicans and Franciscans combined against him, and tried to silence him. They drew up twenty-nine articles of heresy, drawn from his sermons, but at length shrunk from prosecuting them, and he was allowed to continue his work in peace till his death in 1369. Matthias of Janow was rather a theologian than a preacher. By his writings, however, he contributed to a spirit of inquiry even more than Conrad by his sermons; and his influence is very visibly impressed upon the movement which followed.

John Huss entered into the religious inheritance of these men. First a student, and then a teacher in the University of Prague, of deep seriousness of character and unaffected piety, he was naturally drawn towards the small but earnest party which, for nearly half a century, had been labouring to advance the cause of truth in Bohemia. He became, about the close of the fourteenth century, confessor to the queen, and preacher in what was called the Bethlehem Chapel, attached to the university. At first his denunciations were of a general character, and the clergy were among his warm admirers; but he soon began to direct his most unsparing attacks against the luxury and licentiousness of the Church, and gradually advanced to deeper and more fundamental views of reform. The writings of Wicliffe are said to have been mainly instrumental in producing this advance in Huss's opinions. They had at this time been largely introduced into Bohemia. The marriage of Richard II. with Anne, the sister of the King (Wenzel), had established a peculiar connection between the two countries. The scholastic renown of their great seats of learning helped to strengthen this connection. Bohemian students found their way to Oxford, and Oxford scholars to Bohemia. In this manner Wicliffe's writings became subjects of lively interest in the University of Prague—an interest owing to their philosophical no less than to their religious character.

The long-standing feud between Nominalist and Realist raged in the university,—the Germans on the former side, the Bohemians on the latter. Wicliffe was known as a distinguished Realist one of his earliest writings by which his scholastic reputation had been acquired having been on the "Reality of Universal Conceptions." Both in his case and in that of Huss, the philosophical bias of reform had entirely and "somewhat singularly changed. The Nominalism of Abelard and Occam—the philosophy of the turbulent reforming spirits of the Church—had found refuge and defence within its bosom; while the traditionary philosophy of orthodoxy of Lanfranc, of Anselm, and of Aquinas—was now become the watchword of the movement party.

Wicliffe's Realism greatly contributed to his influence in Prague. It was not without its effect upon Huss, but it was the deeper Christian spirit of the Englishman's writings that chiefly moved him. "I am drawn to them," he said, "by the manner in which they strive to lead all men back to Christ." The Bohemian, however, never seems to have clearly adopted the advanced views of the English reformer on transubstantiation. The bent of Huss's mind was practical rather than

doctrinal or speculative; and the reform which he courted was, above all, a reform of the Christian life. He did not aim, like Wicliffe, to reconstruct the whole edifice of the Church.

Associated with Huss was a young knight, Jerome of Prague, distinguished by his intellectual culture and restless ardour. He had studied in Oxford and Paris. He had visited Jerusalem, Hungary, and even Russia, and everywhere attracted notice by his accomplishments, his energy and eloquence. He became an enthusiastic disciple of Wicliffitism. "Until now," he said, "we had nothing but the shell of science: Wicliffe first laid open the kernel." Huss and Jerome were fast friends, and laboured in zealous co-operation; the latter more impulsive and enterprising—the former more moderate, self-possessed, and gentle in his manners.

In 1403 the contest in Prague regarding the opinions of Wicliffe came to a head. Certain propositions ascribed to the English reformer were brought before a meeting of the university. The Bohemians and Germans were divided; but the great majority of the German students gave them an easy victory. This, far from allaying, only served to increase the feeling of bitterness between the two parties. Two years later Pope Innocent III. issued a bull, addressed to Archbishop Sbynko, urging him to suppress and condemn the Wicliffite heresies spreading in Bohemia. Hitherto the archbishop, if not cordial in favour of the Reform movement, had not been hostile to it; and even for some time still there was no disturbance of the good understanding subsisting between him and Huss. A rupture, however, could not in the nature of things be long postponed. A royal edict regarding the manner of voting in the university, designed to secure the Bohemian students against the preponderance in numbers of the Germans and other foreigners, became a sort of turning-point in the controversy. Indignant at the edict, the German students left Prague in a body. The Bohemian party were left in undivided possession of power; and, as a sign of this, Huss was immediately elected rector of the university. The rejected students spread everywhere abroad the report of heresy against the Bohemians. Not merely high-churchmen, but those addicted to the more liberal theology and ecclesiasticism of Paris, represented by Gerson and D'Ailly, took alarm at the rise of a system that seemed to aim at the overthrow of the hierarchy altogether. The archbishop and a majority of the clergy began to realise the nature of the crisis, and to place themselves in vigorous opposition to the Hussite party.

Through various alternations this opposition ran its course during the next ten years. The writings of Wicliffe were burned by order of the archbishop. Huss appealed to the Pope, and was summoned to appear at Rome; but the King refused him permission to obey the summons, and sent an embassy in his stead. Sentence of excommunication was passed upon the Reformer, and an interdict laid upon the city. The popular excitement against the clergy became extreme. The archbishop began to feel that he had carried matters too far, and showed an eagerness for some settlement. A commission was appointed to negotiate the matter, and the result was that Huss made a confession of faith designed to vindicate his orthodoxy, which the archbishop saw reason to accept; while he, on his part, reported to the Pope that his diocese was at length purged of heresy.

But this compromise, which took place in 1411, was too hollow to last, even if Rome had not immediately provoked the renewal of the struggle. While the embassy from Bohemia still remained in Rome, the vendors of the papal indulgences were sent forth into the country—everywhere excited by a spirit of reform—and began, with their usual arts, their nefarious traffic. Huss was moved to irrepressible indignation, and raised his eloquent voice against them. They were subjected to popular outrage. The unguarded zeal of Jerome fanned the flame, and the

most violent commotions ensued. In their attempts to maintain order, the magistrates seized some of the rioters, and three young men were executed. The populace looked upon them as martyrs. Their dead bodies were protected, and, amid songs and prayers, conveyed to the Bethlehem Chapel, and interred there. The anti-Hussite party, however, had in the interval gathered strength; and, aided in their designs at Rome by a crafty priest, Michael de Causis, who had formerly been in the employment of the King of Bohemia, they were violently determined to uphold their ascendancy. At his instance the Bohemian ambassadors were imprisoned; the ban of excommunication launched forth anew against Huss; and Prague laid again under an interdict. King Wenzel hesitated amid the elements of disorder that raged around him, and Huss withdrew from the city—but only by his eloquence and zeal to spread his opinions more extensively throughout the country.

Things were in this excited state when the Council of Constance met. It was a great event in the history of the Church. The abuses of monasticism, the scandal of a divided Papacy, the growth of heresy, had all called for an expression of the public opinion of Christendom, and this was at length to be given forth. The Council was to be a reforming one in the nature of the case. Its great work was to purify and reestablish the Church in undivided strength. Huss, therefore, did not require to be urged to attend it. To vindicate his preaching, and raise his voice against the prevailing corruptions, in presence of its representatives, assembled from every quarter, was, above all, what he desired to do. The Emperor Sigismund promised him, in the most solemn manner, a safe-conduct. He was to have the opportunity of fully explaining his sentiments before the Council; and if he did not accept its decision, his safe return to Bohemia was guaranteed.

Huss accordingly set out for Constance in October 1414. A spirit of heroic faith animated him, yet he was not without dark misgivings. He left a letter in the hands of one of his disciples, which was only to be opened on the certain intelligence of his death, and which contained his will, with many pious confessions and exhortations. He reached Constance on the 3d of November, a few days after Pope John, whose numerous and splendid escort had passed him on the way. All along his journey he had received many tokens of sympathy and approval. Like Luther, afterwards, in his famous journey to Worms, he travelled in a kind of state. Wherever he passed, he professed his willingness to explain his views, and to defend himself from the charge of heresy. The clergy in many places sought his counsel. The parish priest of Pernau, with his vicars, waited upon him at his lodgings, drank to his health in a large tankard of wine, and freely conversed with him on matters of Christian faith. At Nuremberg the “friends of God” welcomed him; and, while he was engaged in church in discussion with them, three Bohemian nobles arrived, bearing the Emperor’s safe-conduct; and to them was intrusted the particular duty of watching over and protecting their countryman in his mission.

All these arrangements, however, were only preliminaries to a base betrayal on the part of the Emperor, and a mock trial on the part of the Council. For about three weeks after his arrival he was left at liberty; and to all who visited him, he freely explained his opinions, while he continued to urge his claims to be publicly heard. His enemies, in the meantime, were quietly concocting his ruin. Even those who otherwise professed the reformation of abused, could only see in his aims the overthrow of the Church; and Gerson and D’Ailly joined no less rigorously than Pope John and Michael de Causis in his condemnation. He was seized and thrown into prison on the 28th of December. He and his friends had still a hope in the safe-conduct of the Emperor. The Bohemian nobles urgently remonstrated against the violation of the Emperor’s protection, and he himself, when he first heard of Huss’s imprisonment, threatened to break open the doors of his prison by force. Craft and bigotry, however, were destined to prevail. The

Emperor, after his arrival, was wrought upon in such a manner as to abandon his safe-conduct and leave Huss to his fate. No excuse can be made for such an act of perfidy. But Sigismund plainly saw that he must either give up Huss or see the Council dissolved, which, after so many difficulties, had assembled at his summons. He chose the former alternative. Huss was summoned four several times before the assembled representatives of the Church, confronted with certain articles from his works, and urged to unconditional submission. Amid uproar and insult, and the meanest attempts to entangle him in logical subtleties on the subject of transubstantiation, he replied to his accusers with admirable confidence and self-possession. He would submit when convinced, but no other considerations moved him. “Let the lowest in the Council convince me, and I will humbly own my error,” he said—meek but brave words, the day for understanding which, however, had not yet come! He was condemned to be degraded from the priestly office, and then burned. The sentence was carried out with every circumstance of ignominy and cruelty. As they stripped him of his priestly robes, he said, “These mockeries I bear with equal mind, for the name and truth of Christ!” “We devote thy soul to the devils in hell!” cried his enemies. “And I commend my soul to the most merciful Lord Jesus!” he calmly replied. Thus perished John Huss, the Bohemian Reformer, like his great Master, amid the curses of a triumphant hierarchy.

Jerome of Prague, who had come with rash confidence to be near his friend, and who had also been seized and imprisoned, was next summoned before the Council. Worn out by his miserable imprisonment, his spirits broken and his health feeble, he was induced to make a recantation of his errors; but with time for reflection, he regained his vigour of mind, and professed his determination to maintain to the death the doctrines of Wicliffe and John Huss. His condemnation followed; and, as if to make up for his temporary weakness, he died with the most cheerful intrepidity. Bound naked to the stake, as the flames consumed him, he continued to sing hymns in a “clear, untrembling” voice.

The execution of Huss and Jerome kindled the flames of war in Bohemia—a war distinguished alike for atrocity and heroism. Alienation of race mingled with bitterness of religious hatred; and Bohemians fought with Germans, not merely to vindicate the cause of their martyred countrymen, but to avenge their insulted patriotism. Crusading army after army, sent forth by the Emperor and blessed by the Church, were met and routed by the Hussites, under the proud leadership of Ziska and Procopius. The insurrectionary movement embraced the whole country, and strengthened itself by successive victories. The Council of Basle, which met in 1433, was fain to negotiate with the triumphant Hussites, and a temporary concordat was arranged between them and the Emperor. This did not long prevent the renewal of hostilities, but it served to give permanent effect to dissensions that had already begun to weaken the cause of the reformers. They separated into two great parties, known by the name of the Calixtines and the Taborites. These dissensions accomplished in course of time what the arms of the Empire had failed to effect. The opposition to Rome gradually languished. So many violent and merely secular feelings had mingled in it, that when the tension of active contest was relaxed, the religious attitude of resistance gave way. A small remnant, however, proving faithful to its principles, formed the seed of the famous Community of Bohemian or Moravian Brethren, whose zealous Christian life survived, not only to the time of the Reformation, but long beyond it.

The decaying issue of the Hussite movement brings us to the verge of the sixteenth century. Yet it cannot be said that we trace any direct links of connection between the German and the Bohemian reformer: Luther bears no such relation to Huss as Huss did to Wicliffe. The immediate effect of the Bohemian insurrection, on the contrary, was to strengthen the power of

the Church in Germany. The Germans regarded with offence the opinions of a hostile people, whose arms had not only kept the imperial forces at bay, but invaded and laid waste their provinces and cities. The course of the reform movement seems, therefore, to run out at this point. The torch, if not extinguished, does not pass from hand to hand; yet it remained a grand beacon, at once of encouragement and warning. Luther did not spring in any historical connection from Huss, but the Bohemian reformer remained to him a noble example of heroic principle, and the Hussite struggle an affecting memory of the inefficacy of the sword to secure the great work of religious reformation.

In the meantime, throughout the fifteenth century, new seeds of preparation for the great revolt were everywhere ripening. The reforming efforts hitherto made had failed, not from any lack of heroism in the men that led them, nor from any deficiency of the truth that animated them, but above all, from the inadequate field prepared to receive the truth. The darkness of ignorance lay as yet, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, too heavy upon the popular mind. Intellectual as well as political power were too strongly centred in the Church to permit of a successful resistance either to the one or the other. A wider field of interest was necessary before individual resistance could rise into triumph; but such a field was now, in the course of the fifteenth century, rapidly preparing, especially in Germany.[5] We can trace this wider movement of preparation in three several directions,—political, religious, and literary; and, with a brief glance at these combined preparatory influences, we shall find ourselves on the threshold of the great crisis of the sixteenth century.

The worldly and degraded spirit of the hierarchy, and the exactions which it everywhere made, continued to come always into more jarring conflict with the advancing interests of national pride and political freedom. Notwithstanding the disgraceful schisms which had so long rent it, its conflicts with successful Councils, and not least, its own profligacy and crimes—notorious to Christendom in the infamies of a Baldassare Cossa, and the tragic and appalling wickedness of a Borgia—the Papacy relaxed none of its pretensions. It spread its intrigues everywhere, aided by many of the most able and unscrupulous of the prelatic aristocracy, and the swarming herds of monks, sunk in ignorance and vice. The great end of its existence was to procure money to feed its insatiable avarice or prop its assailed power—in some instances, it must be confessed, to minister to great works of art and civilisation. For this purpose, the instrumentality of indulgences, the manufacture and the sale of pardons, had received an enormous extension, and reached a flagrant height of abuse. Huss, we have seen, had already been aroused by it. The tracts of Wicliffe and the poems of Chaucer, still earlier, testify to its popular notoriety. We shall see to what tremendous significance it was destined to grow in the life of Luther.

It is not wonderful that a widespread excitement as to these abuses of the Papacy continued to gather force, notwithstanding all the vigorous checks its successive outbreaks had encountered. These checks had mastered the opposition for the time, but left its roots still uneradicated and strong, ready to spring up after a fresh season of repose. Wherever there was any reality of national life, any feeling of political hope, there could not fail to be found a rising spirit inimical to the pretensions of Rome. More than any other nation, Germany possessed at this time such a national life. The weakness of the Papacy on the one hand, and the distance of the Empire on the other, had given prominence and power to its several states, and promoted a spirit of healthy activity and freedom in its great municipalities. The old conflict of the Emperor with the Pope, although the spirit of opposition had been modified by recent circumstances, such as the Bohemian war, still served as a tradition of hostility. It was the floating banner, the symbol, of an immemorial national cause, which allured men like Sickingen and Hutten, and

under which they burned to go forth and fight. Germany, moreover, was virgin soil, or nearly so, as far as the hitherto impeded footsteps of reformation were concerned. She had not been left to languish like England, Bohemia, France, and Italy, under the defeat of a reformatory impulse in which she had prematurely put forth the best and heartiest fibres of her national energies. In air these respects Germany might have been seen to be politically destined as the scene of the next great movement of Reform.

But such political, or, as we may call them, external influences, while they formed the necessary conditions of such a movement, could never by themselves have given a true and enduring life to it. This came, and could alone come, from the Divine influences surviving in the heart of German Christendom, and which, although they had not hitherto, as in other countries, broken forth into any violent flame, had yet lived on in devout seclusion and patient doing of works of mercy, or in the earnest doctrines of some great teacher, whom the Church had not approved, but not violently extruded.

While England had not yet begun to sway with the agitations of the Wicliffite reform, Germany and the Low Countries were nursing in their bosom various elements of a free spiritual life. Cologne, which, by the time of the sixteenth century, had sunk into the main refuge of monkish ignorance, was at this earlier period the centre of a spiritual earnestness which propagated itself by means of various associations, such as we have already mentioned. It was the characteristic of these societies, in contrast to the regular monkish establishments, that they were comparatively free and unorganised. They grew up under an operation of a common inward principle, rather than of an associative external bond; and their aim was to foster the spread of this principle, leaving it to its free action rather than to secure its permanence by legal restraints. Some of them were composed of women, such as the Beguines, others of men, such as the Beghards; some appear to have been more practical, others more contemplative, in their sphere of work. Among the latter must be reckoned the Brethren of the Free Spirit—the nursery of the great names of German mysticism—Eckart, Tauler, Suso, Ruysbroek. The labours of these men, especially the inward spiritualising and free character of their teaching, standing at the very opposite extreme to the prevailing scholastic theology, kept alive a spirit of inquiry and Christian zeal. They were not reformers—this is not the point of view in which they are interesting; but through them the warm current of Christian life, without which the Reformation could never have arisen, continued to pour itself onwards with fertilising vigour.

When these earlier associations had degenerated in virtue of the very licence which, to some extent, they represented, the Brethren of the Common Life sprung up towards the beginning of the fifteenth century. These societies were distinguished from those of the Free Spirit by the comparatively evangelical character of the aim of the Brethren, their devotion to the study of Scripture and the active work of education, as well as almsgiving and visiting the poor and sick. Many of them spent their lives in multiplying and diffusing copies of the Scriptures, and watching over the care of the young. Their simple manner of living, their spirit of soberness and faithful self-denial, their extended beneficence, gave them a powerful influence—to which, more than to any other cause, was owing the latent heat of Christian susceptibility spread throughout Germany, and which responded so rapidly to the touch of Luther's glowing words. Gerhard Groot may be said to have been the founder of the Brethren of the Common Life, and Thomas à Kempis is their most illustrious name.

Alongside this undercurrent of Christian life, which largely pervaded German society in the fourteenth century, and in fact springing out of it, there is found a succession of distinguished teachers of the Augustinian theology, in opposition to the Pelagian tendencies of the prevailing

scholasticism. John Pupper of Goch, chiefly known by a work on Christian Liberty; John of Wesel, professor at Erfurt, and then preacher at Mayence and Worms; and especially John Wessel of Gröningen, are the representatives of this doctrinal tendency. The last and most eminent of them was educated under the guidance of Thomas à Kempis, and, as a theologian, may be said to have anticipated Luther in every direction, and on the doctrine of the Eucharist to have gone beyond him.. Luther himself said of him: "If I had read Wessel before I began, my opponents would have imagined that I had derived everything from him, so entirely do we agree in spirit." Combining profound devotional feeling with great dialectical and speculative power, Wessel is preeminently the theological forerunner of the Reformation. The Mystics, Ullmann says, "contributed warmth and spiritual life; others, like Huss, were greater in action; but Wessel was supreme in reformatory thinking, research, and doctrine." He contributed light to the approaching movement.

Following these names, that of Staupitz, the friend and long the patron of Luther, deserves special mention. He was allied by his contemplative thoughtfulness, simple and gentle character, and fervent piety to the Mystics, of whose writings he was an ardent student and admirer. It was at his instance that Luther edited in 1516 the 'Theologia Germanica,' the text-book of German mysticism, whose perusal profoundly moved him; and we shall see more particularly in the sequel how decided an influence Staupitz exercised upon the great reformer at the most critical period of his life.

The influences which we have now marked were among the most direct and powerful in preparing the way for the Reformation of the sixteenth century. They were those which it took up most directly into its bosom, and which most immediately helped, by their energy, to stimulate and strengthen it. Something more, however, was needed to secure to the movement that wide diffusion and intellectual and historical importance which it so soon obtained. The unripeness of the times had especially proved fatal to the preceding movements. The superiority of intellect and the highest knowledge that prevailed had, upon the whole, remained with the Church. Scholasticism was still in the ascendant, its vigour still unspent. But now at length a great revival of intellectual life spread beyond the Church; and, in many of its aspects and most distinguished representatives, came closely into collision with its decaying forms. This revival had already begun in Italy, when the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, and the dispersion of its scholars throughout the south of Europe, gave a greatly increased impetus to it. Classical studies everywhere gained ground, and this irrespectively of any application to theological or ecclesiastical purposes. They were pursued for their own sakes, and as the basis of a new and general human culture, the idea of which survives in the name[6] that came to be universally applied to them.

Taking its start in Italy, this literary renaissance soon extended into Germany and the Low Countries. Rudolf Agricola, a friend and companion of Wessel, is one of the first names that attract our attention. He may be reckoned the father of German Humanism. His scholarship was everywhere applauded his literary knowledge esteemed marvellous. The two great names, however, that represent this new intellectual movement, are those of Reuchlin and Erasmus. The early contests of the latter with the monks, the piquancy and success of his famous satires, brought him into immediate connection with the reformatory tendencies of his time. There was no name that, for a while, was more a symbol of reviving Christian as well as literary interest. His New Testament studies widely stimulated inquiry, and called forth principles at variance with the traditionary theology. He was the great leader of the Humanists; the prominent representative of a spirit of culture directly inimical to the long-venerated Scholasticism, and before the spread of which it was destined to perish. We shall afterwards have occasion. to

estimate the special position which he took up towards Luther, and the diversities of aim and modes of thinking and action by which they were characterised.

Reuchlin again became the centre of a conflict singularly significant of the insurrectionary spirit abroad, and the rottenness of the defences opposed to it. A baptised Jew of the name of Pfefferkorn, at Cologne; raised a cry against all Jewish writings as full of blasphemies against Christ, and called upon the Emperor to commit them to the flames. The Dominicans joined with him, and urged that the Jews should be proceeded against as heretics. The Imperial Council consulted Reuchlin in the circumstances. The son of a poor messenger, he had risen by his great accomplishments and happy manners to a post of influence at the court of Würtemberg, and was especially distinguished by his Oriental learning, and the attention he had given to the Rabbinical writings. As may be imagined, Reuchlin protested strongly against the proposal of the Dominicans. They were enraged at his interference, and attacked him with all the bitterness of ignorant and offended pride. He retorted with stinging sarcasm; and Hochstraten, the Cologne inquisitor, summoned him before his tribunal. Reuchlin appealed to Leo X. The contest widened and raged, not only throughout Germany but in Paris. Hutten and his coadjutors in the 'Epistolæ Obscurorum virorum' joined in it. In coarse and broad, but vigorous and vivid satire, the stupidity and obscenity of the monks were made to tell their own story in a continually running allusion to their quarrel with Reuchlin. The effect was so felicitous that (as in the no less famous case of Pascal's Provincials) some of the monks themselves thought the letters genuine.

This occurred in 1516, on the very eve of the Reformation. A revelation of such mingled pride, ignorance, and wickedness, was in itself a revelation of weakness which could not fail to make a deep impression everywhere. Even the Pope felt ashamed of the Cologne ecclesiastics, and gave sentence in the dispute against them. A house thus divided against itself could not long stand. The monks, and especially the Dominicans, had become, in their deepened corruption, a constant and dangerous source of affliction to the Papacy; and Tetzel, with his indulgences and money bag, was soon to prove this with a conspicuous fatality.

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[2] 1073, 1198, and 1294.
[3] Walter de Mapes. NEANDER, vol. viii. p. 426.
[4] He was born in 1324. He entered Oxford, when sixteen years old, in 1340, and he emerges into public notice about 1362.
[5] The movement of Savonarola in Italy is very memorable and important in itself, but it remained too isolated from the general results, and presents too close a parallel to previous movements, to require from us separate notice.
[6] Literæ Humaniores—"Humanity."

I.

LUTHER

LUTHER.

LUTHER is the most notable of all the Reformers. His name at once starts the most stirring associations, and leads into the widest details and discussions. His work was comparatively single and original in its energy; and his life was especially heroic in its proportions, and varied and graphic and interesting in its incidents. There is a grandeur in the whole subject, below which we are apt to feel that we constantly fall, particularly within the limits of a mere sketch.

Few characters have been more closely observed or more keenly scrutinised. There is a breadth and intensity and power of human interest in the career of the German reformer, which have concentrated the attention both of friend and foe upon it; while the careless freedom and humorous frankness with which he himself has lifted the veil and shown us his inner life, have furnished abundant materials for the one and the other to draw their portrait and point their moral. I do not know that in all history there is any one to whose true being, alike in its strength and weaknesses, we get nearer than we get to that of Luther. This is of the very greatness of the man, that from first to last he is an open-hearted honest German, undisguised by education, unweakened by ecclesiasticism, unsoftened by fame. Whatever faults he had lie upon the surface: they appear in all the manifestations of his character, and we have nowhere to search for any secret or double motives in his conduct. No one has ever ventured to accuse him of insincerity. He lives before us in all that he did; and neither dogmatic violence nor political necessity ever serve to hide from us the genuine human heart, beating warm beneath all the strong armour of controversy, or the thin folds of occasional diplomacy.

The life of Luther divides itself into two great periods, which denote as well an important distinction in his work. The first of these periods terminates with the Diet of Worms (1521) and his imprisonment in the Wartburg, and is marked by the striking series of events which signalise his education and conversion, his conflict about indulgences, and then his general conflict and final breach with Rome. The whole series falls naturally into three main groups or stages sufficiently distinct, yet of disproportionate outline. The first may be said to extend to the memorable year of 1517, and summons before our minds a varied and lively succession of pictures—the boy at Mansfeld, the scholar at Eisenach, the student and monk at Erfurt, the pilgrim to Rome, the professor and preacher at Wittenberg. The second stage, with all its peculiar significance, is a very rapid one, lasting exactly a year from October 1517, when he posted the ninety-five theses on the gates of the Church of All Saints, to October 1518, when he fled by night from Augsburg after his unsuccessful interview with the Legate[7] Cajetan. The third is traced in its successive steps by the Leipzig Disputation, July 1519; the burning of the Papal

Bull, Dec. 1520; and, finally, the Diet of Worms, April 1521.

Between these several stages of the reformer's career there Is an intimate natural connection—a connection not merely accidental, but, so to speak, logical, in the manner in which they follow one another. They arise, the later from the preceding, by a sure process of rational and spiritual expansion, issuing in order like the evolving steps of a great argument, or the unfolding scenes of a great drama, or like both together,—presenting a marvellous combination at once of logical consistency and dramatic effect. It is of great importance, therefore, to understand the principle and ground of the whole, as portrayed in the struggles and experience of the first part of his life. The convent at Erfurt is the significant prologue to the whole drama.

Luther was born at Eisleben on the evening of the 10th of November 1483. His parents were poor,—his father, John Luther, being a miner; his mother, Margaret, a peasant. Humble in their circumstances, they were both of superior intelligence and character. The father was a diligent reader of whatever books came within his reach, and had his own somewhat immovable convictions as to life and duty; the mother was esteemed by all her honest co-matrons as peculiarly exemplary in her conduct,—ut in exemplar virtutum, as Melanchthon says. The story is, that they had gone to Eisleben to attend a fair, when their son was unexpectedly born on the eve of St Martin. The next morning he was carried to the Church of St Peter, and baptised by the name of the patron saint of the day. Shortly after Luther's birth, his parents removed to Mansfeld, where, by industry and perseverance, his father's worldly circumstances improved. He became the owner of two small furnaces, and was elevated to some civic dignity in the town of the district. Here, in the "Latin school," the young Martin first began to experience the hardships of life. He appears to have been a somewhat unruly boy, or the school discipline must have been of a very savage description. He is said to have been flogged by his master fifteen times in one day; and while the scholastic rod thus weighed heavily on him, the parental rod was not spared. Neither father nor mother nursed the boy in softness. He himself gives us rather an unpleasant glimpse of the domestic discipline. "He was whipped for a mere trifle," he says, "till the blood came." But then, as a companion picture, serving to relieve by its bright tenderness the severity of the other, we are told of the father carrying the little Martin to school in his arms, and bringing him back in the same manner.

Having got all the schooling he could get at Mansfeld, he went first to the school of the Franciscans at Magdeburg, and then nearer home to Eisenach. It was in the latter place, while singing in the streets for bread, according to a common practice of the German schoolboys, that his fair appearance and sweet voice attracted the notice of a good lady of the name of Cotta, who provided him henceforth, during his stay at school, with a comfortable home. Luther in after years recalled his school-days with till the zest of his genial and affectionate nature, and used, in his familiar house-sermons, to exhort his hearers "never to despise the poor boys who sing at their doors, and ask bread for the love of God." He would illustrate the advantage of prayer by a humorous story drawn from his experience as a street-singer. "Importunity in prayer," he says, "will always bring down from heaven the blessing sought. How well do I remember singing once as a boy before the house of a rich man, and entreating very hard for some bread. At last the man of the house came running out crying aloud, 'Where are you, you knaves?' We all took to our heels, for we thought we had angered him by our importunity, and he was going to beat us but he called us back and gave us two loaves."[8]

On his reaching his eighteenth year, it became a question to what profession he should devote himself. His father's ambition was excited by his talents, and the law seemed the most likely avenue by which these talents could carry him to distinction and emolument. He

accordingly entered the University of Erfurt, then the most distinguished in Germany, with the view of preparing himself for the legal profession. There he studied philosophy in the writings of the school-men, and perfected his classical knowledge in the pages of Cicero and Virgil. Even thus early the barren subtleties of the scholastic philosophy rather repelled than interested him. They left, however, a permanent influence on his intellectual character.. He took his degree of Doctor of Philosophy or Master of Arts in 1505, when he was twenty-two years of age, and the event, according to custom, was celebrated by a torchlight procession and great rejoicing.

But before this event he had begun an education of a far more real and profound character than any that the university could impart to him. One day, as he was turning over the books in the University library, he fell upon a copy of the Vulgate. He beheld with astonishment that there were more gospels and epistles than in the lectionaries. A new world opened upon him; he returned again and again with avidity to the sacred page, and, as he read, his heart burned within him. Several circumstances served to deepen these feelings—a dangerous sickness, which brought him near to the point of death, and the decease of a friend of the name of Alexis, accompanied, or at least somehow deeply associated in his mind, with a dreadful thunderstorm to which he was exposed on his return to Erfurt after a visit to his parents. This latter event especially made a powerful impression upon him. The common version of the story[9] is, that the lightning struck his friend by his side as they journeyed together, and that Luther was so appalled by the disaster that he fell upon his knees in prayer, and resolved, if spared, to dedicate himself to the service of God. The story is at least a fair tribute to the childlike piety that now and always animated him. He kept his resolve, silent and apparently unmoved for some time, yet cherishing it in his heart. His mode of carrying it out was characteristic. One evening he invites some of his fellow-students to supper, gives them of his best cheer; music and jest enliven the company, and the entertainment closes in a full burst of merriment. The same night there is a solitary knock at the door of the Augustine convent, and the student who has just gaily parted from his companions, two volumes alone of all his books in his hand, a Virgil and a Plautus, passes beneath its portal. He has separated from the world, and devoted himself to God, as he and the world then understood devotion.

The three years which Luther now spent in the convent at Erfurt are among the most signal and significant of his life. During these years were laid deep in his heart those spiritual convictions out of which his whole reforming work sprang and grew into shape. The sparks which were afterwards to explode in the overthrow of the Papacy, and to lighten up into the glory of a restored Gospel, were here kindled. The struggle for which Germany was preparing, was here rehearsed in the single soul of a solitary monk. It is a painful and somewhat sad spectacle; but it possesses not only the interest of an earnest individual struggle, but the sublimity of a prelude to the great national conflict which was impending.

It was Luther's duty as a novice to perform the meanest offices in the convent. He had chosen his lot, and he was not the man to shrink from its mere servile hardships; so he swept the floors, and wound the clock, and ministered in various ways to the laziness of his brother monks. He was even driven to his old trade of street-begging, as they assailed him with their doggerel cry, "Saccum per nackum"—"Go through the streets with the sack, and get us what you can to eat." After a while, and by the friendly interference of the university in his favour, he was able to resume his studies. Augustine and the Bible on the one hand, and Occam and Gerson on the other, shared his attention, and we are left vaguely to guess what seeds of divine truth from the one, and of papal disaffection from the other, were sown in his mind. All was as yet a chaos in his spiritual condition. The darkness had been stirred within him, and a profound uneasiness produced, but no ray of light yet rested on. it. By fasting and prayer, and every

species of monkish penance, he laboured to satisfy his conscience and secure his salvation. “If ever monk could have got to heaven by monkery,” he afterwards said, “I might have done so. I wore out my body with watching, fasting, praying, and other works.” He was sometimes for four days together without meat or drink. But all his labours and mortifications brought him no peace. The terrors of guilt haunted him as a bodily presence—clung to him as a pursuing shadow, so that one day at mass he cried out, as some dire aspect of wrath rose up before him, “It is not I! it is not I!” On another occasion he disappeared for certain days and nights alarm was excited; his cell door was broken open, and he was found prostrate on the floor in a state of helpless emaciation—unconscious, and apparently dead, till roused by the chanting of the young choristers. The one human influence to which he was never insensible, moved him when everything else had failed. Now and always, music had a charm for him only second to theology. “It is the only other art,” he says, “which, like theology, can calm the agitations of the soul and put the devil to flight.”

At length light began to dawn upon him, and it came from a source already recognised and described. The Augustines had recently received a new vicar-general in the person of Staupitz, and he now came on a visit of inspection to the convent at Erfurt. The character of this man stands out, amid the prevailing unworthiness of the Romish clergy of the time, as a remarkable and most honourable exception. Of clear intelligence, simple and affectionate feelings, and most real and living piety, he reflects the brightest side of the system which he represented; and it is well for us to remember that it had such a bright side, and that, saving for this, Luther and his work might never have been what they were. With characteristic frankness the reformer never ceased to confess his spiritual obligations to the head of his order. “Through him,” he said, “the light of the Gospel first dawned out of the darkness on my heart.” Touched by the undisguised zeal and” grave and melancholy looks of the young monk, Staupitz sought his confidence. Luther unbosomed himself. “It is in vain,” he said, “that I promise to God; sin is always too strong for me.” “I have myself,” Staupitz replied, “vowed more than a thousand times to lead a holy life, and as often broken my vows. I now trust only in the mercy and grace of God in Christ.” The monk spoke of his fears—of the terrors of guilt that haunted him, and made him wretched amidst all his mortifications. “Look at the wounds of Christ,” said the vicar-general; “see the Saviour bleeding upon the cross, and believe in the mercy of God.”—Surely a brave and true Gospel speaking from the bosom of the old and corrupting hierarchy to the heart of the nascent and reviving faith! Luther further deplored the inefficacy of all his works of repentance. “There is no true repentance,” answered Staupitz, “but that which begins in the love of God and of righteousness. Conversion does not come from such works as you have been practising. Love Him who has first loved you.” There was comfort in such words to the heart of the weary monk. The darkness began to clear away; but again and again it returned, and the struggle went on. “Oh, my sins! my sins!” he exclaimed, in writing to the vicar-general. “It is just your sins that make you an object of salvation,” was the virtual reply. “Would you be only the semblance of a sinner, and have only the semblance of a Saviour? Jesus Christ is the Saviour of those who are real and great sinners.” To these precious counsels Staupitz added the present of a Bible; and Luther, rejoicing in its possession, devoted himself more than ever to its study. Gradually the truth dawned upon him as he nourished himself upon Scripture and St Augustine. Still he had not attained a clear and firm footing. A renewed sickness, brought on by the severity of his mortifications, brought back his old terrors. God seemed an offended judge ready to condemn him, and he lay miserable in his fears, when an aged monk, who had come to see him, sought to console him by repeating the words of the Creed, “I believe in the forgiveness of sins.” Luther caught at the words. The monk pressed the point by urging that it was necessary to believe not only that David’s or Peter’s sins were forgiven, but that his own sins were forgiven. From this

time the doctrine of grace was clearly seen by him, his soul passed into its bright light. The confusions which had rested on the language of Scripture cleared away. “I saw the Scripture in an entirely new light,” he says, “and straightway I felt as if I were born anew; it was as if I had found the door of Paradise thrown wide open.”

Thus Luther fought his way step by step to the freedom of the Gospel; from hard and painful asceticism to despair of holiness by any such means, and then from the very depth of this despair to the comfort and gladness of a free salvation in Christ, as preached to him by Staupitz and the aged monk. By the end of his stay at Erfurt his Christian convictions were well matured, although he was still far, and for many years after this still far, from seeing their full bearing, and the inevitable conclusions to which they led.

In the year 1507 he was ordained a priest, and in the following year he removed to Wittenberg, where the Elector Frederick of Saxony had recently planted a university, destined to be memorably associated with the reformer. If Erfurt be the cradle of the Reformation, Wittenberg was its seminary and the chief seat of its triumph; and the old Augustine convent there, even more than that at Erfurt, gathers to itself a stirring and glorious, if somewhat less solemn interest.

At first Luther lectured on dialectics and physics, but with little good-will. His heart was already in theology—that theology “which seeks out the kernel from the nut, and the flour from the wheat, and the marrow from the bones.” In 1509 he became a bachelor of theology, and immediately began lecturing on the Holy Scriptures. His lectures produced a powerful impression by the novelty of their views and the boldness of his advocacy of them. “This monk,” remarked the rector of the university,[10] “will puzzle all our doctors, and bring in a new doctrine, and reform the whole Roman Church, for he takes his stand on the writings of the apostles and prophets, and on the word of Jesus Christ.” On such truly Protestant ground he already stood, although he called himself after this, and truly enough so far as all practical recognition of his position was. concerned, “a most insane Papist.”

From lecturing he passed to preaching, although here, as at every step, with a struggle. He had an awful feeling of the responsibility of speaking to the people in God’s stead, and it required the urgent remonstrance of Staupitz to make him ascend the pulpit. He began his career as a preacher in the small chapel of the convent, a mean building of wood, thirty feet long and twenty feet broad, decayed and falling to pieces. There for the first time was heard that mighty voice which at length shook the world. His words, Melanchthon said, were “born, not on his lips but in his soul;”[11] they sprang from a profoundly awakened feeling of the truth of what he spake, and kindled a corresponding feeling. They moved the hearts of all who heard them, as they had never been moved before; and very soon the creaking and mouldy timbers of the old edifice were altogether unable to contain the numbers who thronged to hear him. He was invited by the town-council to preach in the parish church, and there his burning words reached a much more general and. influential audience.

One important element in the education of the reformer still remains to be mentioned. He was destined to see and study the Papacy in the very centre of its power—in its full-blown magnificence in Rome. In the year 1510—some say 1511—he went on a mission to this city.[12] What he saw and heard there made an ineffaceable impression on him, although it did not produce any immediate result. “I would not take a hundred thousand florins,” he afterwards said, “not to have seen Rome. I have said many masses there, and heard many said, so that I shudder when I think of it. There I heard, among other coarse jests, courtiers laughing at table, and bragging that some said mass and repeated these words over the bread and wine, Panis

es, Panis manebis; Vinum es, Vinum manebis." For the time, however, the fervour of his monastic devotion burned bright amid all this blasphemy. He ran the round of all the churches, and believed all the lying legends repeated to him. It even passed through his mind as a regret that his parents were still living, as otherwise he might have wrought their deliverance from purgatory by his masses and penances. He tried to mount the Scala Sancta (Pilate's staircase, miraculously transported from Jerusalem) on his knees, and yet (strange evidence of the conflict raging in his heart), as he essayed the painful task, a voice of thunder kept shouting to him, "The just shall live by faith!"

A further and last step of academical honour awaited him on his return. He was created a Doctor in the Holy Scriptures in the year 1512; and the oath which, on this occasion, he solemnly swore on the. Bible, to study and preach it all his life, and maintain the Christian faith against all heretics, is said to have been often afterwards a source of comfort to him in the great crises of his work.

And now our reformer's education was nearly complete, while everything was preparing for the approaching struggle. Some visits of inspection which he made in the place of Staupitz to the Augustine convents, served still more to awaken his feeling of the need of reform, and to call forth his activity and practical abilities. "The whole ground," he complained, "was covered, nay, heaped up, with the rubbish of all manner of strange doctrines and superstitions, so that the word of truth can barely shine through; nay, in many places not a ray of it is visible." The train of conviction was thus fully laid; the impulse and power of reform were fully prepared. It only required a spark to kindle the train—some special excitement to call forth the energy still slumbering, but all ready and furnished for the struggle. Could Rome only have penetrated beneath the surface at this moment, and seen what a deep tremor and current agitated the German mind—how light had begun to peer through unnumbered chinks of the old sacerdotal edifice, revealing not only its weak defences, but the vile and unclean things within—how warily would she have acted! But the blindness of decay had struck her—falsehood had eaten away her judgment, as well as undermined her strength, and foolishly she went onwards to her overthrow.

The system of indulgences was a natural result of the general system of penance; it rested on the same fundamental falsehood. So soon as the purely spiritual character of repentance became obscured, and the idea of sin as an outward accident under the control of the Church, rather than an inward and spiritual fact, began to prevail, there was obviously no limit to the growth of ecclesiastical corruption. If the Church possessed the power of freeing the sinner from the consequences of his sins, it was a mere development of this principle that the Pope, as the head and sum of the Church, should possess this power in an eminent degree; and when attention was once fixed on the mere externals of penance, it was only a fair logical conclusion that these externals could be appointed and regulated by the Pope at pleasure. The steps of the degradation are plainly marked, from the recognition of outward satisfaction as a condition of salvation, to the substitution of mortifications, pilgrimages, &c., as exhausting the demands of the Church, and then, as the moral feeling sank, and the hierarchical spirit rose, to a payment of money in place of actual service of any kind. Once materialise the spiritual truth, and gradually the material accident will become everything, and not only substitute itself in place of that truth, but necessarily pass from one degraded form to another, till it find its last and summary expression in money—money being always the brief and convenient representative of all mere external work. In so far as there was anything distinct in the character of indulgences, they were worse than even the general system of which they formed a part. While penance and priestly absolution, corrupted as they had become, confessedly based upon the merits of Christ, and

were held to imply contrition in the offender; indulgences were rested upon the special doctrine of the treasure of the Church or the overflowing merits of the saints, and were in some of their forms confessedly dispensed irrespective of the moral condition of the recipient. Regular ordination, moreover, was a requirement of the one system, whereas indulgence was arrogated by the Pope as his peculiar privilege, and could be exercised at will by any one nominated by him.[13]

It may be easily imagined what a system this was in the hands of an unscrupulous and low-minded agent; and such an agent, of the worst description, it was the misfortune of Rome to send abroad at this time through Germany. At Jüterbock, a few miles from Wittenberg and the borders of Saxony, which the Elector had refused him permission to enter, John Tetzel, a Dominican friar, established himself for the sale of the papal indulgences. A shameless traffic had fallen into the hands of a man conspicuous for shamelessness of tongue, and who scrupled not at any blasphemy to exalt the value of his wares. As the dispenser of the treasure of the Church, he claimed to be on a level with St Peter, and even to have saved more souls than the apostle. Distinguished by an unblushing countenance and stentorian voice, with the papal red cross borne aloft, the papal brief prominently displayed to view, and the money-counter before him, he proclaimed aloud the merits of his paper pardons; while his companion, Friar Bartholomew, shouted always as he closed, "Come and buy! come and buy!" His mingled impudence and impiety almost baffle belief. He even went the length of saying, that "when one dropped a penny into the box for a soul in purgatory, so soon as the money chinked in the chest the soul flew up to heaven."

When Luther heard what was going on in his neighbourhood, we can understand how his spirit was stirred in him. At first, indeed, and before the full enormities of the system became manifest, he seems to have taken it somewhat quietly. "He began," he himself says, "to preach with great moderation, that they might do something better and more certain than buying pardons." But when he saw the practical influence of the traffic on the members of his own flock, and heard of Tetzel's blasphemies, his whole soul was roused, and he exclaimed, "God willing, I will beat a hole in his drum." He felt the necessity of taking some decided step, as no one else seemed disposed to interfere. He took counsel with God and his own heart, with none besides; and on the eve of All Saints, when the relics, collected with great pains by Frederick for his favourite church, were exposed to view, and multitudes thronged to gaze on them, Luther appeared among the crowd, and nailed on the gate of the church his ninety-five theses on the doctrine of Indulgences, which he offered to maintain in the university against all opponents, by word of mouth or in writing. These famous propositions generally asserted the necessity of spiritual repentance, and limited the dispensing power of the Pope to those penalties imposed by himself. They did not absolutely deny the doctrine of the treasure of the Church, but only the sole authority of the Pope over this treasure, and altogether denied that this treasure had any power to absolve the sinner without contrition and amendment on his part. "If the sinner had true contrition he received complete forgiveness; if he had it not, no brief of indulgence could avail him,—for the Pope's absolution had no value in and for itself, but only in so far as it was a mark of divine favour."

The publication of these theses is commonly considered the starting-point of the Reformation. The excitement produced by them was intense and widespread. Luther's diocesan, the Bishop of Brandenburg, a good easy man, expressed sympathy, but counselled silence for peace's sake. Silence, however, was now no longer possible. Everywhere the excited popular feeling caught up the bold note of defiance. It seemed, in the words of Myconius, "as if angels themselves had carried them to the ears of all men." The excitement

grew and strengthened, and sympathetic voices were heard through all Germany. Tetzel retreated to Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and, with the assistance of Dr Wimpina, drew out a set of counter-theses, while he publicly committed those of Luther to the flames. But this was a game easily played at; and the students at Wittenberg retaliated, by seizing the messenger bearing the counter-theses, and burning them in the market-place. Frederick of Saxony refused to interfere. He did not encourage, he did not even promise to protect; but, what was the very best thing he could do, he let things take their course. Yet if the story of his dream be true, he must have had his own thoughts about the matter. It is told that on the night of All Saints, just after the theses were posted on the church doors, he lay at his castle of Scheinitz, six leagues distant, and as he was pondering how to keep the festival, he fell asleep, and dreamed that he saw the monk writing certain propositions on the chapel of the castle at Wittenberg, in so large a hand that it could be read at Scheinitz: the pen began to expand as he looked, and gradually grew longer and longer, till at last it reached to Rome, touched the Pope's triple crown, and: made it totter. He inquired of the monk where he had got such a pen, and was answered that it once belonged to the wing of a goose in Bohemia. Presently other pens sprang out of the great pen, and seemed all busy writing; a loud noise was heard, and Frederick awoke. The dream, mythical or not, foreshadowed the great crisis at hand. The hundred years had revolved, and Huss's saying had come true. "To-day you burn a goose;[14] a hundred years hence a swan shall arise whom you will not be able to burn." The movement, long going on beneath the surface, and breaking out here and there ineffectually, had at length found a worthy champion; and all these forming impulses of the time gathered to Luther, welcomed him and helped him. The Humanists, Reuchlin, Erasmus, and others, expressed their sympathy; the war-party, Hutten and Sickingen, uttered their joy; above all, the great heart of the German people responded; and while the monk of Wittenberg seemed, as he said afterwards, to stand solitary in the breach, he was in reality encompassed by a cloud of witnesses, a great army of truth-seekers, at whose head he was destined to win for the world once more the triumph of truth and righteousness.

When the reality of the excitement produced by the theses became apparent, opposition as well as sympathy was of course awakened. Tetzel continued to rave at Frankfort-on-the-Oder; Hochstraten, professor at Cologne (the great seat of the anti-humanist reaction) and head inquisitor of Germany, clamoured for the heretic to be committed to the flames; Sylvester Prierias, the general of the Dominicans and censor of the press at Rome, published a reply in dialogue, in which, after the manner of dialogues, he complacently refuted the propositions of Luther, and consigned him to the ministers of the inquisition; and, last and most formidable of all, Dr Eck, a theological professor at Ingoldstadt, entered the lists against the reformer. Eck was an able man, well versed in the scholastic theology; and a warm friendship, founded apparently on genuine respect on either side, had hitherto existed between him and Luther. Now, however, instigated partly by a natural feeling of rivalry, partly by honest opposition to the sentiments of Luther, and the call of his diocesan the Bishop of Eichstadt, he attacked the ninety-five theses in a style of violence which galled. Luther, and made him strongly feel the breach of friendship, especially as Eck had given no warning of the attack.[15] The reformer, it may be imagined, did not spare his adversary in reply. Strong language was a difficult game to play at with Luther; and the old friends, now rival disputants, were destined ere long to meet face to face in a more memorable conflict.

At first the Pope, Leo X., took but little heed of the disturbance. He is reported, indeed, to have said, when the attack of Prierias was submitted to him, that "Friar Martin was a man of genius, that he did not wish to have him molested; the outcry against him was all monkish jealousy." Busy with his own dilettante and ambitious schemes, his buildings and his MSS., Leo

had no perception of the real state of things in Germany, and would fain have kept aloof from interference. Some of the cardinals, however, saw more distinctly the real character of the movement; the seriousness of the affair was made at length apparent even to papal indifference, and a tribunal was appointed to try Luther's doctrines. At the head of this tribunal was placed Luther's declared opponent, Prierias; and the monk received a summons to appear within sixty days at Rome to answer for his theses. Compliance with this summons would have been fatal to him. Once in the hands of the cardinals, the fate of Huss, or a secret and still more terrible one, awaited him. His university accordingly interceded, and the Elector at length took active steps, and claimed that, as a German, he should be heard in Germany rather than in Rome. This was conceded, and Luther was appointed to appear before the papal legate Cajetan, then present at the Diet of Augsburg.

But while thus seeming to yield to a fair investigation of the case, the papal court, with true Roman perfidy, had prejudged it, and despatched secret instructions to the legate to deal with Luther as a notorious heretic, and forthwith excommunicate him, unless he recanted his opinions. Unwitting of this judgment, Luther hastened to present himself before the legate, under the protection of a safe-conduct procured through the zealous intervention of his friends. Cajetan met him with the most bland and smiling kindness. The affair seemed to him only to require a little smoothness and address. The idea of conscientious conviction in a poor monk was unintelligible to him. He offered two propositions to Luther—the one as to the spiritual virtue of indulgences, and the other as to the necessity of faith to the efficacy of the sacraments and he was asked; in opposition to his supposed views, to admit the affirmative of the one and the negative of the other. Submit, and recant your errors, was all that the legate had to say to him. Submission without conviction, however, was about the very last idea that had entered into Luther's mind. It is a fine and typical contrast between the moral earnestness of the Teuton, and the diplomatic accommodation of the Italian. "Most reverend father," said Luther, "deign to point out to me in what I have erred." "You must revoke both these errors, and embrace the true doctrine of the Church," was all the answer. "I ask for Scripture; it is on Scripture my views are founded." "Do you not know that the Pope is above all?" "Not above Scripture." "Yes, above Scripture, and above councils. Retract, my son, retract it is hard for you to kick against the pricks." It was of no use. They could not get near to one another, and never could have done. Thrice the conference was broken up, and thrice renewed. At length irritated self-esteem broke through the fair courtesy of the Italian. "Retract," he cried, "or never appear in my presence again." Luther retired in silence, and set forth in writing the grounds on which, while willing to acknowledge that he might have spoken unadvisedly and irreverently of the Pontiff, he could not retract his doctrines, for that would be against his conscience. Cajetan made no reply. He felt that he had been foiled, and his real feelings betrayed themselves in an unguarded moment to Staupitz. "I will not speak with the beast again; he has deep eyes, and his head is full of speculation." What his designs were, remain unknown. Luther became convinced of his danger, hastily drew up two letters, the one to the legate, the other to the Pope, strongly repelling the imputation of heresy, and appealing from "Leo ill-informed to Leo well-informed;" and having procured horse and guide, he fled during the night from Augsburg, and with all speed reached Wittenberg. On his homeward way he was made acquainted with the secret instructions of the court of Rome, and with characteristic generosity offered to the Elector to retire into France till the storm had blown over. But this was not to be: God had further and higher work for him to do. The university resisted his proposal, and the Elector refused to part with him.

Baffled so far, the papal court made a further attempt at negotiation. Miltitz, himself a German, and the envoy of the Pope to the Saxon court, undertook the office of mediator. He understood the necessities of the case better than Cajetan. He even recognised the justice of

the attack on the indulgence system, by bringing Tetzel to task, dismissing and disgracing him. He was content to impose silence on the offending monk, without demanding retractation, and Luther for a while consented to keep the peace. The truce, however, was hollow; it was not in the nature of things: the current of change had set in too strongly. Luther himself, while constantly reluctant to advance, felt that he was driven onward, as if by a higher power. "God hurries, drives, not to say leads me," he wrote to Staupitz. "I am not master of myself. I wish to be quiet, and am hurried into the midst of tumults." And so the movement gathered force under apparent repression. The current only channelled for itself a deeper and wider course, from being shut up and sealed from outlet for a time. The convictions of the reformer were assuming a bolder scope. "Whatever I have hitherto done against Rome," he said, "has been in jest; soon I shall be in earnest. Let, me whisper in your ear that I am not sure whether the Pope is antichrist or his apostle." And this, too, while he still kept appealing to the Pope in language deprecatory, and even servile in its adulation.[16] This inconsistency, if not defensible, was very intelligible in Luther. There was a violent conflict raging in him, between the new ideas forcing themselves upon him from all sides, and his old and natural feeling of monkish obedience. Bold as he was, there were moments when he had dark and painful misgivings, and would fain have rested quietly in the bosom of the Church. More and more, however, the new ideas gathered force and shape, and took firm possession of him. It was no longer merely the special abuse of indulgences, but the general pretensions of the hierarchical Roman system, that actuated and impelled him forward. The indulgence controversy had done its work. A glare of light had been let in upon the hideous abuses of the prevailing ecclesiasticism. A rent had been made in the great sacerdotal fabric. Miltitz cunningly sought to patch up the rent, and shut out the streaming light but the time had passed for such compromise. The spirit moved was too earnest to be thus allayed: the arm which had rudely given the shock was too brawny and restless in its youthful power to be thus stroked into quietness. The work of destruction went on, and through the tumbling timbers of the crazy edifice light came rushing in at all points. Luther himself was amazed at the discoveries that crowded upon him.

The Leipzig disputation with Dr Eck marks this great advance in his views. It is no longer a question merely as to indulgences and the power of the Pope on a special point, but a question as to the general supremacy of the Pope. So far as the doctrine of indulgences was concerned, Luther's adversary gave in on almost every point; but he made a vigorous stand on general grounds in behalf of the absolute supremacy of the Pope, arguing, among other reasons, from the basis of the well-known text, Matt. xvi. 18, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My church." Luther maintained the customary Protestant version of the text, applying the rock to Christ, whom Peter had just confessed to be the Son of the living God. He claimed for Christ the sole absolute headship of the Church: although, at the same time, he did not deny the primary ecclesiastical position of the Pope, nor his right to that position as a mere constitutional arrangement. Eck tried to frighten him, and cast discredit on his doctrines, by raising the old cry of "Bohemian" against them; but Luther was not to be moved by such imputations, and did not hesitate to defend some of the articles of Huss. The controversy lasted for days, and at length terminated with the usual issue in such controversies: both sides claimed the victory. A drawn battle, however, at this crisis was for Rome equivalent to a defeat. Luther was hailed more than ever as the champion of the national indignation, rising always more urgently against Rome. The question of indulgences was forgotten as the tide of national feeling swelled higher, and it became more manifest every day that the real question was Germany or Rome,—national independence or hierarchical bondage; and still more deeply,—Scripture or Church,—conscience or authority. The popular sympathy showed itself eagerly in numberless satires and caricatures of Eck and his party. Even Erasmus joined in the affray with his cold glancing mockery,[17] and

Hutten, after his peculiar fashion, aimed a trenchant blow at the papal champion in the "Planed-off Corner" (der abgehobelte Eck).[18] Copies of the disputation in thirty different versions were rapidly bought up. Luther was now fairly engaged in a lifelong struggle, and the fight went bravely on.

From this point onwards to the Diet of Worms the life of Luther rises to its highest pitch of heroism. No one ever stood more fully in the light of a nation's hopes, or answered, upon the whole, more nobly to them. Recognising his great position, he stood to it like a true man; and as the battle was now joined, he spared not those "thunderbolts,"[19] which no one knew better how to use in a moment of need. Resting for a month or two to gather breath after his contest with Eck, in the course of the following June (1520) he published his famous address to the "Christian Nobles of Germany." It was only a few sheets, but never did words tell more powerfully. "The time for silence is past," he said, "the time to speak is come." He struck a clear and loud note of national independence, and summoned the Christian powers of Germany to his aid. "Talk of war against the Turk," he cried; "the Roman Turk is the fellest Turk in the world—Roman avarice the greatest thief that ever walked the earth: all goes into the Roman sack, which has no bottom, and all in the name of God too!" He reiterated in brief and emphatic language the great truth which had begun to dawn upon him at Leipzig, that all Christians are priests, and that consequently the clerical office is a mere function or order: he maintained the independence of all national churches, and the rights of national and social life, against ecclesiastical usurpation. He drew a strong picture of the miserable exactions and oppressions of the Papal See, and cast back with no measure its insolence in its very teeth. "Hearest thou, O Pope, not all-holy, but all-sinful, who gave thee power to lift thyself above God, and break His laws? The wicked Satan lies through thy throat. O my Lord Christ, hasten Thy last day, and destroy the devil's nest at Rome." The impression produced by such language may be more easily imagined than described. In the course of a fortnight 4000 copies of the address were sold, and before the end of the month a new edition was in print, and speedily bought up. This address was followed in October by a treatise "On the Babylonish Captivity of the Church," in which he attacked with vigour the abuses into which its sacramental system had grown. He now looked back, as it were, with pity on his former indulgence to the Papacy. In the course of two years, and during his disputes with Eck, Emser, and others, his eyes had become greatly opened. After hearing and reading the "artful subtleties of these champions,"[20] he was certain that the Papacy was "the kingdom of Babylon, and the power of Nimrod the mighty hunter." "I must now deny that there are. seven sacraments, and bind them to three—baptism, the Lord's Supper, and penance; and even these are led by the Church of Rome into a wretched prison, and the Church is robbed of all her liberty." He defended, as he never ceased to do, the literal reality of Christ's presence in the Supper; but he warmly combated the Thomist definitions of that presence, resting on a supposed Aristotelic distinction of subject and accident; and he zealously maintained the right of the laity to the cup as well as the bread. These two works, with his sermon "On the Liberty of a Christian Man," mark the very crisis of the movement. Appealing, on the one hand, to the' excited national interests of Germany, and, on the other hand, to its reviving spiritual life, they struck, with a happy success, the two most powerful chords then vibrating in the nation. "They contain," Ranke says, "the kernel of the whole Reformation." They concentrate its spirit while they signalise its triumph.

The publication of the papal bull just at this time consummated the crisis. It had been obtained by the reckless importunity of Eck nearly a year before; but great difficulty had been felt in making it public, owing to the enthusiasm now so widely spread on behalf of the reformer. At length Eck fixed upon Leipzig as the place where he supposed that he could promulgate it most safely under the protection of Duke George; but even here, where so recently he had been

hailed by the university as the champion of the Papacy, the students now seized and insulted him, and he was glad to make his escape. He fled for his life to Erfurt; but here too the students attacked him, laid hold of the bull, and threw it into the river, saying, “It is a bubble, let it swim.” These demonstrations were crowned by Luther’s own daring act on the 10th of December (1520). Assembling the doctors, students, and citizens at the Elster Gate of Wittenberg on this memorable day, a fire of wood was kindled, and Luther, clad in his cowl, and with the papal bull and decretals in his hand, approached it, and cast them into the fire, saying, “As thou hast vexed the saints of God, so mayest thou be consumed in eternal fire.” This irrevocable act severed Luther for ever from the Papacy. There was no compromise—no truce even henceforth possible. The battle must be fought out.

With such high-hearted courage and clear trust in God on the part of the reformer, there was Ito doubt on whose side the victory would declare.

The moment of Luther’s proudest triumph was now at hand. Charles V. had recently succeeded to the Empire. He was only twenty years of age, inexperienced, and unconscious of all that was going on in Germany. “He understood neither its language nor its thoughts.”[21] Naturally of a superstitious temper, his sacerdotal leanings were already manifest, and the papal party, with Aleander (the papal nuncio) at their head, failed in no efforts to influence him against the Reformation. They urged him to take some decided step—to cause the books of Luther to be burned throughout the Empire, and so to declare his determination to uphold the cause of the Church. The inclinations of Charles admit of no doubt; but he was too ignorant of the real meaning and magnitude of the movement, and hemmed in by too many practical difficulties, to be able to adopt and carry out a clear and uncompromising policy. Opposed to the zealots of the Papacy, the extreme national party approached him with the boldest suggestions. He was pressed to call the free national party, led by Hutten and Sickingen, to his aid. Hutten himself addressed him, offering to serve him day and night without fee or reward, if only he would throw off the trammels of a foreign ecclesiastical yoke, and place himself at the head of the German people. Add to this that he was mainly indebted for his imperial dignity to Luther’s friend, the Elector Frederick, and the complexities of his position may be imagined.

After being crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 28th January 1521, Charles had proceeded to Worms, where he assembled his first Diet of the sovereigns and states of Germany. It was the great object of Aleander, Eck, and the rest of the papal leaders, to have Luther condemned unheard, and with this view Aleander made a lengthened speech at the Diet. They succeeded so far as to induce the Emperor to issue an edict for the destruction of the reformer's books but the Estates refused to publish it, unless Luther had first an opportunity of confronting his accusers under a safe-conduct, and answering, before the Diet, to the charges preferred against him. Nothing could be more congenial to the present temper of Luther. It was exactly what he most desired—to confess the truth before the assembled powers of Germany. He made up his mind at once to obey the summons, and wrote bravely to Spalatin (the Elector’s secretary)—“I will be carried hither sick, if I cannot go sound. . . . Expect everything from me but flight or retractation.”

Nothing can well be grander—more epical in its contrasts, more scenic in its adjuncts, and more impressive in its issues—than this passage in the history of the Reformation,—the journey of Luther, with its strange and mixed incidents—his appearance in Worms—his appearance before the Diet—his prayer beforehand—his fears—his triumph—the excitements that followed his triumph—his seizure on his return, and residence in the Wartburg. It would be difficult to find anywhere a nobler subject for a great poem.

He set out on his mission on the 2d of April, with the sympathy and good wishes of all the Wittenbergers. He travelled in a carriage provided for the occasion by the town-council; and his friends of the university and others assembled to witness his departure. The imperial herald, clad in the insignia of his office, rode first, his servant followed; Luther and his comrades brought up the rear. His progress resembled a triumph. As he passed towns and villages the people came forth in numbers to greet him. At the hotels where he rested, crowds thronged to see him, and there were "drinking of healths, good cheer, and the delights of music."[22] As he left Nuremberg a priest sent after him a portrait of the Italian reformer Savonarola, with a letter exhorting him "to be manful for the truth, and to stand by God, and God would stand by him." At Weimar the imperial messengers were seen posting on the walls an edict summoning all who were in possession of his books to deliver them up to the magistrates. The herald turned to inquire if he were moved by such a sign of danger. "I will go on," he said, "although they should kindle a fire between Wittenberg and Worms to reach to heaven. I will confess Christ in Behemoth's mouth, between his great teeth." At Erfurt he preached, and a crowd of tender associations rushed upon his mind as he gazed at the convent, the scene of his spiritual birth; and as he stood by the grave of one of his former companions, a brother monk, "How calmly he sleeps, and I"—was his remark to Jonas, while he leaned upon the gravestone absorbed in thought, until warned of the lateness of the hour. At Eisenach, amidst the scenes of his boyhood, he was seized with a dangerous illness. His strength and spirits forsook him; but he went on in calm trust in God. At Heidelberg he held a public discussion: and undeterred by the remonstrances which were now poured upon him even from his best friends—unreduced by the well-meant intentions of Sickingen and others to retain him in safety at his castle of Ehrenberg—he approached the imperial city. Even Spalatin was alarmed, and sought to stay him. "Carry back," was the answer, "that I am resolved to enter Worms in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, although as many devils should set at me as there are tiles on the house-tops."

It has been supposed by Audin, Luther's modern Romanist biographer, that it was on this occasion,—as the old towers of Worms came in sight, and the full greatness of the crisis rushed upon him,—that, rising in his carriage, he chanted his famous hymn, "Ein' feste Burg isi unser Gott," "the Marseillaise," Audin significantly adds, "of the Reformation." The suggestion adds a grandeur to the event; but there is reason to believe that the hymn was not composed till some years later.[23]

He entered Worms on the 16th of April, escorted by his friends and numbers of the Saxon noblemen, who had gone out to meet him. As he passed through the city, so great was the crowd that pressed to see him, that he had to be conducted through back courts to his inn. More than two thousand assembled at the Deutscher Hof where he took up his abode, and till late at night his room was thronged by nobles and clergy who came to visit him. After his room was cleared, a different picture might have been seen. The bold monk prostrated himself in an agony of prayer. His voice was heard in snatches by his friends as it rose to heaven, and it is impossible to read anything more touching and awe-inspiring than the fragments of this prayer which have been preserved.[24] On the following day he received intimation to attend before the Diet and in the afternoon of the same day, amidst the dark frowns of Spanish warriors and ecclesiastics, and the whisperings of affectionate and courageous sympathy, he was ushered into the imperial presence.

The scene which presented itself in the Diet was one well fitted to move the boldest heart. The Emperor sat elevated on his throne, with the three ecclesiastical Electors on his right, the three secular on his left; his brother Frederick sat on a chair of state below the throne the nobles, knights, and delegates of free cities around; the papal nuncio in front. "The sun, verging

to its setting, streamed full on the scene of worldly magnificence, strangely varied by every colour and form of dress: the Spanish cloak of yellow silk, the velvet and ermine of the Electors, the red robes of cardinals, the violet robes of bishops, the plain sombre garb of deputies of towns and priests." The monk stood alone, with his head uncovered, pale with recent illness and hard study, with little or none as yet of the brave rotundity[25] of his later age,—a pale and slight figure "encircled by the dark flashing line of the mailed chivalry of Germany." Little wonder that at first he seemed bewildered, and that his voice sounded feeble and hesitating. His old adversary Eck was the spokesman of his party, and loudly challenged him—first, as to whether he acknowledged the books before him as his writings; and, secondly, as to whether he would retract and recall them. To the first question he replied in the affirmative; in answer to the second, he demanded a day's delay to consider and frame an answer. Many thought he was at length frightened, and would temporise; but on the following day they were abundantly undeceived. All signs of timidity and hesitation had then vanished; he had had time to meditate an adequate reply, and in a speech of two hours, first in German and then in Latin, he expressed his determination to abide by what he had written, and called upon the Emperor and the States to take into consideration the evil condition of the Church, lest God should visit the Empire and German nation with His judgments. Being pressed for a direct answer, yea or nay, whether he would retract, he answered finally in the memorable words—"Unless I be convinced by Scripture and reason, I neither can nor dare retract anything; for my conscience is a captive to God's word, and it is neither safe nor right to go against conscience. Here I take my stand: I can do no otherwise. So help me God. Amen."

The picture is barely half sketched; many strokes half humorous, half sublime, with a touching quaintness stamping them upon the memory, would be required to complete it. Sympathy with his position, and with his grand and simple daring, expressed itself in numerous incidents. The old warrior Freundsberg, the most gallant and renowned soldier of his day, greeted him as he entered the imperial presence. "My good monk, you are going a path such as I and our captains, in our hardest fight, have never trodden. But if you are sure of your cause, go on in God's name: fear not; He will not leave you." On his return to his hotel, Eric, the aged Duke of Brunswick, sent him a silver can of Einbech beer, in token of his admiration and sympathy; and the weary monk, parched with thirst, raised it to his lips, and took a long draught, saying, as he set it down, "As Duke Eric has remembered me this day, so may our Lord Christ remember him in his last struggle." Again Philip, the young Landgrave of Hesse, is seen riding into the courtyard of the inn, leaping from his horse, and as he rushes into Luther's room, greeting him with the words, "My dear Doctor, how do matters go with you?" "My gracious lord, with God's help all will go well," was the reply. "They tell me," the Landgrave added, "that you teach that, if a woman be married to an old man, it is lawful for her to quit him for a husband that is younger." "No, no! Your highness must not say so." "Well, Doctor, if your cause is just, may God aid you;" and seizing the reformer's hand, he shook it warmly, and disappeared as abruptly as he had come.

Luther tarried some days in Worms, and various attempts were made to bring him to a more submissive frame of mind, but all without success. Questioned at length as to whether any remedy remained for the unhappy dissensions which had sprung up, "I know not of any," he replied, "except the advice of Gamaliel: 'If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it.' Let the Emperor and the States write to the Pope that they are fully assured that, if the doctrines so much decried are not of God, they will perish by a natural death within two or three years." Strong in the confidence of the truth he taught, he fearlessly appealed to the future. He was at once courageous and humble—courageous in the face of man, and humble before God—the true spirit in which alone the world

can ever be reformed.

He received instructions to depart from Worms and return home on the 25th of April. On the following day he set out. He appears himself to have been in high spirits, excited and braced by the conflict in which he had been engaged. A letter which he wrote from Frankfort to his friend Lucas Cranach, gives a lively impression of his cheerfulness in the caricature which it presents of the proceedings of the Diet.[26] "My service, dear Gossip Lucas. I supposed that his imperial majesty would have assembled some fifteen doctors or so, and have overcome the monk by argument: but no, nothing of the sort. 'Are the books yours?'—'Yes.' 'Will you revoke or not?'—'No.' 'Get you gone then.' O blind Germans, what children we are, to let the Roman apes scoff at and befool us in this way. Give my gossip, your dear wife, my greeting; and I trust she will keep well till I have the pleasure of seeing her again. . . . For a short time we must be silent and endure. A little time, and ye shall not see me; and again a little time, and ye shall see me. I hope it will prove so with us." These last expressions, as well as others still more explicit in the letter, show that he was cognisant of the design of his friends to seize and conceal him in some place of safety for a while; but how the design was to be carried out, or where he was to be placed, "seems to have been but indistinctly communicated to him. He has himself narrated the circumstances of his seizure. As he left Eisenach, where he had preached and solaced himself for a single day in the company of his relatives, and was passing a narrow defile near the fortress of Altenstein, two armed horsemen, with armed attendants, rushed upon him and his friends. The waggoner was thrown to the ground. His brother, James Luther, who was of the party, fled and escaped, and Amsdorf was held fast while Luther was hurried away, mount upon a horse; and after various turnings, with the view of eluding all pursuit, he was safely lodged in the old castle of the Wartburg. The affair was made to assume the appearance of violence for obvious reasons, but in reality Amsdorf was conscious of the intentions of Luther's friends, and he and the waggoner of course were quietly permitted to pursue their way after the horsemen had departed with their prisoner.

Luther's residence in the Wartburg forms a quiet and green resting-place in his life, while it serves to mark the two great divisions into which it falls. From the fair heights of the Wartburg and the pleasant repose of his stay there, we look back with him upon a period of advancing struggle now completed, and forward upon a period scarcely less one of struggle, though of a far less consistent character. Hitherto all the interest of the movement is concentrated in his single figure. It is the monk at Erfurt and then the preacher at Wittenberg, and then the reformer at Worms, that engage our view. In all these different aspects we see the progress of a great spiritual conflict, waged almost by a solitary arm against surrounding corruptions. There is scarcely a companion figure to distract our attention. The purely religious impulse communicated by Staupitz is beheld strengthening into the earnest activity of the opponent of indulgences, and finally expanding into a clear and firm logical conviction directed against the whole hierarchical system which sought to extinguish it. The flame, kindled at the light of Scripture quietly read in the convent library, gradually burns into zeal, and at length blazes into triumphant defiance in the face of Pope and Emperor. From this point of advance Luther now looked at once backwards and forwards, and felt that he had done enough. Never was man less of an iconoclast. He fought for certain great religious principles as he apprehended them, but he had little or no wish to destroy existing institutions. Monkery, in all its shapes, had become hateful to him, and he resolved to attack it still more definitely than he had done; but the old Catholic worship and system, so far as it was national and not obviously Roman, he had no intention of subverting. To such feelings we must trace in great part the marked change in his subsequent career. The principle of revolt had exhausted itself in him with his great stand at Worms, and his naturally conservative convictions began to reassert themselves. We find,

accordingly, that his life on from this point presents a far more complex and inconsistent picture than that which we have been contemplating. While many whom the spirit of the times had affected were disposed to go forward in the path on which he had entered, others had already before this begun to turn, back; and he is seen occupying a position of conflict both with the one and with the other. The Papacy on one side and his single figure on the other no longer fill up the scene; but other figures, some reactionary, and others of an impatient and violent character, crowd round, and he is beheld mingling in the crowd, rather than as any longer its controller and guide.

His publication of his translation of the Scriptures; his controversy with Carlstadt and then with Erasmus; the peasant war in 1525, and his marriage in the same year; the conference at Marburg with Zwingli in 1529; and the Diet at Augsburg and residence at Coburg in the following year, mark the most important epochs in this latter part of his life. The last sixteen years of his life are comparatively unmarked by incident or controversy; but it is the Luther of this period that, after all, in some respects, we know best, as portrayed by himself in his letters, and especially in his Table-talk, and as surrounded by his wife, children, and friends.

In the Wartburg he tarried for about a year, attired and living in all outward appearance as a knight. He let his beard grow, wore a sword, and went by the name of Younker George. He rambled among the hills and hunted, notwithstanding that the ban of the Empire was out against him. In the hunting-field, however, he was still the theologian, and thought of Satan and the Pope, with their impious troops of bishops and divines, hunting simple souls as he saw the hare pursued by the dogs. “I saved one poor leveret alive,” he says, “and tied it in the sleeve of my coat, and removed to a little distance; but the dogs scented out their victim, sprang up at it, broke its leg, and throttled it. It is thus that Satan and the Pope rage.”[27] Although grieved to be absent from the scene, he rejoiced to know that the conflict still went on; and the old walls rang with his laughter as some satirical pamphlet of Hutten or Lucas Cranach reached him in his retreat. “I sit here the whole day idle and full of meat and drink,” he writes to Spalatin ten days after his arrival; “and read the Bible in Greek and Hebrew. I am writing a sermon in German on the liberty of auricular confession; and I shall proceed with my comments upon the Psalms and with the Bible as soon as ever I have received what I want from Wittenberg.”[28] It was at this time he began his greatest literary achievement—the translation of the Scriptures into his native language. He had few books with him, but by the indefatigable zeal and interest with which he worked, he completed his version of the whole of the New Testament during the period of his confinement (nine months). Add to this, three treatises—on Private Confession, on the Abuse of Private Masses, and on Monastic Vows—besides his commentaries and postils, and his accusation against himself of idleness will appear sufficiently strange.

In fact, sedentary habits and hard study began to tell upon his health. He heard noises and seemed to see the devil in imaginary shapes as he sat at night in his room, or as he lay in bed. A bag of hazel nuts which had been brought to him by two noble youths who waited upon him with his food, was violently agitated by satanic power, one night after he retired to rest.[29] The nuts rolled and struck against one another with such force that they made the beams of the room to shake, and the bed on which he was lying to rattle. The same night, although the steps leading to his solitary apartment were barred fast with iron chains and an iron door, he was roused from his sleep by a tremendous rumbling up and down the steps, which he describes as though threescore casks were rolling up and down. Nothing doubting that it was the devil at work trying to molest him, he got up and walked to the stair’s head, and called aloud, “Is it thou? be it so then! I commend me to the Lord Christ, of whom it is written in the eighth Psalm, ‘Thou hast put all things under His feet.’” On another and still more memorable occasion, as he pored

keenly over the pages of his Greek Testament, the enemy assailed him in the shape of a moth buzzing round his ears and disturbing him in his sacred task. His spirit was kindled in him by the envious pertinacity of the evil one, and seizing his inkstand he hurled it at the intruder. A hole of singularly apocryphal dimensions in the wall of the chamber which he inhabited, is pointed out to the traveller who can spare a long summer's day to visit the Wartburg and enjoy himself on its breezy slopes, as the mark made by the reformer's inkstand in this great encounter.

It is well to smile at such incidents, but Luther lived all his days in the most real and pervading belief of a personal and visible devil haunting him in all his work, and never ceasing to disturb and hinder him. Once, in his monastery at Wittenberg, after he had celebrated matins and begun his studies, "the devil," he says, "came into his cell and thrice made a noise behind a stove, just as though he were dragging some wooden measure along the floor" (a mouse, probably, as one has heard the little creature in the quiet night, with no other noise in the room save the creaking of the ceaseless pen). "As I found he was going to begin again," he adds, "I gathered together my books and got into bed." "Another time in the night I heard him above my cell, walking in the cloister; but as I knew it was the devil, I paid no attention to him and went to sleep." There is almost an affectionate familiarity in some of his expressions—a gentleness of chiding and humorous badinage mingling with the irony and insult, which he thinks are among the best weapons for encountering his foe. "Early this morning when I awoke, the fiend came and began disputing with me. 'Thou art a great sinner,' said he. I replied, 'Canst thou not tell me something new, Satan?'" Again, "When the devil comes to me in the night I say to him, 'Devil, I must now sleep; for it is the command and ordinance of God that we labour by day and sleep by night.' If he goes on with the old story, accusing me of sin, I say to him, to vex him, 'Holy Spirit, Satan, pray for me.' 'Go,' I say to him, 'Physician, cure thyself.'" "The best way," he adds, "of getting rid of the devil, if you cannot do it with the words of Holy Scripture, is to rail at him and mock him: he cannot bear scorn." A very efficient plan also is "to turn your thoughts to some pleasant subject; to tell or hear jests or merry stories out of some facetious book. Music, too, is very good, for the devil is a saturnine spirit, and music is hateful to him, and drives him far away from it."

This sort of belief will appear superstitious in a different degree to different minds; but there are some forms which the belief assumes not only to Luther, but to the more severe and sober mind of Calvin, so absolutely credulous and fanatical as to be matters of mere amazement to us now.[30] And yet, in truth, it is rather the form of credulity that is changed than the spirit of it that is extinguished, as many things in our own day, bearing upon this very subject, plainly witness.

As Luther pursued his literary labours in the Wartburg, stimulating by his writings the spirit which his noble acts had kindled, unpleasant news reached his ears as to the progress of the Reformation in its home in Wittenberg. Carlstadt and some others, uncontrolled by his master-spirit, began to carry out to its natural consequences the spirit of negation involved in the Reformation. Monasteries were dissolved, and monks and nuns began to marry. All was in confusion without his presence, which was so urgently needed that he made a secret visit there in December. He appeared suddenly, and held three days' close conference with Amsdorf and other intimate friends. But the crisis was still too perilous for him to remain, and he returned to his retreat to prosecute his Bible studies and translations.

In the spring of the following year (1522) Luther completed his translation of the New Testament, which may be pronounced his greatest literary work. It was almost entirely his own achievement, and he grudged no labour to make it perfect. Some of the MSS. of the work survive, and show the pains with which he corrected and recorrected many times. His aim was

everywhere to catch the spirit of the original, and reproduce it as far as he could in simple, popular language. He chose a dialect, the Franconian, intelligible to High and Low German alike, and which has since remained the standard of the German tongue and a centre of literary unity for all the German peoples. The translation was first published on September 21, 1522. A second edition followed immediately, and no book has brought a greater glory to his name or a greater blessing to the German race. The translation of the Old Testament was a more extended and difficult undertaking, in which he called to his assistance not only the occasional advice, but the active assistance, of his friends—Melanchthon, Justus Jonas, and Bugenhagen—but even Jewish Rabbis, forming what his biographer Mathesius calls a kind of "Sanhedrim," which met regularly once a week several hours before supper in the old Augustinian monastery at Wittenberg, which had become his house. Luther himself describes the difficulties of the task. "We are labouring hard," he says, "to bring out the Prophets in the mother-tongue. Ach, Gott! what a great and difficult work it is to make the Hebrew writers speak German! They resist it so, and are unwilling to give up their Hebrew existence and become like Germans." By diligent and earnest labour, however—and especially by the ever helpful and erudite co-operation of Melanchthon—this great work was also accomplished, and a translation of the whole Bible was published in 1534.

Unhappily, disturbances grew rather than abated at Wittenberg. It was only in the nature of things that the spirit of religious freedom, having rapidly spread, should burst bonds and run to excess. The popular mind, when aroused to a sense of the deceptions which had been practised upon it for centuries, broke out into extreme manifestations of hostility against the old Church system, in its forms as well as its doctrines, and a furious iconoclasm crowned the movement. It is the gift of but few minds—and never the gift of the mere popular and logical mind —to separate the form and the spirit, and to recognise that all reformation of any worth is in the latter and not in the former, which will by-and-by accommodate itself, without being violently cast down, to the improved and higher spirit. Carlstadt was merely a prominent expression of this popular and logical spirit. He was a species of German Puritan before that moral feeling had yet arisen, which in its strength and intensity was to become Puritanism. His projects were undoubtedly mistaken and out of place. Germany was then wholly unfitted for Puritanism, and never, in fact, has had any sympathy with it. Its higher minds, like Luther himself, were already beyond it in the breadth and tenderness of sentiment, and the richness and diversity of natural feeling which animated them. The ignorant mind again was far below it in the rudeness and lawlessness of its moral desires. Carlstadt, therefore, as the sequel sufficiently showed, could bring nothing but social disorder to Germany and disgrace to the Reformation; and Luther knew this with his clear, upright, and comprehensive appreciation of the national temper. After he fairly saw, therefore, that the danger was real, he made up his mind to quit his shelter in the Wartburg, come what would, and resume the direction of affairs at his old post.

He re-entered Wittenberg on the 7th of March 1522. In the course of his journey thither, he tarried a night at Jena, and a very interesting account has been preserved of his interview with two students on their way to Wittenberg to see him. The little parlour in the Black Bear, with the reformer in his knightly disguise—red mantle, trunk hose, doublet, and ridingwhip—seated at table, his right hand resting on the pommel of his sword, while his eye was directed intently to a book which turned out to be the Hebrew Psalter; the respectful demeanour of the students before the supposed knight, and their gradually opening familiarity as he offered them seats at the table, and a glass of beer; their communication to him of their intention to proceed to Wittenberg to see Martin Luther, and his pleasant fence with them on the subject; the entry of two merchants, and the free opinion which they express of Luther; the landlord's hints and the disclosure,—all present a vivid sketch of the frank manly bearing, genuine heartiness, and

humourous kindly ease of the great Augustine, that is worth a hundred descriptions.

He mounted the pulpit on the first Sunday after his return, and delivered his opinion on the principles which should guide them in the great religious changes through which they were passing—the reality of sin and salvation—the necessity of faith and love; these were the main things to be concerned about, and not mere novelties or changes for their own sake. "All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient. Some things must be, others might or might not be. Faith must be. But in such things as might or might not be, regard must be paid to the profit of others."[31] On Monday he again preached, particularly on the subject of the Mass. "It was bad and detestable, especially as it had claimed to be a sacrifice, and to stand between the people and God. His wish was that all private masses throughout the world were abolished, and only the common evangelical mass celebrated. But love must reign in the matter. No one must draw or tear another away by the hair, but leave God to do His own work, for the plain reason that no man has in his hand the hearts of others, and no man can make his words pass deeper than the ear. The Word of God must be freely preached, and this Word must be left to work in the heart. Then, and not till then, should the work of abolition begin."[32] In a similar spirit he handled the monastic life and the subject of images, the sacrament in both kinds, and confession. Earnestness of principle, moderation in practice, was the key-note of all this remarkable series of sermons, listened to by crowded audiences day after day. Carlstadt and his associates were awed for the time; such images as had not been destroyed were replaced; the Latin service continued to be used, with the omission of the words which designated it a sacrifice; and peace was restored. Luther himself earnestly desired further changes, and especially that the communion service should be in the German tongue; but he would not yield as yet to Carlstadt's principle of this being essential. "This is carrying the thing too far," he said; "always new laws always laying down this as a necessity, and that as a sin."[33] Thus the strictly Puritanical spirit was wholly alien to him; he would have nothing of it.

We cannot trace the changing relations which henceforth ensued between Luther and Carlstadt, now in fierce opposition, and now in comparative harmony, the latter ever and again returning to Wittenberg to shelter himself behind the good-nature and the really tolerant temper of the reformer. The seeds of fanaticism, which he and the Zwickau preachers had sown, soon began to ripen, and to assume a serious expression. The people, ignorant, oppressed, and unhappy, caught the free doctrines of the new preachers, translated them into the most crude and practical application to their own circumstances, and then proceeded by force of arms to carry them out and assert their rights. The armed peasantry, with Munzer at their head, hold a definite relation to the Zwickau fanaticism and Carlstadt; and yet there were distinct features of a purely political kind in the peasant insurrection, which it would take a long time to unravel. Nothing strikes one more remarkably in reading over the articles of complaint with which they began their movement, than the singularly moderate and sober spirit which characterises them.[34] They move our sympathy now, and they moved Luther's sympathy at the time, notwithstanding all his strong feelings of the duty of submission and of the horrors of insurrection. He is nowhere greater, indeed, than at this great crisis in the history of the Reformation, in the manner in which he threw himself between the opposing parties, and, on the one hand, set before the nobles and princes of Germany the unchristian cruelty of many of their actions; and, on the other hand, warned the peasantry of the disgrace and disaster that would attend the armed assertion of their rights. No part of Luther's conduct was less understood or appreciated at the time. In England, by such men as Sir Thomas More, he was identified with the disorders against which he was struggling so nobly, and which, save for him, might have been tenfold more perilous to the national interests of Germany.

Words of higher wisdom than those by which he sought to restrain the approaching violence it is impossible to conceive. Addressing, in the first instance, the princes and nobles, he warns them that it was their long oppression and exactions that had roused the peasantry beyond endurance. “It is quite clear that we have no one upon earth to thank for all this disorder and insurrection but you yourselves. . . . In your capacity as secular authorities you manifest yourselves the executioners and spoilers of the poor. You sacrifice everything and everybody to your monstrous luxury, to your outrageous pride; and you have continued to do this until the people neither can nor will endure you any longer. . . . It is you, it is your crimes, that God is about to punish. If the peasants, who are now attacking you, are not the ministers of His will, others coming after them will be so. You may beat them, but you will be none the less vanquished. You may crush them to the earth, but God will raise up others in their place. It is His pleasure to strike you, and He will strike you. You fill up the measure of your iniquities by imputing this calamity to the Gospel and to my doctrine. Go on with your calumnies: you will ere long discover their injustice. You refuse to learn from me what is the Gospel, what my doctrine; there are others at your door who will teach you what both the one and the other are, in a way very different from mine, if you mend not speedily the error of your ways. Have I not at all times earnestly, zealously, employed myself in recommending to the people obedience to authority, to your authority, even tyrannous as it has been—intolerable as it has been? Who has combated sedition more energetically than I have always done? It is for this that the prophets of murder hate me as bitterly as they do you. You persecuted my Gospel by all the means in your power, yet all the while that Gospel called upon the people to pray for you, and aided you in supporting your tottering authority.”

Then, turning to the peasants, he exhorted them, under all their provocations, to desist from violence. “Nevertheless, though your complaints are just, and your demands reasonable, it behoves you to prosecute these demands with moderation, conscience, and justice. If you act with moderation, conscience, and justice, God will aid you; and even, though subdued for the moment, you will triumph in the end; and those of you who may perish in the struggle will be saved. . . . Put no trust, I pray you, in the prophets of murder, whom Satan has raised up amongst you, and who proceed directly from him, though they sacrilegiously invoke the name of the holy Gospel. They will hate me, I know, for the counsel I give you; they will call me hypocrite, but this I heed not a whit. What I desire is, to save from the anger of God the good and honest among you—I care not for the rest: I heed them not, I fear them not. I know One who is stronger than all of them put together, and He tells me, in the 3d Psalm, to do that which I am now doing. You invoke the name of God, and you say that you will act according to His Word. Has not God said, ‘They that take the sword shall perish with the sword'? And St Paul, ‘Render, therefore, honour to whom honour is due’? How can you, after reading these precepts, still pretend that you are acting according to the Gospel? Beware, beware, lest a terrible judgment fall upon you!

“But, say you, authority is wicked, cruel, intolerable; it will not allow us the Gospel; it overwhelms us with burdens beyond all reason or endurance; it ruins us, soul and body. To this I reply, that the wickedness and injustice of authority are no warrant for revolt, seeing that it befits not all men indiscriminately to take upon themselves the punishment of wickedness. Besides which, the natural law says that no man shall be the judge in his own cause, nor revenge his own quarrel. The divine law teaches us the same lesson—‘Vengeance is mine, saith, the Lord; I will repay.’ Your enterprise, therefore, is not only wrong according to Bible and Gospel law, but it is opposed also to natural law and to equity; and you cannot properly persevere in it unless you can prove that you are called to it by a new commandment of God especially directed to you, and confirmed by miracles.”[35]

These solemn words were no doubt ineffectual, but this was not Luther's fault. He had done his duty nobly—a duty none the less magnanimous that it failed in his object. His mortification and grief at the result were extreme; and if we detect in his final words to the peasants—when they had proved the fruitlessness of their efforts, and the day of sanguinary disaster which he had predicted had. come and gone—a bitterness almost cruel, and a 1iarshness that grates on our feelings, we must remember that he felt most acutely the disgrace which their, movement had brought upon the Reformation. He could not see the fair work of God so marred,—the religious revival, for which he wrought, thrust back and discredited before the world,—without being deeply moved and embittered.

While Luther was thus standing in the breach, in favour of social order, against the peasants, and feeling, in the odium he thereby incurred, that he was no longer the popular chieftain he had been a few years before, he was made, at the same time, somewhat painfully to feel that he was no longer in unison with the mere literary or humanistic party in the Reformation. Erasmus, the recognised head of this party, had long been showing signs of impatience at what he considered to be Luther's rudeness and violence. He could not sympathise in the intense earnestness of the Wittenberg reformer: the religious zeal, the depth of persuasion, and especially the polemical shape which the latter's convictions had assumed in his doctrine of grace, were all unintelligible or positively displeasing to him. No two men could be more opposed at once in intellectual aspiration and in moral temper;—Luther aiming at dogmatic certainty in all matters of faith, and filled with an overmastering feeling as to the importance of this certainty to the whole religious life, with the most vivid sense of the invisible world touching him at every point, and exciting him now with superstitious fear, and now with the most hilarious confidence;—Erasmus—latitudinarian and philosophical in religious opinion, with a strong perception of both sides of any question, indifferent or at least hopeless as to exact truth, and with a consequently keen dislike of all dogmatic exaggerations, orthodox or otherwise—well informed in theology, but without any very living and powerful faith, cool, cautious, subtle, and refined, more anxious to expose a sophism, or point a barb at some folly, than to fight manfully against error and sin. It was impossible that any hearty harmony could long subsist between two men of such a different spirit, and having such different aims. To do Erasmus justice, it must be remembered that his opposition to the Papacy had never been dogmatic, but merely critical: he desired literary freedom and a certain measure of religious freedom; he hated monkery; but he had no new opinions or "truths" for which to contend earnestly, as for life or death. He was content to accept the Catholic tradition if it would not disturb him; and the Catholic system, with its historic memories and proud associations, was dear to his cultivated imagination and taste. It is needless to blame Erasmus for his moderation; we might as well blame him for not being Luther. He did his own work, just as Luther did his; and while we can never compare his character in depth, and power, and reality of moral greatness with that of the reformer's, we do not see in it the same exaggerations and intolerance that offend many in Luther.

Already, in 1524, Luther felt that there was a breach impending between him and the literary patriarch of the time. He was so far from courting it, however, that he used careful means to avoid it. Nothing but a direct attack of Erasmus would draw him into conflict; he was disposed to overlook the sundry sharp side-blows and cuts which had already come from the keen armoury of Basle, and to let alone for let alone, if the offence were not repeated and aggravated. He acknowledged the services of Erasmus in having contributed to the flourishing rise of letters and the right understanding of Scripture, and he did not expect any further assistance from him in the work of reform. For the Lord had meted out to him in this respect but limited gifts (so Luther said), and had not seen fit to bestow upon him the energy and direction of mind requisite to attack the monsters of the Papacy soundly and boldly. But if this was not the case, let him be

entreated to remain at least a silent spectator of the tragedy. “Do not join your forces to our adversaries; publish no books against me, and I will publish none against you.”[36] Such was the strain in which Luther addressed Erasmus in a remarkable letter of this year. We cannot tell how he received the remonstrance. It does not seem particularly calculated, as a whole, to smooth his vanity or stay his hand. At the very moment he was busy with his treatise ‘De Libero Arbitrio,’ and the complacent admonitions of the reformer were not likely to deaden any of the glancing thrusts that he was aiming at the Lutheran doctrine of grace. The treatise saw the light in the following year; and Luther, although still disinclined, saw no alternative but to come forward in defence of views which he considered to be identical with the truth of Scripture. In the course of the same year (1525) he published his counter-treatise, ‘De Servo Arbitrio,’ on which he bestowed great pains, and which he was afterwards in the habit of reckoning, along with his Catechism, as among his greatest works.

It would be idle for us to enter into the merits of this controversy, and in truth its merits are no longer to us what they were to the combatants themselves. The course of opinion has altered this as well as many other points of dispute, so that under the same names we no longer really discuss the same things. There are probably none, with any competent knowledge of the subject, who would care any longer to defend the exact position either of Luther or Erasmus. Both are right, and both are wrong. Man is free, and yet grace is needful; and the philosophic refinements of Erasmus, and the wild exaggerations of Luther, have become mere historic dust, which would only raise a cloud by being disturbed. Past polemics on such subjects become through time utterly dead and unmeaning and while we look for a living face in them, we find a mere empty skull—a hollow logical bone-work, from which the spirit has fled long years ago. There is reason to think that the controversy was far from being satisfying to Luther. He gave his adversary, indeed, as good as he got,—admitted his eloquence, but ridiculed his arguments, comparing them to “peasecods or waste matter served up in vessels of gold and silver.” His heavy strokes would be felt beneath all the light indifference of the scholar and he was strong in the conscious possession of a deep moral conviction that lay nearer to the truth than any self-assertion of mere Pelagian subtlety but then the torturing dilemmas of his dogmatic position, set in the clear light of common sense, and expounded by his adversary with a far more philosophic comprehension than he himself possessed, drove him into untenable and even unmoral assertions[37]—assertions which could scarcely have been satisfactory to his own mind at the time, and which, on cool reflection afterwards, must have appeared less and less so. He is said to have consequently never recalled with pleasure the results of the controversy, and never to have forgiven Erasmus for having forced him into it. He spoke of him afterwards as “that amphibolous being sitting calmly and unmoved on the throne of amphibology, while he cheats and deludes us by his double meaning, covert phraseology, and claps his hands when he sees us involved in his insidious figures of speech, as a spider rejoices over a captured fly.” This bitter feeling seems to have sprung up towards Erasmus from the determination with which he pursued the subject, and drew out in his cool and sinuous way the moral perplexities involved in Luther’s bold statements. He replied in two treatises under the name of Hyperaspistes, and sought to overwhelm the reformer by ingenious criticism, and exposures of his prolixity and misrepresentations. “That venomous serpent Erasmus,” Luther says in a letter to Spalatin, “has been once more writing against me.” And again, “The treacherous Erasmus has brought forth two books against me, as full of cunning poison as a serpent.” But perhaps the most remarkable evidence of the dislike which he henceforth cherished for his adversary is contained in a letter addressed to his son John: “Erasmus is an enemy to all religion, and a decided adversary to Christ, a counterpart to Epicurus and Lucian. This I, Martin Luther, have written to you, my dear son John, and through you to all my children and the holy Christian church.”[38]

It was in the same year, and amidst these contentions, that Luther took that step in his life which more than any other, except the affair of the Landgrave of Hesse, has exposed him to animadversion. On Trinity Sunday, the 11th of June (1525), he was married to Catherine von Bora, one of nine nuns who had escaped two years previously from the convent of Nimptsch and taken refuge in Wittenberg. His intention took his friends by surprise, and even alarmed Melanchthon to the point of urgent remonstrance. But Luther had made up his mind, after various delays; and although he was concerned at the disapprobation of his old friend, he was not to be moved from his purpose; and Melanchthon, when he saw this, had the good sense to change his tone, and to write to Camerarius in apology of the step. Luther does not lead us to suppose that he was moved to marriage at this time by any strong affection for the object of his choice. "I am not on fire with love," he said, "but I esteem my wife." In point of fact, he had originally destined Catherine for some one else, and it was only after this project fell through that he thought of marrying her himself.[39] It is difficult, perhaps, to explain all the reasons which influenced. him. He more than once in his letters pleads the advice and desire of his father. He pleads also a sense of duty and obedience to the divine command. "I am anxious," he writes to Amsdorf, "to be myself an example of what I have taught. It is the will of God I follow in this matter."[40] Melanchthon, in the letter to Camerarius, to which we have alluded, says somewhat vaguely, "It may seem strange that Luther should marry at such an unpropitious time, when Germany has especial need of his great and noble mind. But I think the case was as follows:—You are aware that Luther is far from being one of those who hate men and fly their society; you know his daily habits, and so you may conjecture the rest. It is not to be wondered at that his generous and great soul was in some way softened."

It was a sufficiently startling step, no doubt, for a monk to marry a nun in the face of the world—and this, too, when the cause of the Reformation was undergoing its first violent shock in connection with the outbreak of the Zwickau fanatics and the peasants' insurrection. But when we look at it apart from these incidents, which do not essentially touch the character of the act, however they may affect our judgment of its prudence, it seems as if a very unnecessary noise had been made about the marriage of the reformer. Even if it had been more obviously imprudent than it can be fairly said to be, there is no reason why it should have invoked such harsh and invidious judgments as even Protestant writers, like Sir James Stephen, have passed upon it. If in anything a man is entitled to please himself, it is surely in taking a wife at such a mature age as that which Luther had now reached; and while certain sacred associations were no doubt outraged by the step, no true and natural feelings were violated. In so far as the act is to be judged by its consequences, it is well known that it proved of the happiest character. It is impossible to conceive a more simple and beautiful picture of domestic life than in the letters and Table-talk of Luther henceforth. There is a richer charm and tenderness and pathos in his whole existence,—rather enhanced than otherwise by the slight glimpses we get of the fact that Catherine had a spirit and will of her own, and that while she greatly loved and reverenced the Doctor, she nevertheless took her own way in such things as seemed good to her. Some of the names under which he delights to address her seem to point to this little element of imperiousness, though in such a frank and merry way as to show that it was a well understood subject of banter between them, and nothing more. "My Lord Kate," "My Emperor Kate," are some of his titles; and again, in a more circumlocutory humour, "For the hands of the rich dame of Zuhlsdorf, Doctoress Catherine Luther:" sometimes simply and familiarly, "Kate my rib." Nowhere does his genial nature overflow more than in these letters, running riot in all sorts of freakish extravagance, yet everywhere touched with the deep mellow light of a healthy and happy affection. What a pleasant glimpse and sly humour in the following: "In the first year of our marriage my Catherine was wont to seat herself beside me whilst I was studying; and once

not having what else to say, she asked me, Sir Doctor! in Russia is not the maître d'hôtel the brother of the Margrave?'" And again, in the last year of his life, and when he is on that journey of friendliness and benevolence from which he is never to return to his dear household, the old spirit of wild fun and tender affection survives. He writes to his "heart-loved housewife Catherine Lutherinn, Doctoress Zuhlsdorferess, Sow Marketress, and whatever more she may be, grace and peace in Christ, and my old poor love in the first place."

Catherine is said by Erasmus to have been very beautiful.[41] Her portraits taken by Lucas Cranach represent her with a round full face, straight nose, and full tender eyes. Luther himself was greatly taken by the likeness, and threatened to send it to the Council of Mantua, to see if it would not influence the holy fathers there assembled to determine in favour of the marriage rather than the celibacy of the clergy.

Of this marriage there were born six children to Luther, and his relations to his children open up still deeper veins of love and kindness than any we have contemplated. Especially his eldest son Johnny and his daughter Magdalen seem to have been dear to his heart; and there is nothing more pathetic in any life than his wild yet resigned grief by the deathbed of the latter, who was taken from him in her fourteenth year." "I love her very dearly," he cried; "but, dear Lord, since it is Thy will to take her from me, I shall gladly know her to be with Thee." And as he saw her lying in her coffin he said, "Thou darling Lena, how happy art thou now! Thou wilt arise again and shine as a star. I am joyful in the spirit, yet after the flesh I am very sad. How strange it is to know so surely that she is at peace and happy, and yet to be so sad." "We have ever before us," again he says, "her features, her words, her gestures, her every action in life, and on her deathbed, my darling, my all-beautiful, all-obedient daughter. Even the death of Christ cannot tear her from my thoughts, as it ought to do."

The birth of his eldest son was an event of immense interest to the reformer. "I have received," he writes to Spalatin, "from my most excellent and dearest wife a little Luther, by God's wonderful mercy. Pray for me that Christ will preserve my child from Satan, who, I know, will try all that he can to harm me in him."[42] And then again, in answer to Spalatin's good wishes, and in reference to his own hopes of the same character, "John, my fawn, together with my doe, return their warm thanks for your kind benediction; and may your doe present you with just such another fawn, on whom I may ask God's blessing in turn. Amen."[43] As the little fellow grows and is about a year old, he writes to Agricola, "My Johnny is lively and strong, and a voracious, bibacious little fellow."[44]

It was to this son that he wrote when stationed at Coburg, during the Diet of Augsburg, that most beautiful and touching of all child-letters that ever was written. "Mercy and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I am glad to hear that you learn your lessons well and pray diligently. Go on doing so, my child. When I come home I will bring you a pretty fairing. I know a very pretty pleasant garden, and in it there are a great many children, all dressed in little golden coats, picking up nice apples, and pears, and cherries, and plums, under the trees. And they sing and jump about and are very merry; and besides, they have got beautiful little horses with golden bridles and silver saddles. Then I asked the man to whom the garden belonged, whose children they were, and he said, 'These are children who love to pray and learn their lessons, and do as they are bid;' then I said, 'Dear sir, I have a little son called Johnny Luther; may he come into this garden too?' And the man said, 'If he loves to pray, and learn his lessons, and is good, he may; and Philip and Joe too.'" And so on in the same tender and beautiful strain, mixing the highest counsel and richest poetry with the most child-like interest. Only a very sound and healthy spirit could have preserved thus fresh and simple the flow of natural feeling amid the

hardening contests of the world, and the arid subtleties of theological controversy.

In the year 1527, two years. after his marriage, Luther fell into a dangerous sickness and general depression of spirits, from the latter of which he was only fully aroused by the dangers besetting the German nation, and the very integrity of Christendom itself, by the threatened advance of the Turks. This was in the year 1529—the same year in which, on the invitation of the Landgrave of Hesse, he engaged in his famous conference with Zwingli, Bucer, and Œcolampadius at Marburg. The Landgrave, who, whatever may have been his personal failings, was always one of the most warm and zealous, and withal energetic and intelligent, supporters of the Reformation, was hopefully eager of establishing a union between the Swiss and German Reformers. Zwingli and his party shared in his eagerness, and were willing to concede much to Luther if only he would heartily extend to them the right hand of fellowship. In the matter of the sacrament of the Supper, however, Luther was not to be moved. His mind here remained shut against all argument; and although he is supposed to have admitted, under the name of Consubstantiation, a modification of the Catholic tradition, he adhered substantially to that tradition in all its significance to the last: he held to the literal reality of the Divine presence in the Eucharist, and would recognise nothing but rationalism, or, as he called it, mathematics, in the reasonings of Zwingli and his companions.

The conference was held in an inner compartment of the castle of the Landgrave. Many who had come from distances to be present were disappointed in gaining admission. Carlstadt had requested to be allowed to attend, but Luther would on no account consent: lie remembered, no doubt, his interview with him at Jena, and the violence with which he had obtruded upon him his contradictions on this very subject. The Prince opened the audience on the morning of the 2d of October, accompanied by certain of his counsellors and courtiers, and the professors of the University. The numbers who were present vary considerably in the respective accounts—the Swiss say about twenty-four, the German about fifty. A table covered with a velvet cloth separated the disputants; on the one side of it sat Luther and Melanchthon, on the other Zwingli and Œcolampadius. Before the discussion commenced, Luther is said to have taken a piece of chalk and written in large characters upon the velvet cloth the words, “This is My body”—not a very hopeful beginning!

The chancellor, Feige, on the part of the Prince, exhorted the disputants to approach the subject in a spirit of fairness and moderation. Luther, thereupon, after some preliminary objections to the general views of the Swiss, which were overruled, took up the keynote he had already started, and protested against the views of his opponents on the ground that the words of Scripture were explicit and conclusive, “This is My body.” Œcolampadius urged in reply that these words must be interpreted figuratively, in such a manner as other and corresponding expressions—viz., “I am the door”; “I am the true vine.” Luther admitted the figurative character of the latter expressions, but would not admit that there was an analogy between them and the solemn words he had put forward in the front of the controversy. Then they verged to a prolonged discussion as to the meaning of Christ’s language in the famous sixth chapter of St John’s Gospel. The Swiss divines maintained that the passage, “It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing,” was conclusive against the doctrine of transubstantiation. Luther denied that it applied to the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper, and besides argued that the flesh did not and could not mean the flesh of Christ, but our own flesh. To say that “the flesh of Christ profiteth nothing,” appeared to him blasphemy. Christ Himself said, “His flesh bringeth life”; “but if there be spiritual life in Christ,” it was urged, “what does it matter to eat His flesh?” “That,” Luther replied with heat, “is a rationalistic question; it is enough that the Word of God says so: what the Word states, we are bound to believe without doubt or cavil. The world must obey

God's precepts; we must all obey His Word. Worms, listen! It is your God who speaks!" Zwingli joined in the discussion, and it waxed more vehement. He hinted, not very reverently, that Luther did nothing but repeat the same words; Christ Himself had decisively explained what He meant by His words. "Your language," Luther retorted, "savours of the camp."

The announcement of dinner fortunately-interrupted the disputants for the time. After dinner the debate was resumed, and carried on throughout the forenoon and afternoon of the following day. Zwingli became metaphysical and argumentative. "A body," he said, "cannot be without place; but Christ's body is in heaven, therefore it cannot be in the bread of the Eucharist."[45] Luther was not to be moved from his point by such an argument, although he afterwards acknowledged its force. When pressed by Zwingli's dialectics, he exclaimed, "I will have nothing to do with your mathematics: God is above mathematics!" "The body of Christ," he held, "was in the bread as the sword in the scabbard, or the Holy Ghost in the dove;" and finally, rising from his seat, he tore the velvet cloth from the table, and held up before the Assembly the large letters, "This is My body," as an unassailable watchword to be received in evidence of his doctrine by all good Christians.

It was obvious that continued discussion could lead to no good. Luther's dogmatism was unyielding. All his deepest feelings, as well as his theological reputation, were involved in his maintaining his ground. He had taken his stand, as he supposed, upon the Word of God, and nothing should make him swerve from that. It was proposed by the Landgrave that the conference should terminate by a declaration from both sides that, although they disagreed in this particular, they concurred in the essentials of faith, and recognised each other as Christian brethren. The Zwinglian party eagerly embraced the proposal; but Luther hesitated: he would not acknowledge a hearty brotherhood where there were variances on so vital a point as the Sacrament of the Altar. Zwingli was affected to tears by this coldness. Luther said, "We cannot accept you as brethren, but we are willing to hold out to you the hand of charity." The warmheartedness of the Swiss responded cordially even to this offer, and the conference terminated with apparent good-will and commendatory prayers on both sides.

Upon the whole, Luther appears nowhere less admirable than in this famous conference—not, indeed, for the opinion which he defended, but for the irate and dogmatic spirit in which he defended it. He kept ever singing the same song, as Zwingli said, "This is My body." His tone was very unreasoning and arbitrary, and there is scarcely any absurdity that might not be based on Scripture in the manner in which he used it, and considered it enough to use it, on this occasion. There is something, moreover, painful and unworthy of him in the terms in which he characterised the Swiss divines in his letters,[46] and in the unbending, unkindly temper in which he met the warmly proffered friendship of Zwingli. The character of the latter—frank, gallant, fearless,—a soldier-reformer, with his Greek Testament, and nothing else, in his hand—appears in a far higher light throughout the debate. But he and Luther never could understand one another; and when, in the end of this very year, the German heard of the death of the brave Swiss on the sanguinary field of Cappel, fighting for the liberties of his country, there is. no sympathy, but a grating harshness, in the tone in which he received the sad news. The Marburg Conference, however, was not without some friendly and conciliatory results even in matters of doctrine, as the fourteen articles, which were at length signed on both sides, testify. It did not serve to unite Luther and the Swiss more cordially, for he continued to write with an increasing vehemence against them;[47]but it served to show, in all things save that of the Eucharist, a substantial unity of doctrine in the two great branches of the Reformation, meeting locally together at so many points.

In the following year we find Luther at Coburg during the memorable meeting of the Diet at Augsburg. The reformer had proposed to attend the Diet in company with the Elector, but a letter met them at Coburg intimating that the ban of the Empire was still in force against him, and it was therefore wisely resolved that he should not make his appearance at the Diet, but leave the conduct of affairs in this great crisis to Melanchthon, whose more courtly manner and cooler judgment were in any case supposed to be more fit for bringing the pending negotiations to some favourable termination. Luther, however, removed to Coburg to be conveniently at hand for consultation; and, secure in the strong fortress of the Elector there, he abandoned himself to a most joyful interest in nature, and a variety of literary studies, while the news of the Diet floated to his solitude; and, in return, he counselled, encouraged, and warned Melanchthon. On the 22d of April he writes: "I have at length arrived at my Sinai, dear Philip; put of this Sinai I will make a Sion: I will raise thereon three tabernacles—one to the Psalmist, one to the Prophets, and one to Esop. It is truly a pleasant place, and most agreeable for study, unless your absence saddens me. . . . I reside in a vast abode which overlooks the castle; I have the key of all its apartments. There are about thirty persons together, of whom twelve are watchers by night, and two sentinels besides, who are constantly posted on the castle heights."[48] On the 29th of June, while matters are proceeding, and Melanchthon writes complaining of his difficulties, he replies, "To-day your last news has reached me, in which you advise me of your labours, your dangers, your tears, as if I were ignorant of these things, or sat in a bed of roses, and bore no part of your cares. Would to God my cause were such as admitted of tears!"[49] When he hears of the Confession being read in open Diet, he is in great spirits; but the fears and anxieties of Melanchthon, who desired not merely to maintain the reformed doctrines, but to effect a reconciliation with the Romanists, speedily bring disquiet to him. He fell back upon that in which he was always stronger than Melanchthon—Faith. "Our cause is deposited," he said, "in a commonplace not to be found in your book, Philip; that commonplace is Faith." And in the same grand strain he wrote to the chancellor, Bruck: "I was lately looking out of my window, when I beheld two wonderful sights. First, I saw the stars and God's fair bright firmament, but nowhere any pillars on which the Master-builder had poised this lofty frame; yet the heavens did not fall in, and the firmament stood quite fast. But there are some who search for such pillars, and would anxiously grasp and feel them, and because they cannot do this, fear and tremble lest the heavens should fall. The other spectacle I saw was a great dense cloud floating over us, so charged and burdened that it might be likened to a mighty sea, and yet I could perceive nothing on which it rested, no coffer in which it was enclosed and yet it fell not, but, greeting us with a black frown, passed on. When it had passed, a rainbow appeared—a weak, thin, and slight bow, which soon vanished into the clouds. Now, there are some who think more of the dense cloud than of the dim and slender bow, and are in great terror lest the clouds should pour down an eternal deluge. . . . I write to your worship in this familiar yet serious style, because I rejoice to hear that your courage has not failed. Our rainbow, indeed, appears a frail hope on which to rest, and their clouds are dark and lowering; but in the end it will be seen who will gain the victory."[50]

In this confident manner Luther encouraged his friends, and feared for himself no evil. It is a grand and heroic spectacle this solitary man in the old fortress of Coburg, looking out upon nature and the world with such a calm clear trust in God, interested in the proceedings at Augsburg, yet feeling, with the fulness of a living faith, how much greater was Providence than the negotiations of princes,—and with what mysterious safety the wheels of the world's progress were revolving, whatever the poor pride of man might counsel or devise. The jackdaws and rooks, as they convened in circling crowds in front of his window, seemed to him not an unfitting emblem of the "magnanimous kings, dukes, and nobles," consulting over the affairs of the realm

at Augsburg. As he watched their movements, and saw them “flap their wings and strut with mimic majesty, not clad in royal attire, but glossy black or dark grey, having eyes of ashy paleness, and singing the same unvarying song, diversified only by the weaker tones or more discordant notes of the young or inexperienced,” he thought of the great princes and lords busying themselves with pompous and weak inconsequence over the movements of the world, which they vainly imagined within their control. The fresh and living glance with which he looked from his high and lonely windows upon the heavens above, and the joyous creatures of nature around, compare well with the hesitations and uncertainties which marked the proceedings at Augsburg, even on the part of his friends.

The result justified the confidence of Luther. Melanchthon, both from natural timidity and an ardent love of peace, would have made too many concessions—concessions which in the end would not have proved effectual. The favourable reception which his Confession at first met with, had encouraged not only him but Jonas and others to believe that a modus vivendi might be found between the Lutherans and the adherents of the Papacy within the Empire. “Christ,” cried Jonas, “is in the Diet, and He does not keep silence; the Word of God is indeed not to be bound.” For a moment even Luther seemed to see a prospect of conciliation, and in his enthusiasm wrote a letter of entreaty to Cardinal Albert. “Do not let us fall out. Do not let us ruin Germany. Let there be liberty of conscience, and let us save our fatherland.” But when it was proposed to unite, at the sacrifice of the truth, and even to grant the supremacy of the Pope (for so far was Melanchthon disposed to yield), Luther’s heart rose high within him, and he would brook no such policy. “You have begun a marvellous work,” he wrote to his friend, “to make Luther and the Pope agree together; but the Pope will say that he will not, and Luther begs to be excused. Take care. Your negotiations have no chance of success unless the Pope renounces Papacy.” The demands of the Romanists increased with Melanchthon’s concessions, until at length even he would go no farther. He shrank from all acknowledgment of private masses, auricular confession, and the merit of good works. The negotiations came to an end. Threats were made, and the imperial troops called within the free city of Augsburg; but Luther cried from his watch-tower, “Threats will not kill. There will be no war.” His friends escaped, all hope of reconciliation terminated, and threatening as the danger seemed, it passed away. The truth was, as Luther saw, that the Emperor was in no position to make war upon the Protestant princes. The Turks were hovering on the borders of the Empire. Henry VIII. of England and Francis were in alliance, watching their opportunity of breaking down Charles’s power. The Emperor, and even his brother Ferdinand of Austria, acknowledged the difficulties of the crisis, and the political compromise was allowed to remain as it was.

The Diet at Augsburg marks a turning-point in the history of the Reformation and in the career of the reformer. The Confession then presented by Melanchthon, known as the Confessio Augustana, remains the great dogmatic monument of German Protestantism. It is rightly associated with the name of Melanchthon, who digested its contents into their final form but the substance of the articles was Luther’s. He had written them on various occasions, and they embraced all the main points of his theology, positive and negative, from the doctrine of the Trinity to his disavowal of the special tenets of Romanism. The first part enumerates the “chief articles of faith” held by the princes and churches that had embraced the Reformation—twenty-one articles in all, stated with clearness, brevity, and moderation. The second part, under the distinct heading of “Articles in which are recounted the abuses which have been changed or corrected,” extends to only seven articles—the Lord’s Supper, the marriage of priests, the sacrifice of the mass, auricular confession, fasts and traditions, monastic vows, ecclesiastical power—points all of which had called forth the reformer’s polemical energy, and which are accordingly stated with much more detail and amplitude. They occupy more than double the

space of the preceding articles.

But it is not only as marking definitely the dogmatic significance of the Reformation that the Diet of Augsburg is important. It marks also a significant political epoch. In the Preface to the Confession, addressed to the Emperor, attention is specially called to the two preceding Diets at Spires, in 1526 and 1529, when the Protestant States rightly believed they had gained a definite standing-ground from which they could not be fairly displaced. At the former of these Diets the Emperor had specially conceded that the matters in dispute were beyond his own jurisdiction. He was neither willing nor able to conclude anything touching them, but to endeavour to obtain the sanction of the Roman Pontiff to the assembly of a General Council; "every State in the meantime to live, rule, and bear itself, as it shall be ready to answer for to God and his Imperial Majesty." The same promise of a General Council had been repeated at the second Diet of Spires, held only the year before, notwithstanding that the Emperor was then in a far less tolerant humour, and disposed to abrogate the Act of Toleration passed in 1526. A majority of the Diet in fact virtually did this, by falling back upon the Edict of Worms, and proposing its enforcement wherever it was practicable. It was then that the minority prepared the famous Protest, from which the name Protestant has come. "The Diet has overstepped its authority," they said; "our acquired right is that the Decree of 1526, unanimously adopted, remain in force until a Council can be convened. Up to this time the Decree has maintained the peace, and we protest against its abrogation." At the Augsburg Diet the same ground was taken up, and the same protest renewed. "To the convention of a General Council, as also to your Imperial Majesty, we have, in the due method and legal form, before made our protestations and appeal in this greatest and gravest of matters. To which appeal, both to your Imperial Majesty and a Council, we still adhere; nor do we intend, nor would it be possible for us to forsake it, unless the matter between us and the other party should, in accordance with the latest Imperial citation, be composed, settled, and brought to Christian concord in friendship and love; concerning which appeal we here also make our solemn and public protest."

From this point, accordingly, the political attitude of the Protestant States was really changed. They were already banded together in their defence before the league of Schmalkald united them. The religious difference had merged into a difference in the great political body of which they were members. So long as the head of the empire held the balance between the Pope and the insurgent States, some compromise seemed possible, but now that he had entered into affiance with Rome, they were threatened with exclusion not only from the Catholic Church but from the Public Peace, as the shelter of the Empire was called. The crisis in every respect was a grave one; and it bespeaks much for the courage of the protesting minority that they resolved to face it, and "never to abandon the religious position which they had taken up, and the importance of which filled their whole souls."[51] It was in the last days of the same memorable year that John of Saxony, Ernest of Lüneburg, Philip of Hesse, Wolfgang of Anhalt, the Counts of Gebhard and Albrecht of Mansfeld, and delegates from George of Brandenburg and several cities, assembled at Schmalkald, and, amidst the severities of winter, entered into the great league which bound them to support one another in the event of any hostile movement of the Emperor. Happily, any such movement was thwarted by another Turkish invasion, which divided the attention of Charles, and, with other causes, gave peace during the remainder of Luther's life. The civil war, however, came at last, and in the most terrible form, and no country ever paid more dearly than Germany for religious freedom.

It was some dim forethought of all this that changed Luther much during the last sixteen years of his life. Courageous against the Pope and the devil, he shrunk now again, as in the time of the peasants' war, from all civil commotion. To his simple German heart the empire was

a sacred reality, far more sacred than the Pope. He could only contemplate with the utmost reluctance any alliance against the imperial power. From this time, therefore, Luther is found comparatively withdrawn from public life. He is no longer leader of the movement in the sense in which he has hitherto stood forth as its public champion on all occasions. He seems to have felt that his part of the work was done. He lacked sympathy, unhappily, with both the political and Zwinglian side of the Reformation, which called forth the strong interest of Philip of Hesse and others. He stood aloof from further projects of reform, and the conservative elements of his large and many-sided nature gathered force with advancing years. The wild excitements of the times—the terrifying advance of the Turks, and the dreadful excesses of the Anabaptists, which broke out afresh in the north, under the leadership of John of Leyden—all tended to moderate and somewhat sadden his spirit. To crown all, the affair of the Landgrave of Hesse, who married, in 1536, a second wife while his first was still living, proved to him, as to Melanchthon (whom it nearly killed), a dark and humiliating trial, and left, as his letters show, a gloomy shadow on his temper and the prospects of the cause so dear to him. “Who is not now ruffled by the folly of Luther?” he wrote, in bitterness of spirit, to a friend who asked him to be present at his marriage, while excusing his absence.

There were special causes, also, in his own immediate experience, during the year which followed the Diet of Augsburg, which gave a pensive cast to his life. His dear and illustrious friend, the Archduke John, died in the autumn of 1532. Luther and Melanchthon were suddenly summoned to his bedside, but he was unconscious before they arrived. Luther preached his funeral sermon at Wittenberg, as, seven years before, he had performed the same office for his brother, and, according to Spalatin, was deeply moved and wept as a child. The good Archduke had stood firm in the great cause in the hour of danger, and well earned for himself the epithet of “Steadfast.” The reformer traced in his character, above all, the simple attributes of piety and goodness, as in his brother those of wisdom and understanding. “Had these qualities only been united in one person,” he said, “it would have been a miracle.” Along with such changes, Luther felt in himself a growing sense of old age and weakness. He complained in his letters of dizziness and unfitness for his work in the morning. “I am become so useless,” he says, “that I hate myself. I hardly know how the time passes, and I do so little. I am dying slowly, not of years, but of decay of strength.” His physical suffering culminated in a serious attack of illness at Schmalkald in 1537. He had come there on one of the many projects of a union among all Protestants which occupied these years. He had preached a powerful sermon, “not so much speaking as thundering from heaven in the name of Christ,” and immediately afterwards he was seized with violent pain. Physicians were called from Erfurt to attend him; but he disliked doctors, and they did him no good. He could find no relief, and his body swelled till he thought his end was at hand. “They made me drink,” he afterwards said, “as if I was a great ox.” In immediate prospect of death, he cried to God—"I die a foe of Thy foes, under the curse and ban of Thine enemy, the Pope. May he too die under Thy ban, and we both appear before Thy judgment seat.” The young Elector, son of the good John, stood by his bedside, lamenting that God would take away with him his dear Word. Luther quieted him with the assurance that God would raise up many true men to defend the good cause, and committed to him the care of his wife and children. As Melanchthon began to weep, he could not restrain some of his old humour, reminding him of a saying of one of their friends, that there was no art required in drinking good beer, but only beer that was sour; and recalling to him the words of Job, “‘Have we received good from the Lord, and shall we not also accept evil.’ The wicked Jews had stoned the holy Stephen, but his stone, the villain, was stoning him” (Ihn steinige sein Stein, der bösewicht). He never lost his confidence in God, to whom he repeatedly committed his soul. At length, as none of the physicians of Schmalkald did him any good, they resolved to remove him

to Coburg; and, happily, on the way thither, the rough jolting in the carriage which conveyed him did for him what medical skill had failed to do. He obtained relief, and immediately felt his whole body lightened, and was filled with thankful joy. “I was dead,” he wrote at once to his wife, “and had committed you and the dear children to God, but He has had compassion upon me for your sakes.”

If these latter years of Luther’s life are comparatively deficient in stirring incident, they enable us to see the man in his home-life, among his friends and his children, more clearly than in previous years. They were years also of good, if less notable, work. Although the higher projects, which he never cherished with much confidence, of formal union among the branches of the Reformation, miscarried or never came to anything, the time was, upon the whole, a prosperous one for that branch of the Church in which he was specially interested. In the face of the dangers threatening his own power, and even Christendom, Charles recognised the necessity of keeping peace with his Protestant subjects. The truce of Nuremberg followed the league of Schmalkald, and the Protestant states rested from their fears, and rapidly grew in numbers. Würtemburg became genuinely Protestant. Even the Elector-Archbishop of Cologne inclined to the new movement and the apprehension of such a defection, amidst his other difficulties, was enough to keep Charles in check. Luther was satisfied with the progress he had made. He continued his labours at Wittenberg, publishing various expositions or lectures on portions of Scripture, particularly on the Epistle to the Galatians and the Psalms of Degrees. As already mentioned, he had the joy of seeing, in 1534, the first entire translation of the Old as well as the New Testament made public, and a new edition of the Wittenberg Hymn-book appeared in the following year. His weapons of controversy against both Roman Catholics and Zwinglians were not stayed but controversy formed a far less important element of his life. He lived happily with his wife and children in the old cloister on the banks of the Elbe, which had been his first lodging when he came from Erfurt. His salary was not large, but many presents were sent to him, not only by the Elector, but by the free cities, and men of all lands looked to him with respect and admiration. He was able at last to buy a small house in the country and farm, which his “heartily beloved housewife Catherine, Lady Luther, Lady Doctor, Lady Zuhlsdorf, Lady of the. Pigmarket, and whatever else she may be,” managed for him with much thrift and profit. He was never tired of commending matrimony and its blessings. “The state of matrimony,” he says, “is the chief in the world after religion.” Again, “How great, how rich, and how noble are the blessings God gives in marriage! what a joy is bestowed on man through his children—the fairest and sweetest of all joys.” “God’s best gift is a pious, cheerful, God-fearing, home-keeping wife, to whom you can trust your goods and body and life.” Like all large-hearted men, he was never so happy as when in his country home, surrounded by his family. He wrote to Spalatin with delighted enthusiasm of his garden and his fountain, his lilies and roses. As, one day, his children were standing round the table, looking eagerly at the grapes and peaches on it, he said, “He who would know what it is to rejoice in hope, may see a perfect counterpart of it here.” Everything in nature charmed his imaginative sense, and brought out the poetry as well as the piety of his life. When, one day, two birds kept flying into his garden, where they had made a nest, but were repeatedly scared away by the steps of passers-by, he exclaimed, “Oh you dear little birds, do not fly away; I mean you well, from the bottom of my heart, if you could but believe it. Just so do we refuse to trust and believe in our Lord God, who yet means us and shows us all kindness.”

We have already described his deep affection for his children. He remembered, perhaps, the hardness of his own youth, and the occasional severity of his father, and he resolved to make his own home bright, sunny, and cheerful, full of satirical frolic and unfailing gentleness and love. “Natural merriment,” he said, “is the best food for children.” He would joke with his well-

beloved Catherine over her thrifty carefulness, calling her a “Martha” more than a “Mary,” and quietly touching, with a tender stroke, her love of profit and business. Yet he prized her worth above all price—“more highly than the kingdom of France or the empire of the Venetians,” as he phrased it. “Everywhere among married people he heard of much greater faults and failings than any she had.” “She is more to me than I dared to hope, thanks be to God.”

These latter years also are the years of the ‘Tischreden’ or ‘Table-Talk,’ which bring us so near to him in his familiar thoughts. He was open-handed in his hospitality, and his table was always furnished for friends and guests as well as the members of his own family. Never man had more numerous and warm-hearted friends—some who had struggled with him from the beginning in “the good cause,” and younger disciples who gathered round him with admiring veneration in his later years, who came to listen to his talk, and take notes of the many wise and racy sayings that dropped from his lips. It is to the notes of two of these younger friends that we owe the remarkable volume of ‘Table-Talk’[52] which has done more than any of his works to make his name known, not merely as a theologian but as a humourist and close observer of man and nature. It reveals more than all else the dramatic breadth of his intellect, his hearty interest in life, and wise, pathetic, and droll insight into its heroisms and follies. It is stamped with genius throughout, and retains its vivacity and readableness when so much that he has written remains covered with the dust of centuries, untouched save by the student of polemical theology. In this volume, more than in any other, the German people of divers kinds have found a point of sympathy with his life, its poetry and music, its affection and free-heartedness, its deep piety and earnest aspiration. His reporters have been too indiscriminate in their notes, as he himself told them they, were. They beset him too closely, not merely at his table, but on his walks, and in the discharge of his duties. “They were with him,” it is said, “at his down-sitting and uprising; they looked over his shoulder as he read or wrote his letters: did he utter an exclamation of pain or of pleasure, of joy or of sorrow, down it went; did he aspirate a thought above breath, it was caught by the intent ear of one or other of the listeners.” But if they have added some crude pieces to the heap of his sayings, and filled the volume here and there with repetitory notes, it has also given freshness and genuineness to them, and served to bring out his intellect and character in vivid mass, with something of the natural bulk and fulness with which Cranach has presented his person in his well-known portrait of Luther standing with the Bible in his hands.

The first edition of the ‘Tischreden’ was published twenty years after his death—in 1566—and successive editions were immediately called for. It has been partially translated in our own language, among others by William Hazlitt;[53] and some of its best sayings have been widely circulated. It will interest our readers, however, and serve to vivify our sketch, to present a brief selection. His simple faith; his hatred of the Pope and of all lies; his high estimate of his friend and fellow-labourer, Melanchthon; his dislike of Erasmus; his love of nature, birds, and children; his humorous sense, as he looked abroad upon life in all its civil and domestic aspects,—all appear in rich and unguarded language, here and there touched with exaggeration, such as naturally falls from a great mind freely ranging over many topics. A great proportion of the Table-Talk sayings are of course theological, and we may begin with these. As might be expected, he exalts greatly Holy Scripture. “Homer, Virgil, and other noble and profitable writers,” he says, “have left us books of great antiquity, but they are nothing to the Bible. The books of the heathen contemplate only the present. Look not therein for aught of trust or hope in God. But see how the Psalms and the Book of Job treat of faith, hope, resignation, and prayer,—in a word, the Holy Scripture is the highest and best of books, abounding in comfort under all afflictions and trials. It teaches us to see, to feel, to grasp, and to comprehend faith, hope, and charity far otherwise than mere human reason can; and when evil oppresses us, it teaches us

how these writers threw light upon the darkness, and how, after this poor miserable existence of ours on earth, there is another and eternal life. . . . A theologian should be thoroughly in possession of the basis and source of faith—that is to say, the Holy Scriptures. . . . He who wholly possesses the text of the Bible is a consummate divine. . . . Let us not lose the Bible, but with diligence, in fear and invocation of God, read and preach it. While that remains and flourishes all will be well with the state; 'tis head and empress of all arts and faculties. Let but divinity fall, and I would not give a straw for the rest."

"The School Divines, with their speculations in Holy Writ, deal in pure vanities. Bonaventura, who is full of them, made me almost deaf. I sought to learn in his book how God and my soul had become reconciled, but got no information from him. They talk much of the union of the soul and the understanding, but 'tis all idle fantasy. The right practical divinity is this—Believe in Christ, and do thy duty in that state of life to which God has called thee."

"I have grounded my preaching on the Divine Word. Although I am an old doctor of divinity, to this day I have not got beyond the children's learning—the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer; and these I understand not so well as I should, though I study them daily, praying with my son John and my daughter Magdalene."

"Forsheim said that the first of the five books of Moses was not written by Moses himself. Dr Luther replied, What matters it even though Moses did not write it?"

We have spoken of his high esteem of Melanchthon. His admiration of him as a theologian never failed, even when he deplored his lack of faith and courage. Every student of theology, he said, should read over and over again Melanchthon's 'Loci Communes' "until he has it by heart. Once master of these two volumes, he may be regarded as a theologian whom neither devil nor heretic can overcome. Afterwards he may study Melanchthon's 'Commentary on the Romans,' and mine on Deuteronomy and the Galatians."

Again, "we possess no body of Christian theology like Melanchthon's 'Commonplace Book.'" "All the fathers, all the compilers of sentences, are not to be compared with this book. 'Tis, after the Scriptures, the most perfect of works."

There is at times a harshness in his ready and emphatic speech, as when he pronounced the Epistle of St James to be a "strawy epistle" and in such a sentence as the following. "When one asked where God was before heaven was created, St Augustine answered: He was in Himself. When another asked me the same question, I said: He was building hell for such idle, presumptuous, flattering, and inquisitive spirits like you. . . . How should God deal with us? Good days we cannot bear, evil we cannot endure. Gives He riches unto us? then are we proud so that no man can live by us in peace; nay, we will be carried upon head and shoulders, and will be adored as gods. Gives He poverty unto us? then are we dismayed, impatient, and murmur against Him. Therefore nothing were better for us than forthwith to be covered with the shovel.

"Since God knew, said some one, that man would not continue in a state of innocence, why did He create him at all? 'Be sure,' Dr Luther said, laughing in reply, 'God knew quite well what He is about. Let us keep clear of such abstract questions, and consider the will of God as it has been revealed to us."

"God only, and not wealth, maintains the world; yet is the world so mad that it sets on riches all its joy and felicity."

“There is no greater anger than when God is silent and talks not with us, but suffers us to go on in our sinful works, and to do all things according to our own passions and pleasures.”

“Melanchthon asked Luther if this word ‘hardened,’ ‘hardeneth whom He will,’ were to be understood directly as it sounded, or in a figurative sense. Luther answered, ‘We must understand it specially, and not operatively; for God works no evil. Through His almighty power He works all in all; and as He finds a man, so He works in him, as He did in Pharaoh, who was evil by nature, which was not God’s but his own fault.”

“Christ lived three-and-thirty years, and went up thrice every year to Jerusalem—making ninety-nine times He went thither. If the Pope could show that Christ had been but once at Rome, what a bragging and boasting would he make! Yet Jerusalem was destroyed to the ground.”

“When Jesus was born, doubtless he cried and wept like other children, and his mother tended him as other mothers tend their children. As he grew up he was submissive to his parents, and waited on them, and carried his supposed father’s dinner to him; and when he came back, Mary no doubt often said, ‘My dear little Jesus, where halt thou been?’ He that takes no offence at the simple, lowly, and mean life of Christ is endowed with high divine art and wisdom—yea, has a special gift of God in the Holy Ghost.”

“We cannot vex the devil more than by teaching, preaching, singing, and talking of Jesus. Therefore I like it well when, with sounding voice, we sing in the church, ‘Et homo factus est; et verbum caro factum est.’ The devil cannot endure those words, and flies away.”

“I expect more goodness from Kate my wife, from Philip Melanchthon, and from other friends, than from my sweet and blessed Saviour Christ Jesus; and yet I know for certain that neither she nor any other person on earth will or can suffer that for me which He has suffered. Why, then, should I be afraid of Him? This very foolish weakness grieves me much.”

“When Jesus Christ utters a word, He opens His mouth so wide that it embraces all heaven and earth, even though that word be but a whisper. The word of the emperor is powerful, but that of Jesus Christ governs the whole universe.”

Luther’s powers as a preacher were universally recognised. God gave especially to him the word of power to the God-fearing and the ungodly alike. He was once reproached by a popish priest because he reproached the people with such passion and vehemence. He answered: “Our Lord God must first send a sharp pouring shower with thunder and lightning, and afterwards cause it mildly to rain, as then it wets finely through. I can easily cut a willow or a hazel wand with my trencher-knife; but for a hard oak a man must use the axe, and little enough to fell and cleave it.”

He gives many excellent advices as to preaching; as for example—

“I would not have preachers torment their hearers and detain them with long and tedious preaching, for the delight of hearing vanishes therewith, and the preachers hurt themselves. . . . But to speak deliberately becomes a preacher, for thereby he may the more effectually and impressively deliver his sermons. Seneca writes of Cicero that he spake deliberately from the heart. . . . We ought to direct ourselves in preaching according to the condition of the hearers; but most preachers commonly fail herein: they preach that which little edifies the poor simple people. To preach plainly and simply is a great art.”

“The defects of a preacher are soon spied. Dr Justus Jonas has all the good virtues and qualities a man may have; yet merely because he hums and spits, the people cannot bear that good and honest man.”

“Luther’s wife said to him, Sir, I heard your cousin John Palmer preach this afternoon in the parish church, whom I understood better than Dr Pommer, though the Doctor is held to be a very excellent preacher. Luther answered, John Palmer preached as ye women use to talk—for what comes into your minds ye speak. A preacher ought to remain by the text and deliver that which he has before him, to the end people may well understand it. But a preacher that will speak everything that comes in his mind is like a maid that goes to market, and meeting another maid, makes a stand, and they hold together a goose-market.”

“A preacher must be both soldier and shepherd. He must nourish, defend, and teach; he must have teeth in his mouth, and be able to bite and to fight. There are many talking preachers, but there is nothing in them save words. They can talk much, but teach nothing rightly.”

“I would not have preachers in their sermons use Hebrew, Greek, or foreign languages, for in the church we ought to speak as we are wont to do at home—the plain mother-tongue. . . . To be condemned are all preachers who aim at high and hard things. When I preach I sink myself down. I regard neither doctors nor magistrates—but the multitude of young people, children, and servants, of whom are more than two thousand. Will not the rest hear me? The door stands open, they may be gone. . . . When preachers come to me, as Melanchthon and Dr Pommer, let them show their cunning, how learned they be. They shall be well put to their trumps. But to sprinkle Hebrew and Greek in their public sermons savours much of show, according with neither time or place.”

“I have more than once heard him say at table,” Mathesius says, “how that in the Schools it was proper to dispute and bring forward acute arguments to confute the adversaries; but that in the pulpit those are the best preachers who discourse in a childlike, ordinary, simple style, intelligible to the common people.”

We have already spoken of Luther’s view of the devil. Whatever Luther learned to doubt of the medieval theology, he certainly retained its strong faith in the existence and constant work of an evil personality fighting against God and the kingdom of God. This persuasion made him also believe in witchcraft, with its attendant horrors. He was in many ways the child of his time, much as he rose above it in some things. “I should have no compassion on these witches,” he says. “I would burn all of them.” “Witchcraft is the devil’s own work.” “The devil is so crafty a spirit that he can ape and deceive our senses. He can cause one to think he sees something which he sees not; that he hears thunders or a trumpet which he hears not.” “When I could not be rid of the devil with sentences out of Holy Scripture, I made him often fly with jeering words. Sometimes I said to him, Saint Satan! if Christ’s blood which was shed for my sins be not sufficient, then I desire that thou wouldst pray to God for me.”

In contrast with such superstitions, which plainly tended to darken the Reformer’s views of life, and even to degrade his conception of Christianity, may be placed his keen love of nature, of music, and all the brighter aspects of social fellowship. He not only delighted in nature, but he was almost scientifically observant of its phenomena—their beautiful order, their ministries of service. “God’s power and wisdom,” he says, “are shown in the smallest flowers. Painters cannot rival their colour, nor perfumers their sweetness: green and yellow, crimson and blue and purple, all growing out of the earth. And we do not know how to use them to God’s honour.

We trample on lilies as if we were so many cows." "Could a man make a single rose we should give him an empire; but these beautiful gifts of God come freely to us, and we think nothing of them. The most precious of things is nothing, if it be only common."

In the spring time his heart rose to God in grateful joy as he saw the green life again appearing on the earth. "Praise be to God the Creator, that now in this time of Lent out of dead wood makes all alive again. Look at that bough, as if it were with child, and full of young things coming to the birth. It is a figure of our faith: winter is death, summer is the resurrection."

"Look at a pair of birds," he said; "they build a neat little nest and drop their eggs on it, and sit on them. Then come the chicks. There is the creature rolled up inside the shell. If we had never seen such a thing before, and an egg was brought from Calicut, we should be all wondering and crying out. Philosophers cannot explain how the chick was made. God spake and it was done. He commanded and so it was."

Of music he often spoke. "I always loved music," he said; "whoso has skill in that art is of a good temperament fitted for all things. We must teach music in schools; a schoolmaster ought to have skill in music. Neither should we ordain young men as preachers, unless they have been well exercised in music. Music is one of the best of arts; the notes give life to the text; it expels melancholy, as we see in King Saul. Satan hates music, because it drives away evil thoughts. We read in the Bible that the good and godly kings maintained and paid singers. Music is the best solace for a sad and sorrowful mind; by it the heart is refreshed and settled again in peace. It is a discipline too; for it softens us, and makes us temperate and reasonable. I have no pleasure in any man who, like the fanatics, despises music. It is a gift from God to drive away the devil, and make us forget our anger, and impurity, and pride, and evil tempers. I place music next to theology. I can see why David and all the saints put their choicest thoughts into song."

There are many miscellaneous sayings in the 'Table-Talk' of great value—many serious thoughts and many wise and merry sayings. All who would know Luther must study them, and see how much more than a mere ecclesiastic or theologian he was,—how he had in him the elements of a great statesman and "dramatist," as Mr Froude says, as well as of a large-minded Christian thinker. This latter he was too; yet clearness and rationality of thought were by no means his most characteristic powers. He was stronger in his estimates of men and religion in the concrete, as represented in the family, in society, and in the Church, than he was in any mere abstract questions. In pure thinking the medieval trappings of his mind clung to him more closely than when he looked with broad open eyes at life, and the necessities whether of political or Christian society. War he hated, although he did not shrink from it when inevitable in the interests of civil order or the defence of Christendom. "War," he said, "is one of the greatest plagues that can afflict humanity; it destroys religion, it destroys states, it destroys families. Any scourge, in fact, is preferable to it. Famine and pestilence become as nothing in comparison with it. Pestilence is the least evil of the three, and 'twas therefore David chose it, willing rather to fall into the hands of God than into those of pitiless man." While detesting war, he loved and admired soldiers. "A great soldier is the man; he has not many words; he knows what men are, and holds his tongue; but when he does speak, he acts also. A real hero does not go about his work with vain imagination. . . . A valiant and brave soldier seeks rather to preserve one citizen than to destroy a thousand enemies. He begins not a war lightly or without an urgent cause. . . . Certain ages seem more fruitful in great men than others. When I was a boy there were a great many—the Emperor Maximilian in Germany, Sigismund in Poland, Ladislaus in Hungary, Ferdinand, Emperor Charles's grandfather, in Spain—pious, wise, noble princes. There were a

good many bishops, too, who would have been with us had they been alive now. There was a bishop of Würzburg who used to say, when he saw a rogue, 'To the cloister with you—thou art useless to God or man.'"

His ill feeling to Erasmus, to whom he was certainly far from just, appears in the following: "In the year 1536 Luther wrote on his tablets, Res et verba Philippus; verba sine re Erasmus; res sine verbis Lutherus; nec res, nec verba Carolostadius; that which Philip Melanchthon writes has hands and feet, the matter is good and the words are good. Erasmus Roterodamus writes many words, but to no purpose; Luther has good matter but the words are wanting; Carlstadt has neither good words nor good matter."

His love of fun is never far away. "A student of Erfurt," he tells, "desiring to see Nuremberg, departed with a friend on a journey thither. Before they had walked half a mile, he asked his companion whether they would soon get to Nuremberg, and was answered, ''Tis scarce likely, since we have only just left Erfurt.' Having repeated the question another half mile further on, and getting the same answer, he said, 'Let us give up the journey, and go back, since the world is so vast.'"

Again, "There are poets who affect to be carried away by their enthusiasm. There was Richius, for example. I remember him sitting with his legs out of his window pretending to be in a fit of poetic fury against the devil, whom he was abusing and vilifying with long roundabout phrases. Strigel, who chanced to pass under, for sport suddenly took hold of the brawling poet's legs and frightened him heartily—the poor man thinking the devil had come to carry him off."

"I am a great enemy to flies, quia sunt imagines diaboli et hæreticorum. When I have a good book they flock upon it, and parade up and down upon it, and soil it. 'Tis just the same with the devil; when our hearts are purest, he comes and soils them."

"An idle priest, instead of reciting his breviary, used to run over the alphabet, and then say, 'Oh my God! take this alphabet, and put it together how you will.'"

With one other saying, the substance of which is as old as Solomon, but the application of which is ever new, we must conclude these illustrative extracts. "The multitude of books is a great evil. There is no measure nor limit to this fever for writing. Every one must be an author,—some out of vanity to acquire celebrity, others for the sake of lucre and gain. The Bible is now buried under so many commentaries, that the text is nothing regarded. I could wish all my books were buried nine ells deep underground, by reason of the ill example they will give."

Luther's last years were, upon the whole, peaceful, with a thread of sadness in them as he looked beyond his own happy home and Wittenberg, and saw how unsettled the prospect was for the good cause in Germany. It was well for him that he had a happy home, and good wife and children and friends, in whose society he could solace himself as he saw the gathering darkness about to descend on his country. "I love my Catherine," he says. "I love her more than I do myself, for I would die rather than any harm should happen to her or her children." But the long-delayed rupture in the Empire was steadily approaching. He was mercifully to be spared the sight of it, though he could not but see it coming. When the year 1544 brought peace with France, it was clear that the issue must be tried between the old and the new forces. The Pope once more began urging the Emperor to put down toleration, and compel the Protestants to a surrender. The promised "free and Christian Council,"[54] which was to compose religious differences, after a fair hearing of both sides, had become a mere Roman council, before which the Evangelical party were summoned to appear as culprits. The Protestant princes and

theologians, as may be imagined, refused to appear; and from the date of its summons at Trent, December 13, 1545, war seemed imminent, although still postponed. Luther felt himself growing old: he had begun to lose his eyesight, and he had wished to leave his work at Wittenberg and return permanently to his farm,—"old, spent, worn, weary, cold, and with but one eye to see with," as he spoke of himself. But the perfidy of the Papacy at the last moment roused him to indignant earnestness. He was like an old lion stirred in his lair, and he gave forth his last thunders in his terrible pamphlet, 'Against the Papacy in Rome, founded by the Devil.' The "Aller heiligst" became the "Aller höllischst vater," the "most holy" the "most hellish father." So he closed his career, though in sterner tones, very much as he began it, with the exposure of the pretensions of the Papacy to represent Christendom. The conservatism of his later years had made him in no degree more tolerant of Rome. He saw the bloodthirsty designs it cherished against his native land, and he raised his last voice against it.

The circumstances of his death were befitting his noble life. On the 23d of January 1546, he left Wittenberg on a mission of conciliation between the Counts of Mansfeld, the lords of his native soil, who had long been at variance with one another, but had offered to submit their dispute to the reformer's arbitration. For some time previously his mind had been filled with thoughts of death, and, on his journey presentiments of his approaching end haunted him. "When I come back from Eisleben, I will lay me in my coffin: the world is weary of me, and I of the world: pray God that He will mercifully grant me a peaceful death." The prayer was granted. On the 14th of February he wrote to his "dear Ketha" that his work of peace was all but concluded. Two days after, he was overheard in earnest prayer while standing, as he was wont to do, in the window. The next day he was unwell, and the idea of death again came vividly to his mind. "I was born and baptised here in Eisleben; what if I am likewise to die here?" He was still able, however, the same day to dine and sup with his friends, and somewhat enjoy himself. During the night his illness increased. He suffered from oppression of the chest and severe pains. He was joined by his friends in alarm, a soothing draught was administered to him, and he murmured, "If I could fall asleep for half an hour, I think it would do me good." Sleep came for a little, but did not bring him relief. During the whole of the next day, his friends, and his two sons who were with him, watched by his bedside as he gradually sank. "Do you die in the faith of Christ and the doctrine you have preached?" he was asked by Dr Jonas, as consciousness was departing. He answered "Yes," closed his eyes, and fell asleep; and then, with one deep sigh, slept his last. By the command of the Elector his body was brought in solemn procession from Eisleben to Wittenberg, and laid in the church whose walls had so often resounded with his eloquence. Melanchthon pronounced an oration over his tomb; and sobs and tears from the congregated thousands,—men, women, and children, who had loved the great monk, mingled with the words of the admiring and faithful friend.

The character of Luther, as presented in our rapid survey, is especially distinguished for its broad and massive manliness. Everywhere and pre-eminently Luther is a man with a heart alive to all true human feeling, and burning with the most earnest and passionate aspirations after human good. When we remember that he was trained a monk, and was in fact a monk till he was about forty-two years of age—that books rather than men were his chief study during the most fresh and formative period of life—it is truly wonderful to recognise in him such a breadth and intensity, such a variety and richness of human interest and affection. Scholastic in the spirit of his theology, sacerdotal to the last in many of his convictions, he was of all the reformers the least technical and narrow and ecclesiastical in feeling. His genial and vivifying humanity broke through all conventional bounds, brushed them aside, and more than anything else, except the spiritual truth which he preached, brought him near to the heart of the German people. Had he been less of a man and more of a scholar, less animated by a common and

popular sympathy, and more animated by mere intellectual impulse, he could never have achieved the work that he did. It is but a poor and one-sided criticism, therefore, which delights to expose Luther's intellectual inconsistencies, unscholarly temper, and unphilosophical spirit.[55] The truth is, that Luther was not characteristically a scholar, not even a divine, least of all a philosopher. He was a Hero with work to do; and he did it. His powers were exactly fitted to the task to which God called him. As it was of Titanic magnitude, he required to be a Titan in human strength, and in depth and power, and even violence of human passion, in order to accomplish it. The mere breadth and momentum of his humanity would not, indeed, have sufficed by themselves, but inspired and swayed by Divine truth they were irresistible. Both conditions were equally necessary to his success—the energy, vehemence, and pith of the man; the animation, control, and sway of the Divine Spirit. Had the instrument been less powerful and varied, less full-toned and responsive to all the rich wavering breath of human emotion, the Spirit might have breathed in vain, and the full chorus of resounding triumph from many gathering voices never have been raised. To initiate the reform movement, which was destined to renew the face of Europe, and to give a higher impulse and nobler and more enduring life to all the Saxon nations, required a strong and gigantic will like that of Luther, which, instead of being crushed by opposition or frightened by hatred, only rose in the face of both into a prouder and grander attitude of daring. As he himself said, "To clear the air and to render the earth more fertile, it is not enough that the rain should water and penetrate its surface—there needs also the thunder and lightning;"[56] and he acknowledged himself to be the impersonation of the latter.

And yet, with all this manly energy and vehemence of character, Luther, we have already seen, was no Radical in his reforms. His moderation was at least as conspicuous as his energy, and we shall greatly misapprehend both him and his work if we do not perceive this. He was very little of a theorist. He fought for the truth as God had revealed it to him. But of all the reformers, except Latimer, none fought less for mere schemes or devices of his own to supplant the old fabric of the Church. He would rather rebuild and purify it than supersede it. In his own language, "he was never for throwing away the old shoes till he had got new ones." Iconoclasm of every kind he abhorred. "It must be a bad spirit," he said, "which can show its fruit only by breaking open churches and cloisters, and burning images of saints." Of a certain preacher who was flying high, and carrying things out in a violent spirit of innovation, he writes: "What good can result from all this precipitation? I myself preached nearly three years before I touched such questions, while these people think to settle the whole business in half an hour. I beg you will enjoin the preacher to observe more moderation in future, and to begin with making his people thoroughly understand Jesus Christ."[57] It was this spirit of moderation that set him resolutely against Carlstadt. Innovation for its own sake—innovation for the sake of uniformity in different churches—all that marks so intensely the later history of Protestantism in Geneva and elsewhere, was unintelligible, and would have been thoroughly uncongenial to him.

So far, and as a mere practical method, his moderation appears entirely commendable; but it is impossible to deny that he carried his moderation farther than this. He not only did not like changes, but he naturally shrank from new views. His mind as well as his practice was strongly conservative; the truth only reached him at first through a struggle and wrench of his whole being so violent that he could not bear to repeat the process. After admitting one streaming flood of light, he shut himself closely against its further ingress. He possessed none of that calmly speculative and inquiring spirit, which is ever going out in search of truth in all directions, and unfolding itself more and more to the sunlight of discovery. He was both too logical and too practical, too dogmatic and too immediate in his judgments, to permit of such a consistent intellectual progress. His mind required to be girded by clear and strong convictions, within the sphere of which his activity knew no bounds; but no soaring aspirations after a higher truth than

that which had first seized him, as it were, by divine violence, haunted his spiritual imagination, and he would have thought it mere idle vanity to dream of any larger and more comprehensive view than that which seemed so plain and open to himself. It is this which constitutes at once the disappointment of his later years, and his, weakness and defects as a mere theologian. He would not advance with Carlstadt; and so far he was right. He would have nothing to do with Zwingli and the Sacramentarians, and so far he was honest. We respect his independence in both cases. But he would not only not advance with others—he would not advance at all. He would not open his mind to the free air of heaven as it breathed in Scripture; and he was angry and violent with all who went beyond himself. He spoke with contemptuous dogmatism of the Swiss divines, and he had little patience even with Melanchthon's cautious and well-balanced progress, and his more subtle and comprehensive insight into the dogmas of the Reformation. If we regard Luther, therefore, as a mere theologian, it is fair enough to object to his violence, his narrowness, his one-sidedness; but it is far from fair to regard him merely or mainly in this point of view. As a theological thinker he takes no high rank, and has left little or no impress upon human history. The very qualities, however, which made his weakness as a thinker, were so far from retarding that they helped Ms work of reform. His impatience, his intensity, and crudeness of apprehension, and his coarseness of handling, are but poor arms of reason; but they are manful and honest weapons in a struggle for life or death, and they carried him triumphantly through, when others of a less robust and hardy texture would have yielded and been overpowered.

If we add to this strong manliness the most simple and pure affectionateness, a rich and powerful humour, an exquisite tenderness of feeling under all his occasional coarseness of language, and the most vivid appreciation of life and nature, the outline of his character is only partially filled up. It is impossible to conceive any nature more frank, open, and genial than that which the domestic history of the reformer discovers. He lays bare his heart with the most guileless and winning simplicity; he has the most gay and jovial relish of all that is pure and good, however trivial, in life,—sharing in the amusements of his children, counselling with his wife how to reward an old servant, entering with the most earnest cordiality into the joys of his friends, and sharing his warm tears with them in their sorrows. None but a man of the most genuine kindliness could have ever bound fast to him so many friends as Luther did—old schoolfellows, such as Nicolas Emler and John Reinacke; brother monks, such as John Lange, whom he made Prior of Erfurt; and all his more immediate fellow-labourers in Wittenberg—Amsdorf, Justus Jonas, Bugenhagen, Lucas Cranach, and Melanchthon,—not to speak of the Electors Frederick and John, and their secretary Spalatin. It was no mere bond of interest or of accident that bound these brave men together, but above all, the great heart and diffusive kindliness of Luther, as the central figure around whom they gathered. How exquisite the kindly hilarity and tender-heartedness with which he wrote to Spalatin after his marriage! "If you will come to me, you will see some monument of our old love and friendship. I have planted a garden and built a fountain, both with great success. Come, and you shall be crowned with lilies and roses."

Intimately allied with, and springing out of, both his affectionateness and manliness, was his humour, the rich emollient softening all his asperities, and dropping like a pleasant balm in the midst of his harshest controversies. The difference between Erasmus and him is somewhat the difference between wit and humour. Not that the author of the Colloquies can be said to want humour in his sly sallies at the follies of monkish superstition; yet that depth and richness of sympathy which is the most characteristic difference of humour from wit, is comparatively wanting in Erasmus. No contrast can be more marked than the covert and ingenious sarcasm, the subtle point and pungent dilemmas of the one, and the riotous attack, open-eyed gaiety, and

hilarious laughter of the other. In Luther's humour, powerful as it is, there mixes no bitterness. He is blunt, but never cynical. He dislikes intrusion and laughs at ignorance, but never in a harsh way. A man once came from the Low Countries to dispute with him about all sorts of things. He remarks, "When I saw what a poor ignorant creature he was, I said to him, 'Hadn't we better dispute over a can or two of beer?'" His heart is not pained and fretted by the contrasts which touch his imagination. They sometimes weary, but seldom chafe or vex him; more frequently they only kindle in him a wild spirit of glee, which breaks forth in sparkles of laughter or shouts of defiant jollity. But beneath all his uproarious fun there lie depths of tenderness and sadness, a passionate unrest and "unnameable melancholy." The pathos, and distance, and gentleness of many of his allusions show that he had a saddened and shadowed heart that felt unutterably the awful mystery of life and death. The thoughts of his daring and strange career would sometimes awaken this hidden chord of grief. As he and Catherine were walking in the garden one evening, the stars shone with unusual brilliancy. "What a brilliant light!" said Luther, as he looked upward; "but it burns not for us." "And why are we to be shut out from the kingdom of heaven?" asked Catherine. "Perhaps," said Luther, with a sigh, "because we left our convents." "Shall we return, then?" "No," he replied, "it is too late to do that."

The sights and sounds of nature all touch him, now with joy and now with pathetic aspiration. Of all the reformers, we see in him alone this elevated susceptibility to natural grandeur and beauty. In the view of these, his poetic depth and richness of feeling come strongly into play. The flowers, the birds, the "bounteous thunder shaking the earth and rousing it, that its fruits may come forth and spread a perfume;" the troubled sky, and the dark and heaving clouds poised overhead, and guided by the swift and invisible hand of God; the quiet loveliness of the harvest-fields on his return home from Leipzig; the little bird perching at sunset in his garden, and folding its wings trustfully under the care of the Almighty Father; the first song of the nightingale,—all touch him with emotion, and awaken his tender or solemn interest. The sprouting branches of his garden trees, "strong and beautiful, and big with the fruit that they shall bring forth," make him think of the resurrection, and of the awakening of the soul after the wintry sleep of death. Luther was in truth a poet, gifted not only with the keen appreciation and life of feeling that constitute poetic sensibility, but, moreover, with that mastery of melodious expression which makes the fulness of the "gift and faculty divine." His love of music, his love of nature and liberty, and, above all, his heroic faith, inspire his hymns with a rapture of lyrical feeling and excellence rarely reached. These beautiful and stirring utterances, escaping from him, as Heine says, "like a flower making its way between rough stones, or a moonbeam glittering amid dark clouds,"[58] finely grace the grand and rugged life of this man, and shed a joy of harmony amid all its mighty discords.

Upon the whole, we have before us a tender as well as energetic character—softness mingling with strength—sadness with humour—gentleness with power. History presents many more complete or symmetrical characters; few greater; none more rich in diverse elements of human feeling and moral aspiration. No selfishness, nor vanity, nor mere vulgar ambition, meet us, amid all his proud consciousness of power or most high-handed dogmatism; but everywhere, even when we can least sympathise with him, we see an honest and magnanimous nature swayed by a living faith and glowing earnestness—a great soul moved by passionate conviction and sublimed by divine thought.

It remains for us to inquire concerning the main thought that moved Luther, and animated him in all his work. It requires but little penetration to discover that he was possessed by such a thought—that a profound principle—a single inspiring spiritual idea—ran through the whole of this great movement, and, more than anything else, gave direction and strength and triumph to it.

Many other influences, as we have seen, were at work. With the commencement of the sixteenth century there was a dawning life of national feeling and of literary culture all through the southern and western nations of Europe: Germany was in a special manner moved and agitated by such influences. They prepared the soil and rendered it receptive. Erasmus turned the ploughshare of his sharp intelligence into it, and cast it up, and made it quick with an unwonted movement of intellectual life. Reuchlin and his Humanist coadjutors, in their famous conflict with the monks of Cologne, not only strengthened the labours of Erasmus, but in a very clear and decisive manner proved the hopeless ignorance and incapacity of their opponents; the free secular or war party, headed by Franz von Sickingen and Hutten, and afterwards by the Landgrave of Hesse, rallied to their aid a strong political feeling, bursting forth on all sides against the ecclesiastical oppressions and unnational bigotries of Rome. These literary and political powers are all distinctly seen working throughout Germany at this time. A satirical pen was the chosen weapon of the one, a sword the proffered weapon of the other; and the fearless and hapless Ulrich von Hutten is found equally ready with his pen or with his sword. He is a strange, restless, and gallant figure, this knight of the Reformation—the co-operator both of Humanists and Secularists—and, more than any one else, the bond of connection between both and Luther. Luther could not approve of his projects, but he liked his independence and courage, and he mourned his early death, while the cold sarcasms of Erasmus cast bitter ashes over his grave.[59] But no one nor all of these influences concurrently can be held as adequately accounting for the Reformation.

Starting from the midst of them, stimulated and no doubt greatly aided by them, it had its real origin deeper below the surface than either Humanism or Nationalism. It was characteristically a spiritual revolt—an awakening of the individual conscience in the light of the old Gospel, for centuries imprisoned and obscured in the dim chambers of men's traditions, but now at length breaking forth with renewed radiance. This was the life and essence of Luther's own personal struggle, and it was this which formed the spring of all his labours, and gave them such a pervading and mighty energy. The principle of moral individualism—of the free responsible relation of every soul to God—stamps the movement with its characteristic impress, and, more than any other thing, enables us to understand its power and success. In theological language this principle is known as the doctrine of justification by faith alone; but we prefer to apprehend it in this more general and ethical form of expression.

It was this element of individualism that had become especially corrupted during many centuries of ecclesiastical bondage. Scholastic subtlety on the one hand, and monkish superstition on the other, had crushed it out of sight. A vast system of traditional authority, covering with its ample and insinuating folds every sphere of thought and every phase of society, left no room for any fresh and healthy individual life. It encompassed and restrained all the movements of opinion and action within a monotonous and rigid routine. Scholasticism and monkery as its two great expressions remain, beyond doubt, among the most marvellous monuments of human energy that the world has ever witnessed,—the one a gigantic structure of logical enthusiasm, and the other a picturesque and stirring drama of missionary adventure, to which there can scarcely be said to be any modern parallels; yet in neither was there any real freedom of mental or spiritual life. The vast energies which they engaged, operated within artificial and prescribed limits—with a power and results at which we wonder—but beneath an incubus of priestly tradition, which left the soul confined, and at a distance from God. The individual was nothing, the School or the Church was everything; and during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries this moral stagnation had deadened into absolute corruption. Farther and farther the scholastic doctrine had separated itself from Scripture, and the monastic piety from the life of faith. The one, in such representatives as Eck and Emser, had degenerated into a

dogmatism at once fierce and frivolous; the other, as in Luther's brother monks at Erfurt, into an asceticism at once pretentious and ridiculous. In various forms the smouldering life of these centuries had continued to show itself; it had burst forth in the magnanimous intrepidity of Huss and of Jerome, and the beautiful mysticism of Tauler and the Theologia Germanica; but now at length the fire of a strong spiritual conviction was kindled in the convent at Erfurt, which was destined to break forth into light, and cover with its glory the face of Europe.

Luther had tried scholasticism and tried monkery, and found both to be wanting. So far from bringing him near to God, they had hid God from him, and left him miserable in his weakness and sinfulness. The poor priest, thirsting for righteousness, found himself fed on "sentences." The great human heart of Luther, full of spiritual depths and sensibilities, could not nourish itself on the writings of the schoolmen; and his frequently expressed bitterness against Scotists and Thomists is not to be regarded as mere vehemence of temper, but as the strong reaction of his intellectual and spiritual nature against the useless subtleties in which he had once sought satisfaction. Monkery had failed even more signally in his experience. He had sought spiritual peace, through its moat painful observances, with a single-hearted earnestness. Its distant heaven, whose interval was spanned by a bridge of painful and sore travel, he had spared no toil or weariness to reach. His body and soul were reduced to the last extremity by fastings and penances, and the heaven of his desires seemed as far off as ever. Cherishing the most profound faith in the supposed spiritual guardianship of the Church, he had passed within its pale an abject worshipper, craving salvation by the most humiliating submissions and earnest prayers; and yet he had not found it. "Sin was always too strong for him," as he said; he could not expel it by the most untiring vigils or the most unrelenting mortifications. He was driven, therefore, to seek strength and comfort elsewhere; and the words of Staupitz and of the aged monk came to him as life from the dead. Gradually the words of Scripture revealed to him a new righteousness, and it became the one pervading and triumphant joy of his heart. He felt that the divine way of salvation was not as that of man. Works of the Church, works even of piety, sunk out of sight before the overmastering and glad conviction of God's free grace to the soul—to the individual.

It is remarkable how completely Luther apprehended his new creed in this polemical form—how it shaped itself in his mind doctrinally as an opposing tenet to the "Aristotelic" principle with which he had been working,—which had expressed itself dominantly at once in his scholastic training and his ascetic discipline—the principle, viz., "that a man becomes just by doing just acts." "We must first be just," he said in one of his earliest vindications of his favourite doctrine, "and then we shall do just actions." The heart must be changed—the result will follow. "Without faith in Christ men may become Fabricii. or Reguli, but can no more become holy than a crabapple can become a fig." Righteousness, in short, is from within, not from without—a divinely implanted life of faith, and not a formal life of works. It springs directly out of the relation of the soul to God, and not out of any outward mortifications, or tentative moral habits.

This bare assertion of individualism does not indeed exhaust the doctrine of Luther. There was poor comfort to him rather—the most gloomy misery—so long as he merely felt that all his penances were worthless, and that God could alone save him. He only got peace when at length he recognised how God is in Christ a Saviour—when the forgiveness of sins became to him a divine fact, clearly and completely expressed in Christ. Then he realised that righteousness not only could not begin from without, but not even from within, in any partial or selfish sense, but from Christ within—from the union of the divine and human—from the heart apprehended by Christ, and apprehending Him as the source of all strength and salvation. And this is the full doctrine of justification by faith, when the immediate responsibilities of the soul to

God are met and consummated in Christ. Then only does the bondage of sin fall away from it, and the joy of a divine righteousness becomes its portion.

It was this reality of moral freedom in Christ—this undoing of the heavy burdens that had lain on the human conscience, that, more than all else, gave impulse and triumph to the Reformation. The hearts of men were weary with seeking salvation in the way of the priests; and as the voice of the monk of Wittenberg was heard crying, "No priest can save you!—no masses or indulgences can help you! But God has saved you! He Himself, and no mediatory saints, no holy Mother of God even, but God Himself, the Divine Son, has redeemed you!"—this, which in its first and most powerful utterance was no mere dogma,—no dry formula, which it so soon became, but a living voice of "Help from Heaven"—seized the great heart of the German people, and mightily swayed it. Brushing by the faltering and unsteady steps of Humanism, this faith in a divine righteousness near to every soul made for itself a joyful way among the nations, and carried with it, wherever it went, liberty and strength. It was this, and no mere destructive zeal, nor yet polemical logic, that "shook the ancient cathedrals to their inmost shrines," and spread a moral renovation throughout Europe.

The spiritual principle is eternally divine and powerful. It is a very different thing when we turn to contemplate the dogmatic statements of Luther. So soon as Luther began to evolve his principle, and coin its living heart once more into dogma, he showed that he had not risen above the scholastic spirit which he aimed to destroy. It was truly impossible that he could do so. Not even the massive energy of Luther could pierce through those intellectual influences which had descended as a hoary heritage of ages to the sixteenth century. Like the mists cleared away by the morning sun, they had retired before the fresh outburst of the Sun of Righteousness, as the preaching of Luther kindled by its stirring words many lowly hearts looking upwards; but when the first glow of the warming sun had spent itself, the mists, which had only retreated and not disappeared, were seen creeping backward, and although no longer obscuring, yet spreading confusion and dimness over the illumined scene. It was not enough for Luther to proclaim a free righteousness in Christ for all, but he must, as a theologian, lay down his distinctions and enter into minute and arbitrary definitions of the divine if act of righteousness. Faith is not enough, but he further inclines to the assurance of faith, with its tendency to a rapid translation into mere barren self-confidence. Undeniably there grew up in his mind a reaction against the popish tenet of works, so extreme as frequently to leave him in his doctrinal statements on the verge of Antinomianism. The harmony of spiritual truth is broken up, and one side of it—the opposite to that in which as a monk he had been educated—is seized with such force and crudeness as to turn a free salvation scarcely less into a mechanism than the old doctrine of works. It is in vain for the most ardent admirers of Luther to deny this tendency to an unmoral view of the doctrine of grace in many of his expressions, although it is easy enough for them to prove against calumnious criticism, that this was not the substance but the mere reactionary shadow of his doctrine, thrown over it by those very mists of scholasticism in which his intellectual life had been nursed.

The Reformation, in its theology, did not and could not escape the deteriorating influences of the scholastic spirit, for that spirit survived it and lived on in strength, although in a modified form, throughout the seventeenth century. In one important particular, indeed, the Scholastic and Protestant systems of theology entirely differed: the latter began their systematising from the very opposite extreme to that of the former—from the divine and not from the human side of redemption—from God, and not from man. And this is a difference on the side of truth by no means to be overlooked. Still the spirit is the same—the spirit which does not hesitate to break up the divine unity of the truth of Scripture into its own logical shreds and patches,—which tries

to discriminate what in its moral essence is inscrutable, and to trace in distinct dogmatic moulds the operation of the divine and human wills in salvation,—while the very condition of all salvation is the eternal mystery of their union in an act of mutual and inexpressible love. This spirit of ultra-definition,—of essential rationalism,—was the corrupting inheritance of the new from the old theology; and it is difficult to say, all things considered, as we trace the melancholy history of Protestant dogmas, whether its fruits have been worse in the latter or in the former instance. The mists, it is true, have never again so utterly obscured the truth, but their dimness, covering a fairer light, almost inspires the religious heart with a deeper sadness.

But there is a further principle which claims our consideration in connection with the Lutheran Reformation—a principle which was by no means consistently expressed, but which still had its imperfect birth, then. It was very far from Luther's intention, when he entered on his contest with the Church of Rome, to assert what. has been called the right of private judgment in matters of religion. Even in the end he did not fully understand or admit the validity of this principle; yet so far there was no other resting-ground for him. He was driven to claim for himself freedom of opinion in the light of Scripture as the only position on which, with any consistency, he could stand. Accordingly, when pressed to retract his views at Worms, when it was clearly made manifest that authority—Catholic and Imperial—was against him, he boldly took his ground here, in magnanimous and always memorable words. For himself, he said, "Unless I be convinced by Scripture or by reason, I can and will retract nothing; for to act against my conscience is neither safe nor honest. Here I stand." On Scripture and on reason he based his convictions, and would recognise the right of no mere external authority to control him. Not what the Emperor said—not what the Doctors said—not what the Church said,—but only what his own conscience owned to be true in the light of Scripture, would he acknowledge to be the truth. Nothing else could move him—so help him God. It is impossible to conceive a more unqualified assertion of the right of private judgment—of the indefeasible privilege of the individual reason to know and judge the truth for itself; and the Reformation only had a rational and consistent basis in so far as it took up this position in so far as Luther, for himself at least, felt its force and conclusiveness.

It is too well known, however, that neither he nor any of his fellow-reformers recognised the full meaning and bearing of his position. They knew what their own necessities demanded,—but that was all. They raised the ensign of a free Bible in the face of Rome, but they speedily refused to allow others to fight under this banner as well as themselves. What Luther claimed for himself against Catholic authority he refused to Carlstadt, and refused to Zwingli, in favour of their more liberal doctrinal views. He failed to see that their position was exactly his own, with a difference of result,—which indeed was all the difference in the world to him. Against them he appealed not merely to Scripture, but to his own obstinate views of certain texts of Scripture; and gradually he erected a new authority, which to him, and still more to his followers, became absolute as Scripture itself. Scripture, as a witness, disappeared behind the Augsburg Confession as a standard; and so it happened more or less with all the reformers. They were consistent in displacing the Church of Rome from its position of assumed authority over the conscience, but they were equally consistent all of them in raising a dogmatic authority in its stead. In favour of their own views, they asserted the right of the private judgment to interpret and decide the meaning of Scripture, but they had nevertheless no idea of a really free interpretation of Scripture. Their orthodoxy everywhere appealed to the Bible, but it rested in reality upon an Augustinian commentary of the Bible. They displaced the medieval schoolmen, only to elevate Augustine. And having done this, they had no conception of any limits attaching to this new tribunal of heresy. Freedom of opinion, in the modern sense, was utterly unknown to them. There was not merely an absolute truth in Scripture, but they had settled by the help of

Augustine what this truth was, and any variations from this standard were not to be tolerated.

The idea of a free faith associated with very different dogmatic views, and yet equally Christian—the idea, of spiritual life and goodness apart from theoretical orthodoxy—had not dawned in the sixteenth century—nor long afterwards. Heresy was not a mere divergence of intellectual apprehension, but a moral obliquity,—a statutory offence,—to be punished by the magistrate, to be expiated by death. It is a strange and saddening spectacle to contemplate the gradual process by which the human mind has emancipated itself from the delusion that intellectual error is a subject of moral offence and punishment. Freedom, of opinion has won its way but slowly; and hindrances and conflicts yet await it. Men learn with difficulty that there is a temporary narrowness in their most consecrated traditions—that even the highest expressions of the most enlightened dogmatism are in their very nature but partial representations of the Divine Will—deflected rays from a light in its perfection inaccessible and full of glory, which no man hath seen, neither indeed can see. It required the lapse of many years to make men begin to feel—and it may still require the lapse of many more to make them fully feel— that they cannot absolutely fix in their feeble symbols the truth of God,—that it is ever bursting with its own free might the old bottles in which they would contain it; and that, consequently,—according to that very law of progress by which all things live,—it is impossible to bind the conscience by any bonds but those of God's own wisdom (Word) in Scripture—a spiritual authority addressing a spiritual subject—a teacher not of "the letter which killeth, but of the Spirit which giveth life."

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[7] Thomas de Vio, Cardinal Cajetan.
[8] House-Postils, WALCH, vol. xiii. p. 535; quoted by WORSLEY, Life of Luther, vol. i. p. 41.
[9] It is supposed to mingle together two events.
[10] Dr Martin Pollich of Metrichstadt.
[11] Non nasci in labris sed pectore.
[12] The nature of the mission is not exactly ascertained. It is supposed to have been partly connected with the interests of his order, and partly in fulfilment of a vow.
[13] The alleged object of the plenary indulgence was to contribute to the completion of the Vatican Basilica, and its vaunted effect was to restore the possessor to the grace of God, and completely exempt him from the punishment of purgatory. There were, however, lesser forms of the papal blessing capable of procuring lesser favours. For the plenary indulgence, the necessity of confession and contrition was acknowledged; "the others could be obtained without contrition or confession, by money alone."—RANKE, vol. p. 335.
[14] The meaning of the Bohemian name "Huss."
[15] "Neque monens, neque scribens, neque valedicens," as he complains.
[16] Luther's Letters to the Pope, 3d March 1519; Opera, vol. i. p. 184—Jenæ, 1612.
[17] "Don't call him Eck; call him Geck" (fool), was the pun of Erasmus.
[18] "A satire," says Ranke, "which for fantastic invention, striking and crushing truth, and Aristophanic wit, far exceeded the 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum,' which it somewhat resembled."
[19] "Fulmina erant linguæ singula verba tuæ."—MELANCHTHON.
[20] "Subtilissimas subtilitates istorum Trossulorum."—Opera, vol. ii. p. 259.
[21] RANKE, vol. i. p. 519.
[22] COCHLÆUS.
[23] All that is known is that the hymn appeared for the first time in a Wittemberg 'Gesangbuch' of the year 1529.
[24] There seems to be some doubt as to whether it was on this evening or on the succeeding one, after his first appearance before the Diet, that he appealed so solemnly to Heaven. The following are parts of his prayer: "My God, O Thou my God! stand by me against all the world's reason and wisdom: Thou must do it—Thou alone, for it is not my cause but Thine. I have nothing to do for mine own self; nothing to do with these great lords of the world. I would have good peaceable days, and be free from tumult. But it is Thy cause, Lord! the true eternal cause. Stand by me, Thou true eternal God! I trust in no man. It is vain and to no purpose all that is flesh, O God! my God! Hearest Thou not, O my God Art Thou dead? No; Thou canst not die. Thou only hidest Thyself. Hast Thou chosen me to this? I ask of Thee that I may be assured thereof. I have not taken it upon myself, O God! Stand by me in the name of Thy dear Son Jesu Christ; for the cause is right, and it is Thine. I shall never be separated from Thee. Be this determined in Thy name. The world must leave my conscience unconstrained; and though it be full of devils, and my body, Thy handiwork and creation, go to the ground and be rent to fragments and dust, it is but the body, for Thy word is sure to me; and my soul is Thine, and shall abide with Thee to eternity. Amen. God help me. Amen."
[25] "Cares and studies had made him so thin," says Cochlæus (Luther's contemporary Romanist biographer), "that one might count all the bones in his body."
[26] LUTHER'S Briefe, De Wette, vol. i. p. 588.

[27] Briefe, vol. i, p. 44.
[28] Ibid., vol. i. p. 6.
[29] Worsley's Life, vol. i. p. 281.
[30] Luther's notions, for example, of devil-children, "called in Latin Supposititii, and by the Saxons, Kilkropff."—Michelet's Life, p. 325 (Bohn's Translation); and Calvin's apparently firm belief of a sick person being raised from his bed and transported across the Rhone by satanic agency.—Dyer's Life, p. 205.
[31] Worsley's Life, vol. i. pp. 341-345.
[32] Worsley's Life, vol. i. p. 356.
[33] Michelet's Life, p. 137.
[34] Michelet's Life, pp. 161-165.
[35] Michelet's Life, pp. 165-180.
[36] Briefe, De Wette, vol. ii. p. 500.
[37] As when speaking of free grace, he says, "It is not even accorded to the ardent zeal of those seeking and following after righteousness."—De Servo Arbitrio, Opera, vol. iii. p. 225. The whole of this paragraph, and many other expressions of Luther, amply bear out the statement of the text. He speaks, for example, of God by His own will making us necessario damnabiles (p. 171); and again he compares the human will to a "pack-horse now mounted by God, and now mounted by the devil," driven hither or thither by divine or by satanic agency, irrespective of all moral bias or character in itself (p. 172). This subject has been fully discussed in a polemic between two distinguished men—Sir William Hamilton and Archdeacon Hare. Of the two, the archdeacon shows by far the most true and profound appreciation of Luther as a whole; but in particular instances (as in his paraphrase of one of the above passages) he has failed to defend him successfully against the accusations of Sir W. Hamilton.
[38] Briefe, De Wette, vol. iv. p. 497. The letter is without date.
[39] The story represents Kate herself as rather a mover in the affair. She is said to have sought an interview with Amsdorf, and stated that "she knew Luther was intent on uniting her to Dr Glatz of Orlamunde, but that she would never consent to marry him; she did not like him. She was quite ready to marry Amsdorf or Luther himself, but she would have nothing to say to Dr Glatz."—Worsley's Life, vol. ii. p. 76. Since the publication of, the first edition, a correspondent has kindly furnished the original authority for this story.

"Ecce autem dum Lutherus de Catharina à Bora, virgine Vestali Doctori Glacio, Pastori Orlamundico, collocanda deliberat, venit Catharina ad Nicolaum Amsdorffium, conqueriturque; se de consilio Lutheri D. Glacio contra voluntatem suam nuptiis locandam: scire se Lutherum familiarissime uti Amsdorfio: itaque rogare, ad quævis alia consilia Lutherum vocet. Vellet Lutherus, vellet Amsdorfius se paratam cum alterutro honestum inire matrimonium: cum D. Glacio nullo modo."—Abr. Sculteti Annales Evangelii, &c., ad ann. 1525: decas prima, p. 274.—(Ed. Heidelb., 1618.)
[40] Briefe, vol. iii. p. 13.
[41] "Puellam mire venustam." If the engraving in Audin's Life of the Reformer, vol. iii., is to be considered faithful, Catherine can scarcely be said to have deserved the appellation of Erasmus. Any beauty she had must, at least, have been of a very broad, blond, Teutonic cast—the beauty of round, full, and child-like features, rather than of graceful and winning intelligence. Likely enough, however, there is some caricature in the engraving,—so perverse is the dramatic caricature of M. Audin's touch everywhere throughout his interesting but singularly untruthful history.
[42] Briefe, vol. iii. p. 116.
[43] Ibid. p. 119.
[44] Ibid., p. 173.
[45] And yet he elsewhere accuses the Zwinglians of want of logic, which, he says, makes it impossible to convince them; "for one can I neither teach nor dispute without dialectics, and Zwingli knows no more about them than an ass."
[46] Briefe, vol. pp. 216-513; vol. iv. pp. 28, 29.
[47] His well-known and often-quoted saying sufficiently shows the intense dislike with which he continued to regard them, —"Happy is the man who has not been of the Council of the Sacramentarians; who has not walked in the ways of the Zwinglians."
[48] Briefe, vol. iv. pp. 2, 3.
[49] Ibid., p. 52.
[50] Briefe, vol. iv. pp. 128, 129.
[51] Ranke, vol. iii. p. 336.
[52] Anthony Lauterbach and John Aurifaber.
[53] Mr Froude, in his recent papers in the Contemporary Review, founded on Julius Köstlin's life, and since republished as "a short biography" of Luther, has translated some of the most characteristic sayings of the 'Tischreden.'
[54] Augsburg Confession—Preface.
[55] Hallam has perhaps given the tone to this criticism in England—although, in what he says of Luther, it is more the depreciatory spirit of his statements than their substantial injustice that is remarkable. They are cold and unsympathetic, and inadequate to the subject; but, from his point of view, less unfair than to some they may appear.
[56] Briefe, vol. iv. p. 149.
[57] Briefe, vol. ii. p. 423.
[58] Revue des Deux Mondes, March 1834.
[59] Hutten's life has been recently written with great fulness and skill by Strauss. He died in 1523. In the same year appeared Erasmus's attack upon him under the title of Spongia, &c.—provoked, no doubt, by Hutten's own virulence in his Expostulatio cum Erasmo Rotterodamo.

II.

CALVIN

CALVIN.

THERE were almost from the beginning two very different classes of men engaged in the Reformation—the men of movement and of action, and the men of organisation and of policy. The first class were, in the most radical sense, reformers—those who broke through the old bonds of superstition, and, by a process of disturbance and disintegration, prepared the way for a new creative epoch in the relations of human society and the forms of religious life; the second were characteristically theologians and ecclesiastics as well as reformers—those who, having accepted the principles of the reformed movement, sought to mould them into new expressions of Christian thought and life. The former were heroes heading a great insurrection in human history, which had not yet taken to itself a well-defined shape, but was moving onwards rather under the sway of an irresistible spiritual impulse than of clear regulative ideas; the latter were thinkers and legislators, whose aim it was to impress a dogmatic and constitutional character upon the disturbing elements that had been set in motion. As Luther is the greatest of the first class, so Calvin is, beyond all comparison, the greatest of the second class. In each case, however, there is a group of contrasted characters around the central figure —Melanchthon, Camerarius, and others, around Luther; and Lefevre and Farel around Calvin.

When we turn our gaze from Germany to France in the beginning of the sixteenth century, we find both Lefevre and Farel actively at work in the cause of religious reform. Farel particularly is seen labouring with fiery zeal, and a self-sacrificing and heroic temper. An enthusiastic priest of Dauphiny, he had, in his earlier. career, exhausted almost every device of sacerdotalism with a determined self-devotion, and only reached the truth after severe spiritual struggles; with a powerful and restless energy he gave himself, so soon as his own heart was quickened, to a life of religious adventure—to the kindling of a spirit of reform wherever he travelled,—in Dauphiny, in Basle, in Geneva. He is beyond doubt the most notable of the early reformers of France and even before Luther, in his famous theses, had sounded that note of war which soon awakened all Germany, and propagated itself to France and England, Farel had in Paris raised his voice against the papal authority, and begun his evangelical labours. He wins our sympathy from something of the same frank, bold, and careless character which distinguishes the great German, bearing on his front, like him, the impress of an ever-fresh enthusiasm, and the scars of many a hard conflict. He stands, however, at a great distance from the hero of Worms. There was in all Farel's fiery earnestness too little comprehension and firm persistence to have enabled him to carry out in any great and enduring shape the impulse which he himself communicated. It was necessary that some master-mind should arise within the sphere of the Gallic reform movement, in order to consolidate it into a distinctive spiritual

power, and to impart to it a lasting social result.

Such a master-mind was Calvin, who represents most strikingly the converging influences of the Swiss and the French Reformations. Both may be fairly regarded as summed up in him, in so far as they enunciated principles and entered as a controlling influence into the history of the world. In this sense he is the most comprehensive representative of each and of both together, although he must yield the palm of priority and of active heroism in the one case to Zwingli, and in the other case to Farel. Into their labours he entered in a somewhat similar way as Melanchthon entered into the labours of Luther; and so far he takes his place beside Melanchthon in the second class of reformers. His theological and didactic qualities and personal sympathies, moreover, ally him with the friend and supporter of Luther, rather than with Luther himself. But there are other and most important respects in which, as we shall see, he occupies a position not only above Melanchthon, but above Luther—a position singular in moral grandeur, and in the vigorous and widely extending influence which spread around from it.

The life of Calvin, in contrast with that of the German reformer, presents but few dramatic aspects. In merely biographic interest it is not nearly so rich, although there is a great consistency and purpose in its several parts, which invest it with a powerful charm to some minds.[60] It may be conveniently divided for our purpose into three periods of unequal duration: First, From his birth in 1509 to his completion of the 'Institutes' in their first shape in 1536. This, like the corresponding period in Luther's life, may be called the period of his education. Second, From his first appearance in Geneva in the same year, 1536, onwards to the incidents of his expulsion and residence at Strasburg to September. 1541, when he re-entered and finally settled in Geneva. Third, From this latter date to his death in 1564. We can only sketch in each of these epochs, as we rapidly glance through them, such features as are absolutely necessary to start before us some picture of the man, and to enable us to comprehend the meaning of the great aims for which he lived, and towards which he wrought.

Calvin was born at Noyon, in Picardy, on the 10th of July 1509: he was thus twenty-six years the junior of Luther. His father, Gerard Cauvin or Calvin, was Procureur-Fiscal of the district of Noyon, and Secretary of the Diocese. He was a man of ability, distinguished by success in his profession, and the favour and friendship of the influential families in his neighbourhood.[61] His mother, Jane Lefranc, was a native of Cambray, and is reported to have been beautiful, and of a strongly religious spirit. Calvin was one of six children, four sons and two daughters. One of his sisters, Mary, followed his faith and fortunes, and is occasionally mentioned in his letters. Of his brothers, the eldest was an ecclesiastic, the fourth died young, and the third, also bred an ecclesiastic, ultimately joined the reformer in Geneva. The position of the father is the natural explanation of so many of his sons entering into the Church. While our reformer was still only twelve years of age, his father procured for him a chaplaincy in the cathedral church of Noyon, as a means of support during his education—a practice not uncommon in the Galilean, as in all the other churches of the time.

Of Calvin's youth and earlier education we have but few particulars. We get no hearty glimpses of his home and school-days, as in the case of Luther. We only know that, in contrast with the rough and picturesque boyhood of the German, he was nurtured tenderly, and even in an aristocratic atmosphere. The noble family of Mommor, in the neighbourhood, to some extent adopted the boy, and his studies were pursued in conjunction with those of the young members of this family. Beza narrates his precocity of mental power, and the grave severity of his manners, even at this early age. His companions, it is said, surnamed him the "Accusative."[62]

Having received the rudiments of his education in his native town, he went in his fourteenth year to Paris, still in the company of the children of the Mommor family. There he was entered as a pupil in the College de la Marche, under the regency of Mathurin Cordier—a name still familiar to boys entering upon their Latin studies, under its classical form of Corderius. It was under this distinguished master that Calvin laid the foundation of his own wonderful mastery of the Latin language. From the College de la Marche he passed to the College Montaigu, where he was initiated into the scholastic philosophy under the guidance of a learned Spaniard. In his eighteenth year he was appointed to the living of Marteville, and this, too, while he had only as yet received the tonsure, and was not admitted to holy orders.[63]

About this time his professional views underwent a change. The law appeared to his father somewhat as to Luther's, to offer a more tempting worldly prospect than the Church;[64] and he resolved accordingly to turn the studies of his son in the direction of the former profession. He sent him with this view to the university of Orleans, then adorned by Pierre de l'Etoile, one of the most famous jurists of his day, and afterwards President of the Parliament of Paris. In taking this step, however, Calvin did not resign his Church living; and it appears to have been after this time that, by the kind patronage of a member of the same family who had hitherto so befriended him, he effected the exchange of the living of Marteville for that of Pont l'Evêque, where he is said occasionally to have preached. It is a singular enough picture of the times which is presented to us by this conduct both of Calvin and his father. His justification in the case, if any such be needed considering his youth, is the prevalence of the practice in an age in which the ecclesiastical office had become too frequently a mere material convenience, or transmitted guild.

Of his life at Orleans we know something more than of his previous life at Noyon or Paris, although it is still only very vague glimpses we get. Beza has told us, on the authority of some of Calvin's fellow-students, that his life was here marked by a rigorous temperance and devotion to study that, after supping moderately, he would spend half the night in study, and devote the morning to meditation on what he had acquired,—thus laying the foundation of his solid learning, but, at the same time, of his future ill-health. His talents were already so generally recognised, that, in the absence of some of the professors, he was called upon to do their duty. It was here that for the first time he became acquainted with the Scriptures, in the translation of a relative of his own, Pierre Robert Olivetan. Here also he formed the friendship of two young men, Francis Daniel, an advocate, and Nicholas du Chemin, a schoolmaster, who seem already to have imbibed the reformed opinions. His earliest extant letter, in which he details the illness and approaching death of his father, and which bears the date of 14th May 1528, is addressed to the latter of these friends and a brief series of letters, on to the year 1536, is addressed to the former. We cannot say as yet that Calvin's traditionary opinions were unfixed, still less that he had embraced with any decision the Protestant views which were spreading everywhere. Beyond doubt, however, the first impulse to the new faith, which was soon to seize him and mould his whole sentiments, was imparted at Orleans, under the influences and amid the companionships we have mentioned.

From Orleans he went, still in prosecution of his legal studies, to Bourges, where for the first time he acquired the knowledge of Greek under the tuition of a learned German, Melchior Wolmar, to whom he has recorded his obligations.[65] The spiritual impulse received at Orleans seems to have been confirmed and promoted by this distinguished teacher, to whose piety and admirable abilities Beza, also one of his pupils, bears tribute. His convictions became deepened and settled to such a degree that he now began openly to preach the reformed doctrines. Slowly but surely he passed over to the Protestant ranks, in a manner entirely contrasted with

that of Luther, even as his mind and character were wholly different. We trace no struggling steps of dogmatic conviction—no profound spiritual agitations—no crisis, as in the case of the German reformer. We only learn that, from being an apparently satisfied and devoted adherent of Popery, he adopted, with a quiet but steady and zealous faithfulness, the new opinions. He himself, indeed, in his preface, when commenting on the Psalms, speaks of his conversion being a sudden one; and to his own reflection afterwards it may have seemed that the clear light began to dawn upon him all at once; but the facts of his life seem rather to show it in the light in which we have presented it, as a gradual and consistent growth under the influences which surrounded him, first at Orleans and then at Bourges.

In accordance with this new growth of spiritual conviction, he returned to the study of theology, or rather took it up for the first time with real earnestness. Not only so, but he soon became an instructor and authority in the reformed doctrine. "Not a year had passed over," he says in the same preface to the Psalms, "when all those who had any desire for pure learning came to me, inexperienced as I was, to gain information. I was naturally bashful, and loved leisure and privacy, hence I sought retirement; but even my solitary place became like a public school."

He proceeded to Paris (1533), which already, under the teaching of Lefevre and Farel, and the influence of the Queen of Navarre, the sister of Francis I., had become a centre of the reformed faith. The university had become strongly infected with the "new learning." There was great excitement and rising discontent with the old religion at once in the court, among the bishops,[66] and even in the Sorbonne. The presence of Calvin, whose great powers had already made him extensively known,[67] operated vigorously to increase this excitement. One Nicolas Cop, a physician, happened to be rector, and in this capacity had to deliver a discourse on the festival of All Saints, for the composition of which he is said to have been indebted to Calvin. Instead of the usual traditionary orthodoxy on such an occasion, the discourse boldly entered upon the subject of religion, and advocated the doctrine of justification by faith. The attack was too obvious to pass unnoticed; the ancient spirit of the Sorbonne revived; and Cop was summoned to answer for the heresy. Aware of his peril, he fled to Basle; and Calvin, whose share in the offence became speedily known, also fled. There are various stories as to his flight —as, for example, that he was let down from his window by means of his sheets, and escaped in the habit of a vine-dresser, an acquaintance, to whose house he had repaired. Beza simply states that when the officers went to seize him, he was not to be found,[68] and that the Queen of Navarre subsequently interposed in his behalf.

Repairing to Noyon after this event, he is now said to have resigned his ecclesiastical offices; and henceforth for a year or two he seems to have led a wandering life. We find him first at Saintonge, then at Nerac, the residence of the Queen of Navarre, where for the first time he made the personal acquaintance of Lefevre, who is said to have recognised in the pale young student the future apostle of the Reformation, in France. Subsequently he spent some time in retirement at Angouleme with his friend Louis du Tillet, his letters to whom afterwards, when Tillet felt himself impelled to rejoin the Roman Church, are among the most interesting of his early correspondence, marked as they are by an unusual freedom and affectionateness of feeling. It was during this retirement that he is supposed to have made the first sketch of his 'Institutes of the Christian Religion.' Again, in 1533, we find him for a brief while at Paris, strangely enough expecting a meeting with Servetus, who had expressed a desire to see and confer with him. He did not, however, keep his appointment. Not yet were they destined to meet,—the stern reformer and the enthusiastic speculator! Had they done so now in the warmth of comparative youth, and while the dogmatism of both was not yet hardened, we may please

ourselves with the imagination that their later and darker meeting might have been avoided, and a great crime have been spared to the progress of the Reformation.

Persecution now raged fiercely against the adherents of the Reformation in France. The agitation of the Anabaptist insurrection in Germany had spread across the Rhine, and even into England. There was alarm and excitement everywhere. All reformers were confounded as disturbers of social order. Calvin felt that he was no longer safe in Paris, nor even in France, and he prepared to take refuge at Basle. Previously, however, he published at Orleans a treatise against one of the peculiar tenets of the Anabaptists, as to the sleep of the soul, under the title of 'Psychopannychia.' This was his second literary labour. Two years before, he had first appeared as an author in a commentary on Seneca's treatise 'De Clementia.' What is chiefly remarkable about these works is their scholarly and intellectual character. They are, even the treatise against the Anabaptists, more like the exercitations of a student than the productions of a mind strongly moved by religious reforming zeal.

Arrived at Basle in 1535, the spirit of the reformer may be said to have awakened in him for the first time in full strength. The famous preface to the Institutes, it is certain, was written here in this year. It bears the date of Basle, August 1, 1535. The concentrated vigour of this address—its intensity of feeling rising into indignant remonstrance, and at times a pathetic and powerful eloquence—make it one of the most memorable documents in connection with the Reformation. It shows the vehement desire of Calvin's mind no less than of Luther's to exonerate the religious movement from the social excesses that had sprung up in its progress—to prove that the latter had in reality no connection with the former, whose legitimate tendency was everywhere to strengthen the moral stability of society, and to increase dutifulness and loyalty in subjects. It is throughout a noble defence of the righteous character of the reformed doctrines, and their support alike in Scripture and in history. The energetic decisiveness and moral zeal of the future teacher and legislator of Geneva speak in every page of it.

A dispute exists as to whether there was any corresponding edition of the Institutes in 1535. On the one hand, the presumption is strong that there must have been such an edition, and Beza distinctly states that the work first appeared in that year; but, on the other hand, all research has failed to discover any edition before 1536. Dr Henry's conjecture is, that the edition of both the work and preface in the earlier year was in French; but this again is contradicted by certain expressions in a letter of Calvin to Francis Daniel, of date 15th October 1536, which lead us to suppose that he was then busy for the first time with the French version of his work. The dispute is not really important save in a bibliographical point of view. At this period,—whether in 1535 or the beginning of 1536,—Calvin, beyond doubt, completed at Basle the first sketch of his great dogmatic scheme. Now, before he had entered at all upon his special career as a reformer, the great lines of thought were laid down, and the principles, both dogmatical and ecclesiastical, enunciated, which were to guide and stamp all his labours. He put forth, as it were, the charter of the great movement, to which he was destined to give theological 'consistency and moral triumph. He showed himself already the master-spirit who was fitted to guide and consolidate the agitated elements of religious thought and life around him.

After this residence at Basle, and completion of the Institutes, Calvin made a short visit to Italy, to Renée, the Duchess of Ferrara, of which we know very little. He then once more is found at Noyon, settling the paternal estate which had fallen to him on the death of his eldest brother; and finally bidding it adieu in company with his younger brother Anthony and his sister Mary. His attention appears to have been to proceed to Strasburg; but the direct way being

rendered dangerous by the armies of Charles V., which had penetrated into France, he sought a circuitous route through Savoy and Geneva.

He arrived at Geneva late in the summer of 1536. He meant merely to sojourn a single night in the city, and then advance on his journey. He had no thoughts of anything but of some quiet refuge in which to pursue his studies. “I was wholly given up to my own intense thoughts and private studies,” he afterwards said. But his old friend Tillet, now in Geneva, discovered him, and apprised Farel of his discovery. Situated as Farel then was, almost alone, with the Reformation but partially accomplished, and the elements of disturbance smouldering around him, the advent of Calvin seemed to him an interposition of Divine Providence. He hastened to see him, and set before him his claims for assistance, and the work of God so obviously awaiting him. But Calvin was slow to move. He urged his desire to study, and to serve all Churches, rather than to attach himself to any one Church in particular. He would fain have yielded to the intellectual bias so strong in him; the still stronger instinct for practical government that lay behind his intellectual devotion, was not yet owned by him. By some strange insight, however, Farel penetrated to the higher fitness of the young stranger who stood before him, and he ventured, in the spirit of that daring enthusiasm which characterised him, to lay the curse of God upon him and his studies if he refused his aid to the Church in her time of need. This, which seemed to Calvin a divine menace, had the desired effect. “It was,” he said, “as if God had seized me by His awful hand from heaven.” He abandoned his intention of pursuing his journey, and joined eagerly with Farel in the work of reformation.

In order to understand this work, it is necessary to know something of the previous history of Geneva. Without this knowledge it is impossible to apprehend, and still more impossible to estimate, the part which Calvin now acted. Geneva was nominally a free city of the Empire, but had in reality been governed for some centuries by its own bishop, associated with a committee of lay assessors, and controlled by the general body of the citizens, in whose hands the ultimate power of taxation, and of election of the magistrates, and regulation of the police, rested. The prince-bishop did not exercise his temporal jurisdiction directly, but through an officer called the Vidomme (vice-dominus), whose rights had in the fifteenth century become hereditary in the dukes of Savoy. These rights appear to have been exercised without any considerable attempt at encroachment till the beginning of the following century, when Charles III. succeeded to the ducal crown (1504). To his ambition the bishop, John, a weak and willing tool of the Savoy family, to which he was nearly allied, ceded everything; and the result was a tyrannical attempt to destroy the liberties of the Genevese. The Assembly of the citizens rose in arms; a bitter and sanguinary contest ensued between the Eidgenossen or Patriot party on the one side, and the Mamelukes or monarchical party on the other side. By the help of the free Helvetian states, particularly Berne and Friburg, the Patriots triumphed, the friends of Savoy were banished, the Vidommate abolished, and its powers transferred to a board of magistrates.

The conduct of the bishops in this conflict—not only of John, but of his successor Peter de la Baume, who to his misgovernment added gross personal profligacy—helped greatly, as may be imagined, to shake the old hierarchical authority in Geneva; and when, in 1532, Farel first made his appearance in the city, he found a party not indisposed to join him in his eager and zealous projects of reform. He had a hard fight for it, however, and was at first obliged to yield, and leave the city for a time; and it was not till August 1535 that he and Viret and Froment succeeded in abolishing the mass, and establishing the Protestant faith. During the year’s interval he had prosecuted his work without ceasing, amidst many difficulties, and Calvin’s arrival found him still struggling with the popish priests in the neighbouring villages, and aiming to lay a broader foundation for the Reformed Church.

Calvin was immediately elected Teacher of Theology. In the following year he assumed the office of Preacher, which at first apparently he had declined, and produced such an impression by his first sermon, that it is said multitudes followed him home to testify their enthusiasm. In conjunction with Farel, he drew up a confession of faith in twenty-one articles, which was submitted to the Council of Two Hundred, the lowest of the representative governing boards of the city,[69] and by them ordered to be printed, and proclaimed in the cathedral church of St Peter's, as binding on the whole body of the citizens. One of the articles related to the right of excommunication claimed by the ministers; and this, along with the general conduct of Farel and Calvin, and the severity with which they reproved the vices of all classes of the community, soon awoke a storm of opposition. Calvin, however, was firm; he threatened to leave the city unless the powers which he supposed necessary to his work were yielded to him; and for the present he prevailed.

A marvellous change, in the course of a short time, was wrought upon the outward aspect of Geneva. A gay and pleasure-loving people, devoted to music and dancing, the evening wine-shop, and card-playing, found themselves suddenly arrested in their usual pastimes. Not only were the darker vices of debauchery, which greatly prevailed, punished by severe penalties, but the lighter follies and amusements of society were laid under imperious ban; all holidays were abolished except Sunday; the innocent gaieties of weddings, and the fashionable caprices of dress, were made subjects of legislation: a bride was not to adorn herself with floating tresses,[70] and her welcome home was not to be noisy with feasting and revelry. The convent bells which had rung their sweet chimes for ages across the blue waters of the Rhone, and become associated with many evening memories of love and song, had been previously destroyed and cast into cannon.[71] It was impossible that a change so sudden and severe as this could be lasting, all at once. A strong opposition, partly composed of political malcontents, and of the lovers of a more free and social life, was gradually formed; and after various struggles they succeeded in their resistance to the clergy, and banished them the city.

It is difficult to characterise the party which now temporarily prevailed against the Calvinistic discipline in Geneva, and finally, in a later and memorable struggle, was thwarted and crushed by the influence of the great reformer. It has descended to us under the name of the Libertines; but this was in reality its nickname, given to it by its enemies, and beyond doubt it serves greatly to misrepresent it. The Libertines, rightly so called, were a spiritual sect which sprang up in the course of the Reformation, a kind of offshoot of Anabaptism. It is not pretended by any that the anti-Calvinist party in Geneva were mainly, or even to any considerable extent, composed of the adherents of this spiritual libertinism, although some of its leaders may have shared in certain tenets of the sect, and even been in affiance with it. This was probably the position of some of the Favre family, afterwards so signally associated with the anti-Calvinist reaction. There seems good reason to believe, however, that the main nucleus of the party was the Eidgenossen, or band of really liberal patriots, who had formerly rescued their native city from a foreign yoke, and who now and afterwards were animated, as we shall find, by very strong feelings, but by very mixed and indefinite views, in the part which they acted.

On his expulsion from Geneva, Calvin proceeded with Farel to Berne, where a series of negotiations were set on foot with a view to the conciliation of the Genevese and the return of the reformers. Previously, while the disputes were still going on, the Bernese had taken a friendly part in them, and it was hoped that by their present mediation they might be still accommodated. But their efforts, thwarted by the bitter dislike of some of the Bernese ministers to Calvin, and by the obstinacy of the Genevese, were fruitless. The decree of banishment was confirmed, and the reformers driven to seek some other sphere for their labours. Calvin repaired

first to Basle, his old place of refuge, and then to Strasburg by the invitation of Bucer. Here he settled in the end of 1538, and became the pastor of a congregation of French refugees, who were exiles, like himself, from their native country on account of their faith.

Here Calvin spent the next three years, amongst the happiest, or at least the quietest and most honourable, of his life. At no time does he appear more admirable than during those years of exile. His magnanimity and single-minded earnestness come out, strongly tempered by a certain patience, moderation, and sadness, that we seem to miss elsewhere. Relieved from power, he was also relieved from its wounding irritations, which were apt to chafe his keen spirit, and we see only the simple grandeur, wonderful capacity, and truthful feeling of the man. They were years of busy interest and activity, political, domestic, and theological.

We find him engaged in the three great conferences at Frankfort, Worms, and Ratisbon, co-operating with Bucer, and counselling with Melanchthon. Not less anxious than either for a comprehensive peace which should embrace all the Churches, he yet saw, with a clearer eye than they did, the difficulties in the way of union. His various letters on the subject to Fuel are full of sound wisdom and sense—moderate and conciliatory, yet clear-sighted and earnest for the truth. We see him farther the centre of a private series of negotiations in connection with Caroli, a singular impostor of the time, who is strangely mixed up with the history of the Reformation. This person had previously rendered himself notorious for his enmity to Calvin and Farel, both of whom he had accused of Arianism; and afterwards, when he failed to establish his reputation at their expense, he had rejoined the Church of Rome. He now sought a reconciliation with the reformers, and seems to have imposed upon the good-nature of Farel. Calvin, however, was not so easily moved; and his letters to Farel, in which he takes him to task for his softness in the matter, especially one of 8th October 1539, give a curious self-unveiled glimpse of the reformer's vehemence of temper.[72]

In the midst of these negotiations, public and private, he was induced to think of marriage. “I am so much at my ease,” he says, in a spirit approaching to jocularity,” as to have the audacity to think of taking a wife.”[73] He had, in fact, a year before, written to Farel on the subject, and various projects of union were in the meantime set on foot by his friends—which, however, came to nothing. The truth is, that he was himself but a reluctant suitor, and if it had not been for the urgency of Bucer particularly he would probably never have taken any step in the matter. “I am none of those insane lovers,” he says, “who embrace also the vices of those they are in love with, when they are smitten at first sight with a fine figure. The beauty that allures me in a wife is that she is chaste, not too nice or fastidious, economical, patient, and that there is hope she will be interested about my health.”[74] There is a naïveté amusing, if it were not so cold, in the manner in which he narrates to Farel how one matrimonial project failed, and another was vigorously taken up by him. “A certain damsel of noble rank has been proposed to me, and with a fortune above my condition. Two considerations deterred me from that connection—because she did not understand our language, and because I feared she might be too mindful of her family and education. Her brother, a very devout person, urged the connection; his wife also, with a like partiality; so that I would have been prevailed to submit with a good grace, unless the Lord had otherwise appointed. When I replied that I could not engage myself unless the maiden would undertake to apply her mind to the learning of our language, she requested time for de, liberation. Thereupon, without further parley, I sent my brother to escort here another, who, if she answers her repute, will bring a dowry large enough without any money at all.”[75]

The person here referred to—undowried, save in character and reputation—was Idelette de Bures, the widow of an Anabaptist whom he had converted; and to her he was married on the

following August (1540). We learn but little of her. Calvin never unveils his domestic life as Luther does. We never catch the warm firelight of his family hearth kindling in any of his letters no touches of playful portraiture relieve their gravity; and Idelette de Bures remains, consequently, but a dim personality beside Catherine von Bora. All that we know of Calvin's wife, however, points to a somewhat elevated, if not very interesting character. He himself speaks of her as "a woman of rare qualities"; and the account which he has given of her deathbed (their union only lasted nine years) is deeply touching in the picture of simple affection, and absorbed, if somewhat unmoved, piety, which it presents.[76] No breath of unhappiness seems to have rested on a union which, if uninspired by passion, was at the same time free from all sordidness. She was mother of several children by her previous husband; to Calvin she had only one child, whose early loss was a profound grief to the reformer. "My wife," he writes to Farel, "sends her best thanks for your friendly and holy consolations. The Lord has indeed inflicted a grievous and a bitter wound in the death of our little son."[77]

The most remarkable of his theological labours at this time was his elaboration of the Institutes into the extended edition which is familiar to us, and which appeared at Strasburg in 1539. There were improvements and further extensions in subsequent editions, even to the last, issued from the press of Robert Stephens at Geneva in 1559; but the work remained substantially the same after this. Among the most marked enlargements of the Strasburg edition was the detailed exhibition of his ecclesiastical system. His thoughts had been naturally turned to this subject by his experience in Geneva; and, consistently with the bent of his intellectual character, he was led not to modify his views, but to work them out into a more thorough and consistent shape. A scarcely less important contribution to theological literature was furnished by him, in the same year, in his Commentary on St Paul's Epistle to the Romans—the first of that noble series of exegetical works which, apart from all other claims to distinction, have placed his name in the highest rank of Christian authors.

In the meantime, during these years the state of things at Geneva had greatly altered. After the first outburst of their triumph, and the most riotous manifestation of their hostility to the expelled reformers, the party of the Libertines soon began to feel the inherent weakness springing out of the want of any fixity or determination in their principles and aims. Some had sought political, some only personal liberty, and not a few had joined in the movement from mere negative motives—dislike of Calvin and of the French, and of all effective moral or civil restraints. In such a party there were no elements of a continued constructive opposition to the ecclesiastical rule and discipline which they had overthrown. The hand of authority was relaxed, and licence worse than that of the old Catholic times returned. Two of the syndics who had taken a lead in the expulsion of the ministers perished by a violent death, and two were exiled for the miscarriage of some embassy in which they engaged. The new reforming clergy were destitute of any ability or energy of character to meet the disorders that sprang up on all sides, and left the city a prey to the weakness at once of faction and of immorality. In these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the friends of the reformers should have gradually gathered something of their former influence, and that in the course of two years' experience of an unsettled and disorderly civic condition, a very different spirit should have begun to manifest itself towards the exiled clergy. The conduct of Calvin, moreover, helped greatly to quicken this returning feeling. Although the Genevese had driven him with ignominy from their city, he did not cease to cherish a warm interest in its welfare; and when Sadolet, bishop of Dauphiny—a man of acknowledked merits, who had recently received a cardinal's hat from Rome—turned his attention to Geneva, and thought to improve the opportunity of its dissensions to the advantage of his Church by addressing a letter to the Council and burgesses inviting them to return within its bosom, Calvin took up the pen against him, and powerfully vindicated the religious interests

of his former fellow-citizens. The result of all was, that before the end of 1540 the Council and new syndics sent a letter to the reformer imploring him to return, and reassume his old position of authority, The letter is very interesting, as showing the complete revulsion of feeling that had occurred in the city, and how naturally all eyes turned to Calvin in the circumstances. "On the part," it bears, "of our lesser and greater councils (which hereupon have strongly admonished us), we pray you earnestly that you would transfer yourself hitherward to us, and return to your old place and former ministry; and we hope, with the help of God, that this shall be a great benefit, and fruitful for the increase of the holy evangel, seeing that our people greatly desire you among us, and will conduct themselves towards you in such sort that you shall have occasion to rest content."[78]

Calvin, however, did not return to Geneva till the 13th of September 1541. He was in no hurry to respond to the call made to him, not from any motives of pique or affectation, but from the double reason that he could not all at once quit his pastoral engagements at Strasburg, and that he needed some evidence of the sincere willingness of the Genevese to submit to the re-establishment of the reformed discipline. Convinced at length, he embraced their invitation, and re-entered upon his old duties. With a steadier comprehension and increased vigour he began again the great work of practical reformation which had been rudely interrupted three years before, and never henceforth swerved or yielded in it.

We shall afterwards consider at length the merits of Calvin's ecclesiastical discipline; but we must here sketch the machinery by which he established and worked it, and, to some extent, the character of the results which followed it.

Calvin's general views of Church government, as expounded in the fourth book of the Institutes, are sufficiently well known. In no respect, perhaps, are they more remarkable than in a certain comprehensiveness and catholicity of tone, which to many will appear strangely associated with his name. But Calvin was far too enlightened not to recognise the grandeur of the Catholic idea which had descended through so many ages: this idea had, in truth, for such a mind as his, special attractions, and his own system, we shall find, mainly sought to give to the same idea a new and higher form. The narrowness and intolerance of his ecclesiastical rule did not so much spring out of the general principles laid down in the Institutes, as from his special interpretation and application of these principles.

The Calvinistic plan of Church government is represented by doctors and pastors, and certain assessors, under the name of Elders. These are merely office-bearers for the general Christian community or church, which is composed alike of laity and clergy, with no radical or hereditary distinction of priesthood. The doctor is the learned interpreter of Scripture and teacher of theology. The function of the pastor is not merely to preach, but, by the practical administration of discipline in conjunction with the elders, to reprove, warn, and punish. The civil power is recognised as distinct from the ecclesiastical, but as bound to support the latter in carrying out its authority in the repression of vice and offences against religion, such as idolatry and blasphemy. There is some conception of the right general principle here as elsewhere, but in practice it was utterly confused and misapplied, and could not help being so in conjunction with the notions which then universally prevailed as to the moral jurisdiction of the magistrate.

This mode of Church government expressed itself in two main courts in Geneva, as follows: –

1. There was a college of pastors and doctors under the name of "The Venerable Company." This college was composed of all the clergy of the State, both those of the city and of the rural

parishes, with the teachers of theology, and to it belonged the general supervision of Church affairs, especially of all connected with the education, qualification, and appointment of persons to the ministry. It selected and determined, in the first place, as to all candidates, and the fitness of their ordination to special charges, and the people were finally invited to sanction the nomination, or "if there be any one who is aware of aught to object to in the life or doctrine of the person nominated, to come and declare it to one of the syndics before the next following Sunday, on which day also it may be presented, to the end that no one be inducted to the ministry except with the common consent of the whole church." A sufficiently fair and seemly order!—the rights of authority on the one hand asserted, and the rights of the people on the other hand recognised: but there seems to have been no adequate provision for a conciliating adjustment of the conflicting rights so soon as actual collision should arise. The future difficulties of presbytery thus lay concealed in its very origin.

2. There was a consistorial court of discipline of far more practical and living authority than the general college of pastors and doctors. This court was constituted by the five pastors of the city parishes and twelve elders. These elders were selected from the two representative councils of the city—two from the Council of Sixty, and the remainder from the Council of Two Hundred. Their nomination lay with the ordinary council, in conjunction with the Company. The consistory was thus chiefly composed of lay members but the influence of the clergy, although, numerically reckoned, it appears small, was in reality strongly secured in the mode of appointment of the elders, which was annual, besides being so far under the direct control of the clergy. The clerical element was comparatively fixed, the lay element varied from year to year.

This consistorial court became the great engine of Calvin's power. He is supposed to have by-and-by assumed the permanent presidency of it,[79] although this constitutionally belonged to one of the syndics. It extended its jurisdiction over all social usages, as well as offences against morality and religion. It was a court of practical ethics, in the widest sense—the Church in that repressive disciplinary aspect which had such a charm for Calvin's mind, and in which it alone seemed to him to rise to its right character and use. Its only direct weapon of authority was excommunication; but where this proved unavailing or inadequate, the culprit was transferred to the council, which inflicted on him any measure of civil punishment, even to death.

The great code[80] of ecclesiastical and moral legislation, which guided both the consistory and council, was the production of Calvin: It was sworn to by the whole of the people in a great assembly in St Peter's, on the 20th of November 1541. It not only laid down general rules, but entered with the most rigorous control into all the affairs of private life. "From his cradle to his grave," "the Genevese citizen was pursued by its inquisitorial eye."[81] Ornaments for the person, the shape and length of the hair, the modes of dress, the very number of dishes for dinner,[82] were subjected to special regulation. Wedding presents are only permitted within limits; and at betrothals, marriages, or baptisms, bouquets must not be encircled with gold or jewelled with pearls, or other precious stones. "Est défendu de donner aus dites fiancailles, nopces, ou baptisailles, des bouquets liés d'or ou canetilles, ou garnis de grénats, perles, et autres pierreries."

The registers of Geneva remain to show with what abundant rigour these regulations were carried out. It is a strange and mournful record, with ludicrous lights crossing it here and there. A man hearing an ass bray, and saying jestingly, "Il chante un beau psaume," is sentenced to temporary banishment from the city. A young girl in church singing the words of a song to a psalm-tune is ordered to be whipped by her parents. Three children are punished because,

during the sermon, instead of going to church, they remained outside to eat cakes. A man, for swearing by the "body and blood of Christ," is condemned to be fined, and to sit in the public square in the stocks. Light reading, in the shape of 'Amadis de Gaul'—as dear to the lovers of romance then as the treasures of, the circulating library are to the modern reader—is peremptorily forbidden, and the book ordered to be destroyed.[83] And there are darker colours far in the picture, at which we shrink as their shadow still falls across three centuries upon us. A child for having struck her parents was beheaded in 1568. Another lad of sixteen, for having only threatened to strike his mother, was condemned to death.[84] If we think of what even mothers, alas! sometimes are, and how temporary and trivial are often the worst of such domestic collisions—momentary bursts of childish passion without moral instinct of any kind—it makes one's blood run chill to think of an arbitrary death inflicted for such offences.

A system of such a character could only maintain itself on an absolute divine right—a right nowhere, indeed, formally set forth by Calvin, yet distinctly asserted in all the spirit and practice of his ecclesiastical legislation. The consistorial discipline, for example, when the Favres begin to rebel against it, is declared to be "the yoke of Christ."[85] The ordinances and laws of Geneva, and the whole system of polity of which Calvin himself remained the centre, is carried back to Scripture, and presumed to rest upon express divine command. This was the only valid plea and justification of a system which applied itself in such a direct and authoritative manner to the regulation of human life. It could only stand as a special embodiment of the divine will—as a declared Theocracy.

Henceforth Calvin's life in Geneva does not present any very varied course of incident. It is mainly a succession of earnest labours in defence of the truth, and of earnest struggles against its enemies. His activity was indefatigable, and his keen spirit knew scarcely what it was to rest day by day. His ordinary duties are thus described by Beza:—"During the week, he preached every alternate and lectured every third day; on Thursday he met with the presbytery, and on Friday attended the ordinary Scripture meeting called 'the congregation,' where he had his full share of the duty." His Commentaries, on which he now continued to work regularly, and his unceasing correspondence, filled up a measure of industry which we contemplate with astonishment. No man certainly was ever less self-indulgent; and if he was severe in his exactions from others, he was no less unsparing with himself. Viret continued temporarily associated with him at Geneva; but he was soon left to bear the main burden of ecclesiastical rule himself, as his permanent colleagues enjoyed comparatively little esteem.

More than anything else, the subsequent tenor of the reformer's life is marked by the successive controversies in which he was engaged. Caroli again appears for a brief space upon the scene, but disappears finally in deserved obscurity and disgrace—closing a life of scandalous imposture by a death of infamy in a Roman hospital. Then in succession the names of Pighius, Castellio, Bolsec, and, farther on, Westphal and Heshusius, besides the well-known names of Servetus and Amy Perrin at the head of the Libertines, are among the most prominent that mark the controversial epochs into which his history now runs. We shall, as we advance, glance slightly at the successive points of interest and conflict which these names suggest, in one or two instances touching only in the most cursory way on what by itself might lead into wide discussion.

Pighius was a zealous Papist of the Cologne school, a pupil of Adrian, and tutor of Charles V. He published, about the time Calvin returned to Geneva, an elaborate treatise on the old subject of Free Will and Predestination, in opposition to the views of the reformers. Calvin, as soon as the pressure of his labours permitted, replied in a volume which he dedicated to

Melanchthon. He discusses the arguments of Pighius in detail, and vindicates the reasoning of Luther, while he admits the hyperbolical character of his language in certain cases. What is particularly remarkable is his generous appreciation of Luther's character and talents, as indeed this appears elsewhere in his Letters.[86] So far as the merits of the controversy are concerned, it cannot be said that he is any more successful than the German reformer. He is here and everywhere more simple and cautious in his statements, but his cold reiterations and evasions really no more touch the obvious difficulties than Luther's heated paradoxes. A point of interest connected with the dispute is the tradition that Calvin's work was successful in converting Pighius to predestinarian views. This seems to rest on so slender a foundation, however, that it is contended, on the other hand, that Pighius was dead before Calvin's work appeared. He is said to have died in December 1542, while the reply of the reformer was not published till the following year. Calvin himself says somewhat summarily that "Pighius died a little after my book was published, wherefore, not to insult a dead dog, I applied myself to other lucubrations."

The dispute with Sebastian Castellio was of a more painful and prolonged character. Calvin had become acquainted with Castellio at Strasburg. They seem at first to have warmly attracted one another, and Calvin was beyond all doubt for some time very zealous in his friendliness to the poor scholar, whose ingenious spirit and classical acquirements had won his regard. On his return to Geneva he invited him thither, and procured for him the appointment of regent or tutor in the gymnasium of the city. In reality, however, there were but few points of sympathy between the two men. Castellio's learning was intensely humanistic; his classical tastes and somewhat arbitrary criticism moulded all that he did; and, especially as he aspired to be a theologian, and to carry this spirit into his Scriptural studies, he soon came into conflict with Calvin. The first indications of disagreement between them are to be found in a letter of Calvin's to Farel in September 1542, in which he speaks of the freaks of "our friend Sebastian, which may both raise your bile and your laughter at the same time."[87] These freaks relate to Castellio's notions of Scriptural translation, and his refusal of Calvin's offer to revise his version, while offering to come and read it to him. Then subsequently, in February 1544, there appears in a further letter to Farel, and in the Council Registers, evidence that Castellio had desired to enter into the ministry, but that Calvin had advised the Council that this was not expedient, on account of some peculiar opinions which he held. These were certain rationalistic views as to the authenticity and character of the Song of Solomon, the descent of Christ into hell, and also about election. Still at this date Calvin speaks kindly of him, and recommends him strongly to the patronage of Farel. He seems to have left Geneva at this time for Lausanne, but to have returned shortly; and, irritated probably by disappointment, he now vehemently attacked Calvin. After a violent scene in church, which is painted, perhaps, with some exaggeration by the reformer,[88] he was forced to leave the city. The two old friends, now declared enemies, did not spare each other henceforth. Castellio retired to Basle, and among his other employments busied himself with the free criticism of the Calvinistic doctrines; and particularly, nearly ten years after this, a tract appeared on the death of Servetus and the subject of toleration, which was at once imputed to him by Calvin and Beza. Both replied in no measured terms. Later still, an anonymous publication, attacking with keen logic and covert and ingenious sarcasm the Genevan theology, was supposed to proceed from his pen; and the reformers, in their answer in the preface to their version of the New Testament, stigmatise him as a "deceiver and vessel of Satan." It is but a melancholy spectacle of polemical hatred on both sides; but the truculence of the theologians, it must be confessed, bears off the palm. Castellio was no match for them in strength of argument or firm consistency of purpose. He lived on in great poverty at Basle, cultivating his garden with his own hands, and without the means of keeping himself warm, as he sat up at night to finish his translation of the Scriptures. He died in want, in 1563, the same

year as Calvin; and Montaigne[89] has given vent to his expressions of shame for his age, that one so distinguished should have been left to die so miserably. Regretful and touching memories linger around his blameless scholarly life, pinching poverty, and sad death, and especially the incident of his gathering from the banks of the Rhine pieces of drift-wood for fuel. The incident is painful in its associations as well as affecting in its simplicity. Calvin and Beza did not hesitate to circulate against him the calumnious charge that he had stolen the wood—a fact sufficient to prove the disgraceful spirit in which these controversies were conducted, and how deservedly they are consigned to oblivion.

The controversy with Bolsec carries us on to 1551, and, both in its special object and in the character of the man, presents a marked contrast to the preceding. Bolsec was originally a Carmelite monk, but he had thrown aside the habit and betaken himself to the practice of medicine. He came to Geneva in the above year, and settled as a physician. There is no reason to doubt the integrity of his character, although Beza has thrown out insinuations against it. What were his previous relations to Calvin we are not informed, but he began to question his great doctrine of predestination. He made it the subject of discussion and attack among his friends. This no sooner reached Calvin's ears than he called him to account; summoned him first to a private interview, then before the consistory, and made him understand that he was not at liberty to question the Genevan doctrine. In a letter to Cristopher Libertet, Calvin has given a description of the manner in which Bolsec sought to vindicate himself, and how he was dealt with by him and the other clergy. The picture is not a very amiable one, and the poor heretic excites our sympathy even in the narrative of his great adversary. "He was called before our Assembly, when, in spite of his cavils, I dragged him from his hiding-place into the light. Besides the fifteen ministers, other competent witnesses were present; and all know that, if he had had a single drop of modesty, he would have been immediately convicted. At first he used trifling and puerile cavils; but being more closely pressed he threw aside all shame. Sometimes he denied what he had twice or thrice conceded, and then admitted what he had questioned; he not only vacillated, but entirely abandoned his principles, and kept working in the same circle without measure or aid."[90] No wonder! To be baited by fifteen ministers, with Calvin at their head, must have been more than enough to disturb the consistency and weaken the resolution even of the boldest heretic. The matter did not end here. On the occasion of a sermon in St Peter's on the subject of predestination, Bolsec was so foolish as to step forth and take up the argument against the preacher, a certain John de St André. Calvin had entered the church unobserved during Bolsec's address, and suddenly presenting himself before the heretic, overwhelmed him with quotations from Scripture, and Augustine Farel joined in the discussion, and the police terminated it by apprehending Bolsec for abuse of the clergy and disturbance of the public peace. It became a somewhat serious question how to deal with so daring an offender. Negotiations were entered into with the Bernese and French ministers on the subject, the moderation of whose counsels does not seem to have been particularly pleasing to the reformer. It has been insinuated, but on a very slender foundation, that he would not have been disinclined to proceed to the last extremity against one so hardened. There was no warrant, however, for any extreme procedure. The churches all advised moderation in the view of the abstruseness and darkness of the subject of controversy; and Bolsec was merely sentenced to banishment from the city whose doctrinal quietude he had disturbed. He afterwards revenged himself, in a somewhat dastardly way, by writing a life of Calvin in a spirit of slanderous detraction, which effectually destroys all sympathy with him, or interest in his sufferings.

The Sacramentarian controversies with Westphal and Heshusius extend to the very close of Calvin's life. No feature in the internal history of the Reformation is at once more painful and perplexing than that which is unfolded in these controversies: the subtlety, and in truth

unintelligibility, of the distinctions contended for, the sacredness of the topic, and the fierce violence of the contention, all make a picture which even the polemic theologian of modern times can scarcely delight to contemplate, and which is apt to inspire the historical student with mere weariness and disgust. We have already in our former sketch seen with what vehemence Luther maintained his ground on this subject against the Swiss divines at Marburg. He never got reconciled to them, and to the last his language was that of uncompromising and disrespectful opposition to their supposed doctrine. Melanchthon, on the other hand, so soon as he was brought into personal contact with Calvin, especially at the Diet of Ratisbon, began to incline to his opinion of the Eucharist, which, denying the reality of a local presence as asserted by the Lutherans, maintained the reality of a spiritual presence in the elements, and a true participation of the very body and blood of Christ by the faithful. Through the influence of Calvin mainly, an agreement or "consensus" of sacramental doctrine was established at Zurich in the close of 1549. It was fondly hoped that the result of this might be to promote a general harmony on the subject, not only in all the reformed Churches, but, moreover, between them and the Lutheran Church; or at least to open up the way for such a comprehensive union. Never was hope more utterly disappointed. The abated zeal of Luther, as the sadness of those last years was fast bearing him to the grave, had no beneficial effect upon some of his followers. They took up the controversy with increased bitterness and a yet more narrow intolerance. Without the excuse of those traditionary associations which clung to his great mind, and from which he could never set himself free, the men, such as Flacius and Osiander, and Westphal and Heshusius, who embraced what they supposed to be the strict type of Lutheran doctrine, showed a polemical spirit equally violent and mean, which at once hardened the excesses of the reformer's dogmatism, and covered it with the contempt of their own weakness. There is not anywhere in theological history a set of men more factious in temper, less amiable in character, or even less respectable in strength, than the Lutheran divines who now occupy the field, and darken and confuse it with their controversial din. Well might Melanchthon say that "he lived as in a wasp's nest," and pray to be delivered from the "rabies theologorum." They embittered his last moments by their furious and unmeaning contests, and made him sigh for a rest above, undisturbed by controversial clamour. Well might Calvin say, "Ah, would that Luther were still alive! These people have none of his virtues, but they think to prove themselves his disciples by their cries."

Westphal, a pastor at Hamburg, takes his rank among most violent of these Lutheran divines. In the hands of this man the sacramental "concordat" of Zurich became a nucleus of more embittered controversy than ever. Instead of "being softened to concord"[91] "by that temperate simplicity of doctrine, he seized upon the very name of agreement as a kind of furies' torch to rekindle the flame"—a flame which continued to burn in the Lutheran Church till it ate all the heart of Christian life out of it, and which, by the antagonistic spirit. it provoked, became a source of weakness and disgrace to the Protestant cause in genera1.[92] Calvin first of all replied with some mildness to this "foolish fellow," refusing to name him, or to enter into personal conflict with him. But when, instead of being silenced, "he flamed forth with much greater impetuosity," it became necessary, he says, "to repress his insolence"; and he wrote and published with incredible haste, in 1556, his "Second Defence of the Sacraments, in Answer to the Calumnies of Westphal." The heat and rapidity with which he composed this treatise may be held in some degree to excuse the vehemence of its expressions, as he himself urges to Bullinger. Moreover, the conduct of Westphal in his cruel treatment of John A'Lasco and a company of reformed brethren, who, having been driven from England on the accession of Mary, sought refuge in Denmark, had justly kindled the keen sensitiveness and warm feelings which Calvin ever showed towards the oppressed. Yet, making every allowance, it must be

admitted that here, as too often, Calvin "answered a fool according to his folly." Invective, Contempt, and scorn he pours upon him as from a full vial, overwhelming him at once with logic and abuse. "If I have used in some cases too strong expressions," he says in the preface addressed to "all honest ministers of Christ," "you must consider, according to your wisdom, how he has goaded me to this. His book appears written with no other object than that of casting us down to hell, and overwhelming us with curses. What could I do otherwise than act according to the proverb, 'the bad ass must have a bad driver,' to prevent him indulging too complacently in his savage temper?" Westphal retorted, complaining that Calvin had treated him worse than the Anabaptists, Libertines, and Papists; and Calvin replied in a "last admonition to Joachim Westphal."

In the meantime, many still smaller names had entered the field—"petulant, dishonest, and rabid men, as if they had conspired together" to make the reformer "the special object of their virulence"—"a foul apostate of the name of Staphylus," one named Nicolas le Coq, and lastly, Tilleman Heshusius; and finally, in one more publication,[93] on the "True Partaking of the Flesh and Blood of Christ," the reformer made a rejoinder to these attacks. His old strength is not abated, but there is mingling with traces of the former violence a nobler spirit of aspiration for peace from the weary contentions which now, in 1560, were fast wearing him out. This gathers around the name of Melanchthon, just departed, in an affectionate and touching appeal, wherein we can read a depth of tender warmth amid all his proud and flaming zeal. "O Philip Melanchthon, for I appeal to thee who art now living in the bosom of God, where thou waitest for us till we be gathered together with thee to a holy rest! A hundred times halt thou said, when, wearied with labour and oppressed with sadness, thou didst lay thyself familiarly on my breast, 'Would that I could die on this breast!' Since then I have a thousand times wished that it had been our lot to be together."

Well might Calvin be weary of controversy! And yet we have still to notice the two most memorable struggles in which he was engaged—viz., his final contest with the Libertines, with Amy Perrin at their head, and the sad affair of Servetus.

The renewed contest with the Libertines was protracted during a long period, and was beyond doubt the central contest of Calvin's existence—waged hand to hand, and for life or death, through many strange turns and changes. It did not terminate till about two years after the death of Servetus, and this latter event is in some degree mixed up with it; but it will be more convenient to complete our view of it, before passing to consider the circumstances connected with the trial and execution of Servetus. It is only its most general outline that we can trace; and indeed, amid the confusion in which, to some extent, the subject has been left by all the historians of Geneva, as well as the biographers of Calvin, it is not easy to describe the various influences under which it was so long prolonged, now in Calvin's favour, and now in favour of his opponents, while yet terminating in what appears a contemptible émeute, leaving Calvin victor of the field.

Amy Perrin had at first been a friend of Calvin—one of those who solicited his return, and to whom, in conjunction with the reformer, had been committed the preparation of the ecclesiastical ordinances. Ambitious himself, however, and united to a family both the male and female members of which seem to have cherished a natural dislike to the reformer, he soon began to chafe under the pride and rigour of the Calvinistic rule, and gradually attached himself to the mixed liberal party, whose principle of fusion was mainly hostility to Calvin. Personal causes served to embitter the animosity—scandals too dark and wretched for us to rake from their forgotten hiding-places. The picture which the reformer has drawn of the whole Favre

family in his letters is coloured with a grim harshness, and vivid with touches of the most biting sarcasm. The intensity of his temper—sparing no folly, and exposing with a kind of zest all the details of their disgrace—comes out strongly. He fixes their several features by some ludicrous or opprobrious epithet, concentrating at once his scorn and their absurdity or baseness. Speaking, for example, of a marriage in the family, which had been conducted, in his view, with a flagrant mockery of religion, and the consequences of which were deservedly humiliating, he writes to Viret:[94] "Proserpine [supposed to be wife of Francis Favre, the head of the family], the day before they received the spouse with such honours, beat the mother-in-law in such a manner that she bled profusely; her whole countenance was disfigured with wounds, and her head covered with dirt. You know the old woman's temper; she was heard through the whole street calling on God and man to assist her. We cited her before the consistory, but she escaped to her sisters: Penthesilea [Perrin's wife] will certainly have to be reprimanded stoutly; she patronises the worst causes and defends herself furiously in short, her every word and deed betray her utter want of modesty." Another marriage at the house of a widow was celebrated with dancing, at which the same Penthesilea had distinguished herself, and the opportunity of reprimanding her could not be passed over. She seems, however, to have been almost a match for Calvin, for, according to his own confession, she "abused him roundly," while he answered her as she deserved. "I inquired," he continues "whether their house was inviolably sacred—whether it owed no subjection to the laws? We already detained her father in prison, being convicted of one act of adultery; the proof of a second was close at hand; there was a strong report of a third; her brother had openly contemned and derided the Senate and us. Finally, I added, that if they were not content to submit to us here under the yoke of Christ, they must build another city for themselves, for that so long as they remained at Geneva, they would strive in vain to elude the laws, and that if each person's head in the house of Favre wore a diadem, it should not prevent the Lord from being superior."[95]

All this occurred at an early period of the struggle in 1546. The execution, in the year following, of Gruet, a leader among the spiritual Libertines, whose opinions are represented as of an impious and flagrant character, increased the bitterness of the factions. Calvin stretched his power to the utmost. Slashed breeches, in which the young Libertines had delighted as a symbol of their party, were prohibited—"not that we cared about the thing itself," he says, "but because we saw that, through the chinks of those breeches, a door would be opened to all sorts of profusion and luxury." The Libertines in their turn carried their licence to the extent of publicly insulting Calvin, and threatening to cast him into the Rhone. He professed to laugh at their threats as only "the froth of the pride of Moab, whose ferocity must at length fall with a crash." Things continued in this state through various alternations, Perrin being now imprisoned, with his wife and father-in-law, and now again, through a change of fortune, not only elevated to the magistracy, but made chief syndic. This took place in 1549, and Calvin ridicules unsparingly his attempts at statesmanship, calling him now the "Comic Cæsar," and now the "Tragic Cæsar."

The execution of Servetus in 1553 gradually drew the contest on to a dénouement. The deep feeling which in various quarters was excited by this event, and the vehemence with which it was directed against Calvin, seemed to encourage the Libertine party to action. One Berthelier tried to wrest from the consistory its right of excommunication, and to force admission to the Lord's Supper, from which he had been excluded. But Calvin's firmness baffled him, and even awed Perrin. In the beginning of 1554 there was a sudden truce, and things assumed a quieter look. But there was no sincerity of reconciliation on either side, and the contention soon broke out more fiercely than ever. Calvin's power seemed to totter in his hands. He wrote to an old friend, whose name is not given, "If you knew but a tenth part of the abuse with which I am wounded, feelings of humanity would make you groan at sufferings to which I am myself grown

callous. Dogs bark at me on all sides." At length, in 1555, the crisis came—a confused and disorderly affair, the account of which reads more like a street riot than anything else. Perrin, with his fellow-leaders Berthelier and Peter Vandel, had probably planned a regular rising of the populace, which. was to be directed against the French in the city, for the cries heard in the tumult took something of this shape. Their own confusion, however, or the apathy of the citizens, converted it into a ridiculous failure. They then tried to make light of the affair, but the Council of Two Hundred assembled and took a very different view of it; and, apprehensive for their safety, the agitators fled from the city. Sentence was pronounced against them in absence. They were condemned to lose their heads and be quartered, and special tortures were to be inflicted on Perrin. The sentence was executed in effigy; and the city permanently delivered from commotion.

Thus terminated the long struggle with the Libertines, in which, whatever be our judgment of particular points of Calvin's conduct, we must admire his heroism, and moreover rejoice in his triumph. For it was undoubtedly the triumph of moral order against a liberalism which, resting on no basis of principle, and conserved by no bonds of moral feeling, must have speedily dissolved in its own success, and left Geneva a sure prey to internal factions and weakness. As it was, Geneva became, strange as it may seem, the stern cradle of liberty, an asylum of Protestant independence against the gathering storms of despotism on all sides. Freedom of thought and action were crushed for the time under an iron sway, but in behalf of a moral spirit which, nursed by such rough discipline, was to grow into potency till it became more than a match for Jesuitical state-craft in many lands, and, from the very limitations of its infancy, only expanded into higher and healthier forms of development.

In the meantime, it must be confessed, as we turn to gaze upon the picture presented to us in the trial and death of Servetus, it is difficult to trace the germs of liberty in the Genevan theocracy. We shall not attempt to enter into the endless polemics that surround this affair. The main facts are palpable, and not only not denied, but gloried in by Calvin and the other reformers—for they all share almost equally with him the undying disgrace which, under all explanations, must for ever attach to the event. The wise Bullinger defended it,[96] and even the gentle Melanchthon could only see cause for gratitude in the hideous tragedy. The special blame of Calvin in the whole matter is very much dependent upon the view we take of his previous relation to the accusation and trial of Servetus by the Inquisition at Vienne. If the evidence, of which Dyer has made the most, were perfectly conclusive, that the reformer, through a creature of his own of the name of Trie, was really the instigator from the beginning of the proceedings against Servetus—that from Geneva, in short, he schemed with deep-laid purpose the ruin of the latter, who was then quietly prosecuting his profession at Vienne—and, from MSS. that had privately come into his possession, furnished the Inquisition with evidence of the heretic's opinions,—if we were compelled to believe all this, then the atrocity of Calvin's conduct would stand unrelieved by the sympathy of his fellow-reformers, and would not only not admit of defence, but would present one of the blackest pictures of treachery that even the history of religion discloses. The evidence is not satisfactory, although there are admitted facts which raise suspicion. There can be no doubt that Calvin was so far privy through Trie to the proceedings of the Inquisition, and that he heartily approved of them. Nor is there further any reason to doubt that he contemplated from the first the death of Servetus as a stern necessity, should he ever come to Geneva, as he had offered to do. In the well-known letter on the subject, which is not printed in Beza's collection, but has since been published, he tells Farel that he was unwilling that Servetus should trust to him—for he adds, "If he should come, and my authority be of any avail, I will never suffer him to depart alive."[97]

Having escaped from Vienne,[98] before the completion of his trial, about the 7th of April, Servetus is found in Geneva about four months later. His intention appears to have been to proceed to Italy, although Calvin represents him as having come from Italy—a fact which he himself denied in the course of his examination. In any case, it seems to have been something like infatuation on the part of the heretic to put himself in the way of Calvin, of whose disposition towards him he could scarcely be ignorant. The reformer seemed to recognise a sort of judicial blindness in his conduct. "I know not what to say of him," he remarked, "except that he was seized by a fatal madness to precipitate himself on destruction."

It is a deeply pathetic picture, as we look back and try to realise it,—that of the homeless and persecuted man entering the theocratic city on foot and alone in the middle summer of 1553, taking up his residence in a small inn by the side of the lake, and entering into frank and humorous talk with his host—more like a man of the world than a speculative enthusiast; and finally, after he had dined, wandering into the church where his great adversary was preaching, —a fatal audacity which led to his discovery. Some one recognised and immediately reported the fact to Calvin; and just as the wanderer had made his arrangements to leave for Zurich, and hired a boat to carry him across the lake, he was arrested and conveyed to prison.[99] Calvin takes to himself all the merit of this step, and the character and circumstances of the trial were mainly arranged by him.

The particulars are full of interest. At first a young man,[100] Calvin's secretary, undertook the office of accuser, and prepared an indictment against him of thirty-eight articles, enumerating various forms of heresy and of insulting offences against the reformers, and especially Calvin. It was found that the young champion of orthodoxy was no match for the veteran polemic who had vexed his brain so long with every species of theological subtlety; and Calvin himself and the other clergy then entered the lists personally against him. Encouraged probably by some feeling that there was a party in Geneva prepared to back him, Servetus gave way at first to great insolence of manner, and dared his adversaries in a very contemptuous way. In reference to some charge about contradicting Moses' account of the Holy Land in his notes on Ptolemy, which he considered very paltry, he wiped his mouth and said, "Let us go on,"—a proceeding which deeply offended Calvin. The most violent and abusive language was used on both sides. Servetus addressed the reformer as a "pitiful wretch," a "disciple of Simon Magus," a "liar," and even a "murderer." Calvin retorted on him as an "obscene dog" and "perfidious villain," and publicly devoted him to eternal fire. The trial, nevertheless, proceeded in a regular and formal manner, on through August and September. The advice of the churches of Zurich and Berne was asked, while the unhappy prisoner, complaining bitterly of the hardships of his confinement,[101] begged to have his case appealed from the ordinary Council to that of the Two Hundred. In this Amy Perrin supported him, more with the view of turning the event to his own advantage against Calvin than from any pity to the heretic. There is no evidence that the reformer urged the Council to any summary violence, or that his influence swayed with them, especially in the judgment to which they came. They seem to have taken the course of proceedings very much into their own hands. But there is just as little doubt of the conclusion to which Calvin's advice and movements pointed all along, and—confirmed in their own feelings by his authority and that of Bullinger, Farel, and others—they passed sentence on Servetus on the 26th of October, condemning him to death by fire. To do Calvin justice, he appears to have used his exertions to have the mode of the heretic's death alleviated, but without success.

On the very next morning after the sentence was pronounced, Servetus was led out of the city to his dreadful doom. The spot where he suffered is an extended eminence of the name of Champel—about two miles off,—from which the eye can trace the encircling ridges of the Jura as

they rise like frowning battlements around the scene, and the clear windings of the Arve as it pours its “snow-grey” waters into the bright azure stream of the Rhone. There the wretched man was fastened to a stake surrounded by heaps of oak wood and leaves, with his condemned book and the MS. he had sent to Calvin attached to his girdle; and while with choked utterance he could only say, “Oh God! oh God!” the fire was kindled. The wood was green, and did not burn readily. Some persons ran and fetched dry fagots, while his piercing shrieks rent the air, and—exclaiming finally (in words which, with a strange perversity, have been supposed to indicate his persistence in his heresy to the last), “Jesus, thou Son of the eternal God, have mercy upon me!”—he passed from the doom of earth to a higher and fairer tribunal.

It is needless to indulge in reflective commonplace on this memorable crime. To the reformers, on the principles they avowed and advocated, it scarcely needed any apology. To us, looking back upon it from this point of time, it can receive no palliation, and they are but poor and unfaithful sons of Protestantism who have sought for a moment to defend it. Whatever apology it may admit of from the spirit of the age, and the supposed (blasphemous) character of the charge, it can admit of no apology on any intelligibly Protestant ground. In so far as the reformers were concerned in it, they were simply untrue to their own position, and ignorant of their own only rational weapon of defence. To the benefit of this inconsistency and ignorance they are entitled, but to nothing more. The act must bear its own doom and disgrace for ever; and if it stirs the heart more with pity for the long darkness of human mistake than with indignation for the harshness of human cruelty, it yet remains a mournful and unhappy blot upon the history of the Reformation.

Ater the expulsion of the Libertines in 1555, Calvin’s power in Geneva was thoroughly consolidated. He had still his controversies with Westphal and others, but the life-and-death struggle at his door had ceased, and none any more sought to question his supremacy as the master-spirit and governor of the city. Beza—a lively, meddlesome, serviceable, but by no means great man—became his active coadjutor in the last years of his life, and in his faithful reverence for his master’s traditions, and ardent and affectionate admiration of his genius, was a man after Calvin’s own heart. The great struggle that was proceeding in France during these years, between the hierarchical party, with the Guises at their head, and the Protestants led by Condé and Coligny, deeply interested both. In the somewhat unintelligible conspiracy of Amboise in 1560, the aim of which was to wrest the power from the hands of the Guises and bring them to trial, Calvin was supposed to have been implicated. He has himself confessed that he knew about it, but that he disapproved of it, and did all he could to hinder its execution. This is a more likely version of the fact, for Calvin’s political opinions were never of an active and violent character. He had no love for political revolution of any kind, and was not likely to have advised it.

About 1561, Calvin’s long-continued bad health greatly increased. Abstemious to an unnatural degree, and overwrought by his many labours, he was, towards the close of this year, seized with gout. Unable to walk, he was transported to church in a chair to continue his preaching, from which he would not desist. His sufferings became aggravated during the next three years. Not one but numerous disorders, bred by his unhealthy habits of study, laid waste his frame. On the 6th of February 1564 he preached his last sermon. He was henceforth only able, when carried occasionally to church, to say a few words to the people. He is said to have been very uncomplaining,—only the cry would sometimes come from him, “How long, O Lord?” On the 2d April, Easter-day, he was for the last time carried to church, and received the sacrament from the hands of Beza; but after this was still able to address a long discourse to the members of the Council who came to his house. On the 28th he received the clergy, and

boldly encouraged them to persevere in the great work which he had begun. Farel, himself tottering to the grave, came from Neufchatel to visit him,[102] and the old fellow-labourers, after one more conference, parted, only to meet in a less disturbed state of existence. He lingered on during May, and had even another meeting of the clergy in his house. Then on the 27th of the month, as summer was flushing over those bright scenes amidst which he had lived untouched by their beauty, he peacefully fell asleep. Beza had quitted him only for a moment, and on his return the reformer lay calm in death. "At the same time with the setting sun," says his admiring friend, "was this great luminary withdrawn."

He was buried without ostentation, but amidst the profound regret of the citizens, in the common cemetery of Plein Palais outside of the city, on the banks of the Rhone. He had especially enjoined that no monument should mark his resting-place. His severe simplicity turned away from all such honours. His biographerHENRY. accordingly says that his grave continues unknown. In point of fact, however, a plain stone, with the letters "J. C." upon it, is now pointed out to the stranger as marking it, although on what authority we do not know. Whether his remains lie in that particular spot or elsewhere, the simple and rude stone, as the meditative visitant stands beside it and looks round upon many imposing tablets raised over comparatively unmemorable dust, seems no unfitting memorial of the man—starting by its very nakedness associations all the more sublime.

Thus lived and died Calvin, a great, intense, and energetic character, who, more than any other of that great age, has left his impress' upon the history of Protestantism. Nothing, perhaps, more strikes us than the contrast between the single naked energy which his character presents, and of which his name has become symbolical, and the grand issues which have gone forth from it. Scarcely anywhere else can we trace such an imperious potency of intellectual and moral influence emanating from so narrow a centre.

There is in almost every respect a singular dissimilarity between the Genevan and the Wittenberg reformer. In personal, moral, and intellectual features, they stand contrasted—Luther with his massive frame and full big face, and deep melancholy eyes; Calvin, of moderate stature, pale and dark complexion, and sparkling eyes, that burned nearly to the moment of his death.[103] Luther, fond and jovial, relishing his beer and hearty family repasts with his wife and children; Calvin, spare and frugal, for many years only taking one meal a day, and scarcely needing sleep.[104] In the one, we see a rich and complex and buoyant and affectionate nature touching humanity at every point in the other, a stern and grave unity of moral character. Both were naturally of a somewhat proud and imperious temper, but the violence of Luther is warm and boisterous, that of Calvin is keen and zealous. It might have been a very uncomfortable thing, as Melanchthon felt,[105] to be exposed to Luther's occasional storms; but after the storm was over, it was pleasant to be folded once more to the great heart that was sorry for its excesses. To be the object of Calvin's dislike and anger was something to fill one with dread, not only for the moment, but long afterwards, and at a distance, as poor Castellio felt when he gathered the pieces of drift-wood on the banks of the Rhine at Basle.

In intellect, as in personal features, the one was grand, massive, acid powerful, through depth and comprehension of feeling, a profound but exaggerated insight, and a soaring eloquence; the other was no less grand and powerful, through clearness and correctness of judgment, rigour and consistency of reasoning, and weightiness of expression. Both are alike memorable in the service which they rendered to their native tongue,—in the increased compass, flexibility, and felicitous mastery which they imparted to it. The Latin works of Calvin are greatly superior in elegance of style, symmetry of method, and proportionate vigour of

argument. He maintains an academic elevation of tone, even when keenly agitated in temper; while Luther, as Mr Hallam has it, sometimes descends to mere “bellowing in bad Latin.” Yet there is a coldness in the elevation of Calvin, and in his correct and well-balanced sentences, for which we should like ill to exchange the kindling though rugged paradoxes of Luther. The German had the more rich and teeming—the Genevan the harder, more serviceable, and enduring mind. When interrupted in dictating for several hours, Beza tells us that he could return and commence at once where he had left off; and that amidst all the multiplicity of his engagements, he never forgot what he required to know for the performance of any duty.

As preachers, Calvin seems to have commanded a scarcely less powerful success than Luther, although of a different character—the one stimulating and rousing, “boiling over in every direction”—the other instructive, argumentative, and calm in the midst of his vehemence.[106] Luther flashed forth his feelings at the moment, never being able to compose what might be called a regular sermon, but seizing the principal subject, and turning all his attention to that alone. Calvin was elaborate and careful in his sermons, as in everything else. The one thundered and lightened, filling the souls of his hearers now with shadowy awe, and now with an intense glow of spiritual excitement:[107] the other, like. the. broad daylight, filled them with a more diffusive though less exhilarating clearness.

Altogether, it is sufficiently easy to fix the varying characteristics, however difficult it may be to measure the relative greatness of the two chief reformers: moral and intellectual power assumes in the one an intense, concentrated, and severe outline,—in the other, a broad, irregular, and massive, yet child-like expression. The one may suggest a Doric column, chaste, grand, and sublime in the very simplicity and inflexibility of its mouldings; the other a Gothic dome, with its fertile contrasts and ample space, here shadowy in lurking gloom, and there riant in spots of sunshine, filled through all its amplitude with a dim religious awe, and yet, as we leisurely pause and survey it, traced here and there with grotesque and capricious imagery—the riotous freaks, as it were, of a strength which could be at once lofty and low, spiritually grand, yet with marks of its earth-birth everywhere.

Simplicity is beyond doubt the main feature of Calvin’s character; yet it is not the simplicity of nature—but of an even and orderly spiritual development. Earnest from the first, looking upon life as a great and stern reality, a hard yet noble discipline, his moral purpose is everywhere clear and definite—to live a life of duty, to shape circumstances to such divine ends as he apprehended, and in whatever sphere he might be placed to work out the glory of God. Protestantism changed the direction, but probably very little the principle, of his energies. As Romanist or Protestant he must have equally led a life of intense devotion and spiritual work. For there were no elements of lawless affection in him, no excesses of youthful passion, and, moreover, no impulses of mere selfish desire that could have ever drawn him aside to the service of the flesh or the world. He was naturally fitted as well as divinely trained for the special work which he had to do. He found his career, or rather it found him, with a singular felicity, amid the exciting strifes into which he. was born. Before his arrival in Geneva, he appeared very much the mere scholar and theologian. Intellectual study seemed not unlikely to divert and absorb his energies. But so soon as he settled there, his great practical and administrative qualities were drawn forth, and intellectual interest became henceforth subservient to that which he felt to be his peculiar mission,—the reorganisation of the divine kingdom in the world, as he saw and believed in it.

Combined with this strict simplicity of aim in Calvin there is a wonderful grandeur of endurance and power. Nowhere lovely, he is everywhere strong. Strength looks upon us with a

naked glance from every feature of his life and work. He is stern and arbitrary and cruel when it suits him, but never weak. He seldom mistakes, and as seldom fails. Confident in his own conclusions, and inflexible in his resolutions, he never goes back upon his practical policy, nor upon his theological views,[108] for revisal or modification, but always forward in expansive and consistent development. He never wavers, and has no scruples. In all his pained and worn countenance you cannot trace a quivering of feebleness, scarce a spark of sensitiveness,—only the forward and steady gaze of resolved and imperious duty, whatever it might cost him.

As to the more social aspects of his character, it becomes a very difficult task to be at once just and critical. On the one hand, even in the face of his acknowledged harshness in many cases, it is impossible to adopt the representations of some, and regard him as destitute of all warmth of affection. Many of his letters are marked, on the contrary, by an affectionate interest, which, if not very warm or tender, is yet considerate and kindly. Then his relations with Farel, and Viret, and Bucer, and still more Melanchthon, from whom in many points he differed, sufficiently show that there was something in him lovable and capable of love, fitted both to engage sincere and deep regard, and to respond with an affectionate faithfulness to the friendly emotions which he excited. We have seen how his weary spirit clung to that of Melanchthon, removed beyond the contentions of theological strife; and there is something peculiarly affecting in' his long and sometimes very trying and delicate relations with Farel, terminated by that last kind and tender memorial which he sent him from his deathbed. On the other hand, it appears to us altogether a misinterpretation of character to read these tokens of friendly sympathy as being what have been called "the overflowings of a heart filled with the deepest and most acute sensibility."[109] Overflowing of any kind is exactly what you never find in Calvin, even in his most familiar letters. His strongest expressions of affection are always calm and measured. When he condoles with Viret and Knox, for example, on the death of their wives, there is no impulsive trembling or sensitive fulness in his tones, but only a becoming and regulated expression of grief.[110] Then it cannot be forgotten that there are some of his letters full of fierce expressions of hatred and anger, which one can only read now with pity and sorrow.[111] Affectionate and even hearty to his friends let us admit him to have been, and capable of unbending so far as to play with the syndics at the game of the key (whatever that may have been), on a quiet evening; but Calvin was certainly not in the least a man of genial and overflowing sensibility. His temper was repressive and not expansive, concentrated and not sympathetic, and his heart burned more keenly with the fires of polemic indignation, than it ever glowed with the warmth of kindly or tender emotion.

There are nowhere in all his letters any joyous or pathetic exaggerations of sentiment; there is nothing of that play of feeling or of language which in Luther's letters makes us so love the man. All this he would have thought mere waste of breath—mere idleness, for which he had no time. The intensity of his purpose, the solemnity of his work, prevented him from ever looking around or relaxing himself in a free, happy, and outgoing communion with nature or life. Living as he did amid the most divine aspects of nature, you could not tell from his correspondence that they ever touched him—that morning with its golden glories, or evening with its softened splendours, as day rose and set amid such transporting scenes, ever inspired him. The murmuring rush of the Rhone, the frowning outlines of the Jura, the snowy grandeur of Mont Blanc, might as well not have been, for all that they seemed to have affected him. No vestige of poetical feeling, no touch of descriptive colour, ever rewards the patient reader. All that exquisitely conscious sympathy with nature, and varying responsiveness to its unuttered lessons, which brighten with an ever-recurring freshness the long pages of Luther's letters, and which have now wrought themselves as a commonplace into literature, are unknown, and would have been unintelligible to him. No less strange to him is the fertile interest in life merely for its

own sake—its own joys and sorrows—brightness and sadness; the mystery, pathos, tenderness, and exuberance of mere human affection, which enrich the character of the great German. There is nothing of all this in Calvin; no vague yearnings or sentimental aspirations ever touched him. Luther, in all things greater as a man, is infinitely greater here. And in truth this element of modern feeling and culture is Teutonic rather than Celtic in its growth. It springs out of the comparative rich and genial soil of the Saxon mind,—deeper in its sensibilities and more exuberant in its products.

On the whole, simplicity, grandeur, and consistency of purpose, mark out Calvin from his fellows, and constitute the main elements of his greatness and influence. The same kind of consistency which we shall meet with in his theological system appears in his character—a consistency not of manifold adaptation, but of stern compression. As in the former the complexities of Christian doctrine are not merely evolved and laid side by side, but crushed into a unity, so in the latter there is uniqueness and symmetry at the expense of richness and interest, and a whole and hearty humanity. His theology and life alike must be judged in reference to the exigencies which called them forth, and the work that they accomplished. Human progress needed both of them assuredly, although it is a melancholy and saddening reflection that it did so. It was a hard and bad world that needed Calvin as a reformer. And when we think of the Institutes in comparison with the Gospels, we cannot help acknowledging how far man was then, and alas is still, below his blessings—how infinitely higher is the reach of divine truth than the response of human desire or the capacity of human understanding!

An impression of majesty and yet of sadness must ever linger around the name of Calvin. He was great, and we admire him. The world needed him, and we honour him; but we cannot love him. He repels our affections while he extorts our admiration; and while we recognise the worth, and the divine necessity, of his life and work, we are thankful to survey them at a distance, and to believe that there are also other modes of divinely governing the world, and advancing the kingdom of righteousness and truth.

According to what we have already said, the great distinction of Calvin, as we see him appearing within the sphere of the Reformation, is that in him the movement found its genius of order. He is from the outset of his career not at all, like Luther, the head of an onward. struggle, but the representative of a new organisation of the disturbing forces, spiritual and social, that were spreading all around in France and. Switzerland. While, therefore, Luther is characteristically the hero, Calvin is characteristically the legislator. He feels that the insurrectionary movement, which has been proceeding vigorously and fiercely for a quarter of a century, needs a guide—some one, not indeed to beat back and check it, but to rein it in,[112] to impress upon it a definite constitution, and to bring it under discipline. Unless such an one should arise, the movement seemed likely to spend itself, on the one hand, in the most extravagant forms of social disturbance, through the spread of Anabaptism and other forms of pseudo-Christian Communism; or, on the other hand, in intellectual unbelief, like that of Servetus and others. With a view to what seemed the probable development of such tendencies, Calvin was just as much the master of the occasion as Luther was of a very different occasion: or, to speak in other language, the instrumentality of divine Providence was manifested equally in the rise of the Genevan as in that of the German reformer. The elements of religious thought and social liberty let loose by Luther, and within more limited spheres by Zwingli and Farel, and which required, as eminently in the case of Luther they found, a heroic impulsion of character and a strength of popular and enthusiastic zeal to represent and carry them forward to triumph,—now in 1536 demanded the influence of a quite different character, and a strength of intellectual and moral, rather than of popular earnestness—an aristocratic, in

short, rather than a democratic power, to direct and control them.

Calvin was the impersonation of this spirit of order in the surging movement of the sixteenth century. He was so in two distinct and important respects, closely connected with one another, but separately so important that it is difficult to say in which point of view he appears most as a genius and master. He was so, first as the great theologian of the Reformation; and secondly, as the founder of a new religious and social organisation—a new order of Church polity—which did more than anything else to consolidate the dissipating forces of Protestantism, and to oppose, if not a triumphant, yet an effectual front to the old Catholic organisation, now beginning to gather life again after its first rude shocks. His influence in both these respects not only survived himself, but from the small centre of Geneva was propagated through France and Holland and Scotland, and to a large extent England, in a manner which, as we look back upon it, exalts him to the highest rank of great men, who, by the concentration and intensity of their thought and will, have ever swayed the destinies of their race. Limited, as compared with Luther, in his personal influence, apparently less the man of the hour in a great crisis of human progress, he towers far above Luther in the general influence over the world of thought and the course of history, which a mighty intellect, inflexible in its convictions and constructive in its genius, never fails to exercise.

In briefly speaking of Calvin as a theologian, we shall not attempt to criticise in detail his religious opinions. This would be altogether foreign to the purpose of these sketches. We shall try, however, to seize the spirit and general character of his dogmatic system, as they serve to explain his historical position, and as they came in contact with the spiritual tendencies then most active, not only in France, but in other countries.

When Calvin turned his keen glance upon the spiritual atmosphere around him, he saw at once the necessity, not so much of charging it with any new impulses, as of introducing clearness, intelligibility, and arrangement into those already in operation. This was the task that he essayed; and he brought to this task no new spirit or principles, but simply learning, faith, and vigour of mental conception. Novelty of purpose or of doctrine was as far as possible from his thought. The famous preface to the Institutes is mainly a powerful protest against any such view. What he really contemplated, and what he accomplished in the Institutes, first in a comparatively slight, and then in a more elaborate and definite form, was to reconstruct on a professed Biblical basis those doctrinal ideas which, disengaged from the old Catholic tradition by the powerful preaching of the earlier reformers, had not yet assumed, at least to the Gallic mind, any consistent expression. The primitive Christian character of these ideas is the great point which he tries to force upon the attention of Francis I., in view of the calumnies which the enemies of the Reformation had widely spread abroad. Novelty or even originality in doctrinal conception would have been repelled by him as a shameful accusation, and in fact was so when, under the misrepresentation of Caroli and others, he was accused of Arianism. Nothing in his early career moved him more, or gave him more pain. In the very face of all such views, it was his single aim to set anew in a Scriptural framework the old truth—to rebuild in its purity and completeness the old dogmatic edifice which had been overlaid and disfigured by the corruptions of Popery.

It arose from the very nature of the case, that this could only be done in the abstract and systematic spirit in which he attempted it. It was necessary to meet system with system—theory by theory. The old Catholic tradition, notwithstanding all that had happened, and the vigorous rents that had been made in it by the attacks of the reformers, had a power not merely of resistance but of successful reaction to the “new” opinions, in the mere coherence and apparent

unity which it seemed to present in contrast with the latter, so long as these could at all be regarded as the mere opinions of individual teachers. To show, in a systematic method, that they could not rightly be so regarded, but that they were in reality the revival of the primitive Christian teaching—to raise thus a coherent front of Scriptural dogmatism, in opposition to the old ecclesiastical dogmatism, and thereby at once save the principles of the Reformation from licence, and strengthen and consolidate them against Popery,—such was Calvin's great work as a theologian.[113]

In a historical point of view we cannot think that any will deny the distinguished success with which he accomplished this work. Never did man, perhaps, more truly measure his powers to the exact task for which they were fitted, and then bring them to bear with a more steady and adequate energy upon the achievement of that task. Seizing with a powerful and comprehensive grasp the whole scheme of Christian doctrine, he analysed and exhibited it step by step in all its parts, and set it forth in an order most imposing and effective. Melanchthon had previously systematised the reformed tenets, but without the same confident grasp and mastery of logic. The German theologian possessed a more delicate perception, and a more subtle insight into many points; but this very fineness of spiritual texture unfitted him for the more bold and compact dogmatic handiwork that was then required: it gave indecision and apparent feebleness to many of his views. Calvin did not know the meaning of dogmatic indecision. His intellectual penetration and directness overmatched all scruples and doubts, and enabled him at almost every point to maintain a firm footing—to show his readers, as he himself says, "how to pursue and hold without wandering the good and right way." And this mere strength of intellectual consistency, traversing the whole ground of Christian truth—mapping it out, and arranging it territory to territory, so as to present a great whole was the primary, as it was among the most powerful, means of giving to his work the influence which it secured; it met exactly one of the most urgent wants of the Reformation.

When we bring into view the prominent Scriptural ground on which this consistency was made to rest, we recognise a further important element of Calvin's success. It was not merely the coherence of a great logical method which was presented in the Institutes, but the method seemed to identify itself at every point with Scripture, and appropriately express its truth. "He who makes himself master of the method which I have pursued," he says, "will surely understand what he should seek for in Scripture." The logical framework, in all its well-ordered parts, was clothed with the living garment of the divine Word. Even now it is difficult to disentangle the two; for Calvin, with all the theologians of his century, and of the succeeding century as well, does not quote Scripture merely in support of his view, so that you can see the view distinctly, and then the Scriptural warrant for it, but he everywhere blends undistinguishably his own reasoning and Scripture, so that it is often very difficult indeed to say where you have the human reasoner, and where the divine Teacher. He applies Biblical language, moreover, as all his compeers did, with comparatively little regard to its historical connection, taking a statement at random from any book of the Old, or from any book of the New Testament, as bearing with equally conclusive force upon his argument. The result of this is to exhibit the outline of his system as representing, in all its successive evolutions, a strikingly Scriptural aspect. The argument at every point, even in the first book, "De Cognitione Dei Creatoris," takes up Scriptural phrase, and drapes itself in it as a sure vesture fitted to it closely, and with great skill. This prominence of Biblical statement, worked into every phase of his dogmatic scheme, and disguising its mere abstract propositions, constituted, and constitutes to this day with many minds, the greatest success of Calvin's work. The philosopher is hidden in the divine—the dogmatist in the Scripturist.

But it was a still farther characteristic of Calvin's system that may be said to have completed its triumph. He not merely apprehended the Christian scheme as a whole, and set it forth with the rare logical and Scriptural consistency we have described, but he apprehended it with clear and firm vision, in the view of a great central truth, which shed light, darkened indeed, but intense in its very darkness, upon all its relations. The great moving-spring of the Reformation, we formerly saw, was the principle of individual religion—the assertion of the immediate relation of the soul to God expressed in the doctrine of justification by faith alone. Calvin seized this great truth with the same clearness, if not with the same intensity, as Luther. He saw with an equal force that God is the only source of all good in man—that human righteousness can only spring out of the free act and communication of the divine grace, and that therefore the supposed merit of any human work, even of the noblest piety, as recognised by the Catholic tradition, was a mere delusion, ensnaring to the soul. He laid down this as a distinctive article of faith with his usual lucidity and coherence, bringing out the Scriptural proportions of his own view against what he considered to be the perversion of an eminent Lutheran teacher, Osiander.[114] But beyond this special aspect of the principle of the free and immediate relation of the soul to God in the doctrine of Justification, Calvin saw a still higher and more comprehensive aspect of it in the doctrine of Predestination. If there be no veil between the soul and God, so that the former finds all its life and righteousness only in the latter—the human in the divine Personality—it is but a mere step from this to apprehend the Divine Being as not only freely but sovereignly, "of His mere good pleasure," bestowing life and righteousness. Not only is justification of God alone, but an act of the divine sovereignty—definite, immutable, irrefragable—has determined from all eternity the objects of justification. Only then do we fully recognise free grace in all its grandeur, when we recognise it in this shape as the eternal election of God—when we acknowledge the divine act of clemency: and not merely so, but, moreover, the divine act of reprobation, as eternally consummated in certain persons without any reference to their conduct. The whole of human life and of human history, the good and evil that are in them, are gathered up by Calvin into a single point in the abyss of eternity, from which all their complicated threads go forth in a double series of undeviating demarcation. The divine is apprehended not only on its positive but on its negative side, as working out not only a progressive kingdom of righteousness, but also a retrogressive kingdom of evil, and in each case equally for its own glory. And this moral dualism is applied with a fearless and untrembling hand. It is in no sense a mere theory—the mere blank category of a transcendental philosophy—but a living principle which he brings to bear without flinching upon all the mysteries of human existence. He confesses, indeed, that it is a "horrible decree";[115] but its clear and undeniable proof seems to him to lie in the simple statement which follows up this confession: "God must have foreseen the special destiny of each individual before He created him, and He only foresaw this as having ordained it."[116] This was the highest triumph of his system. Even a logic such as Calvin's could go no farther than this.

In what degree this confident audacity in carrying out the great principle of the Reformation helped to give permanence to its general doctrines, and to make them dominant not only over the learned but over the popular minds that came within its sway, is a question far too wide and important to take up here. But none can doubt, looking merely at the most obvious facts, that it had a very powerful influence, not only in virtue of its own logical vigour, and the craving there then was, in all minds astir about religious truth, for some great theory or absolute idea into which to fit and harmonise their floating conceptions; but especially in virtue of the profound spiritual instinct out of which the theory sprang, and which it long continued and even continues to express to many deeply religious minds. The feeling of direct and devout dependence upon God—of tracing all to Him, and finding all in Him—of emptying the creaturely will wholly in the

Creative will—of bending low before the Majesty of heaven, and rejoicing that our very weakness and misery are its strength and glory;—this deep instinct of humility appeared to many merely sublimed in the doctrine of Predestination, and, apart from its own argumentative consistency and hardihood, it thus carried with it the energy and triumph of a lofty spirituality.

As we look back, therefore, upon this great system in conjunction with the spirit not only of the century which produced it, but of that which followed, we can well understand the success with which it maintained its ground, and the conquest which it won against rival systems. Viewed as systems—as exhaustive logical generalisations of Christian truth—Calvinism is the natural victor of Arminianism in this very thoroughness and higher consistency of system which it presents, in its greater Scriptural earnestness, and in the superior boldness and directness with which it carried out the great fundamental principle of the Reformation. Arminianism—no less infected than Calvinism by a mere logical zeal, having no more than the latter any apprehension of a higher method than that of argumentative definition even in the highest region of spiritual truth—yet paltered and sophisticated in its logic everywhere. It had neither the courage to lay aside logic and confess its weakness, nor yet the vigour to carry it out. And so it patched at every point, and covered the last mystery, into which Calvinism rushed with daring footing, with its thin glosses—glosses so feebly transparent now when we examine them, that it seems strange they should have ever satisfied any minds, and least of all minds of such acuteness as some of those that professed to rest on them.

The higher Scriptural congruity of Calvinism was especially apparent on the dogmatical principle of interpretation then common. It mirrored far more profoundly the spiritual depths of the Epistles, and took up more naturally and directly the great keynotes of their language. It was more true, as a whole, to the vast and shadowy outlines of thought which meet us everywhere on the surface of Scripture, and especially concentrate themselves in certain deep utterances of the letters of St Paul over which criticism has long hung perplexed.

While thus claiming for Calvinism a higher Scriptural character, it would yet be too much to say that Calvinism, any more than Lutheranism, or Arminianism, was primarily the result of a fresh and living study of Scripture. Calvin everywhere appealed to Scripture,—he is the greatest Biblical commentator, as he is the greatest Biblical dogmatist, of his age. But his dogmas, for the most part, were not primarily suggested by Scripture; and as to his distinguishing dogma, this is eminently the case. Like Luther, he had been trained in the scholastic philosophy, and been fed on Augustine; and it was no more possible for the one than for the other to get beyond the scholastic spirit or the Augustinian doctrine. An attentive study of the Institutes reveals the presence of Augustine everywhere; and great as Calvin, beyond doubt, is in exegesis, his exegesis is mainly controlled by Augustinian dogmatic theory. As to the question of predestination—so apt to be identified with his name in theology—Calvin is not merely indebted to Augustine, but he verbally reproduces him at great length; and it is a favourite plan with him, when hard pushed by the dilemmas which his own acuteness or the representations of opponents suggest, to retreat behind the arguments of his great prototype, and to suppose himself strong within the cover of assertions not less startling and inadmissible, though more venerable than his own. In fixing anew, therefore, this keystone in the Christian arch, he was merely repeating, as elsewhere, an old work; and strangely enough,—as is so often the case in all such reactions,—the chief weapon which he employed against the degraded scholasticism of his day was tempered in the very forge which it was meant to extinguish.

This appeal to an earlier Catholicity on the part of the Reformed theologies—this support in Augustine—beyond doubt greatly contributed to their success in their day. For few then ventured

to doubt the authority of Augustinianism, and the theological spirit of the sixteenth century hardly at any point got beyond it. It was a natural source of triumph to the great Protestant confessions against the unsettled unbelief or more superficial theologies which they encountered, that they wielded so bold and consistent a weapon of logic, and appealed so largely to an authoritative Scriptural interpretation. Calvinism could not but triumph on any such modes of reasoning or of Biblical exegesis as then prevailed; and so long as it continued to be merely a question of systems, and logic had it all its own way, this triumph was secure. But now that the question is changed, and logic is no longer mistress of the field; now, when a spirit of interpreting Scripture, which would have hardly been intelligible to Calvin, generally asserts itself—a spirit which recognises a progress in Scripture itself—a diverse literature and moral growth in its component elements—and which, at once looking backward with reverence and forward with faith, has learned a new audacity, or a new modesty. as we shall call it, according to our predilections: and while it accepts with awe the mysteries of life and of death, refuses to submit them arbitrarily to the dictation of any mere logical principle—now that the whole sphere of religious credence is differently apprehended, and the provinces of faith and of logical deduction are recognised as not merely incommensurate, but as radically distinguished,—the whole case as to the triumphant position of Calvinism, or indeed any other theological system, is altered. An able writer[117] has shown with convincing power what are the inevitably contradictory results of applying the reasoning faculty with determining sway to the settlement of religious truth. The conclusions of this writer, sufficiently crushing as directed by him against all rationalistic systems, are to the full as conclusive against the competency of all theological systems whatever. The weapon of logical destructiveness which he has used with such energy, is a weapon of offence really against all religious dogmatism. What between the torture of criticism, and the slow but sure advance of moral idea, this dogmatism is losing hold of the most living and earnest intelligence everywhere. And it seems no longer possible. under any new polemic form, to revive it. Men are weary of heterodoxy and of orthodoxy alike, and of the former in any arbitrary and dogmatic shape. still more intolerably than of the latter. The old Intitutio Christianæ Religionis no loner satisfies, and a new Institutio can never replace it. A second Calvin in theology is impossible. Men thirst not less for spiritual truth, but they no longer believe in the capacity of system to embrace and contain that truth, as in a reservoir, for successive generations. They seek for it themselves afresh in the pages of Scripture and the ever-dawning light of the spiritual life of humanity. The age of tradition is gone beyond recall, and the most venerated creeds, no less than the most novel religious theories, must submit to the tests of an expanding historical and moral judgment.

In the endless conflict of systems, and the mutual destructiveness of their opposing principles, there is a lesson to be learned, but it is by no means the lesson which the Bampton lecturer draws. The uncertainty of reason in all religious matters, and the contradictoriness of its vaulting theories, should teach us a greater trust in revelation, but a trust in its spiritual unity and simplicity, rather than in the dogmatic meanings assumed to represent it. If the intellect be a helpless arbiter in religious questions, and everywhere starts more difficulties than it suggests solutions, our appeal must be to Scripture, and we thank God for it but to Scripture in its historical connection, and the critical and literary conditions which its several books present, rather than to traditionary conclusions drawn from these books—to the Divine Spirit, in short, that speaks in Scripture under the necessary limitations of human language and a progressive development of moral thought.[118]

We have still to consider Calvin in what appears to us his most creative capacity—as an ecclesiastical legislator; and in order to do this, we must understand yet more fully the historical necessities of his position, and of the Reformation as represented by him.

After the first spiritual impulse of the Reformation had spent itself, great difficulties and dangers arose on all sides. Not only did the unsettled elements of Christian doctrine require a master-mind to mould and reconstruct them into an authoritative shape, but the same process of reconstruction was still more urgently demanded in the sphere of social life. With the overthrow of the old Catholic polity and discipline there was left a great opening for moral laxity, and the dissolution of the bonds of society. Corrupt as that polity was in its deeper springs, it remained a machinery highly conservative of social and national existence. Intolerable in its unspirituality and oppressiveness, it operated as a vast social and political agency, touching life everywhere, and binding it together in all its relations. Gradually it had grown to be this. Augustine's grand idea of a civitas Dei—of a divine commonwealth had developed itself till the hierarchy sketched by him covered the whole of the western world, and not merely placed itself in contact with human activity at every point, but directly held within its embrace all the intricacies of personal, family, and national relation. Starting as the most individual of all religions, and seizing, by its primary influence, not on man's outward condition, but on his deepest inward sensibilities, Christianity had taken the place of the old imperial authority as the latter decayed, and become a religion in the strictest sense—a great system of political as well as moral government. At first, slowly pushing its way in conflict with the immoralities of paganism, and the spurious ethics alike of Gnostical and Epicurean philosophy, it had grown in the course of five centuries into a vast Power, extending its control over all the interests of human existence within its reach. Christianity had become the Church: spiritual individualism had developed into Catholic Authority. Augustine stood on the verge of this great change, recognised it, gloried in it—and, by his great work, helped to forward it.

This second phase of Christianity had now worked itself out. The radical Christian spirit was not and could not be extinguished under all the compression of the Catholic system; and it had now, after many partial and ineffectual efforts, risen up against it in might. For a thousand years the system had dominated over all expressions of individual energy, fitting itself into human history, and so far constituting that history in its successive manifestations. Now, however, it was broken up. The warm breath of a living Gospel had dissolved it, and men were cast loose from the bonds which had so long controlled them. The old spirit of individualism, which in primitive Christianity had gone forth with triumphant success into pagan society, had once more awakened as from a long slumber, and rent with sundering force the repressive machinery which had bound without destroying it.

Such an awakening as this, in the very nature of the case, soon began to run into many extravagant issues. In the first feeling of liberty men did not know how to use it temperately; and Anabaptism in Germany and Libertinism in France testified to the moral confusion and social licence that everywhere sprang up in the wake of the Reformation. We can now but faintly realise how ominous all this seemed to the prospects of Protestantism. It appeared to many minds as about to terminate in mere anarchy. The religious revival seemed likely to become mere social disorder. At the very best, the new life was every where obscured by the disorder which spread alongside of it, and was apt to be confounded with it.[119]

To add to the exigency thus arising out of the circumstances of the Reformation itself, there were signs now at length (1536) showing themselves in all directions of a reviving strength in Romanism. With that singular vitality which it had so often previously, and has so often since, displayed, it now, after the first shock of the Reformation, took a new and more powerful start than in any of its preceding developments. Jesuitism arose as the formidable and well-matched opponent of Protestantism; the highest craft, subtlety, and energy, the consummate immorality and persistent cruelty of the Romish system, received in this marvellous agency a fresh and

vigorous birth; and it is only when we apprehend and bring clearly into view its peculiar working and influence, that the later history of the Reformation becomes intelligible.

This, then, was the historical position which Calvin occupied. He surveyed and realised it as no other mind of his time did. He naturally hated every species of disorder. His whole character and mind were constructive and legislative. Protestant by religious conviction, he was conservative and Catholic by natural instinct; and accordingly he was no sooner within the reformed movement, than he aimed to fix it. Especially did the great idea, which had been originally expressed in the Catholic Church, but had' become degraded into an unspiritual hierarchy—the idea of a divine state—hold possession of his mind. The unity and completeness which it presented charmed Calvin. He felt, moreover, that it was only by the resurrection of this idea in some new form that the reactionary strength of the Catholic polity could be met and withstood. He saw clearly that unless the moral intensity which had broken forth in the Reformation, and separated itself from the old ecclesiastical forms, could be turned into some new disciplinary institution, it would spend itself and disappear. In the nature of things it was unable to propagate itself merely by its own force. Already in Germany it was failing to do so. A controversial interest there was fast beginning to swallow up the spiritual life out of which the Reformation had sprung; and with all his own strong polemical tendencies, Calvin sufficiently discerned the evil that would come from such a spirit—the negation and deadness to which it would give rise. He was himself too practically earnest, and he had far too deep a feeling of the wants of human nature, and the divine education through which alone it can be trained to strength and goodness, not to aim at something higher than the mere settlement of controversial dogma. Argumentative as he was, he was yet more the legislator than the dialectician; and it was an institutional instinct and capacity, still more than a philosophical or dogmatical interest, that directed all his activity. His mind, therefore, could not rest short of a new Church organisation and polity—of a new order of moral discipline, which, planting itself in the heart of Protestantism, should at once conserve its life, and enable it to confront the re-collecting forces and still powerfully repressive energy of the Roman hierarchy. Strongly impressed by its necessity, he aimed to impart to Protestantism a new social as well as doctrinal expression—to reconstitute, in short, the divine commonwealth, the civitas Dei.

There are two distinct views that may be taken of this part of Calvin's work. It presents itself, on the one hand, as a moral influence—a conservative spiritual discipline suited to the time, as it was called forth by it; and on the other hand, as a new theory, or definite reconstitution, of the Church. In the first point of view, it is almost wholly admirable; in the second, it will be found unable to maintain itself any more than the Catholic theory which it so far displaced.

The general principle of Calvin's polity was simply the reassertion of a divine order amid the confused activities of the time—of the majesty, right, and peacefulness of divine Law. That there is a kingdom of God in the world; that man is God's creature and subject, and that there is life for human society, and happiness for the human race only in recognising and acting upon this idea; the consequent obligation of self-sacrifice, and the duty of subordination and combination among all the members of a common State,—these were the old truths applied by Calvin to the reconstruction of the Christian community. Any one who reads the opening chapter of the fourth book of the Institutes will at once see how deeply he was struck and penetrated with the idea of the Church visible as well as invisible, and with the necessity of a due and becoming relation of authority among its various constituents. His consistorial scheme of government was to him the appropriate expression of this authority; and whatever may be our critical judgment of this scheme, we are not to forget, in reference even to its most extreme and misdirected efforts, the absolute lawlessness with which it came in contact. Such an order, though of the most stern

and repressive kind, was better than no order; and in truth we may believe it was only through such a system of iron repression—a system which, in the nature of the case, and in all the circumstances of the period, sometimes confounded mere liberty with wrong, and mere folly with crime, and cast its restraining presence into the very heart of the family as well as the bosom of the Church—that the moral life of the Reformation could have been saved, or at any rate strengthened and hardened for the fearful contest that was before it. The more any one studies the facts of this great crisis, the more will he be forced to see that no mere aesthetic spirit of freedom could have then maintained its ground Against the dark perjuries and malice of the reactionary interest. It required a moral spirit nurtured in hardness, and made strong-limbed by strenuous and daring exercise, to encounter the supple deceit and Satanic persistence of the Jesuit faction, spread into every land, and working by the most dexterous and disguised communications.

And when we contemplate for a moment the actual results of Calvin's discipline, all this plainly appears. It was the spirit bred by this discipline which, spreading into France and Holland and Scotland, maintained by its single strength the cause of a free Protestantism in all these lands. It was the same spirit which inspired the early, and lived on in the later Puritans; which animated such men as Milton and Owen and Baxter which armed the Parliament of England with strength against Charles I., and stirred the great soul of Cromwell in its proudest triumphs; and which, while it thus fed every source of political liberty in the old world, burned undimmed in the gallant crew of the "Mayflower"—the pilgrim-fathers—who first planted the seeds of civilisation in the great continent of the West. A stern and unyielding reverence for law and duty, combined with a high resistance to the encroachments of mere selfish tyranny; an intense love of the Bible, and an undoubting and indiscriminating application of its examples to the business of life and the affairs of state; all the moral heroism in Puritanism which awes us by its grandeur, though it may fail to win our sympathy or enlist our love,—had its wellspring in Geneva, and reflects a lineal glory on the name of Calvin. Linked not only spiritually but formally with the Genevan polity, it was from thence it received the great theocratic idea which it prominently embodied, and launched forth once more with such triumph into the history of the world. That man, as the creature of God, is near to God, and under the control and sanctity of the divine influence, not only in some, but in all expressions of his manifold activity—that he is bound in all by a relation to the divine will—that as there is no individual goodness, so there can be no social blessing, and no real civil grandeur apart from God;—that the civitas Dei, therefore, is no dream of mere enthusiasm or of sacerdotal ambition, but a true idea resting on the everlasting relations of things, and all other ideas of the nation or society rather the dreams and shows of which this is the reality;—all this, of which Puritanism was conspicuously the renewed powerful expression, germinated in the small state of Geneva, and from this narrow centre went forth to mingle in the increase, and to add moral stability to the ambition, of the highest forms of modern civilisation. Saving for this new and grand development given to Protestantism—in which Germany had no share—it would have fared ill with it in the great crisis through which it had to pass; for it was only this profound belief in a divine society and state,—in a kingdom of truth and righteousness in the world,—that was able to encounter the falsehoods of state-craft and the immoralities of mere arbitrary power. It was only Puritanism that proved a match for Jesuitism, and held it in check; and while other phases of Protestantism were shrinking into mere formality or dying out in weakness, this was not merely holding its own in a stern struggle with Romish intrigue, but, through many strange aberrations and internal contradictions, was working out in a higher form the principles both of religious and of civil liberty.

It is a very different subject that is before us when we turn to contemplate the theocracy of Calvin, in its formal expression and basis as a new and definite outline of Church government.

In this respect he made more an apparent than a real advance upon the old Catholic theocracy. He took up the old principle from a different and higher basis, but in a scarcely less arbitrary and external manner. There is a kingdom of divine truth and righteousness, he said, and Scripture, not the priesthood, is its basis. The divine Word, and not Roman tradition, is the foundation of the spiritual commonwealth. So far, all right; so far, Calvin had got hold of a powerful truth against the corrupt historical pretensions of Popery. But he at once went much farther than this, and said, not tentatively, or in a spirit of rational freedom, but dogmatically, and in a spirit of arbitrariness tainted with the very falsehood from whose thraldom he sought to deliver men, "This is the form of the divine kingdom presented in Scripture." Not the presence of certain spiritual qualities, but the presence of certain external conditions, which I have fixed and determined, constitute the Church. Scripture absolutely demands this and forbids that in reference to the organisation and order of the Christian Society. This idea of going back to Scripture not merely as a historical starting-point, but de novo and entirely, for all the elements of an ecclesiastical polity, was one peculiar to Calvin, and all who more or less embraced or were influenced by his principles. Luther had no perception of it,—it was, in fact, strongly distasteful to his concrete and historical sympathies. He sought rather to preserve the inherited Catholic machinery in every respect, so far as it was not plainly opposed to Scripture. He wished to amend and rectify, but not to abolish and re-institute. He strenuously resisted the pretence of Scriptural simplicity by which Carlstadt urged forward his pseudo-Puritanism. The old Catholic usages were not to be wantonly touched; under all the corruptions which had overlaid them, they remained dear to his affection and beautiful to his imagination. But Calvin felt no such ties to the past, and could never understand the influence of them on others. It was his constant complaint against the Lutherans that they preserved so many ceremonies; and his contempt for the tolerabiles ineptias[120] of English Protestantism is well known. With no imagination, and but cold feelings, and a meagre sympathy with traditional associations—with a sphere, moreover, singularly cleared for his activity in the small state of Geneva—he was led to indulge to the full his legislative bias, and to plan and rearrange, according to his own arbitrary convictions, a "religious constitution."

The vigour of this religious constitution sufficiently showed itself in the approbation which it commanded, and the manner in which it spread itself wherever the popular will had scope in moulding the progress of the Reformation. Presbyterianism became the peculiar Church order of a free Protestantism, carrying with it everywhere, singularly enough, as one of the very agencies of its free moral influence, an inquisitorial authority resembling that of the Calvinistic consistory. It rested, beyond doubt, on a true divine order, else it never could have attained this historical success. But it also contained from the beginning a source of weakness in the very way in which it put forth its divine warrant. It not merely asserted itself to be wise and conformable to Scripture, and therefore divine, but it claimed the direct impress of a divine right for all its details and applications. This gave it strength and influence in a rude and uncritical age, but it planted in it from the first an element of corruption. The great conception which it embodied was impaired at the root by being fixed in a stagnant and inflexible system, which became identified with the conception as not only equally, but specially divine. The ritual thus once more preceded the moral,—the accidental, the essential,—external uniformity, moral unity; and Calvin himself, seduced by this radical mistake, sought by the mere rigour of the consistory, and the most trivial details of over-legislation, to touch the heart of life, and mould it to a holy and peaceful order. Never was there a greater mistake. All the richest qualities and most genuine aspirations of life forbid the attempt. However temporarily strengthened, they cannot healthily grow under such a system. The kingdom of righteousness can only flourish in an atmosphere of freedom; it is never helped but truly injured by any species of external

compulsion; divine society is only held together by inner bonds; it lives along lines of spiritual communication, and not of legal enactment; in its essence, in short, it is not "of this world," while yet necessarily taking to itself, according to circumstances, some definite outward shape. In so far as Presbyterian Puritanism came short of all this—nay, in many respects contradicted it—it failed to realise the only divine principle of moral government; and the theocratic idea accordingly, in its renewed assertion, fell back once more into its old mistake and confusion. The garments of Judaism still clung to it; the idea had not yet worked itself clear from the beggarly elements that haunt it as its shadow, and are everywhere ready to supplant and degrade it.

But were not these "elements," some will say, really Biblical?—did not Calvin establish his Church polity and Church discipline upon Scripture?—and is not this a warrantable course? Assuredly not, in the spirit in which he did it. The fundamental source of the mistake is here: The Christian Scriptures are a revelation of divine truth, and not a revelation of Church polity. They not only do not lay down the outline of such a polity, but they do not even give the adequate and conclusive hints of one. And for the best of all reasons, because it would have been entirely contrary to the spirit of Christianity to have done so; because the very vitality of Christian principle and the conditions of human progress do not admit of the imposition of any unvarying system of government, ecclesiastical or civil. The system adapts itself to the life, everywhere expands with it or narrows with it, but is nowhere in any. particular form the absolute condition of life. A definite outline of Church polity, therefore, or a definite code of social ethics, is nowhere given in the New Testament; and the spirit of it is entirely hostile to the absolute assertion of either the one or the other. Calvin, in truth, must have felt this sufficiently in his constant appeal to the spirit and details of the Old Testament legislation. The historical confusion, in this respect, in which he and all his age shared, was a source of fruitful error here as elsewhere.

But what of the Church, then, and Church authority? Do they not disappear altogether in such a view as that suggested? No; not in the least. They appear, on the contrary, in their only true and divine light, as resting on Scripture, but not as absolutely contained and defined in it. There is and ought to be in both a rightful conformity with Scripture, as with the growth of the Christian Reason in history. The Church is everywhere a positive divine institution resting on these two bases—on the latter not less than the former, as constituting no less, really and practically, a jus divinum. For the renewed assertion of the positive character and educational necessity of the Church, and for the fresh element of strength thus imparted to Protestantism, we are indebted to Calvin; but his special theory of the Church is not more authoritative than any other theory. Neither his Church nor any Church is necessarily and absolutely the divine institution. Turn some arbitrary ritual element in front, whether Romanistic or Calvinistic, and make it the divine, and you invert the truly divine method. This always turns the moral elements in front—the rights of faith, the rights of reason and of charity; and the ritual follows as a fitting and shifting vestment. The spirit, in short, dominates, the form serves; and it was Calvin's great error—and is, alas! by no means an extinct error of Protestantism—to forget this fundamental law of the divine, which we can never alter save at our peril.

While claiming this divine freedom, without which truth can nowhere live, it becomes us at the same time to remember that the highest freedom is always bound fast in moral law. This, the essential spirit of Puritanism, is eternal, whatever may be the temporary character of its dogmatical or 'ecclesiastical machinery. These may perish, as they seem in many of their forms decaying; but the earnestness, righteousness, purity, and resoluteness, which were the highest meaning of Puritanism, and the really valuable growth of Calvinism, can never decay without

moral and social ruin. Amid all the expansions and refinements of modern thought and life, let us hope, therefore, that we shall never lose these genuine elements of the Calvinistic spirit; and while we open our minds to the higher and more comprehending expressions of divine truth that meet us everywhere, and learn a nobler wisdom and tolerance amid all our differences, let us, at the same time, always remember that there is no strength of good save in the Gospel of old, and that the highest dignity and beauty of human life are in Him "who did no sin."

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[60] Calvin has been hitherto (1860) unfortunate in biographers,—there not being a single life of him with which we are acquainted at once adequate in its comprehension of the man and his work, fair and critical in its estimate, and interesting in its composition. The work of Dyer, published in this country some years ago, is sufficiently readable and well composed, but without the pretension of grasping the whole subject, and judging it from any comprehensive point of view. The work of Henry, in three massive German volumes, and translated, without the appendices, into two large English octavos by Dr Stebbing, is, either in German or in English, a somewhat unreadable book, with certain glimpses of critical insight here and there, but without coherence or biographical finish. It is, however, the most adequate, as a whole,—being animated by a higher, although scarcely a more impartial, spirit than that of Dyer, and embodying, as it does, the main contents of the reformer's correspondence,—which happily remain to the student, the most instructive and complete sources of his history. Two volumes of Bonnet's complete edition of the correspondence, containing the French letters, have already appeared. Two volumes, containing a selection both from the French and Latin letters translated into English, have been published by Mr Constable of Edinburgh. Besides a full edition of the Letters, Bonnet promised, so long ago as 1854, "Une étude sur Calvin, formant une histoire du Reformateur d'après les documents originaux et authentiques;" but Bonnet's promised "Study" is still, so far as we know, a promise.

Since the last edition of this volume, M. Bungener has issued a life of Calvin, which has been translated into English (Edin., 1863). A new edition of his works, edited by G. Baum, E. Cunitz, and E. Reuss, is in course of publication; vol. xxvi. has appeared (1883); and at length there is a new life in German by E. Stähelin, adequate to the subject—Johannes Calvin: Elberfeld, 1863 (2 vols.)

[61] "Erat is Gerardus," says Beza, "non pauci judicii et consilii homo, ideoque nobilibus ejus plerisque carus."—Calv. Vita, Hanoviæ, 1597.

[62] This is mentioned by D'Aubigné, vol. iii. p. 631, upon the evidence of Levasseur, a canon of Noyon.

[63] He never seems to have been ordained in the Romish Church, notwithstanding the several ecclesiastical positions he held. —Beza, Calv. Vita.

[64] Beza.

[65] Preface to Commentary on Second Epistle to Corinthians.

[66] See D'Aubigné's interesting narrative of the struggles, aims, and fall of Briçonnet, bishop of Meaux, vol. iii.

[67] As an evidence of the fame for abilities and learning he had already acquired, it deserves to be mentioned that he was one of the Continental divines consulted about Henry VIII.'s divorce.

[68] "Quo forte domi non reperto."—Calv. Vita, &c.

[69] Political power rested ultimately, as we have stated in the text, in the whole body of the citizens, who were entitled to meet in general assembly. A representative body of this council, however, composed of sixty members, was constituted in 1457, in order to avoid the turbulence arising out of too frequent meetings of all the burgesses or citizens. In 1526, after the alliance of Friburg and Berne, a more extended representative Council of Two Hundred was appointed, in imitation of the constitution of these cities. There was, besides, an ordinary executive council, who, in conjunction with the four magistrates or syndics of the year, practically administered the government of the city.

[70] Registres de la Répub., 20 Mai 1537—quoted by Henry, Dyer, &c.

[71] This event in reality took place before the arrival of Calvin in 1534—Registres, 17 Juillet 1534.

[72] "They appointed a meeting with me together at the house of Mathias, when I might explain fully what it was that distressed me. There I sinned grievously in not having been able to keep within bounds; for so had the bile taken entire possession of my mind, that I poured out bitterness on all sides. There was certainly some cause for indignation, if moderation had only been observed in the expression of it. . . . In the conclusion of my speech, I stated my resolution rather to die than to subscribe this. Thereupon there was so much fervour on both sides, that I could not have been more rude to Caroli himself had he been present. At length I forced myself out of the supper-room, Bucer following, who, after he had soothed me by his fair speeches, brought me back to the test. I said that I wished to consider the matter more fully before making any further reply. When I got home I was seized with an extraordinary paroxysm, nor did I find any other solace than in sighs and tears."—Letters, vol. i. p. 136.

[73] Letter to Farel, Sept. 1540, vol. i. p. 149.

[74] Ibid., p. 117.

[75] Letter to Farel, Sept. 1540, vol. i. p. 150.

[76] Letters, vol. ii. pp. 203, 204.

[77] Ibid., vol. i. p. 320.

[78] Letters, vol. i. p. 190.

[79] The evidence is an entry in the Registers of Geneva, sixteen years after his death, which the reader may consult in Henry's Life, vol. i. p. 469—Geneva.

[80] Ordinances Ecclesiastiques de l'Eglise—Geneva, 1577.

[81] See an admirable article, “Calvin in Geneva,” West Rev., July 1858.
[82] “Item, que nul faisant nopces, banquets ou festins n’ait à faire au service d’iceux plus haut d’une venue ou mise de chairs ou de poisson et de cinq plats au plus, honnestes et raissonables en ce non compenrises les mesmes entrées, et huict plats de tout dessert et q’au dit dessert y n’ait pastisserie, ou pièce de four, sinon une tourt seulement, et cela en chacune table de dix personnes.” It is a singular and instructive fact that, amid the long-continued decay of religious Protestantism in Geneva, the memory of the rigour of Calvin’s sumptuary laws remains a kind of popular tradition at once ludicrous and melancholy. An old man, who pointed out to the writer the supposed resting-place of the reformer, seemed to have little other idea of Calvin than as the man who limited the number of dishes at dinner!
[83] Registres, Mars 1559.
[84] Henry, vol. p. 361—English. Henry seems only to see in these examples “great beauty in the earnestness with which parental authority was defended.” They strongly show the judicial spirit of Calvin, and his confusion of the temporary legalism of the Old Economy with the spirit and requirements of the New.
[85] Letters, vol. ii. p. 49.
[86] Letters (to Bullinger especially), vol. i. p. 409.
[87] Letters, vol. i. p. 326.
[88] Letter to Farel, vol. i. p. 396.
[89] Essais, lib. i. c. 34.
[90] Epis. Beza, ed. Hanov., 1597, p. 166.
[91] Preface to Second Defence of the Sacraments.
[92] As Calvin himself said, “The enemies of Jesus Christ are delighted at seeing us fighting together, as if it were a kind of cockfight.”—Preface to “Exposition of Zurich Consensus,” 1554.
[93] Beza, accustomed to service of this kind, took up the cause when his friend dropped it.
[94] Ep. Beza Ep. 69.
[95] Letters, vol. ii. p. 39.
[96] Original Letters, Parker Society, part ii. p. 742.
[97] “Sed nolo fidem meam interponere. Nam si venerit, modo valeat mea authoritas, vivum exire nunquam patiar.”—Letters, vol. ii. p. 19.
[98] Servetus had led a wandering kind of life. Born in 1509 (the same year as Calvin), at Villeneuve in Arragon, he had passed into France; and in this respect too, like his great adversary, had first devoted himself to the study of the civil law at Toulouse. He appears to have here taken to the study of the Scriptures, and imbibed his peculiar notions of the Trinity. Excited by the movement of the Reformation, he set out for Germany, and sought interviews with Œcolampadius at Basle, and Bucer and Capito at Strasburg. About this time, viz., in 1531, he prepared and published his first book, entitled ‘De Trinitatis Erroribus libri septem.’ In the following year he published a further volume on the same subject, ‘Dialogorum de Trinitate libri duo,’ in which he reviews and to some extent retracts his previous opinions—not as false, but as imperfect. It was not till more than twenty years after this that his more elaborate work, which formed the ostensible ground of his condemnation, appeared at Vienne anonymously, under the title of ‘Christianismi Restitutio.’ In the interval he had corresponded with Calvin, and furnished him with various statements of his views, and even offered to come to Geneva.

It is difficult to give any intelligible account of his peculiar views. While an anti-Trinitarian, he cannot be regarded in any modern sense as a mere Humanitarian or Unitarian. The following exposition by Emile Saisset (‘Revue des deux Mondes,’ Mars 1848) may interest, but can scarcely enlighten the reader. “God, indivisible in Himself, divides Himself in ideas; ideas divide themselves in things. God is the absolute unity which creates all—the pure essence which essentiates all. Essence and unity descend from God to ideas, and from ideas to everything else. He is an eternal ocean of existence, of which ideas are the currents and things the waves. Ideas, regarded in their entire essence, are the untreated light, or the Word of God. So they all emanate from one general and superior type, which is the type of human nature, the primitive model of all beings. This central idea in which all ideas unite, this sun of the world of ideas, this superior and primitive type, this eternal model of human nature, is Christ;”—a kind of German transcendentalism born out of time, rather than any mere phase of Trinitarian heresy.
[99] These are the undoubted features of the story. The particular circumstances and dates are involved in some obscurity. The common statement given both by Henry and Dyer is that he arrived in Geneva in the middle of July, and remained nearly a month incognito. Mr Gordon, in his ingenious and, upon the whole, very fair pamphlet on ‘Calvin and Channing,’ London, 1854, shows that there is good reason to doubt this. The point is not of much consequence, but the single contemporary statement quoted by Mr Gordon, and to which we have already referred, is quite decisive ("Postea se vinculis clam elapsus esset venit Genevam, et eodem die, videlicet Dominico, audivit concionem post prandium”), while neither Henry nor Dyer furnish any evidence for the story of the incognito during a month. As to Calvin’s statement of his wanderings in Italy for four months (per Italiam erravit fere quatuor menses), which would of course carry on his arrival in Geneva from July to August, I do not think that much can be made of this, as Calvin appears to have been in error about his visit to Italy altogether. Upon the whole, the probability is against the story of the incognito for a month or for any considerable time. The alleged fact of his going to church has also been disputed.—See Impartial Hist. of Servetus, p. 82.
[100] Nicolas de la Fontaine.
[101] His language on this subject is very pitiable, and, if entirely to be credited, reflects infinite disgrace on his persecutors. “Les poulx me mangent tout vif, mes chauses sont descirées, et nay de quoy changer, ni perpoint ni chamise, que une mechante.”—Impartial History of Servetus, p. 120.
[102] Farel was now in his eightieth year, and in very feeble health. He sent beforehand intimation of his visit; and the brief letter in which Calvin sought to dissuade him from his intention, the last probably he ever wrote, is very touching: “Farewell, my best

and most right-hearted brother, and since God is pleased that you should survive me in this world, live mindful of our friendship, of which, as it was useful to the Church of God, the fruit still awaits us in heaven. I would not have you fatigue yourself on my account. I draw my breath with difficulty, and am daily waiting till I altogether cease to breathe. It is enough that to Christ I live and die; to His people He is gain in life and death. Farewell again, not forgetting the brethren. At Geneva, 11th May 1564."—Beza, Vita Calv.

[103] Beza, Vita. Calv.

[104] Ibid.

[105] See Note, Calvin's Letters, vol. i. p. 409, and the expression quoted by Hallam from Epis. Melanchthon, p. 21—of the harshness of which, however, too much must not be made.—Lit. of Europe, vol. i. p. 492.

[106] Beza, Vita Calv.

[107] The description which Beza has given of Farel's preaching seems to indicate a resemblance in this as in other respects between the fiery Dauphinese and the great German. "Farel," he says, "excelled in a certain sublimity of mind, so that nobody could either hear his thunders without trembling, or listen to his most fervent prayers without feeling as it were almost carried up to heaven." He adds, "Viret possessed such winning eloquence, that his entranced audience hung upon his lips. Calvin never spoke without filling the mind of the hearer with most weighty sentiments. I have often thought that a preacher compounded of the three would have been absolutely perfect."—Vita Calv.

[108] Beza has noticed this, Vita Calv. "In the doctrine which he delivered at the first, he persisted steadily to the last, scarcely making any change."

[109] Preface to 'Letters'—Constable.

[110] His words to Knox, quoted by M'Crie, are—"Viduitas tua mihi, ut debet, tristis et acerba est. Uxorem nactus eras cui non reperiuntur passim similes." His letters to Viret indicate perhaps more warmth of feeling (vol. ii. pp. 22-24).

[111] See especially a brief letter to Madame de Cany, vol. ii. p. 323.

[112] This is the very light in which, Beza tells us, he himself saw his work. "He saw how needful it was to put bridles in the jaws of the Genevese."

[113] See his own description of his design, in his address to the reader from the edition of 1559.—Tholuck's edit., p. 24.

[114] Third Book, chap. xi.

[115] "Decretum quidem horribile fateor."—Third Book, chap. xxiii.

[116] Inficiari tamen nemo poterit quin præsciverit Deus, quem exitum esset habiturus homo, antequam ipsum conderet et ideo præsciverit, quia decreto suo sic ordinarat.

[117] Mansel, in his Bampton Lecture.

[118] It appears singular that a writer of the acuteness and power of Mr Mansel should find any satisfaction in the positions which he has laid down in his last Lecture. The views there propounded of the overbearing authority of what he calls moral miracles, and of the absolute dogmatic virtue of all parts of Scripture alike, supposing the student to have satisfied himself on the subject of the external evidences, are alike untenable and destructive,—ignoring, as they do, the obvious conditions of historical criticism, and, by leaving the individual judgment helpless before confessed difficulties, simply casting it into the arms of the first authority, dogmatic or catholic, to which it may incline. The very idea of moral miracle is a preconception of the worst kind, and untenable on any grounds of enlightened Christian reason. It disappears entirely before the principles of modern exegesis, now almost universally accepted, which recognises a progress in the ideas of Scripture both intellectual and moral, and accounts for the moral difficulties of the Old Testament in a natural historical manner.

[119] Sir William Hamilton, in his notes about Luther (Discussions, p. 499 et seq.), has indicated a very strong opinion as to the dissolution of manners following the Reformation in Germany. There is, however, considerable arbitrariness in his assertions, without any clear and definite background of evidence. It were well if his notes about Luther and the history of Lutheranism, of which he is understood to have had a large collection, were in some shape given to the public.

[120] Letters, vol. ii. pp. 341, 342.

III.

LATIMER

LATIMER.

IN the English Reformation we contemplate a state of things peculiar and unexampled: we do not see, as in Germany, a mighty spiritual movement sweeping for the moment all before it, and headed by one who gives voice and direction and triumph to it; nor yet, as in the Calvinistic Reformation, a great reconstructive organisation of the doctrinal and social elements which had been disturbed and set in motion; but a complicated action of distinctly political as well as religious forces, the former frequently crossing and impeding the latter, rather than contributing with them to one great result. This characteristic of double action—of the working of political as well as religious influences against the Papacy—goes far back into English history; and the political opposition is, in truth, the earlier and in some respects the more powerful influence. All along from the Conquest, such an opposition marks like a line of light the proud history of England, the grandest, because the richest in diverse historical elements, that the world has ever seen. From the memorable struggles of the reign of Henry II., when political and ecclesiastical interests stamped the impress of their fierce contention so strongly on the English character, Rome appears as an alien and antagonistic power in the country—as the threatening shadow of a concealed enemy, against which the higher and healthier national life is continually directing itself. With the reign of Edward III. and the rise of Wickliffe, the religious element attains for the first time to clear and impressive prominence, working alongside of, and even outbalancing, the political action.

Wickliffe himself, in the earlier and later phases of his career, represents both sides of the national movement against the Papacy—his primary position as the friend of John of Gaunt being mainly political, and his final position as the Theologian of the Scriptures and Rector of Lutterworth being mainly religious. We find in his words the powerful echo of the feelings then stirring the heart of England; the protesting vehemence of both nobles and people as they raised the cry, “No! England belongs not to the Pope; the Pope is but a man, subject to sin;” the awakening breath of an earnest Christian activity as he bade his followers “Go and preach; it is the sublimest work: but imitate not the priests, whom we see after the sermon sitting in the ale-houses, or at the gaming-table, or wasting their time in hunting. After your sermon is ended, do you visit the sick, the aged, the poor, the blind, and the lame, and succour them according to your ability.” The same principles which afterwards triumphed in the sixteenth century were now everywhere operating. It is singular, indeed, how even to its extravagances this earlier Reform movement in England mirrored the various features of the later and more powerful movement—the royal moderation, the parliamentary indignation, the spiritual revival among the lower classes, the communistic exaggerations, into which the plain truth of the Gospel, crudely apprehended, so fastly ran. This latter result, in the comparative swiftness with which it came in the fourteenth century, was a sufficient indication that the time was not yet ripe for a successful insurrection against Popery. The national mind was still too unenlightened, the popular feeling too unsteady for such an event, as the armed tumult of Wat Tyler with his hundred thousand followers proved. The hierarchy, moreover, was as yet very powerful; its intelligence and moral strength outmatched any opposition that could be brought against it.

With the death of Wickliffe in 1384 the moving energy of his principles and teaching very much died out. Their unfortunate association with the anarchy which characterised the earlier

years of Richard II.'s weak and disgraceful reign, contributed to lessen and deteriorate their influence, and to provoke against them severe parliamentary penalties.[121] The spirit, however, which the great proto-reformer had kindled, lived on through the fifteenth century in Lollardism, and various obscure forms of religious life. It penetrated, as a secret and quiet influence, whole districts, binding poor families together by a spiritual bond such as they could no longer find in the corrupt formalism of the Church, and cherished by the private reading and transmission from hand to hand of portions of Wickliffe's translation of the Scriptures. We can trace in the language of the parliamentary acts directed against "divers false and perverse people of a certain new sect, damnably thinking of the faith of the sacraments of the Church, and of the authority of the same," how widely religious disaffection had spread, and with what unceasing and secret acting—"by holding and exercising schools, by making and writing books"—the Wickliffites sought to keep alive a pure faith hidden in many hearts, long after they had ceased to be a formidable power in the country. They spread into Scotland, carrying with them their precious books, and kindling wherever they went a divine light in the darkness—a peaceful and holy gleam amid the wild contentions and miseries of that unhappy time.

With the dawn of the sixteenth century, and especially as we near the great crisis of 1517, we are met by an awakening religious life in England as elsewhere; and what mainly strikes us is the varied character which it presents. It proceeds from diverse sources, and shows itself in very different classes. There is a comparative complexity in the Anglican Reformation, even on its purely religious side, and altogether apart from the great political agencies at work, which are out of the sphere of our present consideration.

There is first of all a marked Christian revival among the poorer classes, alike among the tradesmen of the metropolis and the peasantry on the banks of the Humber, the "Christian brethren" of London, and the "just men" of Lincolnshire. It seems most natural to connect this revival with the still unextinguished spirit of Lollardism, and to recognise in it accordingly a fresh outburst from the long-choked-up source of Wickliffe's influence. The influence had perished in any definite national expression, but there seems no reason to question that it lived on as a hidden life; that persecution did not absolutely destroy it, but only drove it underground into obscure channels no longer traceable, from which it now again, under fresh excitement, began to emerge.[122] In any case, we discern at this time abundant manifestations of a fresh religious interest among the poor, and it appears very much to be characterised by the old Wickliffite spirit of contempt and derision of the clergy. Some of the stories preserved by Foxe show a proud and bitter cynicism naturally bred by the circumstances of these humble people, and the stern repression of all the earnest feeling awakened in them. As a. man of the name of John Brown was descending the Thames in a passage-boat to Gravesend, he fell into conversation with a priest, who insolently admonished him that he stood too near to his sacred person. "Do you know who I am?" demanded the priest. "No, sir," said Brown. "Well, then, you must know that I am a priest." "Indeed, sir!" said Brown; "and pray are you a parson, or vicar, or lady's chaplain?" "No; I am a soul priest; I sing masses for souls," he pompously replied. "Do you, sir?" remarked Brown; "that is well done: and can you tell me where you find the soul when you begin mass, and where you leave it when the mass is ended?" "Go thy ways," said the priest; "thou art a heretic, and I will be even with you." And straightway, on reaching their destination, he communicated his suspicions of Brown to two of his companions and together they set off to Canterbury, to denounce the poor man to the archbishop. The result was, that after many sufferings Brown expiated his free speech at the stake. The story is minutely told by Foxe, and repeated by D'Aubigné;[123] and the contrasts of the happy English home, with its quiet cheerful domesticities, and the rude seizure, torture, and death of the poor man, make a deeply touching picture. Then again, amid the fens of Lincolnshire, we are introduced to a peasant threshing his

corn in his barn as a neighbour passes by and salutes him cheerfully. “Good morrow! you are hard at work.” “Yes,” replied the man, in allusion to the priestly doctrine of transubstantiation, “I am threshing God Almighty out of the straw.”[124] A very deep and intense feeling expresses itself in these as in many other incidents of the time. The Catholic authority might seem scarcely weakened in outward appearance, but with such a spirit slumbering amongst the people, and now constantly gathering strength, that authority was really impaired in its very foundation, and no longer presented its old capacity of resistance.

While such a spirit lurked among the people, there had appeared in the Church itself a marked revival of Christian and literary interest. A group of notable men, with Erasmus in the midst of them, meet us at the opening of the sixteenth century in the Church of England—viz., Colet, Grocyn, Linacre, Lilly, and More. All, with the exception of More, had recently returned from Italy, and some of them from Florence itself, where they had been in the very centre, not merely of the literary excitement which was then moving the Court of the Medici, but of the reformatory movement of Savonarola. The prophetic denunciations of the famous preacher of San Marco, which had converted the great scholar Pico della Mirandola, and even reached the conscience of Lorenzo de’ Medici, were not likely to leave the hearts of the young Englishmen unimpressed. The scandals of the Papacy, with a Borgia (Alexander VI.) at its head, were brought immediately under their notice, and every ecclesiastical abuse seen in its full and original enormity.

It was no wonder if they brought back to England a spirit of reforming zeal as well as of intellectual enthusiasm. This spirit was greatly promoted by the arrival of Erasmus. Invited by Lord Mountjoy, who had been one of his pupils at Paris, and who had listened with delight to his opening sallies on the monks, the rising Dutchman came to England first in 1497 or 1498. He immediately formed an intimacy with Colet, and the circle of enthusiastic scholars of which he was the chief. He was in raptures with the friendly reception he everywhere met, with the country, even with its climate, and especially with the ladies, and their easy manners.[125] He retired for a time to Oxford, where he devoted himself, in company with Grocyn, and Colet, and More, to the study of Greek. In this delightful seclusion, and amid such companionship, he was already laying the foundation of his future labours on the Greek Testament.

Twelve years afterwards, when Henry VIII. had ascended the throne, Erasmus came for the third time to England, and prolonged his stay for nearly five years. On his first visit he had been introduced to the young Henry, then only nine years of age, and was greatly charmed by his intelligence, vivacity, and beauty of person; above all, by a certain decision and aptitude in everything he undertook. Few boys could have been more captivating in all the pride of his youthful agility and grace, and with such a rare capacity that his father had already destined him to fill the see of Canterbury. Erasmus credited him with the highest powers. He proclaimed him the Octavius of England; and when the death of his brother and father had raised the young Duke of York to the throne, and amidst all the adulation that had greeted his accession, it was reported that he had sighed, “Ah! how I should like to be a scholar,” we can understand the eagerness with which Erasmus once more responded to the invitation of his friend Mountjoy, “Come, behold the new star; our young Octavius is on the throne.” He renewed his intimacy with Colet and More. In the house of the latter he concluded his famous satire, “Morias Encomium” (Praise of Folly). He assisted the former in founding the great school of St Paul’s, and composed text-books for it. Colet and his friends were encouraged by the example of Erasmus, while he in his turn received no small good from them. They defended his attacks upon the monks: he learned from their teaching a nobler zeal and more Christian use of his powers than he had yet shown. While the satires of the great Humanist connect him with Paris, Germany,

and Italy, his Greek studies and Greek New Testament connect him especially with England.

Of all this band of men that ushered in the Anglican Reformation, none is more illustrious than Colet himself. Scholar, Christian, and patriot, the faithful preacher, the earnest worker, his name is among the most respected, if not the brightest, in the religious annals of England. Unlike Erasmus, whose faith, according to his own confession, was never such as would lead him to expose his life to danger for it, Colet was ready for any sacrifice to maintain the truth. Unlike More, his piety was free from that dark tinge of asceticism which so readily develops into cruelty and the love of persecution. He did not hesitate to proclaim before Henry VIII., in all the first excitement of his power and thirst for glory, the injustice of his intended war with France. "Whoever takes up arms from ambition," he said, "fights not under the standard of Christ, but of Satan." When he became Dean of St Paul's, he set the example of preaching from Scripture instead of from the Schoolmen. He explained to the people, who came in crowds to hear him, the Gospel of St Matthew, and translated into English, and distributed among them, certain portions of Scripture, such as the Lord's Prayer. At the opening of the Convocation of 1511, he preached a famous sermon on Conformation and Reformation, choosing for his text the words, "Be ye not conformed to this world, but be ye reformed," &c. In this sermon he inveighed strongly against the worldly love of the clergy, their "feasts and banquetings," their "hunting and hawking," their covetousness and ambition. "There is no heresy more dangerous to the Church," he said, "than the vicious lives of its priests. A reformation is needed; and that reformation must begin with the bishops and be extended to the priests." Many of the clergy took alarm, and sought to silence him; but, strong in his integrity and moderation, as well as in the truth he preached, he maintained his position and influence till his death in 1519.

In the meantime a new and more vigorous reforming influence was beginning in the universities. The publication of Erasmus's Greek Testament, and the news from Germany, started a spirit of inquiry in both universities almost simultaneously. Students, wearied with the subtleties of the schools, felt a fresh world opened to them in the original pages of the Gospels and Epistles. They read; and as they read, a new impulse came to them from their own quiet study. It was impossible that, amid the religious excitement everywhere astir, young and earnest and aspiring minds could be brought into contact with the divine Word without catching the life that in every page appealed to them, and being drawn under its stimulating power. Luther's opinions, propagated to the very centres of the old Catholicism of England, helped this awakening. His writings passed from hand to hand under every attempt to suppress them; and the enthusiasm of his great example gave effect to his daring words. The reform movement in the English universities, however, retained a distinctive spirit of its own. Although indebted to the writings of Luther, it was still more indebted to the Greek Testament, and in its whole spirit was characteristically English. There was an earnestness and yet moderation in it—an intensity practical rather than doctrinal,—a simplicity and purity of Christian apprehension which, without lacking vigour, shrank sensitively from all violence—eminently notable, and corresponding to its source in the ancient seats of learning, and in the original soil of Scripture, rather than in the cloister, and in the solitary struggles of any one great and vehement soul.

The three names that may be said to represent the earlier phase of this movement are those of Tyndale, Bilney, and Frith, whom we find associated at Cambridge in the year 1520. Tyndale was a native of Gloucestershire, and descended from an old family which had suffered greatly in the Wars of the Roses. He was early sent to Oxford, where he became the pupil of Grocyn and Linacre, and imbibed their liberal principles, and especially their love of the Greek New Testament. Gradually his mind opened to the great truths which it revealed; and, collecting around him "certain students and fellows, he read privily to them, and instructed them in the

knowledge and truths of the Scriptures."[126] The monks arose against him, denounced his Greek learning and the doctrines that he taught; and he fled to Cambridge. Here he found Bilney, who, like himself, had been some time before drawn to the study of Erasmus's Testament, and, after much struggle, had reached the same truth in which he rested. Weary with fasting and vigils, and buying of masses and indulgences, in which he could find no peace, he at length lighted on the precious words of St Paul, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "This one sentence," he says, "through the power of God working on my heart, in a manner at that time unknown to me, rejoiced my soul, then deeply wounded by a sight and sense of my sins, and almost in the depths of despair, so that I felt an inward comfort and quietness which I cannot describe, but it caused my broken heart to rejoice." Frith was the worthy associate of these two men. He was distinguished in mathematics as Tyndale was in classics. He was not only a "lover of learning," Foxe says, but "an exquisite learned man;"[127] of which we need no higher proof than Wolsey's appointment of him to be one of the masters of the new college which he had instituted at Oxford. Through his acquaintance with Tyndale, he first received into his heart the seed of the Gospel, and of sincere godliness;[128] and together with Bilney, they laboured to promote the good cause in Cambridge.

These men, and especially Tyndale, exercised a powerful influence in awakening the religious life of England. After leaving Cambridge Tyndale retired to his native country, and resided for some time as tutor in the house of Sir John Walsh. Here he was in the habit of holding disputations with the various clergy—"abbots, deans, archdeacons, with divers other doctors and great beneficed men" that resorted to the house. He appealed openly to Scripture in confutation of their errors and in support of his own opinions. At the same time he was busy preparing his 'Christian Soldier's Manual,' which had the effect of fully converting his host and hostess to his views, so that the "doctorly prelates" were no more so often invited to the house, nor received the same welcome as before.[129] Tyndale, it may be imagined, soon became an object of hatred to the clergy, and felt that he was no longer safe in the country. He was burning, moreover, with desire to enter upon his great work of translating the Scriptures into the English tongue. He could find "no place in all England" to do this, and accordingly he repaired to Hamburg, and there set about his design. At length, in 1524, his version of the New Testament appeared at Worms, and copies found their way rapidly into England. Tonstall, Bishop of London, employed a person to buy them all up; but the presses of the Low Countries supplied them more swiftly than they could be bought and consumed. The volumes circulated widely, and the light thus kindled spread throughout the country.

In the universities the movement continued to strengthen and grow into prominence. New Testaments and heretical tracts passed numerously from hand to hand. All the vigilance of the authorities failed to check the inroads of a literature which was fast sapping their power, and the effects of which some of them fully discerned. They seized and burned volumes without number; but new agents, with increased supplies of the prohibited volumes, arose on all sides. A very minute and interesting narrative has been preserved of the search instituted at Oxford for Master Garret, who had come down to the university loaded with Greek Testaments and other "mischievous books." By the help of a friend, Anthony Delaber, he contrived for the time to escape; but subsequently he was captured, and, along with Delaber himself, Clarke, Farrar, and others, imprisoned and threatened with the stake. Clarke died in prison, a confessor to the truth that he had maintained, declaring with his last breath that the "true sacrament is faith." The courage of the others gave way under their sufferings[130]—they recanted, and bore fagots as Barnes had done at St Paul's. The Oxford authorities breathed for a while in their labours of persecution; but the number of names mentioned in Delaber's narrative shows how widely extended were the ramifications of heresy, and how deeply the "poison" had penetrated the

minds of many of the most promising youth.

In Cambridge the movement had taken even deeper root. The labours of Tyndale and Bilney had not been without their reward; and, passing over names of lesser note, such as Barnes, we find a group of men like Cranmer and Ridley and Latimer, rising into prominence during the years that succeeded the conversion of Frith in 1520. These were all Cambridge students, and about the same period. There is no evidence of concert or of any special friendship between them thus early; but the spirit which afterwards united them, and the faith for which they suffered in common, are to be traced back beyond doubt, in the case of all of them, to this period of remarkable excitement in Cambridge. They are the three chief names of the English Reformation, so far as we are able to contemplate it distinctly as a religious movement. They did more than any others to advance it, and in their lives and in their deaths they reflect its character, and constitute its tragedy and glory.

Of the three it may be a question which is most entitled singly to represent it. Cranmer is historically the most prominent: he stood most in the light of the great public events of his time, and was the official leader, we may say, of the movement, upon which he impressed somewhat of his own hesitating and timid, but practical and modest character. He was not a lofty nor far-seeing man, and by no means a hero; but his difficulties were peculiar and his instincts honest, and by his very weakness he accomplished what perhaps another's strength could not have done. Ridley presents a more pure, elevated, and consistent character—"wise of counsel, deep of wit, benevolent in spirit."[131] His gentleness wins us, while his scholarly and calm intrepidity fills us with admiration. Latimer is in many respects the most remarkable of the three. Less prominent than Cranmer, less learned than Ridley, his life possessed a broader interest, while his labours excited a more general enthusiasm than theirs. He connected far more than either of them the religious spirit moving the lower and the citizen ranks of society, with the spirit at work in the universities. Academic in education, he was in heart and mind a man of the people: to some extent a leader in the ranks of the Episcopate, he of all the bishops most influenced and led the popular feeling. We have selected him, therefore, to stand as the representative hero of the English Reformation. His claims to this position, indeed, are very different from those which place Luther and Calvin and Knox at the head of their respective movements; and with such names it may seem somewhat out of place to associate that of Latimer. But no single name in England possesses the glory of a primary and paramount leadership in the religious movement of the age. We do not find, as in Germany and Switzerland and Scotland, any single figure towering above all the others in mental and moral greatness, but groups of figures such as we have noticed, each with their own claims to distinction and notice; and as we must make a selection, Latimer appears, upon the whole, the most typical in combined display of character, and of popular activity, and in the real influence which he exercised upon the course of the Reformation.

The life of Latimer remains unwritten, and there are probably no longer materials for any adequate biography. We shall endeavour, however, in the light of such facts as exist in Foxe's 'Acts'[132] and Strype's 'Memorials,' and particularly in the light of the vivid picture-work of his own sermons, to furnish as complete a sketch as we can of his career and labours. There are in these many graphic and not a few grotesque etchings, giving us the very life of the man; but it is difficult to catch throughout a clear view and any continuous thread of narrative, tracing the whole and binding it in order.

Latimer was born at Thurcaston in Leicestershire in the year 1490, some say 1491. His father was an honest yeoman, and it is his own hand, in the first sermon which he preached

before King Edward VI., that has drawn for us the paternal character and homestead. “My father,” he says, “was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pounds by the year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half-a-dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able and did find the King in harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the King’s wages. . . . He kept me to school, else I had not been able to preach before the King’s majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds or twenty nobles apiece; so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of the Lord. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor. All this he did of the said farm"[133]—evidently a worthy, solid, and able man, fit to do his work in this world, and leave the memory of his worth, if not much more, to his children.

Latimer grew up in this old English household a vigorous, pure, and happy boy; health and manly life and a joyous feeling of home breathe in all the hints he has given us of his youth. When only six or seven years old, he tells us that he helped to buckle on his father’s armour when he went to the field of Blackheath, where the King’s forces were encamped against the Cornish rebels. It was a time of stir. Henry VII. had been at this period about ten years upon the throne, but the embers of a century’s internecine strife were still only dying out. Latimer’s father was stanch in his devotion to the new government, as this event shows; he had all a yeoman’s devotion to fighting, and to the grand old art of cross-shooting—“God’s gift to the English nation above all other nations, and the instrument whereby He had given them many victories against their enemies.”[134] He was careful to train his children in the love of the same soldierly arts; and the reformer afterwards recalled these exercises of his youth with pride, in contrast with the degenerate and vicious recreations of his own age. “My father,” he says,[135] “was as diligent to teach me to shoot as to learn any other thing: he taught me how to draw, how to lay my body in my bow, and not to draw with strength of arms as other nations do, but with strength of the body. I had my bows bought me according to my age and strength: as I increased in them, so my bows were made bigger and bigger; for,” he adds, in a quaint didactic vein not uncommon with him, as to the affairs of the present life as well as of that to come, “men shall never shoot well except they be brought up in it: it is a goodly art, a wholesome kind of exercise, and much commended in physic.”

So Latimer grew up, hardily trained in body as well as in mind. An atmosphere of reality surrounded his boyhood; he looked at life and nature in the fresh and rough yet beautiful forms in which they surrounded him in the old Leicestershire farmhouse, and the impressions then gathered never left him, and long afterwards helped to deliver him from the falsehoods of his scholastic training, when the higher quickening came to stir the true heart in him.

About fourteen years of age he was sent to Cambridge; and D’Aubigné has noticed that the year 1505, when he entered the university, was the same year in which Luther entered the Augustine convent at Erfurt. He is said to have been a very diligent and industrious student. In 1509, whilst yet an undergraduate, he was chosen Fellow of Clare Hall. In the following January he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and proceeded to that of Master of Arts in July 1514. Up to this period, when he had attained his twenty-fourth year, we do not learn anything of his religious views—for the best of all reasons, probably, that there was nothing to learn. He fell into the habits of the place in this as in other things, and probably had as yet few serious thoughts about the matter. He seems to have carried into his college life the heartiness and cheerfulness of the yeoman’s son—for it is to this earlier period, most likely, that the following description and story apply: “There was a merry monk in Cambridge in the college that I was in, and it chanced a great company of us to be together, intending to make good cheer and to be merry, as

scholars will be merry when they are disposed. One of the company brought out this sentence –'Nil melius quam lætari et facere bene' There is nothing better than to be merry and to do well. 'A vengeance of that bene,' quoth the monk; I would that bene had been banished beyond the sea: and that bene were out it were well, for I could be merry, but I love not to do well.'"[136]

From 1514 Latimer betook himself to the study of divinity—"of such school divinity as the ignorance of that age did suffer"—and became exceedingly zealous in support of the established doctrines and services. As Luther said of himself that he was a "most insane Papist," so he says, "I was as obstinate a Papist as any in England." He was haunted with scrupulous and tormenting fears as to whether he had sufficiently mingled water with the wine in performing mass, as the missal directs; and on the occasion of his taking his degree of Bachelor in Divinity, the date of which is not preserved, he directed his "whole oration" against Melanchthon and his opinions. He appears about the same time to have distinguished himself by his hostility to Master George Stafford, "reader of the divinity lectures at Cambridge," who had become imbued with the "new learning," and succeeded in turning many of the youth who attended him to the study of the Holy Scriptures, from those "tedious authors," as Foxe calls them, in which Latimer still found his delight. He is represented as entering Stafford's lecture-room, and "most spitefully railing against him,"[137] while he eloquently sought to persuade the youth against his teaching.[138]

Here, therefore, we have the old picture of youthful sacerdotal zeal. It is the very highest qualities of the ancient system that the new spirit seizes upon and consecrates to its service. Young Latimer, hailed by the clergy as a rising champion of the papal cause, and for his talents and the excelling sanctimony of his life, preferred to be the keeper of the university cross,[139] is destined to become the sharp reprover of the clergy, and the great agent in carrying out the religious changes then threatening them.

Bilney, we have already remarked, was one of the most active in the new movement. He had watched with interest the progress of Latimer. He appreciated his high qualities, and saw how much could be made of his zeal, if only it could be turned in the right direction. He had been one of his auditors when, as Bachelor of Divinity, he lectured against Melanchthon, and the thought was forced upon him of trying what he could do to convert the youthful enthusiast. His device was a strange one, and will be best narrated, with the results that followed, in Latimer's own brief words. "Bilney heard me at that time, and perceived that I was zealous without knowledge; and he came to me afterwards in my study, and desired me, for God's sake, to hear his confession. I did so; and, to say the truth, by his confession I learned more than I did before in many years. So from that time forward I began to smell the Word of God, and forsook the school doctors and such fooleries."[140]

Such was the turning-point in Latimer's spiritual history. We do not impart more meaning to his. simple statement by dwelling upon it, and trying tc point out more particularly the influences whirl moved him. One earnest heart in communion with another regarding their deepest secrets before God, is all that we are permitted to see. The effect produced on Latimer was decided. "Whereas before he was an enemy, and almost a persecutor of Christ, he was now a zealous seeker after Him."[141] He was frequently in conference with Bilney; and he sought out Stafford to beg his forgiveness for his former rudeness to him. His change of religious feeling immediately began to assume a practical form. He accompanied Bilney in visiting the sick and the prisoners in the tower of Cambridge; and by-and-by he felt that he was called even to a nobler work than his friend. His energy and enthusiasm began to find their natural outlet in the pulpit. Recognising this as above all his vocation, "he preached mightily in the university day by day, both in English and ad clerum, to the great admiration of all men who aforetime had known him

of a contrary severe opinion."[142]

Cambridge was greatly excited by Latimer's discourses. The spirit which had been working secretly in it for some time now became manifest. The fruit of Bilney's prayers and of Stafford's divinity lectures showed itself in the enthusiasm which welcomed the earnest preacher, and the eagerness especially with which the students gathered round him and drank in his clear and powerful words. To one of these students, Thomas Becon, who afterwards became chaplain to Cranmer, we are indebted for some brief hints of the character and effect of these early sermons of Latimer. "I was present," Becon says,[143] "when, with manifest authorities of God's Word, and arguments invincible, besides the allegations of doctors, he proved in his sermons that the Holy Scriptures ought to be read in the English tongue of all Christian people, whether they were priests or laymen, as they be called. . . . Neither was I absent when he inveighed against temple-works, good intents, blind zeal, superstitious devotion, as the painting of tabernacles, gilding of images, setting up of candles, running on pilgrimage, and such other idle inventions of men, whereby the glory of God was obscured, and the works of mercy the less regarded. I remember also how he was wont to rebuke the beneficed men, with the authority of God's Word, for neglecting and not teaching their flock, and for being absent from their cures,—they themselves being idle, and masting themselves like hogs of Epicurus's flock, taking no thought though their poor parishioners miserably pine away, starve, perish, and die for hunger. Neither have I forgotten how at that time he condemned foolish, ungodly, and impossible vows to be fulfilled, as the vow of chastity, &c. O how vehement was he in rebuking all sins, and how sweet and pleasant were his words in exhorting unto virtue!"

The practical, earnest, undoctrinal character of Latimer's earlier as of his later preaching is clearly shown in this description. He aimed, in the same spirit as Tyndale, to bring the minds of men in contact with the living truth of Scripture—to divert them from all mere pretences of religion, the mockery and uselessness of which he had himself been brought to feel, to the real interests and duties of the Christian life. He spoke from the heart of his own fresh experience, swayed by an enthusiasm not wild or stormy, but direct, vehement, and caustic; and the effect was irresistible on all who heard him. "He spake nothing," continues Becon, "but it left, as it were, certain pricks or stings in the hearts of the hearers, which moved them to consent to his doctrine. None but the stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart went away from his sermons without being affected with high detestation of sin, and moved to all godliness and virtue. I did know certain men which, through the persuasion of their friends, went unto his sermons swelling blown full, and puffed up, like unto Esop's frog, with envy and malice towards him; but when they returned, the sermon being done, and demanded how they liked him and his doctrine, they answered, with the bishops' and Pharisees' servants, 'There was never man that spake like unto this man!'" According to another testimony,[144] the practical results of these sermons were equally decided. "Numbers were brought from their will-works, as pilgrimage and setting up of candles, unto the work that God commanded expressly in His Holy Scripture, and to the reading and study of God's Word." To his preaching Latimer added works of charity and piety, not less impressive in their influence. "He watered," continues the admiring Becon, "with good deeds whatsoever he had before planted with godly words."

A time not merely of excitement but of blessing had come to Cambridge; a new life was spreading in the university and the city; hearts were awakened and disciples multiplying, and the memory of this happy period of evangelical revival was long preserved in the popular doggerel—"When Master Stafford read, and Master Latimer preached, then was Cambridge blessed."

Such a state of things could not last long without opposition. It was not to be supposed that the clergy could quietly contemplate the daring operations of their former champions, now turned against them. It was not in human nature, and certainly not in clerical nature, to do this. A feeling of amazement and humiliation may at first have kept them silent; but soon they began to realise the peril of their position and the necessity of action; or, to use the words of old Foxe, "Belike Satan began to feel himself and his kingdom to be touched too near, and thereforethought it time to look about him, and to make out his men of arms." The devil's men of arms accordingly appear in "whole swarms of friars and doctors, who flocked against Mr Latimer on every side."

It is not easy to trace the chronological succession of the difficulties and controversies into which Latimer was now plunged. Already to some extent the guidance of dates has forsaken us. Our last date was 1514, when he had taken his Master's degree, and between this and 1529, or during a period of fifteen years, we have no very distinct thread of chronological arrangement. A general statement of his own, that he "walked in darkness and the shadow of death" until he was thirty years of age, enables us to fix his entrance upon his new career about 1521. The subsequent eight years, representing his first activity as a preacher, and now described as so memorable in their results, remain in great confusion. According to Foxe, the famous sermons "on the Card" would seem to have been among the first causes of excitement and disturbance against him. But we learn from Foxe's own statement that these sermons were not preached till about Christmas 1529, and there is every reason to conclude, therefore, that the interference of the Bishop of Ely, and the reformer's citation before Wolsey at the instance of "divers Papists in the university," who made a "grievous complaint" against him, occurred in the interval between 1521 and this later period.

The story of his encounter with Bishop West is very characteristic. He was preaching one day ad clerum in the university, when the bishop, attended by a troop of priests, entered the church. Latimer paused until they had taken their seats, and then remarking that a new audience demanded a new theme, said that he would alter his intended topic of discourse, and preach from Heb. ix. 11, "Christus existens Pontifex futurorum bonorum,"—"Christ a high priest of good things to come." From this text he took occasion to represent Christ as "the true and perfect pattern unto all other priests;" and in his usual pithy manner drew out the contrasts between this pattern and the English prelates of the day. It may be imagined that the bishop was not particularly pleased. He sent for Latimer and held some parley with him, commending his talents, and urging him to display them in a sermon against Luther from the same pulpit. Latimer, however, was not to be ensnared, and boldly replied, "If Luther preaches the Word of God, he needs no confutation; but if he teaches the contrary, I will be ready with all my heart to confound his doctrine as much as lies in me." The bishop cautioned him that "he smelled somewhat of the pan," and that he would one day or another repent his conduct. He forthwith issued an edict forbidding him to preach any more within the churches of the university; but Latimer found refuge in the church of the Augustine Friars,[145] which was exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, and there continued his stirring sermons. The bishop, along with others, complained to Wolsey, who sent for the bold preacher, and held an interview with him which has been preserved in detail in Strype's 'Memorials.' It presents a very good picture of the courtly, magnificent cardinal, and the plain-spoken and ready preacher.

The scene was "York Place"; "there, attending upon the cardinal's pleasure, the reformer was called before him into his inner chamber by the sound of a little bell which the cardinal used to ring when any person should come or approach unto him. When Mr Latimer was before him he well-advised him, and said, 'Is your name Latimer?' 'Yea, forsooth,' quoth Latimer. 'You

seem,' quoth the cardinal, 'that you are of good years, nor no babe, but one that should wisely and soberly use yourself in all your doings; and yet it is reported to me of you that you are much infected with this new fantastical doctrine of Luther, and suchlike heretics; that you do very much harm among the youth and other light heads with your doctrine.' 'Your grace is misinformed,' Latimer replied; 'for I ought to have some more knowledge than to be so simply reported of, by reason that I have studied in my time both of the ancient doctors of the Church and also of the school-doctors.' 'Marry, that is well said,' quoth the cardinal; Mr Doctor Capon, and you, Mr Doctor Marshall' (both being then present), 'say you somewhat to Mr Latimer touching some question in Dunce.' Whereupon Dr Capon propounded a question to Mr Latimer. Mr Latimer being fresh then of memory, and not discontinued from study as those two doctors had been, answered very roundly; somewhat helping them to cite their own allegations rightly, where they had not truly nor perfectly alleged them. The cardinal, perceiving the ripe and ready answering of Latimer, said, 'What mean you, my masters, to bring such a man before me into accusation? I had thought that he had been some lightheaded fellow that never studied such kind of doctrine as the school-doctors are. I pray thee, Latimer, tell me the cause why the Bishop of Ely and others doth mislike thy preaching: tell me the truth, and I will bear with thee upon amendment.' Quoth Latimer, 'Your grace must understand that the Bishop of Ely cannot favour me, for that not long ago I preached before him in Cambridge a sermon of this text –"Christus existens Pontifex," &c., wherein I described the office of a bishop so uprightly as I might, according to the text, that never after he could abide me; but hath not only forbidden me to preach in his diocese, but also found the means to inhibit me from preaching in the university.' 'I pray you tell me,' quoth the cardinal, 'what thou didst preach before him upon that text.' Mr Latimer plainly and simply (committing his cause unto Almighty God, who is director of princes' hearts) declared unto the cardinal the whole effect of his sermon preached before the Bishop of Ely. The cardinal, nothing at all misliking the doctrine of the Word of God that Latimer had preached, said unto him, 'Did you not preach any other doctrine than you have rehearsed?' 'No, surely,' said Latimer. And examining thoroughly with the doctors what else. could be objected against him, the cardinal said unto Mr Latimer, 'If the Bishop of Ely cannot abide such doctrine, you shall have my licence, and preach it unto his beard, let him say what he will!' And thereupon, after a gentle monition, the cardinal discharged him with his licence home to preach throughout England."[146]

His two sermons "on the Card" are the earliest of his printed sermons that we possess. These discourses, so remarkable in their quaintness, and the keen and plain tone of their practical exhortation, renewed the monkish commotion against him in the university. The prior of the Black Friars, one Buckenham, tried to rival him as a preacher, and to outdo him even in his peculiar line of homely popular allusion. "About the same time of Christmas,"[147] Foxe says,[148] "When Mr Latimer brought forth his cards (to deface belike the doings of the other), the prior brought out his Christmas dice, casting them to his audience cinque and quator;" and in some unintelligible manner aiming, through this poor counter-device to Latimer's symbolic cards, to prove the inexpediency of entrusting the Scriptures in English to the vulgar. The prior's sense and eloquence seem alike to have been at fault. He brought forward the most miserable arguments against the use of the Scriptures; as, for example, that the ploughmen, when hearing that "no man that layeth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is worthy of the kingdom of God," might peradventure cease from his plough; and that the baker, in a similar manner, might be induced to leave his bread unleavened on hearing that "a little leaven corrupteth a whole lump." It was a dangerous line of argument to enter upon with an opponent like Latimer, who had so keen an eye for the comic aspects of stupidity. He had been an auditor of the friar's, and taken note of such points for future use. Soon after he is the preacher, and the friar a listener

among “a great multitude, as well of the university as of the town, met with great expectation to hear what he would say.” The arguments of the friar were dallied with in a manner that must have touched the quick even beneath his thick conceit. Such figures of speech, the preacher said, were no worse to be understood than the most common representation of painters, such as they paint on walls and on houses. “As, for example,” he continued, casting a meaning glance at the friar, who sat opposite him, “when they paint a fox preaching out of a friar’s cowl, none is so mad to take this to be a fox that preacheth, but know well enough the meaning of the matter, which is to point out unto us what hypocrisy, craft, and subtle dissimulation lieth hid many times in these friars’ cowls, willing us thereby to beware of them.” “Friar Buckenham,” the chronicler adds, was so “dashed with this sermon, that he never after durst peep out of the pulpit against Master Latimer.”

This year of 1529, which presents to us Latimer in hot conflict with his popish adversaries in the university of Cambridge, was a memorable one in English history. Wolsey had fallen in the beginning of the year; Sir Thomas More had been installed as his successor. The country was strongly excited on the subject of the negotiations with Rome as to the King’s divorce, which had been procrastinated from time to time under the most wearying pretences. The extortions of the clergy in the consistory courts, and the manifold abuses long complained of, but still maintained by them, and now grown to an intolerable height, had produced a widespread feeling of indignation, which only waited for a fitting opportunity to burst forth. Writs were issued for a new parliament in the September of this year, and no sooner had it met in November, than the feelings of the country found voice in the famous petition against the bishops and clergy. The main abuses detailed in the petition were afterwards the subject of special legislation; and the bench of bishops beheld with amazement bill after bill pass the Commons, “all to the destruction of the Church,” as Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, said. There was no help for it, however; and the “Probate and Mortuary Act,” the “Clergy Discipline Act,” and the “Residence and Pluralities Act,” rapidly carried through both Houses in defiance of episcopal apposition, sufficiently showed the temper of the times, and signalised the legislative activity of a brief session of six weeks.

It deserves to be noticed that, with all this opposition to the clergy, the. Parliament of 1529 was so far from having any sympathy with the awakened spiritual life represented by such men as Tyndale and Latimer, and out of which Protestantism was growing, that it was especially anxious to clear itself from all suspicion of countenancing heresy, and in fact encouraged the more active prosecution of heretics which was about this time commenced.

In the course of the following year, the differences between Latimer and his accusers were the subject of official investigation before the Vice-Chancellor. The latter seems to have shrunk from the challenge to lay a regular charge against the reformer; and the affair terminated in both parties being bound to keep the peace, and to abstain from using offensive expressions against each other in the pulpit, on pain of excommunication. The virulence of his enemies, rather than the imprudent speech of the daring preacher, seems to have called forth this judgment.

Latimer was one of the divines appointed by the university of Cambridge to examine into the lawfulness of the King’s marriage with Catherine. He declared on the side of the King, and the decision of the university in favour of the divorce was given on the 9th of March 1530. On, the following Sunday he preached before the King, who “greatly praised his sermon.” Henry, who, whatever may have been his faults, had certainly a rare appreciation of character, and a genuine respect for a true and able man when he came in his way and was likely to be useful to him, appears to have been strongly taken with the honest and unsparing preacher. He

appointed him one of his chaplains the same year. And although he did not take his advice any more now than afterwards, unless when it suited him, he extended his friendship to the man who had the courage to counsel him in words dictated by no courtly interest, but by a manly and unshaken conviction of their truth. Henry had, with the sanction of a convention of learned men, issued an inhibition against Tyndale's Bible as well as all English books either containing or tending to any matters of Scripture. Latimer was one of this convention on the part of the university of Cambridge, and one of an excepting minority[149] to the advice tendered to Henry, and upon which he acted. Unsuccessful in his previous resistance to the course of persecution, he addressed an energetic letter to the King on his own behalf. It is printed at length by Foxe, and in its spirit, power, and eloquence, heroic yet modest, courageous yet respectful, is one of the most remarkable of his writings. The King did not yield to the remonstrance. "It did not prevail, through the iniquity of the time," says Foxe in his usual way; but so far from displeasing Henry, it seems only to have excited in him a more cordial goodwill towards the reformer.

In 1531, Latimer received from the King, at the instance of Cromwell, and Dr Butts, the King's physician, the living of West Kington in Wiltshire, and, weary of court, he gladly retired to the more congenial and earnest labours of his parish. He was not destined, however, to enjoy quiet. His unresting spirit would not suffer him to confine his preaching to a single congregation; and being one of the twelve preachers yearly licensed by the university to preach, with the express sanction of the sovereign, throughout the realm, he extended his diligence to all the country about. He travelled to Bristol, to London, to Kent, everywhere preaching the truth —opportune, importune, tempestive, to use the language ironically applied by him to the Bishop of London,[150]—and this, too, with his health greatly weakened and impaired. His zeal and activity could not long pass without notice. Complaints were made against him by the country priests; the bishops were on the watch to entrap him; there was no safety for them, and no peace, they felt, so long as he was at large, moving the country by his marvellous eloquence. They were triumphantly busy just then, besides, in the destruction of heretics. Poor Bilney, having wiped out the disgrace of his fall[151] in a few months of faithful preaching and self-denial, expiated at the stake, in August this year, his Christian heroism, not the less grand, certainly, that it was the heroism of a trembling and sensitive nature. Bayfield and Tewkesbury followed before the expiry of the year; and Bainham, whose affecting interview with Latimer is preserved in Strype's 'Memorials,' crowned the list on the 5th of May 1532. These were the closing months of the chancellorship of Sir Thomas More, around whose memory still lingers the dark stain of these dreadful tragedies. But the appetite of the bishops was still unsatisfied,—they hungered for more victims; and Latimer became the special object of their vengeance. Fortunately they were destined to be disappointed.

The zealous preacher was summoned to appear before Stokesley, the Bishop of London, on the ground of his having preached in St Abb's Church in the City without the bishop's permission, and, moreover, for his alleged defence of Bilney and his cause. His friends expressed anxiety for him, and he himself was not without concern, as he knew very well that the real aim of the bishop was to get him into the hands of the Convocation, and to deal with him summarily for his free speech as to the corruptions of the clergy. He pleaded in excuse the length of the journey, the deep winter, and the miserable condition of his health.[152]He appealed at the same time to his own ordinary, Sir Ed. Baynton, the chancellor of the diocese of Sarum, and it is from his long and interesting letter on the subject of his appeal that we gather these facts, and the state of his feelings at this time. After some delay, the citation was formally issued, and Latimer "was had up to London, where he was greatly molested, and detained a long time from his cure at home."

The circumstances of his present persecution, and especially the extent to which he yielded after being repeatedly examined and remanded, and even excommunicated and imprisoned, are involved in some obscurity. His trial lasted on through January, February, March, and April, and was prosecuted not only before the Bishop of London and the Archbishop (Warham) and bishops collectively, but also before the Convocation. The bishops devised a series of articles[153] which he was called upon to subscribe, and which he at first refused to do, especially objecting to two of them, one of which concerned the power of the Pope. For this refusal he was pronounced contumacious, excommunicated, and delivered up to the custody of Warham. This appears to have occurred in Convocation on the 11th of March. On the 21st it was resolved, after a long debate, "to absolve him from the sentence of excommunication if he should subscribe the two articles in question," and he is represented on the same authority as making his appearance at the next sitting, and kneeling down and humbly craving forgiveness, confessing that he "misordered himself very far, in that he had so presumptuously and boldly preached, reproving certain things by which the people that were infirm hath taken occasion of ill." It was not till a subsequent day, however—the 10th of April—that he is stated to have subscribed the eleventh and fourteenth articles, to which he had taken exception; and even then he appears to have been in difficulty, owing to some further matter having been presented against him, arising out of a letter he had written to a graduate at Cambridge. It was then that he appealed to the King; and the Convocation was given to understand, by a message conveyed through Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, that it was not desirable to proceed to further extremities, although the disposal of the case was still left in their hands. The end of the affair was that, after a further and more special submission, he was relieved of all penalties, and "taken into favour again at the special request of the King," although with grudging and protest on the part of certain of the bishops, who did not think that his submission implied any "renunciation of his errors," as was usual in such cases.[154]

Latimer returned to his parish, but still not to rest. Enemies rose up on all sides against him, as he tells us in a letter to his friend Morice; for it is to this period that the letter seems to refer. Certain priests, who at first had desired and welcomed him, now actively sought to stay his preaching because he was not in possession of the bishop's licence. They procured certain preachers "to blatter against him," and especially one Hubberdin, who distinguished himself by his empty violence and ridiculous zeal against the reformer. Foxe has given so comical an account of this man and his preaching, that we cannot refrain from quoting it: it may serve to give a glimpse of the ludicrous features that mingled themselves with the tragical shadows of the great struggle that was now proceeding in England. Every cause, for the most part, has its buffoon—a man of "no great learning, nor yet of stable wit" (as Latimer characterised Hubberdin) —but who makes up for better qualities by uproarious zeal, and stands forward in virtue of his simple absurdity and grotesque officiousness. In neither Germany nor England does Popery seem at this crisis to have lacked such supporters.

"Forasmuch as mention has been made," says Foxe,[155] "of Hubberdin, an old divine of Oxford, a right painted Pharisee, and a great strayer abroad in all quarters of the realm, to deface and impeach the springing of God's holy Gospel, something should be added more touching that man, whose doings and pageants, if they might be described at large, it were as good as any interlude for the reader to behold. . . . But because the man is now gone, to spare therefore the dead, this shall be enough for example's sake for all Christian men necessarily to observe—how the said Hubberdin, after his long railing in all places against Luther, Melanchthon, Zwinglius, John Frith, Tyndale, Latimer, and other like professors,—riding in his long gown down to the horses' heels, like a Pharisee, or rather like a sloven, dirted up to the horse's belly—after his forged tales and fables, dialogues, dreams, dancings, hoppings and

leapings, with other like histrionical toys and gestures used in the pulpit, at last riding by a church side where the youth of the parish were dancing in the churchyard, suddenly lighting from his horse, he came into the church, and there causing the bell to toll in the people, thought, instead of a fit of mirth, to give them a sermon of dancing: in the which sermon, after he had patched up certain common texts out of the Scripture, and then coming to the doctors, first to Augustine, then to Ambrose, so to Jerome, and Gregory, Chrysostome, and other doctors, had made every one of them (after his dialogue manner) by name to answer to his call, and to sing after his tune against Luther, Tyndale, Latimer, and other heretics, as he called them,—at last, to show a perfect harmony of all these doctors together, as he made them before to sing after his tune, so now to make them dance after his pipe, first he called out Christ and His apostles, then the doctors and seniors of the Church, as in a round ring, all to dance together, with pipe of Hubberdin. Now dance Peter, Paul; now dance Augustine, Ambrose, Jerome: and then old Hubberdin, as he was dancing with his doctors lustily in the pulpit, how he stampt and took on I cannot tell, but crash quoth the pulpit, down cometh the dancer, and there lay Hubberdin, not dancing, but sprawling in the midst of his audience, where altogether he brake not his neck, yet he so brake his leg and bruised his old bones that he never came in pulpit more."

More prosperous days, however, were about to dawn on Latimer. Old Warham, the Archbishop of Canterbury, died this year; and in the following year (1533) Cranmer was elevated to the primacy. This distinguished prelate, destined to take so active a lead in the progress of the Reformation, to carry it on with his own advance of opinion to a higher and more Scriptural expression, and finally to crown the labours of his life by martyrdom along with Latimer and Ridley, had been a Cambridge student of about the same standing as our reformer.[156] Whether or not early friends, they were clearly known to each other. Cranmer understood well Latimer's worth; and when raised to his exalted position, he extended towards him his protection as Primate, and entered into the most confidential relations with him. It was now no longer, therefore, a time of persecution with the unresting rector of West Kington; the frown of episcopal authority lay on him no more, and friars and priests, Hubberdin and Dr Powel of Salisbury, and all his other enemies, were forced to retreat, or yield to the powers now intrusted to him. At the instance and request of Latimer, we are told that "Cranmer was in the habit of licensing divers to preach within his province"; and in his own district the reformer was empowered to deal with preachers, and even to withdraw their licences if he saw fit to do so.[157] Latimer, moreover, was recalled to the discharge of his previous duties at the court, and admitted to preach before the King on all the Wednesdays of Lent 1534.

This renewed intercourse with his sovereign probably served to strengthen Henry's liking for him, and to bring about the important result which followed in the subsequent year. Cromwell is mentioned by Foxe as particularly concerned in Latimer's promotion to a bishopric, and we may well believe so. The astute secretary and vicar-general, the enemy of monks and the intrepid friend of the new movement in all its directions, must have recognised a congenial spirit and fellow-labourer in the great preacher. They were worthy allies, and trode with equal courage, although swayed by somewhat different impulses, the same perilous path terminating in death—as noble work commonly did in that unhappy time.

Latimer was consecrated Bishop of Worcester in the autumn of 1535, and in the June of the following year we behold him in a position, perhaps, save the last of all, the grandest and most trying in his whole life. The Convocation assembled on the 9th of June 1536, the nation heaving with the excitement of coming change; the clergy sullen with feelings of affront and injury; the great question of reform in all its branches staring them in the face. The fabric of ecclesiastical abuse had been already rudely shaken, but it was obvious that things could not remain as they

were, and that further and more extensive invasions of clerical privilege must come. It was at the request of Cranmer that Latimer, in these circumstances, undertook the office of opening the Convocation with two sermons, which have been preserved; and which, viewed in the light of the situation in which they were uttered, are among the boldest sermons ever preached. They ring fresh and powerful in our hearts as we read them now, and think of the scowling faces that must have looked upon the preacher from priest's hood and abbot's mitre. Mr Froude has pictured the scene with such rare spirit and grouping of impressive effects, that we cannot venture to touch it save in his words.

"There were assembled in St Paul's on this occasion, besides the bishops," he says, "mitred abbots, meditating the treason for which, before many months were past, their quartered limbs would be rotting by the highways; earnest sacramentarians making ready for the stake; the spirits of the two ages, the past and the future, in fierce collision; and above them all, in his vicar-general's chair, sat Cromwell, the angry waters lashing round him, but, proud and powerful, lording over the storm. The present hour was his. The enemies' turn in due time would come also. . . . The mass had been sung; the roll of the organ had died away. It was the time for the sermon, and Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, rose into the pulpit. Nine-tenths of all those eyes which were then fixed on him, would have glistened with delight could they have looked instead upon his burning. The whole crowd of passionate men were compelled by a changed world to listen quietly while he shot his bitter arrows at them. His object on the present occasion was to tell the clergy what especially he thought of themselves; and Latimer was a plain speaker. They had no good opinion of him. His opinion of them was very bad. His text was from the 16th chapter of St Luke's Gospel: The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.'" He then presents his readers with a summary of the sermons, which, however, we shall not attempt to do. Latimer's words, when they are telling, do not bear to be summarised, however they may be extracted. One must read them in their natural quaintness and colour in order to feel their right force—the vivid and rapid impress which they make upon the mind—like a rain of rattling hail upon the ground.

The conclusion of the second and longer sermon, rising into a strain of sweeping ironical urgency that must at once have awed and galled the hearts of many who heard him, will afford a good specimen of their boldness and power. "If there be nothing to be amended and redressed, my lords, be of good cheer—be merry—and at the least, because we have nothing else to do. Let us reason the matter how we may be richer; let us fall to some pleasant communication. After, let us go home even as good as we came hither—that is, right-begotten children of the world, and utterly worldlings. And while we live here, let us all make bone cheer (bonne chère); for after this life there is small pleasure, little mirth for us to hope for, if now there be nothing to be changed in our fashions. Let us not say, as St Peter did, 'Our end approacheth nigh': this is an heavy hearing; but let us say as the evil servant said, 'It will be long ere my master come.' This is pleasant. Let us beat our fellows; let us eat and drink with drunkards. Surely as oft as we do not take away the abuse of things, so oft we beat our fellows. As oft as we give not the people their true food, so oft we beat our fellows. As oft as we let them die in superstition, so oft we beat them. To be short, as oft as we blind lead them blind, so oft we beat, and grievously beat, our fellows. When we welter in pleasures and idleness, then we eat and drink with drunkards. But God will come, God will come; He will not tarry long away. He will come upon such a day as we nothing look for Him, and at such hour as we know not. He will come and cut us in pieces; He will reward us as He doth the hypocrites. He will set us where wailing shall be, my brethren; where gnashing of teeth shall be, my brethren. And let here be the end of our tragedy, if ye will. . . . But if ye will not thus be vexed, be ye not the children of the world. If ye will not die eternally, live not worldly. Come, go to, leave the love of your profit, study for the glory and profit

of Christ: seek in your consultations such things as pertain to Christ, and bring forth at the last somewhat that may please Christ. Feed ye tenderly, with all diligence, the flock of Christ. Preach truly the Word of God. Love the light, walk in the light, and so be ye the children of the light while ye are in the world, that ye may shine in the world that is to come, bright as the Son with the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, to whom be all honour, praise, and glory.—Amen."

The work of the Convocation thus opened was in many respects memorable. In this year of 1536, the same year in which Calvin entered Geneva, the English Reformation touched its highest point under Henry VIII. Cranmer and the King were now united hand in hand, and notwithstanding the gloomy displeasure of many of the clergy, a great advance was made. The opening sermons were indeed followed up by a memorial to the King on the subject of prevailing heresies, containing several thrusts at Latimer's supposed opinions. This sufficiently showed the temper of the Convocation; but it met in Henry, for the moment, a temper equally excited and far more authoritative. He addressed to them in reply a series of articles of religion, imposed with a view to the settlement of differences. These Articles (the King's own composition, it has been supposed[158]) mark a decided progress of opinion. They still retain the cherished doctrine of the corporeal presence in the Eucharist, to which Henry's mind clung with a faithful tenacity, and in which both Cranmer and Latimer were as yet contented to rest; but the great Protestant doctrine of justification by faith is plainly and comprehensively asserted; purgatory, in any special sense, and as the basis of the gross papal corruption which had so widely prevailed, denied; while prayer for souls departed is merely commended as a good and charitable deed. "The Articles were debated in Convocation, and passed, because it was the King's will. No party was pleased. The Protestants exclaimed against the countenance given to superstition; the Anglo-Catholics lamented the visible taint of heresy, the reduced number of the sacraments, the doubtful language upon purgatory, and the silence, dangerously significant, on the nature of the priesthood."[159] They were signed, however, by all sides, and remain of great interest to this day, as the "first authoritative statement of doctrine in the Anglican Church."

Besides the Articles thus passed, the power of the Pope to call general councils was expressly denied; directions were issued for the instruction of the people in the Paternoster, the Apostles' Creed, and the Commandments, lately published in England; and as the crowning and most important act of all, the English Bible was authorised in every parish. Every church was "to provide a book of the whole Bible in Latin and English, and lay the same in the quire for every man that will to read and look thereon."[160]

Onwards from the point that we have now reached.—where we see Latimer in a distinct attitude of authority, as it were, heading the Anglican reform movement—it might be supposed that we would be able to trace his career in a clear light. This, however, is not the case. After his appearance in the Convocation of 1536, he withdraws again from public view, and his activity is mainly traceable in quiet works of reform. within his own diocese. It is characteristic of him, in comparison with all the other reformers, that he nowhere takes an active part in the political changes which attended the course of the Reformation. There is some reason to think that, not only now, but afterwards, he was a chief friend and counsellor of Cranmer, as he was a frequent resident at Lambeth; while his letters to Cromwell show what a lively interest he cherished in all that was going on, and what constant and ready service he continued to render to the Secretary. Still he does not, even during the time that he continued to hold his bishopric, stand out in any sense as a political leader. His influence seems everywhere present, but it does not obtrude itself, save at isolated points, upon public notice. We are the less reluctant, therefore, to be obliged to sum up in a very brief space the main facts of his future life, and to characterise them in general terms.

First of all, we see him devoting himself with great zeal and diligence to his special duty as Bishop of Worcester. This is mainly the view we get of him in the vague and desultory notices of Foxe. His life is represented as a constant round of "study, readiness, and continual carefulness in teaching, preaching, exhorting, writing, correcting, and reforming, either as his ability would serve, or else the time would bear." This was his true nature; he was eminently practical, wise, and prudent, doing what he could, although "the days then were so dangerous and variable that he could not in all things do that he would." His zeal he reserved for the pulpit. All his episcopal acts were characterised by a cautious wisdom and moderation. Where he could not remove corruptions altogether, he did his best to amend them: he so wrought that they should be used with as little hurt and as much profit as might be. Holy water and holy bread, for example, must still be dispensed. Neither the priestly nor the popular feeling could understand or tolerate their disuse. But he prepared a few plain verses, embodying a significant Christian lesson in each case, which he instructed the clergy of his diocese to repeat to the people on delivering the old symbols.[161]

In such sort of work we see the genuine spirit of the English Reformation—proceeding not from any dogmatic or comprehensive principle of an ideal right or good in the Church, but simply working onwards under a practical Christian impulse. The "sparkling relics" of the old superstition are got rid of for the most part gradually; and where, as in the case of some of the most flagrant ecclesiastical impostures,[162] we see them fall violently, even the violence is legalised—there is an order preserved in it; and the popular feeling, where it comes into play, is stimulated by a just indignation at the grossness of the delusion practised upon it, rather than by any polemical and anti-idolatrous excitement.

Latimer's cheerful labours in his diocese were no doubt most to his heart. A shadow falls upon him so soon as we begin to contemplate him in any other capacity. He is in trouble, but ill-satisfied with his work; and, worse than all, he is a sharer—we gather from his own letter on the subject—a reluctant sharer in one, at least, of the most tragic and pathetic of the miserable and contradictory martyrdoms which signalise the period.

In 1537 he was engaged, along with his brethren of the Episcopal bench and other divines, in the publication of the book known as 'The Institution of a Christian Man'—a book designed as a religious manual for the times. It consisted of an exposition of the Creed, the Sacraments, the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer,[163] and was characterised by a mild and temperate spirit of devotion and great beauty of composition. Latimer, however, was but indifferently pleased with its doctrines, which formed a reaction rather than an advance upon the articles of the previous year. The bishops were obviously, from the manner in which he writes on the subject to Cromwell,[164] greatly divided about it. "It is a troublous thing," he says, "to agree upon a doctrine in things of such controversy with judgment of such diversity, every man (I trust) meaning well, and yet not all meaning one way. . . . If there be anything either uncertain or impure, I have good hope that the King's highness will separare quicquid est veteris fermenti; at least, may give it some note that it may appear he perceiveth, though he do tolerate it for a time —so giving place for a season to the frailty and gross capacity of his subjects."

It is in the following year (1538) that we find him associated with the martyrdom of Friar Forrest. Forrest had been Prior of the Observants' Convent at Greenwich. His main offence, like that of Sir Thomas More and others, was resistance to the Royal Supremacy Act. He appears to have submitted, and been pardoned, and then to have recanted his submission. The peculiarity in his case was, that he was finally condemned, not under the treason law, according to which his sentence might have had some show of justice, but under the law of heresy. Certain

monstrous articles were devised against him by Cranmer, and he was adjudged to the fate of heretics in its most aggravated form. The judgment was carried out with unmitigated severity. He was literally roasted alive in an iron cage. One shudders to read the account of it, and to think that the names of both Cranmer and Latimer remain associated with so foul an atrocity. For Cranmer's share in it there can be found no excuse, save the usual one of the spirit of the times. Latimer's connection with it appears to have been more accidental. He was appointed by Cromwell to preach the sermon on the occasion; and there is a strange sadness in the way he writes about it, his unrelenting humour playing, like a wintry gleam, around the tragic story. "And, sir, if it be your pleasure, as it is, that I shall play the fool after my customable manner when Forrest shall suffer, I would wish that my stage stood near unto Forrest; for I would endeavour myself so to content the people that therewith I might also convert Forrest, God so helping, or rather altogether working. Wherefore I would that he should hear what I shall say, si forte, &c. If he could yet with heart return to his abjuration, I would wish his pardon: such is my foolishness."[165] He is moved obviously for the unhappy wretch, and the work is painful to him; but he cannot help himself, and the utterance of pity almost dies on his lips, as if it were something to be ashamed of.[166] "Hard times," indeed! (as Foxe complains), which could so lock up the warm impulses in Latimer's honest heart.

An ecclesiastical system which sought to prop itself by such means, was plainly in a very fluctuating and unstable condition. It was moved to and fro, in fact, by every changing impulse of the royal temper; and this temper reflected the agitated spirit of the times. To regard Henry's changes as mere brutal caprice, according to the long-prevailing traditionary views of his character, is probably what few would now do; but to recognise in them throughout a clear principle of conviction or intelligent guidance, seems no less absurd, on any fair construction of the facts. Henry was true to one thing, and one thing alone—his own supposed interest. This, in conjunction with his strong national feeling, was in many cases a sufficiently equitable rule of statecraft; but we cannot, without an amazing stretch of credulity, identify the royal will at all points with the national interest, and presume that the King acted from the higher principle. Henry is not the monster of the old and uncritical tradition; but he is not, even on his historian's own evidence, in the least the hero that he has been supposed to be.

On the present occasion it is easy to understand how a reaction set in. The northern insurrections had proved how strong was the hold which the old superstitions still had upon the hearts of the people. The King himself, having secured his object against Rome, was disposed to cling to the Catholic doctrine in its completeness. It was very natural, therefore, that a party should spring up, attaching itself, on the one hand, to the Royal Supremacy Act, and, on the other hand, very strongly to the old ecclesiastical tradition—a party which has received the distinctive title of Anglo-Catholic, and which may be briefly characterised as doctrinally Romanist, but ecclesiastically Anglican. This party evidently represented a strong national feeling. The "Pilgrimage of grace," the insurrections in Yorkshire and Lancashire, testified to the strength of this feeling; it was such even as seriously to affect the stability of the throne; and Henry, true to the instinct of serving himself by a proper balance of parties, saw fit at this crisis to throw the weight of his influence into the rising party, headed in the Church by the well-known names of Gardiner and Bonner. The result of this was the six articles of 1539,[167] which undid as far as possible the work of the fourteen articles previously passed, and sought to check the reforming impulse communicated by them. Cranmer laboured with all his might to defeat them, but in vain; and so soon as they were confirmed, Latimer resigned his bishopric.

During the remainder of Henry's reign, Latimer lived in great privacy. At first, indeed, he suffered a mild imprisonment in the house of Dr Sampson, the Bishop of Chichester: he then

appears to have been permitted to retire to the country, where he received an injury from the fall of a tree, and, coming up to London for medical advice, "he was molested and troubled by the bishops"; and finally, in 1546, just before the close of Henry's reign, he was brought before the Privy Council, and cast into the Tower, where he remained prisoner till the time that "blessed King Edward entered his crown."[168] Such is the brief sum of all we know of this period of his life. Whether, during the time he was at liberty, he continued to preach, is not indicated; probably he did not. His imprisonment, his growing infirmities, and the dangers around him, may have damped his old ardour and kept him quiet. That he considered his own life in danger during his confinement, he himself tells us. He had a great interest, he says, to hear of the executions in the City, while he was in ward with the Bishop of Chichester, "because I looked that my part should have been herein. I looked every day to be called to it myself."[169]

With the accession of Edward VI. he again emerged into public view. He remained, however, true to his old character, and not only did not mix himself up with political affairs, but declined to receive back his bishopric, which was offered to him in the second year of Edward's reign. The fact that this offer was made at the instance of the House of Commons, gives us a touching glimpse of the popularity of the great preacher. His honest character and eloquence had made a deep impression on the mind of the country, and it found a voice in this notable matter. We can only guess at his reasons for declining an offer so honourable to him. The state of his health, and his conscientious feeling of inadequacy to the multiplied duties that would devolve upon him,[170] probably form the explanation. He felt also that preaching was his peculiar vocation, and that he could do more good to the cause of the Reformation in this way than in any other. He devoted himself, therefore, to the pulpit, and to practical works of benevolence on behalf of the poor and the oppressed. Leaving the public ordering of the affairs of the Reformation to others, he made it his aim to arouse in all classes a practical spirit of reform. He found his most natural and powerful source of influence in the eloquence which moved congregated thousands, and by his sermons more than anything, his name remains memorably associated with the reign of Edward VI. Among the other actors of the time, he stands forth as the great reforming preacher. The old picture represents him with uplifted arm preaching in Whitehall Gardens in front of the young monarch, who is seated at a window, while a dense crowd in various attitudes testifies to the lively interest which greeted his sermons. "In the same place of the inward garden," says Foxe, "which was before applied to lascivious and courtly pastimes, there he dispensed the fruitful word of the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ, preaching there before the King and his whole court, to the edification of many."[171] We trace him besides at Stamford, delivering a series of sermons on the Lord's Prayer before the Duchess of Suffolk; and again in Lincolnshire, and at Grimsthorpe. "In this his painful travail he occupied himself all King Edward's days, preaching for the most part every Sunday twice, to no small shame of all other loitering and unpreaching prelates, which occupy great rooms and do little good; and that so much more to their shame, because he being a sore bruised man, and above sixty-seven years of age [this is an exaggeration], took so little care and sparing of himself to do the people good. Not to speak of here his indefatigable travail, and diligence in his own private studies; who, notwithstanding both his years and other pains in preaching, every morning ordinarily, winter and summer, about two of the clock in the morning was at his book most diligently. So careful was his heart of the preservation of the Church, and the good success of the Gospel."

Thus Latimer spent those years of blessing to England ere the evil days came, whose approach he seems to have foreseen; for, according to Foxe, he did "most evidently prophesy all these kinds of plagues which afterwards ensued."

With the lamented death of Edward he felt that his work was done, and that he had only to

prepare himself for the fate to which he had long looked forward. So soon as Mary was settled upon the throne, and the reactionary party, headed by their old leaders, had once more triumphed, he and the other chief agents of the Reformation were sought out, summoned to London before the Privy Council, and committed to the Tower. Latimer appears to have been in Worcestershire when a "pursuivant," in the language of the chronicler, was sent down into the country to call him up. He was duly apprised of his danger; and, to do the Government justice, they seem to have afforded him the fair means of escape, if he had been disposed to flee out of the country, like so many others. But flight was far from his thoughts. The one strength that remained to him was to bear the crown of martyrdom and passing through Smithfield on his way to the Council, he was heard, in his usual cheerful manner, to say that it "had long groaned for him." His health, already greatly weakened, was further injured by the hardships of his confinement in the Tower. He was kept "without fire in the frosty winter," and the picture is a bitterly touching one of the suffering old man, "wellnigh starved with cold," and jesting with his keeper on his chances of cheating his persecutors, "if they did not look better to him."

In the April of the following year (1554) he was conveyed to Oxford, along with Cranmer and Ridley, for the purpose of holding disputations on the subject of the mass before certain commissioners appointed to examine them. We find him, on the 18th of April, in the presence of these commissioners, declining to dispute. He pleaded that he was an old man, and that he had not, during these twenty years, much used the Latin tongue. "Then replied to him Master Smith of Oriel College; Doctor Cartwright, Master Harpsfield, and divers others, had snatches at him, and gave him bitter taunts. He did not escape hisses and scornful laughing. He was very faint, and desired that he might not long tarry."[172] It is miserable spectacle: insolence and brutality on the one side, and weakness and old age on the other. If we could wonder at any disgrace perpetrated in the name of religion, we might wonder at the singular debasement which could prompt such conduct on the part of learned men towards one who, amidst the widest differences of opinion, had such claims upon their sympathy and respect. The disputation, as in all such cases, led to nothing. Latimer was permitted to give in a lengthened protestation of his faith, upon which there followed some discussion, terminating in a curiously emphatic denunciation of the Protestants by Dr Weston, who took the lead in the argument on behalf of the commissioners: "A sort of fling-brains and light-heads," he said they were, "which were never constant in any one thing; as it was to be seen in the turning of the table, where, like a sort of apes, they could not tell which way to turn their tails, looking one day west, and another day east—one that way, and another this way."[173]

After this examination, Latimer was transferred to Bocardo, the common jail in Oxford, and there he lay, with his companions, imprisoned for more than a year. During this long imprisonment "they were most godly occupied either with brotherly conference, or with fervent prayer, or with fruitful writing, albeit Master Latimer, by reason of the feebleness of his age, wrote least of them all in this last time. But in prayer he was fervently occupied, wherein oftentimes so long he continued kneeling, that he was not able to rise without help."[174] At length, on the 30th of September 1555, he was again summoned before the commissioners. Ridley had preceded him in examination, and in the meantime he was kept waiting, as he complains, "gazing upon the cold walls." Suffering and poverty were depicted in his appearance as he bowed before them, "holding his hat in his hand, with a kerchief bound round his head, and upon it a nightcap or two, and a great cap, such as horsemen used in those days, with two broad flaps to button under the chin. He wore an old threadbare Bristol frieze gown, girded to his body with a penny leather girdle; his Testament was suspended from this girdle by a leather sling, and his spectacles, without a case, hung from his neck upon his breast."[175] He was exhorted to consider his estate, to remember his age and infirmity, and to spare his body by

admitting the claims of the Papacy. He replied with something of his old spirit, taking up the special arguments urged by the Bishop of Lincoln, who had addressed him. Especially he exposed the unfairness of a book recently published by the Bishop of Gloucester, in which it was argued that the clergy possessed the same authority as the Levites; and whereas the Bible said that the Levites, if there arose any controversy among the people, should decide the matter according to the law of God, these words were left out in the book in question, and the text quoted as saying that as the priests should decide the matter, so it ought to be taken of the people—"A large authority, I assure you!" he exclaimed. "What gelding of Scripture is this? what clipping of God's coin?"[176] The Bishop of Gloucester, who happened to be one of the commissioners, came forward to defend his book and Latimer acknowledged that he did not know him, and was not aware of his presence. A scene of laughter ensued in the old brutal fashion.[177] The bishop reproached him with his want of learning. "Lo!" he exclaimed, in just indignation at the unworthy taunt, "you look for learning at my hand, which have gone so long to the school of oblivion, making the bare walls my library; keeping me so long in prison without book, or pen, or ink; and now you let me loose to come and answer to articles. You deal with me as though two were appointed to fight for life and death; and overnight the one, through friends and favour, is cherished and hath good counsel given him how to encounter with his enemy; the other, for envy or lack of friends, all the whole night is set in the stocks. In the morning, when they shall meet, the one is in strength and lively; the other is stark of his limbs, and almost dead for feebleness. Think you that to run through this man with a spear is not a goodly victory?"[178]

The end of all was, that he and Ridley were condemned to suffer; and on the 16th of October 1555 they were led forth to martyrdom "without Bocardo gate," to a spot opposite Balliol College, where the splendid Martyrs' Memorial now stands. They embraced each other, knelt in prayer, and at last, when they were about to kindle the pile, he first thanked God audibly for His faithfulness to him, and then, turning to his companion, said, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man: we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

Thus perished the great preacher reformer of England, closing his honest, laborious, and intrepid life by a heroic death, shedding its radiance back upon all his previous work, and transfiguring it into a higher glory.

The character of Latimer presents a combination of noble and disinterested qualities, scarcely rising to greatness, but highly significant and interesting. The natural healthiness of his earlier years at the Leicestershire farm, of "three or four pounds by the year at the uttermost," reappears in all his future career as a student, a preacher, a bishop, a martyr. The same simple spirit, and honest temper, and cheery humour, and unresting faithfulness, are visible in all he said and did. The man is never lost sight of, in whatever special attitude he shows himself; nay, the rustic boy, who was the "father of the man," is scarcely ever forgotten. A fresh and rough fragrance of nature hangs about him everywhere, impregnating and purifying with a rare and happy heartiness all his work.

A simplicity verging on originality is perhaps his most prominent characteristic—a simplicity as far as possible from that which we noted in Calvin: the one, the naked energy of intellect; the other, a guileless evenness of heart. The single way in which Latimer looks at life, with his eyes unblinded by conventional drapery of any kind, and his heart responsive to all its broadest and most common interests,—of which he speaks in language never nice and circumlocutory, but straight, plain, and forcible,—gives to his sermons their singular air of reality, and to his character the sort of piquancy which vie at once recognise as a direct birth of nature. He is a kind of

Goldsmith in theology, exhibiting the same artless feeling and sunny temper in the midst of all difficulties—the same disregard of his own comforts, and warm and kindly play of benevolent humour meeting you at every turn, like a roving and gleeful presence, and flashing laughter in your face. It would be absurd, of course, to push this comparison further. There is beneath all the oddities of Latimer's character a deep and solemn consistency of purpose, and a spirit of righteous indignation against wrong which, apart from all dissimilarities of work, destroys any more essential analogy between the great humourist of the Reformation in England and the later humourist of its literature. Yet the same childlike transparency of character is beheld in both, and the same fresh stamp of nature, which, in its simple originality, is found to outlast far more brilliant and imposing, but artificially cultured qualities.

In mere intellectual strength, Latimer can take no place beside either Luther or Calvin. His mind has neither the rich. compass of the one, nor the symmetrical vigour of the other. He is no master in any department of intellectual interest, or even of theological inquiry. We read his sermons, not for any light or reach of truth which they unfold, nor because they exhibit any peculiar depth of spiritual apprehension, but simply because they are interesting—and interesting mainly from the very absence of all dogmatic or intellectual pretensions. Yet, without any mental greatness, there is a pleasant and wholesome harmony of mental powers displayed in his writings,[179] which gives to them a wonderful vitality. There is a proportion and vigour, not of logic, but of sense and feeling, in them eminently English, and showing everywhere a high and well-toned capacity. He is coarse and low at times his familiarity occasionally descends to meanness but the living hold which he takes of reality at every point, often carries him also to the height of an indignant and burning eloquence.

Of his private social life we learn comparatively little. His nature was one keenly susceptible of friendship, and must have everywhere drawn to itself objects of affection. We can mark in the dim traces of his life the surrounding footsteps of his friends—Bilney, and Cranmer, and Cromwell, and Dr Butts, and, at the last, Ridley. There is no glimmering, however, of any dearer and more intimate affection,—no light of love, flushing with its soft warm presence the hard and darkening course of his energetic and unwearied labours. The singleness of his aim as a reformer—his untiring spirit of self-sacrifice, "minding not his own things, but the things of others"—his self-sustaining vigour in his work, and equable delight in it may sufficiently account for this absence. It takes an interest from his life, but at the same time simplifies our view of it. The impression remains deepened of a simple and earnest, rather than of a broad and powerful character.

In turning to estimate Latimer's work as a reformer, we are at first struck very much with the same peculiarity—that is to say, with its comparative simplicity and narrowness of meaning. It possesses neither the national grandeur of the work of Luther, nor the theological and spiritual influence of that of Calvin. It is practical rather than doctrinal; and deep and powerful and abiding as have been its traces, it never attains to that comprehensive sweep and issue which at once impress us in the work of each of our other reformers. And yet Latimer was a true leader in the great movement of the sixteenth century. He did not, indeed, and could not, take up and express the various and complex impulses that were then bearing the national life of England onwards in the direction of reform. There was no single teacher capable of doing this. There were far too great diversity and richness in the impulses then moving England to permit of their finding united expression in any one man. But while Latimer did not, like Luther or Calvin, sum up in himself the great principles of the movement of which he was a leader, he expressed, beyond doubt, the most characteristic features of that movement. He represented those qualities of earnestness, and yet of moderation, of Scriptural faithfulness, and yet traditionary

respect,—at once reforming and conservative,—which peculiarly distinguish the English character, and have stamped their, impress more than any other upon the spirit of the Church of England.

The spirit of this Church is not, and never has been, definite and consistent. From the beginning it repudiated the distinct guidance of any theoretical principles, however exalted and apparently Scriptural. It held fast to its historical position, as a great Institute still living and powerful under all the corruptions which had overlaid it; and while submitting to the irresistible influence of reform which swept over it, as over other churches in the sixteenth century, it refused to be refashioned according to any new model. It broke away from the medieval bondage, under which it had always been restless, and destroyed the gross abuses which had sprung from this bondage; it rose in an attitude of proud and successful resistance to Rome; but in doing all this, it did not go to Scripture, as if it had once more, and entirely anew, to find there the principles either of doctrinal truth or of practical government and discipline. Scripture was eminently the condition of its revival; but Scripture was not made anew the foundation of its existence. There was too much of old historical life in it to seek any new foundation; the new must grow out of the old, and fit itself into the old. The Church of England was to be reformed, but not reconstituted. Its life was too vast, its influence too varied, its relations too complicated,—touching the national existence in all its multiplied expressions at too many points,—to be capable of being reduced to any new and definite form in supposed uniformity with the model of Scripture, or the simplicity of the primitive Church. Its extensive and manifold organisation was to be reanimated by a new life, but not remoulded according to any arbitrary or novel theory.

This spirit, at once progressive and conservative, comprehensive rather than intensive, historical, and not dogmatical, is one eminently characteristic of the English mind, and, as it appears to us, in the highest degree characteristic of the English Reformation. It is far, indeed, from being an exhaustive characteristic of it. Two distinct tendencies of a quite different character, expressly dogmatic in opposite extremes, are found running alongside this main and central tendency: on the one hand, a medieval dogmatism on the other hand, a puritanical dogmatism. The current of religious life in England, as it moved forward and took shape in the sixteenth century, is marked by this threefold bias, which has perpetuated itself to the present time. There was then, as there remains to this day, an upper, middle, and lower tendency—a theory of High-churchism, and a theory of Low-churchism—and between these contending dogmatic movements the great confluence of what was and is the peculiar type of English Christianity—a Christianity diffusive and practical rather than direct and theoretical—elevated and sympathetic rather than zealous and energetic—Scriptural and earnest in its spirit, but undogmatic and adaptive in its form.

In the sixteenth century Latimer appears along with Cranmer—although in a more natural manner than the latter, as being comparatively free from the complications of political interest—to be the great representative of this middle movement in the Church of England while Gardiner and Bonner on one side, and Hooper and his followers on the other side, represent respectively the medieval and puritanical tendencies. It may be doubtful to some, whether there is not much in Latimer that seems to ally him with the latter school: whether his principles, in their natural development, would not have led him to join them, had he lived on till they came into more distinct prominence as opposed to the ecclesiastical despotisms of Elizabeth.[180] Such a question cannot be absolutely determined, and is, in fact, irrelevant. For it is idle to speculate what Latimer or any man might have become in very different circumstances from those in which we find him. It appears to us with sufficient clearness that Latimer never would, and never could have become a Puritan, without an entire change of the peculiar spirit of natural sense, of

moderation, and of conciliatory doctrinism which distinguishes him. In the early dogmatic puritanism of the Church of England—of Hooper, for example, and subsequently of Travers and Cartwright—there was a distinct foreign element which Latimer, with his genuine English feeling, would have strongly repudiated; and there was, moreover, a dogmatic narrowness and an exaggerated importance attached to form and externality, which were entirely alien to his cast of mind, and the spirit of reform which animated him.

This spirit was throughout pre-eminently practical. He had no special reforming schemes of any kind in view; he had no special doctrines even to urge once more into prominence. The Gospel did not come to him as it came to Luther, in the shape of a new truth; nor yet as it came to Calvin, in the shape of a new system. It came to him simply as a new spirit of life, and earnestness, and Christian activity. As he studied the Bible, and as Bilney and he prayed over it, it was not the fire of dogmatic zeal nor of disciplinary urgency that was kindled in him, but the glow of simple evangelical earnestness. He awoke as from a dream, in which the forms of superstition had haunted him as the only realities, to find that they were no realities at all, but the mere inventions and fancies of men, draping and concealing the great truths of God. The meaning of life and duty—of real service to God in holy obedience and works of mercy—in comparison with mere religious observances and will-works,—this was what dawned upon him. And this was, above all, the kind of reformation after which he sought, and for which he laboured,—a reformation of life—a Church of England once more animated by a Christian spirit, destroying by its very presence and power the gross medieval abuses which had fastened upon it till they seemed a part of its very existence; whereas, in truth, they were only corrupting excrescences. The Catholic faith seemed to him, scarcely less than to Sir Thomas More, to survive in England, and in the old Church of England, if it were only purified from such traditions and corruptions. His own preaching presented to himself nothing new, nor even contrary to the decrees of the Fathers. In his letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1533, we find such a reforming position exactly described as the one on which he considered himself to stand. "If any man has any fault to object against my preaching, as being obscure or uncautiously uttered, I am ready to explain my doctrine by further discourse; for I have never preached anything contrary to the truth, or contrary to the decrees of the Fathers, nor, as far as I know, contrary to the Catholic faith. I have desired, I own, and do desire, a reformation in the judgment of the vulgar. I have desired, and still desire, that they should make a distinction between duties, and regard and maintain each according to its proper value, its place and time, its rank and degree, in order that all men should know that there is a very great difference between those works which God hath prepared for each of us, zealously discharging the duties of our respective callings, to walk in, and those that are voluntary, which we undertake by our own strength and pleasure. It is lawful, I own, to make use of images, to go upon pilgrimages, to invoke the saints to be mindful of souls in purgatory; but those things which are voluntary are so to be moderated that God's commandments of necessary obligation, which bring eternal life to those who keep them, and eternal death to those who neglect them, be not deprived of their just value. . . . I therefore, hitherto, stand fixed on the side of the commandments of God, so aiming not at my own gain, but that of Christ; so seeking not my own glory, but that of God; and as long as life shall be permitted to me, I will not cease thus to continue imitating herein all true preachers of the Word that have hitherto lived in the world."[181]

The same supremely practical tendency manifests itself more or less in all his sermons; and in none more than in those preached before Edward VI., which may be supposed to contain his mature views of reform. He is vigilant and urgent against all abuses, alike in Church and State, in society and in private life. He exposes them with homely and crushing invective, sparing no class, passing by no oppression, whether that of the poor vicar having an extensive cure in a

market-town, on “but twelve or fourteen marks by the year,” so “that he is not able to buy him books, nor give his neighbour drink”;[182] or that of the gentlewoman from whom a great man kept certain lands of hers, and who in a whole twelvemonth could only get one day for the hearing of her matter; or that of the poor widow lying in the Fleet.[183] He has a sound English heart, hating all evil, and especially all proud and lying evil, all dastardly mockeries of truth, all mere pretences in the Church or out of it, all disorders, all indifference and deadness. His spirit kindles, and his language rises into more concentrated pith and vigour, when he catches sight of some great wrong, or some social folly or immorality, and wishes that it lay in his poor tongue to explicate it “with such light of words that he might seem rather to paint it before their eyes than to speak it.” It is this characteristic of Latimer’s sermons that makes them still so fresh and living to us while we read them. Had they been more doctrinal, we should have examined them perhaps with equal or even greater curiosity, as serving to illustrate the state of Christian thought in his age, but we certainly should not have found in them that vivifying power with which they still touch us; for nothing becomes more dead in the course of transmission than the popular forms of doctrinal teaching, so that one generation finds mere barrenness in what greatly interested and delighted its predecessor. Even the doctrinal sermons of Luther are no exception to this.

It is very much, therefore, because Latimer was no dogmatist that he remains so interesting to us, and his words still retain such a zest, and flavour, and power. He contends for no particular theory of the truth; his new-born life does not need any new doctrinal vehicle of expression; it is slow even to cast off the least worthy additions that have gathered round the Catholic faith, and out of which have sprung, by a sure process, the worst abuses which he deplores. He nowhere takes up an attitude of doctrinal hostility to the old Church, nor aims to set forth any specific doctrinal principles to which the whole line of the reform movement should be attached, and from which it ought to proceed. And yet it would be a total misapprehension of his spirit and position to suppose him latitudinarian, or indifferent to dogmatic truth; he simply does not realise its separate importance. Trained in the scholastic philosophy, he of all our reformers retains no trace of its rationalising and controversial spirit. He had obviously little or no faith in controversy—a wonderful point of advance for that age. He is no theologian: dogmas in and by themselves have no interest for his homely, healthy mind. He apprehends all, and clues for all, only in the concrete. Truth for him is not this or that view or theory, but the life of faithful obedience towards God, and of active charity towards man. This is the highest truth, and the only worthy reality or him in all the world—“To fear God, and keep His commandments.” And it is his great mission as a reformer to awaken men everywhere to the need of this living truth, to recall them from shadows and-superstitions, from “inventions and fancies,” from will-works and fantasies of their own, to the reality of true Christian work, and the glory of this only divine service.

It was as a preacher, above all, that he discharged this great mission; and his sermons remain, as a whole, its most interesting and graphic expression. Their highest qualities are exactly those that characterise his general work—life, reality, and earnestness. He uses the pulpit not so much as a vehicle of instruction, but as a means of impulse and movement. He never uses it as a mere theatre of eloquence. He is eloquent, not because he thinks of being eloquent, and tries to be so, but simply because there is in him a living and honest meaning which he desires to communicate to others. The fire burned within him, and he spake as it moved him. His sermons, accordingly, while frequently deficient in all method, and sometimes—where they aim to be explanatory or argumentative—vague and unimpressive, are yet, in the main, instinct with a vigorous and fresh and happy interest. To interest, and so move and reform, was the great aim of all of them; and so everything is sacrificed to the necessity of

making those whom he is addressing feel the truth and force of what he is saying. The most homely illustrations, and most startling and ludicrous conjunctions, headlong and unsparing invective, and wayward and joyous humour, are all given full play to—each impulse obeyed as it comes—in order that the hearers may be touched by his own obvious and irresistible inspiration. The result is what sometimes appears to us, reading them with the cold eye of criticism, coarseness rather than power, meanness of language rather than impressiveness of idea, and caricature rather than humour; but the manly and genial critic will acknowledge the natural healthiness and vigour even of many illustrations which have incurred the censure of more fastidious tastes—while there is a relish as of good old wine, sound and ripe after three centuries, in many more; and the intellectual appetite, jaded with the weak mixtures of modern religious sentiment, grows keen and glad over the numerous passages of vigorous and racy sense, homely and joyous picturesqueness, and pungent, earnest, and happy humour.

It is difficult to give any adequate specimens of his style. The good things of such a preacher appear poor when extracted and apart from their setting. The reader, therefore, must study the sermons themselves, if he care to appreciate them. The following passage, in which irony mingles with earnestness and the picture, if somewhat low and audacious, is exceedingly graphic and powerful—may stand by itself perhaps as well as any other:—"But now for the fault of unpreaching prelates, methinks I could guess what might be said for excusing of them. They are so troubled with lordly living, they be so placed in palaces, couched in courts, ruffling in their rents, dancing in their dominions, burdened with embassages, pampering of their paunches, like a monk that maketh his jubilee, munching in their mangers, and moiling in their gay manors and mansions, and so troubled with looking on their lordships, that they cannot attend it. They are otherwise occupied, some in the King's matters, some are ambassadors, some of the Privy Council, some to furnish the court, some are lords of the Parliament, some are presidents and comptrollers of mints. Should we have ministers of the Church to be comptrollers of the mints? Is this a meet office for a priest that hath cure of souls? Is this his charge? I would here ask one question—I would fain know who controlleth the devil at home in his parish while he controlleth the mint? . . . Who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him who it is—I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will you know who it is? I will tell you—it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all others. He is never out of his diocese, he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way; call for him when you will, he is ever at home; he is ever at his plough, no lording nor loitering can hinder him—you shall never find him idle, I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry. When the devil is resident and hath his plough going, then away with books, and up with candles; away with Bibles, and up with beads; away with the light of the Gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea at noonday. . . . Down with Christ's cross, and up with purgatory pick-purse, up with him—the Popish purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor, and the impotent, up with the decking of images and gay garnishing of stocks and stones; up with man's traditions and his laws, down with God's traditions and His most holy Word; down with the old honour due to God, and up with the new god's honour."[184]

There is no feature of Latimer's sermons more pervading than their invective. He is ever on the watch for wrong and abuses, and he pours out upon them the most free and startling rebukes. He spares no class, and he spurns no weapon of ridicule or denunciation against the powers of misrule, indolence, superstition, and bigotry, that he would strike down. It is now the bishops, and now the lawyers and judges, among whom he sends his swift and piercing arrows.

“But I will be a suitor to your grace,” he says, in his second sermon before King Edward VI., “that you will give your bishops charge, ere they go home, to look better to their flock, and to see your Majesty’s injunctions better kept, and send your visitors in their tails; and if they be found negligent or faulty in their duties, out with them! I require it on God’s behalf: make them quondams, all the pack of them. But peradventure ye will say, ‘Where shall we have any to put in their rooms?’ . . . If your Majesty’s chaplains and my lord protectors be not able to furnish their places, there is in this realm (thanks be to God!) a great sight of laymen well learned in the Scriptures, and of virtuous and godly conversations, better learned than a great sight of us of the clergy.”[185] Speaking of a certain bishop of Winchester in “King Henry VI.’s days,” who opposed Humphrey, the “good Duke” of Gloucester, and to whom the Pope sent a cardinal’s hat, he says, “He should have had a Tyburn tippet, a halfpenny halter, and all such proud prelates. These Romish hats never brought good into England.”[186] “Bishops!” he cries, “nay, rather buzzards!” And ridiculing the mode of pronouncing the Episcopal blessing, he asks, “What is blessing? Not wagging of the fingers, as our bishops are wont.” He does not hesitate, with a somewhat Dantesque severity, to lift the veil from the pit of suffering, and point to the unpreaching prelates in torments. “If one were admitted to view hell thus, and behold it thoroughly, the devil would cry, ‘On yonder side are punished unpreaching prelates.’”[187] On turning to the judges and magistrates, his comments are not less outspoken. “They are bribe-takers,” he says. “Nowadays they call them gentle rewards: let them leave their colouring, and call them by their Christian names—bribes. Wo worth these gifts! they subvert justice everywhere. A good fellow on a time bade another of his friends to breakfast, and said, ‘If you will come you shall be welcome; but I tell you beforehand you shall have but one dish, and that is all.’ ‘What is that?’ said he. ‘A pudding, and nothing else.’ ‘Marry!’ said he, ‘you cannot please me better; of all meats, that is for mine own tooth: you may draw me round about the town with a pudding.’ These bribing magistrates and judges follow gifts faster than the fellow would follow the pudding.”[188] And in a higher vein he exclaims that the matters of the poor “are not heard: they are fain to go home with weeping tears that fall down by their cheeks and ascend up to heaven and cry for vengeance. Let judges look about them, for surely God will revenge His elect one day. . . . God hath pulled the judges’ skins over their heads for the poor man’s sake. Yea, the poor widow will one way do him more hurt with her poor paternoster in her mouth than any other weapon; and with two or three words she shall bring him down to the ground and destroy his jollity, and cause him to lose more in one day than he gat in seven years.”[189]

The increasing licentiousness of the age, the extravagance of ladies’ attire, especially the laying out of the hair in “tussocks and tufts,” the assumptions of ladies themselves—“because they will be quartermasters with their husbands. Quarter-masters! Nay, half-masters; yea, some of them will be whole masters, and rule the roast as they list themselves.”[190] The indolent effeminacy of the rich and noble, “who now have taken up whoring in town instead of shooting in the fields”—the misunderstood exactions of the aldermen, “who nowadays are become colliers —I would wish they might eat nothing but coals for a while till they had amended it”—are all painted by him with a breadth of brush, and a strong light of piquant satire, that enable us to understand his popularity. He never minces epithets: “dodipoles,” “hoddypecks,” “velvet coats,” “upskips,”—such are some of the round names that he scatters about; and we can imagine the thrilling effect with which they fell among auditories accustomed to monkish trifling or ecclesiastical commonplaces. It was as a denouncer of flagrant and widely felt abuses, and as an unceasing preacher of righteousness and benevolence against wrong and hardness of heart, that the people above all looked upon him and loved him; and the strength and prevalency of the popular feeling are sufficiently shown in the cry with which the boys used to follow him in the streets—“Have at them, Master Latimer!” In every time of extensive change,

when old oppressions are relaxing and new responsibilities dawning, honest and hearty denunciation is sure to be popular; and it is easy, therefore, to imagine the enthusiasm which greeted the great preacher who had the courage in such an age to utter manful and unsparing words in the ears of the wealthy and powerful, the corrupt and tyrannical.

The humour of the sermons is eminently notable—a pungent, nipping, pursuing humour, lacking the richness and depth and boisterous freedom of Luther's, but singularly funny, seizing one in the oddest ways and at the most unexpected turns. As when speaking of coming to church, he says: "I had rather ye should come, as the tale is by the gentlewoman of London. One of her neighbours met her on the street, and said, 'Mistress, whither go ye?' 'Marry,' said she, 'I am going to St Thomas of Acres, to the sermon; I could not sleep all this last night, and I am going now thither; I never failed of a good nap there.'"[191] Again, when in one of his perorations he adds, in allusion to Elias stopping the rain,—"I think there be some Elias about at this time, which stoppeth the rain; we have not had rain a good while." Such turns—some broader, some more delicate—flash upon us every now and then. You are never sure, even in the most solemn passages, that his humour will not peep out with its wayward and comic glance, and start a reactionary smile as the shadow of thought is beginning to steal over the countenance. Explosive and striking in its effect, it is gentle in its spirit. There is not a touch of ill-nature in it. It cuts to the quick, not because the preacher delights in giving offence, but because his keen eye and pure heart cannot help seeing through the mockeries and vanities and wrongs which he exposes. He sees always their absurdity as well as their iniquity, and he cannot help saying so. If stupidity is offended, and superstition alarmed, and oppression indignant, so much the worse for all of them. The preacher is not to blame who lights them up as he paints them with the lambent glances of a humorous scorn, which has merely searched them through and through. As with all other preaching humorists, his fun is no doubt sometimes out of place. A chill taste will shrink from some of its displays, and certain tempers may feel offended. Identifying religion not only with gloom but with stupidity, such tempers find harm where there is merely amusement, and wrong where there is merely the free play of innocent strength. A hearty religious feeling, though sometimes startled, will never be shocked by our Reformer's oddest sallies, but will recognise in them only the radiant sparks from an ever bright and warm heart looking out upon life with an intense gaze of reality, and apprehending its marvellous contrasts in the sunlight of an ever-cheerful temper.

Nothing is more remarkable in Latimer than this cheerfulness. Ill in body, tried and persecuted, and cast down by many troubles, he is always cheerful,—cheerful at Cambridge, amidst the scowls of friars—cheerful in his parish, under Episcopal frowns, and in his diocese, amidst an obtuse and opposing clergy—cheerful in the Tower when nearly starved to death with cold—cheerful at the stake, in the thought of the illumining blaze that he and Ridley would make for the glory of the Gospel and the happiness of England. An earnest, hopeful, and happy man, honest, fearless, open-hearted, hating nothing but baseness, and fearing none but God—not throwing away his life, yet not counting it dear when the great crisis came—calmly yielding it up as the crown of his long sacrifice and struggle. There may be other reformers who more engage our admiration; there is no one who more excites our love.

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121 See Burnet, vol. i. p. 40; and Froude, vol. ii. p. 20—Act de Heretico comburendo.

122 This seems a more likely explanation than any unexplained "second birth of Protestantism," as conceived by Mr Froude, who represents the influence of Wickliffe as entirely extinguished in the course of the fifteenth century.

123 Foxe, Acts, ii. 7, 8; D'Aubigné, v. 191-194.

124 Ibid., p. 272.

125 He thus describes the frequent habit of salutation practised by the ladies—an interesting glimpse of bygone manners: "Mos nunquam satis laudatus: Sive quo venias omnium osculis exciperis, sive discedas aliquo osculis dimitteris: redis, redduntur

suavia," &c.
126 Foxe.
127 Ibid, v.
128 Ibid.
129 Foxe, v.
130 Afterwards, however, a braver spirit came at last to Garret and Farrar, both of whom suffered for their faith.
131 Foxe, v.
132 The reader will find Foxe's narrative of Latimer's Life and Acts in vol. vii. of Townsend's edit., beginning at p. 437. Our references are not in all cases given to the page.
133 Sermons, Camb. edit., p. 101.
134 Ibid., p. 197.
135 Ibid., p. 197.
136 Sermons, p. 153.
137 Foxe, xi.
138 Ralph Morice's Account of his Conversion, printed by Strype—Mem. III., i. 368 and in Remains, Camb.
139 Strype, as above.
140 Sermons, p. 334.
141 Foxe.
142 Account of Morice.
143 Jewel of Joy, Becon's Works (Parker Society), pp. 424, 425.
144 Turner's Preservative against the Poison of Pelagius.
145 Barnes was Prior of the Augustines, 1525. This appears about the date of Latimer's encounter with West.
146 Strype, Eccl. Mem. III., i. 368.
147 This statement of Foxe, if we can rely at all upon his chronological statements, would seem to fix Buckenham's encounter with Latimer to this date of 1529. D'Aubigné, however, has advanced it to the very beginning of his career as a Protestant preacher (vol. v. chap. vii.)
148 Book XI.
149 There can be no doubt of this. He himself clearly implies so much in his letter to Henry—(Foxe); and there is no possible room for the conjecture of his having changed his mind between the date of the advice to the King and the issuing of the proclamation in December of the same year. The statement of the proclamation, that all gave their free "assent," cannot be held as valid against such evidence, and every presumption to the contrary.
150 Letter to Sir Ed. Baynton—Foxe, vol. vii. p. 485.
151 He had been induced to recant.
152 "Not only exercised with my old disease in my head and side, but also with new—both the colic and the stone."—Foxe, p. 485.
153 Foxe, vol. vii. p. 458.
154 This account is founded upon Wilkins's Concilia, as quoted in the Notes in Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography, vol. iii. pp. 98, 99. It seems to present the most minute and faithful account of the matter, directly founded on the proceedings of Convocation; and Foxe's belief evidently is, that Latimer submitted and subscribed the articles, although he is reluctant to admit the idea of his retractation. Mr Froude (vol. ii. p. 106) apparently does not understand that Latimer's submission went so far, but calls in the interposition of the King at a previous stage. Latimer's own account of his examination before the bishops is found in a sermon preached by him at Stamford, many years after, in 1550. It is very characteristic, and proves the unscrupulousness of his enemies, but it does not throw any light on the course of his trial.—Sermons, p. 294.
155 Vol. vii. p. 477.—Strype's Account, vol. i. p. 245, is of the same character, only with the ludicrous features less prominent.
156 Cranmer was born at Aslacton, in Nottinghamshire, in 1489, and entered Jesus College, Cambridge, at the age of fourteen, only a year in advance of Latimer, in each case. He took his degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1623, just in the heat of Latimer's first reforming zeal as a university preacher.
157 Cranmer's remains, edit. Jenkyns, vol. i. p. 121.
158 The evidence seems very slight (except on his ground of believing implicitly in State documents) on which Mr Froude comes to this conclusion (vol. iii. p. 67). Cranmer, I should think, was the more likely author of the "Fourteen Articles," although the King may well have had a share in them, and even "put his own pen to the book" on the subject. But supposing the Articles were the production of the King himself, the inference Mr Froude would found upon this fact as to the moral position of the King at the moment in relation to Ann Boleyn's death (he had been married only three weeks to Jane Seymour), is, to say the least, of a very uncertain character. That a man is to be held less guilty of a great crime because he can busy himself, some few weeks after, with the dictation of a series of theological articles, is certainly warranted neither by the facts of evidence nor by the workings of human nature.
159 Froude's History, vol. p. 74.
160 The Bible thus authorised for popular perusal was Coverdale's edition of Tyndale's translation, sanctioned by Cranmer.
161 Foxe, vol. vii. p. 461.
162 As, for example, the blood of Hailes (with the investigation into the nature of which Latimer was connected, Remains, p. 407), and the Rood of Boxley.—See Froude, vol. iii. pp. 286, 287.
163 This book presents an analogy to a book connected with the Scottish Reformation—viz., Archbishop Hamilton's Catechism.
164 Remains, p. 380.

165 Remains, p. 391.
166 FROUDE, vol. iii. p. 295.—See his vivid description of the martyrdom.
167 They rendered it penal to deny, or in any way to impugn, transubstantiation, communion in one kind, celibacy, lawfulness of monastic vows, private masses, auricular confession.
168 FOXE, vol. vii. p. 463.
169 Sermons, p. 164.
170 He had, as everything shows, a strong feeling of the responsibility of the episcopal office, and of the oppression of the multiplied duties connected with it. Foxe relates, in reference to his previous resignation of his bishopric: "At what time he first put off his rochet in his chamber among his friends, suddenly he gave a skip on the floor for joy, feeling his shoulder so light, and being discharged (as he said) of such a heavy burden."—Vol. vii. p. 463.
171 FOXE, vol. vii. p. 463.
172 FOXE, Remains, p. 250.
173 Ibid., p. 277.
174 FOXE.
175 Ibid., p. 529.
176 FOXE, vol. vii. p. 531.
177 Ibid.
178 Ibid., p. 532.
179 Besides his sermons, his letters—not merely his comparatively short business letters to Cromwell, but those to Sir Ed. Baynton, Archbishop Warham, and King Henry—should be read by the student.
180 This is apparently Mr Froude's view of both Latimer and Cranmer—vol. iii. p. 362.
181 See Latin original—FOXE, vol. vii. pp. 4-7.
182 Sermons, p. 101.
183 Ibid., p. 127.
184 "Sermon of the Plough"—Sermons, pp. 68-70.
185 Sermons, p. 122.
186 Ibid., p. 119.
187 Ibid., p. 158.
188 Sermons, p. 140.
189 Ibid., p. 157.
190 Ibid., p. 254.
191 Sermons, p. 201.

IV.

JOHN KNOX

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THE Scottish Reformation, and the great central figure which it presents, remain for our consideration. The field opened to our view is comparatively limited, but it is singular in the completeness and intensity of its interest. The area over which the reforming movement is seen sweeping is but a narrow one in contrast with that of Germany or France or England, but it is more deeply moved; and the gathering impulses of the religious excitement swell into a highly expressed, definite, and powerful nationality.

As we cast our glance upon Scotland towards the end of the first quarter of the sixteenth century, we see a very disturbed picture,—the King, the great nobles, and the clergy sharing between them an authority which has not worked itself into any consistent and beneficent form of national order. In comparison with the well developed, massive, and richly pictured life of England at the same period, there is great rudeness and disorder, and, in a word, barbarism in Scotland. This is obviously true of all elements of political strength and stability; while in regard to the Church it is no less really true. Poor and corrupt as the clergy were in England in the earlier reign of Henry VIII., they yet retained, in some instances, a moral spirit and influence of which we can detect no trace in the sister country.

The Reformation in each is found strongly contrasted, according to these differing circumstances of the two countries. In England there were powerful forces both of political and moral resistance to it; but in Scotland, when the front of rude authority with which it was at first violently met was once broken down, there was no power left to stay nor even to guide it. The kingly influence was entirely prostrated in the untimely death of James V. after the disaster of Solway Moss; the nobles, in their savage enmities and factions, possessed no intelligent or steady power of control. The hierarchy was the single authority that remained to encounter a movement against which it was wholly incapable of effective resistance; its palsied and corrupt grandeur was no match for the rising spirit of national indignation.

While in England, accordingly, we see a balanced movement proceeding gradually and under royal sanction, in Scotland we behold an insurrectionary impulse long repressed, but at length gathering force till it breaks down and sweeps away all barriers before it. It might seem on the first glance we get of the hierarchy of Scotland, that it constituted a formidable power: externally it appeared strong; it showed the craft, the subtlety, and the swift unrelenting vengeance which at first easily mastered and crushed its enemies. But these were in reality the mere fangs of a brute strength surviving the decay of all true national life in the system. The apparent influence and barbaric splendour of such men as the Beatons covered a rottenness at the heart more extreme than could be found in any other country of the Reformation. Nowhere else had the clergy reached such a pitch of flagrant and disgraceful immorality, and the Roman Catholic religion become such an utter corruption and mockery of all that is good and holy. The bishops and archbishops lived in open concubinage, and gave their daughters in marriage to the sons of the best families in the kingdom; livings were transmitted from father to son in the most shameless manner; the monasteries were, in popular belief and in reality, to a degree beyond what we can indicate, sinks of profligacy. A darker and more hideous picture, when we think of it as the formal representative of religion to a people, we cannot conceive, than that which is suggested in the scattered but sufficiently broad hints of Knox.[192]

And while such was the moral state of the hierarchy, it scarcely preserved even the pretence of religious service. The churches, save on festival days, were abandoned the priests were unable to understand a single word of the prayers which they mumbled over; and preaching was entirely unknown. Every element of religion was materialised to the last degree and blessings sold for so much, and cursings for so much. The clergy were the traffickers—they seem really to have been little more—in such supposed spiritual charms the people were the victims, in some cases honestly so, but in others obviously with a sufficiently clear view of the absurdity, if not impiety, of the whole affair. Knox gives a ludicrous picture of what went on in this way, drawn from the preaching of William Airth, a friar of Dundee, who distinguished himself temporarily by his keen exposure of the papistical system. "The priest," said he, "whose duty and office it is to pray for the people, stands up on Sunday and cries, 'Ane has tynt a spurtill; there is a flail stollen beyond the burn; the goodwife of the other side of the gait has tynt a horn-spoon: God's malison and mine I give to those who know of this gear and restores it not." And the appreciation the people often had of this preaching is thus shown. After sermon that the friar "had at Dunfermline," Knox says, "he came to a house whare gossips were drinking their Sunday penny and he, being dry, asked drink. 'Yes, father,' said ane of the gossips, 'ye shall have drink; but ye must first resolve a doubt which has risen among us—to wit, what servant will serve a man best on least expense.' 'The good angel,' said I, 'who is man's keeper—who makes great service without expense.' 'Tush!' said the gossip, 'we mean no such high matters; we mean, what honest man will do greatest service for least expense?' And while I was musing, said the friar, what that should mean, she said, 'I see, father, that the greatest clerks are not the wisest men. Know ye not how the bishops and their officials serve us husbandmen? Will they not give us a letter of cursing for a plack to last for a year, to curse all that look over our dyke? and that keeps our corn better nor the sleepy boy that will have three shillings of fee, a sark, and a pair of shoon in the year.'"[193]

A system whose most familiar and popular expressions had sunk into such absolute dotage, whose dishonesty and immorality were so widespread and prominent, might seem powerful, but in point of fact it had no permanent elements of strength. It was a mere repressive machinery lying on the heart of the nation, so far as there was in it any true heart and living growth of moral intelligence. And not only so,—not only had the Catholic hierarchy in Scotland become a mere incubus, but an incubus in no small degree of foreign character and pretensions. Many of the higher clergy received their education in France;[194] they had engrafted on their natural rudeness and fierceness of character the polish of a culture formed in the most licentious and perfidious Court in Europe—a polish which not only left their native and essential savageness untamed, but sharpened it into some of its worst features of cruelty and baseness, This may serve to explain the striking alienation between the Catholicism in Scotland and the genuine and growing national feeling. There were no points of attraction, nor even of tolerance, between them; only the hardest attitude of unreasoning authority on the one hand, and of utter contempt and hatred on the other. Among the poorest classes there may have been a kind of sympathy with the clergy, and certain relations of goodwill on the one side and the other. The monasteries, in the very worst point of view, must have been centres of beneficence, whose influence stretched towards many humble cottages; and the bishops had each their numerous dependants, who, with their friends and relatives, mingled among the people. Bad as the system was, it must have possessed such points of support, and might have strengthened itself in some degree on them, had any wisdom been left to it; but ignorance and mere selfish instinct were, after all, but a poor stay for profligacy, while all the intellectual and moral interests of the country were uniting against it.

Standing between the clergy and the lowest orders, there had grown up during the preceding century or more, in Scotland, a class of traders in the towns and of gentry in the country, bound to each other by intimate ties and it was in the growing enlightenment of this class that the future of Scotland lay. These burghers and gentry constituted young Scotland in the. sixteenth century. They had the intelligence to understand to the full the corruptions of the Papacy; they had gathered to themselves such spiritual life as remained in the country, and this rose in horror at the immoralities which the Church embodied. They were a rising and vigorous class, proud of their sharp-wittedness and the influence which their position and resources gave them; they were well informed, through their connection with the Continent, with regard to the progress of the reformed doctrines; they had high character, earnest feelings, and political as well as religious aims; and they naturally ranged themselves against the hierarchy as its strong and avowed enemies.

Between these two powers the conflict of the Scottish Reformation was really waged: It was a conflict not merely in the interest of religion, although this it was eminently, but moreover, and in a higher and more remarkable degree than elsewhere, a conflict on behalf of the independence and integrity of national life. The spiritual impulse was strongly present, but inseparably bound up, with it was a political feeling, which gave characteristic impress to the general movement. Amid the decay of the old political influences in the country, and the corruption of its social and ecclesiastical bonds, there was a fresh and compact vigour in the middle orders that rendered them more capable in moral strength than any party opposed to them; and not only did the reforming 'activity mainly proceed from them, but, in virtue of their self-consistency and hardihood of character, they retained the main guidance of it in their hands. They impressed their own character upon it; they gave to it, both as a doctrine and a discipline, a shape removed as far as possible from the hated hierarchical system which they subverted. Altogether unlike the growth of the English Church, the Scottish Reformed Kirk became an entirely new expression of religious life in Scotland. The old had passed away,—all things had become new,—when the reforming tide settled down, and the face of religious order reappeared. Scotland was not merely reformed, it was revolutionised. Catholicism had vanished into obscure corners, from which no royal nursing. could ever again evoke it, save as a poor ghost of its former self, destined to vanish again before every fresh outburst of the national feeling.

This complete change, wrought by the Reformation in Scotland, can only be explained in the light of the peculiar crisis which the national history had then reached. A new political and social influence was at the time waiting to start into vigorous development: it met the Reformation, embraced it, moulded it to its own inspirations and aims, and carried itself triumphantly forward in its advance. It is very true that some of the greater nobles soon saw reason to join themselves to the reformed cause, and in various ways to aid or hinder it; but in the beginning, and at the end, the Scottish Reformation continued essentially a middle-class movement, with all the hardy virtue belonging to its parentage, yet also with the parental defects—sturdy and uncompromising in its faith, and free in its instincts, but with no sacred inheritance of traditionary story binding it by beautiful links. to the great Catholic past; and further, as has been long sadly apparent, with no sympathetic expansiveness capable of moulding into religious unity classes widely separated in material rank and in intellectual and artistic culture.

It is sufficiently singular, and so far in corroboration of the view now presented, that the Scottish reformers, one and all of them of any note, sprung from the class of gentry to which we have referred. Patrick Hamilton, indeed, was immediately connected with the higher nobility, and, through his mother, with the royal family;[195] but the fact of his being a younger son, and the

illegitimacy that attached to the descent of both his parents, rendered his own social position certainly not higher than that of the lairds or gentry. George Wishart, again, was brother to the Laird of Pittarrow, and Knox was the son of a younger brother of the house of Ranfurly.

Patrick Hamilton is the first prominent name that meets us in the Scottish Reformation. His brief and sad, yet beautiful story, has been told anew in our day in a very interesting manner.[196] For the first time we are able to trace, in a clear and consistent light, the course of his education, first in Paris, then in St Andrews, and lastly in Germany, in the very heart of the reforming influences; his return to his native country, and marriage (a fact not previously known); and then his preaching, and seizure and trial by the elder Beaton,—a narrative which serves to deepen the affecting story of his martyrdom in front of the gate of the old college of St Andrews on the 29th of February 1528. Hamilton no doubt caught his first reforming impulse during the years that he studied in Paris (1519-20), when the university was all astir on the subject of Luther's doctrines. His subsequent studies in Germany confirmed the early impulse thus communicated; and the proto-reformer of Scotland was thus substantially Lutheran in the origin and character of his teaching.

This foreign influence in the rise of the Reformation in Scotland deserves to be noticed. But it would be wrong to attribute too much importance to it. An awakening, half literary, half spiritual, had already begun during the preceding ten years in St Leonard's College, St Andrews; and Hamilton was in the very midst of this new excitement while pursuing his studies there. We get, also, in Knox's History, one clear glimpse of an earnest Lollardism towards the end of the preceding century, in the reign of James IV.[197] The spirit which he describes, and the articles which he gives in detail, recall strongly the spirit and doctrines which we have seen to characterise the surviving Wickliffite influence in England—the same broad and somewhat crude apprehension of Scriptural truth—the same scornful humour—the same strong, yet retiring piety—with the remarkable difference, that the "thirty persons" called "Lollards of Kylle" seem to have belonged, not to the peasantry, as in England, but to the better-classes of society. At this single point, a line of antecedent religious life in Scotland rises into brief and impressive prominency. And it no doubt continued to some extent during the next thirty years, and helped in the advance of the Reformation; but in what degree or through what connections it did this, we cannot distinctly trace, either in the case of Hamilton or of any of the chief reformers.

The zeal of Patrick Hamilton, although quenched in cruel flames, lived after him. His teaching, enhanced by the noble and pathetic courage of his death, made a deep impression on the national mind. The reforming spirit spread on all sides. "Men began," says Knox, "very liberally to speak." The bishops had only one weapon with which to encounter the rising spirit. They bethought themselves of burning some more heretics. "New consultation was taken that some should be burned;" but a "merrie gentleman," a familiar of the bishop, was heard to say, "Gif ye burn more, let them be burnt in how cellars; for the reik of Mr Patrick Hamilton has infected as many as it did blow upon."

Such was the state of affairs while Knox was rising into full manhood, and beginning with his steady and long-piercing glance to look forth upon the world, and note the circumstances and signs of the times amidst which he found himself. At the time of Hamilton's death he was twenty-three years of age, and about terminating his studies in the University of Glasgow. He was born in 1505, in Haddington or its neighbourhood,[198] of parents whose ancestry and social position have been subjects of dispute, although the evidence seems conclusive that his father belonged to the Knoxes of Ranfurly, an old and respectable family of Renfrewshire.[199] His own statement, that "his great-grandfather, gudeschir, and father, served under the Earls of

Bothwell, and some of them have died under their standards,"[200] is perfectly consistent with this. He received his preliminary education at the Grammar-School of Haddington, and in the year 1521 was sent to the University of Glasgow, where he had, therefore, been a considerable number of years at the time that the reforming opinions began to spread rapidly throughout the country.

It is not very clear when or under what special influences Knox first began to incline towards these opinions. He had gone to Glasgow University with the view of being trained for the Church, and there, under Major, he soon proved himself an apt and distinguished pupil of the scholastic theology. He was considered as equalling, if not excelling, his master in the subtleties of the dialectic art. To this teacher also he probably owed the first impulse to that remarkable freedom of political opinion which afterwards characterised him. He is said to have been ordained before the year 1530; but at this time, and for twelve years onward, there is a great gap in his life, which his biographers have been wholly unable to fill up. We only know that, some time after taking his degree, he removed to St Andrews, and taught there; although in what college does not clearly appear; and that, about 1535, especially by the study of the Fathers, his traditionary opinions had become thoroughly shaken. Not till eight years later, however, or in 1543, did he become an avowed and marked reformer.

This year is in every way memorable in the history of the Scottish Reformation. The death of the King, after the disastrous defeat of Solway Moss, in the end of the previous year, and the consequent accession of the Earl of Arian to the regency, produced at first a change favourable to the views of the reformers. Negotiations were renewed with England; Protestant preachers were taken under special protection by the Regent, and a measure passed the Committee of Parliament, known by the name of the Lords of the Articles, and received his sanction, authorising the reading of the Scriptures in the common tongue. Everything seemed for the moment to indicate the goodwill of the Regent, and to tend to the advance of the Reformation. The favour of Arran, however, was but short-lived. The French and Papal party, with Cardinal Beaton at their head, soon regained their ascendancy. Just as under the previous interregnum, fifteen years before, all the efforts of Henry VIII. defeated to some extent by his own injustice and violence—were unsuccessful to bind any section of the Scottish nobles permanently to his interest; and the renewed connection with France laid the foundation for confusion and misery to the country for more than another half-century.

So soon as Beaton attained his object, and once more held the substantial power of the kingdom in his grasp, he resolved to crush his enemies with no sparing hand. His bloodthirsty vengeance had been baffled by the reluctant pity of the late king, who had shrunk with horror from the atrocity, suggested to him by the clergy, of exterminating by a single stroke two or three hundred of the most influential of the reformers, whose names they had presented to him in a list.[201] There seemed no obstacle now, however, to the full gratification of his vengeance, while the instinct of self-preservation probably combined with that of his natural imperiousness and cruelty to direct him to the special object of his attack. Whatever be the credit due to Tytler's special insinuations against Wishart—which appear to rest on very slender evidence—Beaton, no doubt, identified this courageous preacher with his political as well as religious enemies. He was the intimate associate, and, by his eloquence and activity, the most powerful support of the anti-Papal or English party. The cardinal knew this well, and aimed accordingly, by his apprehension and death, to strike the most fatal blow he could at the party.

George Wishart, as he stands depicted in the pages of Knox and Calderwood, is a singularly interesting character; of gentle, winning, and unassuming disposition, with a strange wild tinge

of enthusiasm, an intense spirit of devotion, and a commanding eloquence; "a man of sic graces as before him were never heard in this realm, yea, and rare to be found yet in ony man." Obliged to seek refuge some time before in England from the persecution of the Bishop of Brechin, he returned to Scotland in 1543,[202] with the commissioners who had been sent to negotiate a treaty with Henry VIII. He had been dwelling for some time in the very centre of the Anglican reform movement at Cambridge, where the influence of Bilney and Latimer still lived; and he seems to have caught some share of the spirit of both—the mild rapture of the one, and the hasty denunciatory zeal of the other. On his return to Scotland he travelled from town to town, and county to county; preaching the truth which had become precious to his own soul. He made a deep impression wherever he went. His words wrought with a marvellous persuasiveness on some even of the most hardened and wicked in the land—such men, for example, as the Laird of Schein, described by Knox, who, as the preacher on a "hette and pleasant day" of summer addressed the crowd from a "dyke on a muir edge, upon the south-west side of Mauchlin," was so affected that "the tears rane fra his eyne in sic abundance that all men wondered," and who by his future life, moreover, showed that "his conversion then wrought was without hypocrisy."[203]

In his preaching excursions, Wishart gathered around him devoted followers, and was the inspiring mind of the Protestant party, now adding rapidly to its numbers. It is as one of these followers that Knox first clearly appears upon the scene of the Reformation, and in a very characteristic attitude. He tells us himself, that from the time that the zealous preacher came to Lothian, he waited carefully upon him, bearing "a twa-handed sword." This precaution had been used since an attempt had been made to assassinate the preacher; and the bold spirit of Knox, now kindling into its full ardour, rejoiced in the attendant post of danger. At this very time, however, the machinations of the Cardinal against Wishart had reached their completion; and while he rested at Ormiston, after his last remarkable sermon at Haddington, he was made a prisoner by the Earl of Bothwell; while Beaton himself lay within a mile, at the head of 500 men, in case any attempt should be made to rescue him. There is a strange weird interest in Knox's description of his last interview with the preacher, and his final sermon. Disappointed at not meeting with the friends he expected,—the Earl of Cassius and others,—and disheartened by the apparent decline of the popular interest in the reformed cause, he spoke to his intrepid sword-bearer of his weariness with the world, and "as he pacit up and doun behind the hie altar, mair than half an hour before sermon, his verie countenance and visage declarit the grief and alteration of his mind." The shadow of his approaching doom had crept upon him; and when Knox wished to share his fate, and accompany him to Ormiston, he said, "Nay, return to your bairnes, and God bless you; ane is sufficient for a sacrifice."[204]

Knox's "bairnes" were his pupils, the sons of the lairds of Niddrie and Ormiston. In default of any more definite occupation, he had settled as a quiet tutor to the sons of these families. From the time of his quitting St Andrews up to this time, when, in his fortieth year, he first publicly appears in connection with Wishart, we can scarcely be said to know anything further of him. As has been pointed out, there is considerable significance in this long period of silence in Knox's history. It speaks strongly of his naturally peaceful disposition, of the patient maturity with which he formed his opinions, and of the consequent absurdity of the notion that would fix him down at once as a mere ambitious and turbulent partisan. It may serve also to explain the singular decision and completeness of his views when the outburst of his reforming zeal at length came.

Now, after the apprehension of Wishart, he seems to have remained cautiously in his retirement, mourning the dreadful fate of his friend, till the great event, perpetrated at the old castle of St Andrews, on the morning of the 29th May 1546, summoned him from his privacy,

and imparted a new direction and a nobler interest to his life. This event lives nowhere so vividly and powerfully as in his own wonderful narrative,[205] in which the horror of the circumstances is wildly relieved by a stern glee, kindling in the writer as he tells them in careful outline. It is equally needless to condemn the spirit of the historian, or to find excuses for it. If the horror of the transaction obscures in our minds all feeling of pleasantry as we look back upon it, we have to thank Knox, and such men as Knox, that there is left to us no occasion of any other feeling. To him, and to all honest and patriot hearts in Scotland in the middle of the sixteenth century, the death of Cardinal Beaton, under whatever circumstances of atrocity, could not, unfortunately, be anything else but a circumstance of gratulation. It is the divine doom of tyranny, in whatever shape, that men should rejoice at its murder, even if that murder be "foully done." The joy is not in fault, but the cause of it. The former is a pure manifestation of human feeling, the latter an eternal blasphemy and violation of human right. Knox is gleeful, therefore, with a scornful laughter, over the assassination of Beaton, simply because he realised all the meaning of the event for his country, and could not see the downfall of a power so hateful without a natural impulse of jubilee. As we look back into the dim grey of that May morning, we only see the solitary and helpless man raised from his bed, and in the murderous grip of his assassins. Knox remembered, as if it had happened yesterday, the proud and imperious tyrant, who reclined on velvet cushions at the castle window, to feast his eyes on the torments of his martyred friend. A life of such dazzling strength as Beaton's, terminating so swiftly in an abject and miserable death, may well move us to pity—it could only move Knox to irony; and if the event be not one for irony, we may say with Mr Froude, "we do not, know what irony is for."

Nearly a year subsequent to the death of Beaton (April 1547), Knox took refuge with his pupils in the castle of St Andrews, which continued to be held against the Regent notwithstanding his efforts to reduce it. It became the temporary stronghold of the reforming interest, and many resorted to it for protection. Here Knox began, he tells us, "to exercise his pupils after his accustomed manner. Besides their grammar and other human authors, he read unto them a Catechism, account whereof he caused them to give publickly in the parish kirk of St Andrews. He read, moreover, unto them the evangel of John, proceeding where he had left at his departing from Langniddrie, and that lecture he read in the chapel within the castle at a certain hour." In this modest way Knox introduces us to the great epoch of his life which was approaching. Now in his forty-second. year, with his convictions fully formed, and with obvious powers of expressing and defending them beyond those of any other man of his time, he had yet remained, as we have seen, silent. The awe and responsibility of speaking to the people in God's stead weighed heavily on his mind as on Luther's, and the arguments of his friends failed to move him. Struck with the "manner of his doctrine," they "began earnestly to travail with him that he would take the preaching place upon him." John Rough, who was preacher in the castle, and who seems honestly to have felt his own weakness in comparison with the gifts of the reformer, and Henry Balnaves, a Lord of Session, and one of the most influential of the early reformers, joined in urging this request. But he tells us "he utterly refused, alleging that he would not run where God had not called him." This refusal, however, only sharpened the desire of his friends to see him in his natural vocation, and they devised, in company with Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, equally eager with themselves, a plan by which they hoped to surprise him into compliance with their designs. The story is one of the most singular and characteristic in all the reformer's life, and can only be told in his own language: "Upon a certain day a sermon was had of the election of ministers, what power the congregation (how small soever it was, passing the number of two or three) had above any man in whom they supposed and espied the gifts of God to be, and how dangerous it was to refuse, and not to hear the voice of such as desire to be instructed. These and other heads declared, the said John Rough, preacher, directed his words

to the said John Knox, saying, 'Brother, ye shall not be offended, albeit that I speak unto you that which I have in charge even from all those that are here present, which is this: In the name of God and of His Son Jesus Christ, and in the name of these that presently call you by my mouth, I charge you that you refuse not this holy vocation, but as ye tender the glory of God, the increase of Christ's kingdom, the edification of your brethren, and the comfort of me, whom ye understand well enough to be oppressed by the multitude of labours, that ye take upon you the public office and charge of preaching, even as ye look to avoid God's heavy displeasure, and desire that He shall multiply His graces with you.' And in the end he said to those who were present, 'Was not this your charge to me, and do you not approve the vocation?' They answered, 'It was, and we approve it.' Whereat the said John, abashed, burst forth in most abundant tears, and withdrew himself to his chamber; his countenance and behaviour from that day till the day that he was compelled to present himself to the public place of preaching, did sufficiently declare the grief and trouble of his heart; for no man saw any sign of mirth of him, neither yet had he pleasure to accompany any man many days together."[206]

A special necessity soon occurred to him to enter upon his vocation. Dean John Arran, "a rotten Papist, had long troubled John Rough in his preaching," and Knox was roused to vindicate the doctrine of his friend "in open audience in the parish church of St Andrews." The people heard him gladly, and called upon him with one consent to give them by his preaching "probation of what he had affirmed; for if it was true, they had been miserably deceived." And so the next Sunday Knox preached the parish church, and expounded at length his views of the Papacy. He at once urged the most decided opinions, and supported his assertions under the different heads of life, doctrine, laws, and subjects. The sermon made a great noise, as may be imagined; and on the remonstrance of Hamilton, the bishop-elect (not yet "execrated"—"consecrated," they call it, bitterly remarks Knox), with Winram, the sub-prior and vicar-general during the vacancy of the see, Knox and Rough were summoned to give an account of their doctrine in a convention of grey-friars and black-friars appointed in St Leonard's Yards. Certain articles were read to them, and are admitted by Knox to contain a fair representation of his views. They are preserved in his History, and enable us to understand very clearly, in connection with the dispute which followed, the position which he now occupied. The Pope is asserted to be Antichrist, the mass abominable idolatry, purgatory a falsehood, and bishops, except as ordinary preachers, to have no function, When we contrast such views with those of Luther or Latimer at the outset, we perceive at once what comparatively clear and determinate ground, as opposed to the old Catholic system, was taken up by our reformer. He offered no points of mere advance and improvement upon that system; he showed no regretful dealing nor sympathetic connection with it—but a complete and decisive reaction against it. It was not merely corrupt, but absolutely abandoned to evil—the Church not of God, but of the devil. "Ye will leave us no kirk," said the grey-friar (Arbugkill) who rashly entered the lists with the reformer on the occasion, and, driven to shifts by his arguments, had nothing to reply but that "the apostles had not receaved the Holy Ghost when they did write their Epistles"—"Ye will leave us no kirk," urged the friar. "Indeed," said Knox, "in David I read that there is a Church of the malignants; for he says, 'Odi Ecclesiam Malignantium.'" It was clear that there was no room for compromise here. Knox could recognise no authority, no sanctity, no respectability in the Papacy of his country. The, very order of bishops, as identified with it, had already become undivine to his mind. He was a Presbyterian, all at once, by the mere force of antipathy to Catholicism as it presented itself to his view. The absence of positive doctrinal sentiments in these articles is observable; but too much is not to be made of this. The points of definite negation to the papal system were necessarily those which came into most prominence; and in the sermon which was the occasion of them, he tells us that he spoke also of the "doctrine of

justification expressed in Scripture, which teach that man is justified by faith alone—that the blood of Jesus Christ purges us from all our sins."[207]

Knox's activity at this period was but shortlived. A French squadron appeared before the Castle of St Andrews in the end of June of the same year; and the brave garrison who had held out so long, being now pressed both by sea and land, were forced to capitulate. The honourable terms on which they had surrendered were speedily violated; and Knox, who had shared the fate of his comrades, was transported along with them to France, and then confined as a prisoner on board the French galleys.

This may be said to close the first great period in Knox's life—the period of his preparation for, and commencement of, his reforming work. The second period, which embraces his more or less complete exile from Scotland for a space of twelve years, or on to 1559, shows the working of his reforming zeal on an extended field, and amid the most strange vicissitudes. We can only here indicate its various points of interest.

His imprisonment in the French galleys for two years, and the sufferings he there endured, served to deepen, and render still more dear to him, his religious convictions, and also to give some tinge of sadness and asperity to his character. Then his residence in England for four years, from 1549 to the beginning of 1554, was a time fruitful to him in work and experience. He was brought, as one of Edward VI.'s chaplains, into immediate contact with the great agents of the Anglican Reformation—with Cranmer—probably (nay, certainly, we may say) with Latimer, who during this period was a regular inmate of Cranmer's house at Lambeth. If they did meet, the two bold preachers, they must have talked, and talked with a heartiness and a vehemence that doubtless did the archbishop, among his court movements, some good to hear. It is understood that Knox had considerable influence in producing the liberal changes in the service and prayer-book of the Church of England which characterised the last years of Edward's reign. Unquestionably, any influence he did exert must have been in this direction, and indeed in a still more radical direction for he leaves us in no doubt as to his views of the partial and imperfect character of the English Reformation. Both he himself and Beza lead us to suppose that he was offered a bishopric;[208] but his conscientious doubts as to the divine authority of the Episcopal order, and his general dissatisfaction with the state of ecclesiastical affairs in England, led him to reject this as well as another offer which was shortly afterwards made to him. It was proposed to present him to the "vicarage or parsonage of All-hallows," vacant by "the preferment of Thomas. Sampson to the deanery of Chichester." Knox's refusal to accept this latter promotion was made a subject of inquiry before the Privy Council, when he urged his scruples as to the existing order of the Church of England, and after "some gentle speeches" was dismissed. He had no such scruples as to preaching. In Berwick—where we first hear of him after his liberation —in Newcastle, in London before the King and Council, in Buckinghamshire, where he seems to have spent a considerable part of the summer of 1553, he preached with incessant activity, awakening a wide interest everywhere, as we may gather from his future letters and admonition to the faithful in England. Long afterwards he especially congratulated himself on the review of his labours in Berwick, and the success which attended his efforts to maintain order among the lawless garrisons of the Border.[209]

At Berwick our reformer fell in love, and entered into an engagement which, some years after, notwithstanding the strong opposition of certain relatives of the lady, terminated in marriage. The lady was a Miss Marjory Bowes, daughter of Richard Bowes, the youngest son of Sir Ralph Bowes of Streatham. Her mother was the daughter and one of the co-heirs of Sir Richard Aske of Aske, and Knox's connection with the family seeing to have arisen through this

lady. It is to Mrs Bowes that his letters, which have been recently published in full in the edition of Dr Laing,[210] are chiefly written. She is addressed as his mother, and in the most confidential and intimate terms. The letters as a whole are remarkable. They prove the deep sincerity of Knox's piety,—his intense absorption in the realities of the spiritual life, while yet mingling with so busy and apparently combative an activity in the affairs of the world around him. They are, in truth, rather the communings of one earnest and strongly moved soul with another, than letters in any ordinary sense. We certainly miss in them some mixture of mere human interest with the uniform and intense cast of the religious phraseology in which they abound. The world is out of sight altogether, save as the stern battle-ground of certain shadowy forms of good and evil; at least the forms have become shadowy to us, although no doubt they were more real and living than anything else to Knox. In vain we try to catch any sunlight of happy feeling—any lively trace of the affection associated with them, if not originating them—any glimpse of her to whom his heart was bound. The mother appears in a sufficiently distinct aspect, a timid, self-conscious, and despairing soul, ever seeking strength and counsel from the more assured spirit of the reformer. The unyielding insolence of the uncle (Sir Robert Bowes) also comes into light: his "disdainful, yea, despiteful words," Knox writes to his "dear mother," "have so pierced my heart, that my life is bitter unto me. I bear a good countenance with a sore troubled heart; while he that ought to consider matters with a deep judgment is become not only a despiser, but also a taunter of God's messengers. (God be merciful unto him!) Among other his most unpleasing words, while that I was about to have declared my part in the whole matter, he said, 'Away with your rhetorical reasons, for I will not be persuaded with them.' God knows I did use no rhetoric or coloured speech, but would have spoken the truth, and that in most simple manner. It is supposed that all the matter comes by you and me."[211] There would almost seem some ground for this suspicion of the uncle, in the comparative obscurity which surrounds the daughter throughout the correspondence. She scarcely comes into faint outline—scarcely moves even in shadow across the scene; and we nowhere learn anything of her. There are no surviving traits in his letters or elsewhere that enable us to start any picture of her. Calvin, indeed, talks of her as "suavissima," in a letter to Christopher Goodman after her death; and the manner in which he deplores to Knox himself her loss, indicates his very high opinion of her worth and amiability; but still we do not get any living likeness of her anywhere. Their marriage is supposed to have taken place in 1553, just before he was driven abroad by the Marian persecution.[212]

On the accession of Queen Mary, Knot was driven from England. He was reluctant to take flight—for "never could he die," he said, "in a more honest quarrel;" but some of his friends impelled him, "partly by advice and partly by tears," to consult his own safety. He took refuge in Dieppe, where we find him at frequent intervals during the next four years of his life. Many of his letters, and his "Admonition to the Professors of God's Faith in England," bear the date of Dieppe. It served to him as a convenient post of observation, as well as a secure place of shelter: he could hear of his friends in England and Scotland, and hold intercourse with them from this place more readily than from any other point of the Continent. After his arrival he wrote to his mother-in-law, anxious to hear of her steadfastness in the faith—her "continuance with Christ Jesus, in the day of this His battle," and to vindicate himself from the charge of cowardice in flying from the scene of danger. "Some will ask," he says, "then why did I flee? Assuredly, I cannot tell; but of one thing I am sure, the fear of death was not the chief cause of my fleeing."

After making a brief journey through Switzerland, visiting the different churches, and conferring with "all the pastors and many other excellently learned men," he returned to his place of refuge, with some intention of hazarding a visit to his friends in Berwick; but he was dissuaded from this, and appears to have settled for some months in Dieppe,[213] from which we find him sending forth in July (1554) his "Admonition." This famous tract is written with great

vehemence, rising here and there into fierce objurgation, called forth by the threatening aspect of affairs in England. Cranmer and Ridley and Latimer had been imprisoned; the Queen was on the eve of her marriage with Philip of Spain. Knox deeply felt for the sufferings of the faithful; he groaned to think of the trials to which their constancy would be exposed; he saw no less all the calamities and dangers of the Spanish alliance; and he gives full vent to his feelings on both subjects. He spares no language that may awaken and impress his friends, or convey his sense of the wickedness of the royal combination against their liberties and religion. A tone of wild sadness mingles with his violence, under the influence of which he judges himself as well as others. There is a grave severity in his personal strictures that may at least convince us of his honesty. If he was harsh to others, he was no less so to himself: "Alas! this day," he says, "my conscience accuseth me that I spake not so plainly as my duty was to have done. . . . The blind love that I did bear to this my wicked carcass was the chief cause that I was not fervent and faithful enough in that behalf. Remaining in one place, I was not so diligent as my office required; but sometime, by counsel of carnal friends, I spared the body; some time I spent in worldly business; and some time in taking recreation and pastime by exercise of the body. And besides," he adds, "I was assaulted, yea infected with more gross sins—that is, my wicked nature desired the favours, the estimation, and praise of men; and so privily and craftily did they enter into my breast, that I could not perceive myself to be wounded till vainglory almost got the upper hand." These are surely clear and honest words, if ever there were such, Speaking of the unselfish simplicity and stern conscientiousness of the man!

Returning to Switzerland in the end of summer, he remained there only a short time when he set out for Frankfort-on-the-Main, on an invitation from a party of English Protestant exiles who had settled in this city, to become one of their ministers. Having formed themselves into a congregation, these exiles had obtained from the magistrates the joint use of the French Protestant church for their worship, on the condition that it should conform as nearly as possible to that of the French Church. This arrangement was displeasing to many of the exiles in other places, and became the source of a very painful and perplexing series of "troubles." Knox would seem to have had apprehensions of the difficulty of the position, and to have manifested accordingly some reluctance to embrace the invitation addressed to him; but his assent was secured through the intervention of Calvin, and in October 1554 he arrived in Frankfort. The seeds of discord had been already sown before his arrival; but he had, through the timely and sensible representations 'of Calvin,[214] wellnigh succeeded in arranging the matter satisfactorily, when all his efforts were interrupted and brought to an end. A new party of exiles among the most conspicuous of whom was Dr Cox, who had been preceptor to Edward VI.,[215] arrived in Frankfort in March. They were violently determined to uphold the order of service as it had been "set forth by King Edward." On the very first Sunday after their arrival they made the responses aloud, contrary to what had been agreed upon; and on the following Sunday one of their number intruded into the pulpit and read the Litany, to which Cox and his companions responded audibly. The result, as may be imagined, was a violent contention between the parties. It was nothing less than the Puritan quarrel, already begun in King Edward's reign, carried abroad; and Knox did not hesitate, in his sermon in the afternoon of the same-day, to characterise it as such, and to condemn the whole spirit and manner of the English Reformation as inadequate. Cox and his friends, finding themselves unable to contend with the reformer, supported as he was by the chief body of the congregation, had recourse to a somewhat disgraceful act to get rid of them. They represented to the magistrates that in his "Admonition," published the year before, he had used treasonable language regarding the Queen of England and her husband, Philip of Spain. The magistrates, after some perplexity, requested Whittingham to advise Knox to take his departure; and he accordingly returned to Geneva again

for a brief interval.

These “Frankfort Troubles,” it must be confessed, form a somewhat melancholy illustration of the pettiness as well as violence of religious feeling which marked some of the English reformers; and whatever may have been the unjustifiable vehemence of Knox’s language in the “Admonition,” and in some of his other writings, his conduct certainly appears with advantage on the present occasion in contrast with that of his opponents. He was far more magnanimous in his defeat than they were in their equivocal victory. The only excuse that can be urged for them is the feeling of just resentment which they may have had towards Knox for his unwarrantable language in the “Admonition,” which, so far from proving of service to the cause of the Reformation in England, there is reason to believe had excited the Government to more violent persecution, and helped to kindle the fires of martyrdom that consumed Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley.[216]

Knox had scarcely once more settled in Geneva when he received information which led him to undertake a visit to his native country. Amid all his journeyings and troubles he had, never forgotten the interests of religion in Scotland. The thought which had sustained him amidst his captivity in the galleys, as he saw in the distance the spires of St Andrews, where God had first opened his mouth in public to His glory—“And I am fully persuaded that I shall not depart this life till that my tongue shall glorify His godly name in the same place”—this thought, no doubt, often recurred to him; and circumstances seemed now to point towards its fulfilment. The accession of the Queen-Dowager to the regency in 1554 had proved partially favourable to Protestantism. The persecutions of Mary in England, and her alliance with Spain in opposition to France, and the natural interests of the Queen-Dowager, had contributed in some degree to the same end. A spirit of inquiry, for the time unrestrained, was spreading among many of the nobles and burgesses. These favourable signs drew Knox to the scene of movement. He arrived in Scotland in the end of autumn 1555, and soon after repaired to Edinburgh, where he held many private conferences with Erskine of Dun, young Maitland of Lethington, and others. His reception was very warm, and the desire to hear the truth from his lips very encouraging, according to his own statement in his letters to his mother-in-law. “The fervency here doth far exceed all others that I have seen. If I had not seen it with my eyes in my own country, I could not have believed it.” He held a remarkable debate with Maitland on the subject of the mass,[217] in which he disputed the opinion ingeniously held by the latter that it was warrantable for the Protestants to continue their attendance upon it. He succeeded in convincing his hearers, and even Maitland acknowledged himself refuted; but we may trace already in their respective positions, and the arguments used by each, the strong contrasts of character which separated the subtle and accommodating politician from the outspoken and unbending reformer.

Knox continued throughout the winter in Scotland, and earnestly prosecuted the work on which he had entered. He came into contact with all or most of the men who were afterwards associated with the progress of the Scottish Reformation,—Lord Lorn (Argyll), the Prior of St Andrews (Murray), the Earl of Glencairn, and others. Under the protection of the latter, he preached in Kyle and Cunningham, where the still unspent spirit of Lollardism must have proved a receptive soil for the new doctrines. Erskine carried him to Angus, where the feeling of dislike and opposition to the corrupt prelacy, which was lording it over the country, was of a peculiarly strong and intelligent character. His preaching in Angus especially appears to have aroused the clergy. He was summoned before a convention of them appointed to meet in Edinburgh in May, and so strongly did he feel himself supported for the time, that he made up his mind to obey the summons. This was more than they anticipated, and setting aside the summons, they deserted the diet. His success for a while seemed to carry everything before it, and his heart was lifted up

at the prospect with more joy than he could express. “O sweet were the death,” he writes to his mother-in-law, “that should follow such forty days in Edinburgh as here I have had three! Rejoice, mother: the time of our deliverance approacheth.”

Calmer reflection, however, convinced Knox that this “time of deliverance” was not so closely at hand. He had ventured to address a letter to the Queen-Regent, urging the necessity of a reform of religion, and representing the hopelessness of any improvement in the existing prelacy. The Earl Marischal, along with Glencairn, had urged this duty upon him, and the latter delivered it into her hand. Glancing carelessly over it, she handed it to the Archbishop of Glasgow beside her, with the remark, “Please you, my lord, to read a pasquil.” Knox was very indignant when this remark was reported to him, and afterwards, in publishing the letter, he made some additions to it in a less courtly and specious style than had characterised the original. In, the meantime, an invitation from the English exiles at Geneva had reached him, to undertake the pastoral charge among them; and he does not appear to have hesitated in accepting the offer. Doubtless he felt the expediency of it, not merely in reference to his own comfort, but to the progress of the Reformation in Scotland. He felt that the spirit which he had kindled would live on, and less provoke interference in his absence, till the time for a more effective movement came. The imputation of anything like cowardice on Knox’s part is ridiculous. He was the last man to shrink from a struggle where it was necessary and likely to prove useful. Accompanied by his wife and mother-in-law, and “a pupil named Patrick,” he accordingly set out from Scotland, and arrived in Geneva on the 13th September 1556. With a true instinct of cowardly vengeance, the clergy renewed their summons against him when he had left the country, and passed sentence on him, adjudging his body to the flames, and his soul to damnation.

The years that our reformer now spent at Geneva, were probably among the happiest of his life. Calvin had just then attained to the summit of his power after the expulsion of the Libertines. He and Beza exercised virtual rule in all things civil and ecclesiastical; and the city, under their control, had assumed an order and apparent purity of manners that rejoiced the heart of Knox. He wrote to a friend that it was “the most perfect school of Christ that ever was on earth since the days of the apostles. In other places I confess Christ to be truly preached; but manners and religion, to be so sincerely reformed, I have not yet seen in any other place beside.”

In Calvin and Beza, and his colleague Christopher Goodman, Knox found a thoroughly congenial society, and they found in him an earnest and devoted fellow-labourer. It would be interesting to contemplate their relation more narrowly, and to speculate on the influence, they may have exerted on one another. Especially it would be important as well as interesting to trace the connection between the two great reformers—to what extent the Scottish reformer may have been influenced by the Genevan, and a Calvinistic impress stamped upon him in the home of Calvinism. It cannot be said that we have any adequate means of reaching clear and definite conclusions an this subject. We have already seen that Knox’s Presbyterianism was in some degree at least of native growth. He did not need to go to Geneva to learn to doubt the divine authority of Episcopacy. A certain hostility to the episcopal office mingled itself with his very first views of reform, and so far from being moderated, seems rather to have been increased by his English experience. Probably, however, he had formed no definite and well-conceived plan of Church polity, as opposed to Episcopacy, before his residence in Geneva; and there is every reason to believe that the system he beheld in operation there with so much admiration, served to give consistency and plan to his own previously vague conceptions. As to the doctrinal influence of Calvinism upon him, we can appreciate this, perhaps, still less accurately. It met in

him a kindred soil—the same bent of religious thought, and especially that deep feeling of sin, out of which its most distinctive doctrines grew; and here too, therefore, we may suppose a certain clearness and coherence to have been given to his views. Yet Knox's mind was not characteristically doctrinal. Theological controversy could never absorb him as it did Calvin. Subtle as he may have once been as a scholastic teacher, dialectics was a play in which he had little delight, and his writings discover few traces of it. A healthy reality and honest sense, and living practical interest, are everywhere conspicuous, and banish out of view the mere controversialist and logician.

It is to be remembered, too, in estimating the relation between Knox and Calvin, that Knox was really the older man of the two (a fact somehow apt to be forgotten), and that he had at this time reached an age—upwards of fifty—when men are not easily moulded by influences that may be even akin to them.[218] We must certainly hold, therefore, that there is no sense in which Geneva can be said to have made Knox, although it found him of kindred material, and fashioned him more completely into its own likeness. Especially, we are inclined to think, it strengthened in him a certain sternness of moral spirit, and its own strong theocratic confidence, so that he went forth from it more fully equipped for the great work before him in Scotland. Calvin and Knox suggest not so much the relation of disciple and master as of brother disciples in the same school, with the same severe type of character, and many of the same religious tendencies; but the one more intellectual, the other more passionate—the one more consistent and powerful in argument, the other more intrepid and masterly in action—the one the greater mind, the other the larger heart.

Knox returned to Scotland in the beginning of May 1559. During his absence the Reformation had been making silent but sure progress. The war with England required the Queen-Regent to temporise with its leaders, and to allow a certain liberty of opinion and worship. A letter which Knox had addressed to the Protestant Lords in 1557, from Dieppe (whither he had proceeded so far with the intention of returning to his native country), had exercised a happy influence in uniting them more firmly, and inspiring them with a more courageous resolution in defence of the truth. At a meeting which they held in Edinburgh, in December 1557, they mutually bound themselves to uphold the common cause,[219] and at the same time renewed the invitation which they had formerly given to the reformer to return to his native country. It was in compliance with this invitation, which did not reach Geneva till the following year, that Knox now reappeared finally in Scotland. Nothing could be more opportune than his arrival. The course of events seemed prepared as if to give to it the greatest importance. A crisis was at hand; a leader was needed. It was the very turning-point in the balance of parties which had been swaying to and fro during the last four years, and Knox's strong hand was the only one which could have carried aloft the cause of reform, and give to it the triumph which, through all temporary reverses, it has ever since maintained.

The Queen-Regent, relieved from the political pressure which had induced her to temporise, had at length thrown off all disguise. United cordially with the Hamiltons, she appeared in her true colours as a determined opponent of the Reformation, and at this very moment had, with the well-dissembled craft of her race, laid her plans for its forcible overthrow. Certain preachers who, during the previous year, had become objects of marked hostility to the clergy, were summoned to take their trial at Stirling for usurping the ministerial office, and seducing the people by erroneous doctrines. A convention of the nobility and clergy was held in Edinburgh, where the very moderate demands of the Protestants were not only refused, but all the main abuses of the Popish system were confirmed, and an inquisition appointed to be made of all who absented themselves from mass, or were in any way privy to the new worship. It was

obvious that a struggle could no longer be delayed. Parties were taking their sides, and resolutely awaiting its outbreak. Knox congratulated himself that he had come at the 'very hour of need. "I see the battle shall be great," he wrote to his wife, who remained behind at Geneva, "but I am come, I thank my God, even in the brunt of the battle."

He resolved to appear at Stirling on the 10th of May, along with the reforming preachers. He hastened to Dundee, where the chiefs of the party were assembled in great numbers, Erskine of Dun at their head—a wise and moderate as well as intrepid counsellor in this great exigency. From Dundee the reformers proceeded to Perth, and instead of advancing directly to Stirling, paused here, apparently at the suggestion of Erskine, who went forward by himself to intimate to the Queen-Regent the peaceable intentions of the party, formidable as they might seem in numbers and combination. Alarmed at the prospect of such an invasion, she had recourse to her usual tactics of dissimulation, persuaded Erskine to write to his friends in Perth to check their advance, and promised to put a stop to the trial. On the day of trial, however, the accused ministers were summoned, and outlawed for not appearing, and all who should harbour them denounced as rebels. The national excitement, which had continued to gather force, was greatly strengthened by this flagrant act of perfidy; and an event which now occurred in Perth served to kindle it into a flame.

On the very day on which the news of the Regent's conduct came, Knox preached a sermon on the idolatry of the mass and of image-worship. At the close of the sermon, and while the people still lingered under the warm emotion of the preacher's words, an encounter took place between a boy and a priest, who, with a singular deadness to the signs around him, had uncovered a rich altar-piece, and was making preparations to celebrate mass. The boy threw a stone, which overturned and destroyed one of the images. The act operated like a spark laid to a train. The suppressed indignation of the multitude burst forth beyond all control: the consecrated imagery was broken in pieces; the holy recesses invaded; the pictures and ornaments torn from the walls and trampled in the dust; and, rising with the agitation, the spirit of disorder spread and the "rascal multitude," as Knox afterwards called them, having completed their work of destruction in the church, proceeded to the houses of the Grey and Black Friars, and the Charterhouse or Carthusian Monastery, and violently ransacked them and laid them in ruins.

This iconoclasm is a notable feature in the Scottish Reformation. Something of the same sort is to be found in Germany, and even in England; but in Scotland this destructive aspect of the Reformation was more general, prominent, and lawless than elsewhere,. and nothing connected with it has given rise to more invidious and severe animadversion. To our educated feelings and artistic sympathies, it can only appear as a very ugly and sad blot in a great cause. We mourn, and cannot but mourn, a mere violence of demolition, in which God was not served, while the fair work of man was dishonoured and destroyed. There is no friend of the Reformation called upon to defend such excesses, even on Knox's plea, that the "best way to keep the rooks from returning, was to pull down their nests;" for, on the one hand, we know that the rooks. will return even if you pull down their nests; and, on the other hand, it is a poor revenge against a living evil to attack its dead symbol. The spirit of the highest reform is everywhere the reverse of this. It attacks the corrupt life, or seeks to breathe health into it. It busies itself with essentials, and lets alone accidents. The forms will by-and-by adapt themselves to the altered and higher spirit. It was not merely a misfortune, therefore—it was a mistake, this iconoclasm of the Reformation. There is nothing to say for it on any general grounds of reason.

But the explanation of it, and so far the defence of it, as a historical adjunct of the Reformation, is its very irrationality. Who were to blame for such a state of irrational and violent feeling among the people? Surely not Knox. Even if it be allowed that he did not discountenance, but rather approved of, the iconoclastic excitement, this merely shows that he did not so far rise above the rude social spirit of his country. He can in no way be held responsible for the existence and outbreak of the spirit. In point of fact, the blame of this, if it lie anywhere save with the general barbarism of the people, must lie with the very system against which it was directed: It was this system which, after centuries of unlimited rule, had left the people so untrained in orderly instinct—so coarse and undisciplined in moral feeling. This was all that its elaborate training and service, its conventual education and beneficence, had come to. It had inspired the people so little with any spirit of order, or respect even to the usages of worship, that when for the first time they heard of a living God and Saviour, and a divine righteousness and truth in the world, they could do nothing but rise up against the churches and demolish them. If this be not one of the worst condemnations of the old Catholicism of Scotland, condemnation certainly ceases to have any meaning. It is hard, certainly, to blame the Reformation for an odious inheritance of social disorder transmitted to it by the corrupt system which it displaced. A system which not only left a people unblessed with truth, but failed even to animate them with any instincts of self-control, is twice condemned, and was well hurled from its' place of pride and power with an indignation not more than it merited, and a lawlessness which had grown up under its own shadow.

The same scenes which had occurred at Perth followed at Stirling, Lindores, Cupar, St Andrews, and elsewhere. Knox almost immediately repaired to St Andrews, rejoicing to verify his own prediction, that he would yet again glorify the name of God in that place. Here, in the very centre of the old ecclesiastical influence, and under the very eyes of Hamilton, the Reformation proceeded with an equal vehemence and completeness. The magistracy took the lead in it. The cathedral was devastated; the monasteries pulled down; and the reformed discipline began to be established.

In the meantime, and as the consequence of these movements, a civil war raged throughout the kingdom—the Regent on the one hand, assisted by French troops; and the Lords of the Congregation, as the heads of the Protestant party were called, on the other hand, backed by Elizabeth. The details of this conflict are beyond our scope. Knox not only joined in it, but was the great animating spirit of the reformed army—counselling its leaders, writing letters to Cecil, maintaining his dignity in the midst of entreaty, and, upon the whole, his fairness and uprightness in the midst of intrigue. Some unfortunate expressions indeed escaped him, in a letter to Sir James Croft, about the mode of sending English troops into Scotland, without incurring a breach of treaty with France; but the necessities of his position must excuse, if not altogether justify, any "political casuistry" to which he was driven. At length, after not a few reverses sustained by the Protestant party, the vigorous assistance rendered by Elizabeth, and the death of the Queen-Regent at the very time that the English troops had invested Edinburgh, led to a truce, and the summons of a Free Parliament to settle differences. All the triumph remained in the hands of the reformers. So soon as the withdrawal of the French troops, according to the conditions of the treaty, took place, the ecclesiastical interests which they had upheld fell prostrate. A tyranny, unnational in spirit and disreputable in character, collapsed before the free breath of the country, like an old and mouldy garment upon which the air has been let in. Scarcely anywhere else is there an instance of a national revolution at once so summary and complete; and instead of wondering that blood was shed while a corrupt system sought to maintain itself by foreign interference, the wonder really is, that so soon as this interference was withdrawn, so great a change should have taken place, upon the whole, so

peacefully and well.

The Reformation, which had now triumphed in Scotland, immediately sought to establish itself by a series of important acts. At the command of Parliament, which met in August (1560), "certain barons and ministers" drew up, in the course of four days, a Confession of Faith, which, having been submitted to Parliament, and "read every article by itself over again," was, with the exception of one or two dissentient voices,[220] universally accepted as a dogmatic basis of the Reformed Church. Three measures of a negative character were also forthwith passed,—one for the abolition of the power and jurisdiction of the Pope; a second, for the repeal of all former statutes in favour of the Roman Catholic Church; and a third, for the infliction of severe penalties, even to the extent of death, upon all who should either say mass or be present at its celebration. The intolerance of this last enactment may fill us with pain, but can scarcely surprise us. In the Scottish Reformation, still more than in the Lutheran or Genevan, the struggle was not between mere freedom on the one hand and ecclesiastical oppression on the other; but between two positive systems of religious opinion, equally dogmatic in their presumed possession of the truth. We have seen how, from the beginning, Knox had identified the mass with idolatry; and in now interdicting its celebration under such stringent penalties, he and others conceived themselves to be merely carrying out the denunciations of the Divine Word against idolatry. Any suspicions that these denunciations could be no fair weapons in their fallible hands, and in wholly dissimilar circumstances, never crossed them. The Bible was to Knox, as it was to Calvin, and perhaps even more strongly, a modern statute-book, of which he and his brethren were the authorised interpreters. They had no perception of the hopeless confusion and difficulty involved in such a notion. They had no idea of any religious dissent from their opinions. They knew (and this is their only justification) that the re-establishment of the mass would prove ruinous both to the political and religious welfare of their country; and so they denounced against it confiscation, banishment, and finally death.

These measures, conclusive as they were so far, by no means satisfied the ministers and more zealous reformers. It was not enough to destroy the old ecclesiastical fabric, and lay the dogmatic foundation of a new one; they desired, moreover, to define' and confirm the plan of the new Reformed Kirk. They urged upon Parliament, accordingly, the necessity of establishing a new rule of worship and discipline, and with this view prepared the well-known "Book of Policy," or "First Book of Discipline." The greedy barons of Scotland, however, were by no means disposed to relax their hold of the Church revenues to the extent which would have been necessary in carrying out some of the wise and enlightened provisions of this scheme of Church polity;[221] and notwithstanding, the urgency of the clergy, it never received the sanction of Parliament. The great designs of the reformer in the arrangement of Church offices, in the maintenance of discipline, and, above all, in the reform and re-endowment of the universities and the institution of parish schools, were termed in the "mockage" of such members of Parliament as young Maitland of Lethington,[222] "Devout imaginations." And so Knox was made to feel thus early the difficulties which from such men were soon to spring up around the progress of Protestantism in Scotland, and plunge him anew into contention. Disappointed in his hopes so far, however, he had the satisfaction of seeing the Book of Discipline approved of by the General Assembly,[223] and ratified by a considerable proportion of the members of the Privy Council.

We cannot pause to criticise at length the special features of the Scottish Reformation as exhibited in the Confession of Faith and Book of Discipline, whose origin has been now described. Doctrinally and ecclesiastically, it bears an analogy to the Genevan Reformation, although by no means a close and servile analogy. It presents, upon the whole, a milder type of

doctrine, of which every student may satisfy himself by the study of the different articles of the "Confession," as contained in Knox's History. The eighth article on Election is itself decisive upon this point. Not only is the rigour of the Calvinistic tenet modified, but it can scarcely be said to come into prominence. The language has a Biblical softness and simplicity, by no means recalling the stern, logical phraseology of Geneva. The sacramental doctrine, and the views as to the duties of the "civil magistrate," are more closely allied to those of Calvin;—there is the same strong assertion of the reality of a spiritual presence of Christ in the Eucharist, and the same confusion as to the relation of the political power to the purgation and chastisement of religious error.

In the system of Church government presented in the Book of Discipline, there is at least equal evidence of a free and independent spirit. Instead of the mere pastors, doctors, and elders of the Genevan polity, there are superintendents and pastors and readers, and then elders and deacons. The superintendents were certainly not bishops in the old and Catholic sense of the word. Knox, we have already seen, was hostile to the pretensions of the episcopal order from the beginning, and neither now nor at any time did he regard with the slightest feelings of complacency its institution in the Protestant Church of Scotland. Still, apart from such priestly usurpations as had become strongly identified with the episcopal office in his mind, he evidently recognised, in the appointment of superintendents, the right of a semi-episcopal function of supervision and arrangement throughout the Church. If no believer in the divine right of Episcopacy, he was no more a believer in the divine right of Presbyterian parity; but he, and those who acted with him, "thought it a thing most expedient at this time, that from the whole number of godly and learned men, now presently in this realme, should be selected ten or twelve (for in so many provinces we have divided the whole), to whom charge and commandment should be given to plant and erect kirks, to set order, and appoint ministers as the former order prescribes, to the countries that shall be appointed to their care where none are now."[224] Against the recognition of this semi-episcopal function in the early Reformed Kirk of Scotland, it is not of the least importance to urge, as Dr M'Crie has done, that it was a mere temporary expedient—for, in point of fact, the ground of Christian expediency is distinctly laid down in the twentieth article of the Confession of Faith, as the main guide of Church order and policy altogether. "In the Church, as in the house of God," it bears, "it becometh all things to be done decently and in order—not that we think that one policy and one order in ceremonies can be appointed for all ages, times, and places; for as ceremonies such as men have devised are but temporal, so may and ought they to be changed when they rather foster superstition than edify the Church using the same."

In the more special arrangements of public worship there is the same flexible and adaptive freedom within certain limits. Certain things are stated to be utterly necessary, "as that the Word be truly preached, the sacraments rightly administered, common prayers publickly made, that children and rude persons be instructed in the chief points of religion, and that offences be corrected and punished."[225] Without these things, "there is no face of a visible kirk." But as to further details of service, the singing of psalms, the reading of certain places of Scripture when there was no sermon "this day or that, or how many days in the week the kirk should assemble," there is no certain order laid down, except that "in every notable town it is required that one day beside Sunday be appointed to the sermon, which, during the time of sermon and prayer, must be kept free from all exercise of labour." Baptism was allowed to be ministered "wheresoever the Word was preached." The administration of the Lord's Supper was to take place four times in the year; the Scriptures were to be read in order; and both in public and private worship the "common prayers" were to be used.

It becomes a question what was meant by the expression “common prayers,” so frequently used in the Book of Discipline. Does it refer to the service-book of Edward VI., the Book of Common Prayer? This view has been vigorously defended, and is supported by the language used in the resolution of the heads of the Congregation in 1557, that “the common prayer be read weekly on Sunday, and on other festival days, in the churches, with the lessons of the Old and New Testament, conform to the order of the Book of Common Prayer.” According to this view, the English service-book is supposed to have been used by the Scottish Protestants during a period of seven years—viz., from 1557 to 1564, when it was superseded by the “Order of Geneva,”[226] or what is called John Knox’s Liturgy, which he had prepared for the use of the Church at Frankfort, and subsequently employed in his congregation in Geneva. In any case there can be doubt that the early Presbyterian service of Scotland, as in the case of every other Reformed Church, was in the main liturgical,—that certain “common prayers,” carefully prepared and stamped with the sanction of the reformers, were generally used throughout the Church. The idea of extemporaneous prayer as an appropriate vehicle of public devotion was one quite unknown to the Reformation. In the reformed Discipline which sprang from Geneva, a certain latitude was permitted to the minister; but in no Church of the Reformation was public religious service entirely liberated from authorised forms of devotional expression. Freedom carried to this extent was a growth of later Puritanism, already beginning to corrupt in its arbitrary excesses; and in Scotland the general tendency was hardened into a fierce and defiant negativism by the insane prelatical despotism of Laud and his associates.

(But we must how hasten onwards in our sketch. On the 19th of August 1561, Queen Mary arrived in Scotland. French in education and Popish in religion—accustomed to the refinements of a luxurious court, the polish of artificial manners, and the admiration and flatteries which her youthful beauty had everywhere excited—Mary certainly entered on a task of unusual difficulty when she assumed the reins of government in her native country. The sorrow that darkened her heart as she watched, from the vessel that conveyed her, the receding shores of her beloved France, was only too sure a presage of the perils and calamities of her new career. Scarcely had she settled in her palace at Holyrood when difficulties arose. Was she to be permitted to celebrate mass, against which the punishment of death had been denounced? “Shall that idol be suffered again to take place within this realm?"[227] The difficulty was not a new one. It had presented itself to Knox from the first; and when the invitation was sent her to return to Scotland, he had strongly urged upon her brother, the prior of St Andrews, that she should be required to discontinue the offensive rite. Neither the prior nor the rest of the council, however, entered into Knox’s views, anti he predicted that “her liberty would prove their thraldom.” On the Sunday after her arrival she gave orders for a solemn mass to be performed in the chapel of Holyrood. Some of the more violent of the Protestants threatened to interfere by force to prevent it; but the discretion of her brother in stationing himself at the entrance to the chapel door was successful in preserving peace. Knox discountenanced all violence; but in his sermon on the following Sunday he entered upon the subject, and vehemently inveighed against the evils of idolatry.

Mary was no doubt well informed of the influence of the bold reformer, and she sent for him to the palace, and held a long interview with him in the presence of her brother, “the Lord James.” His famous book, ‘The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women,’ which had no less provoked Elizabeth, was the first subject of her animadversion. It was a delicate topic, beyond doubt, for the reformer; but he defended himself with great skill and sense. “Please your Majesty,” said he, “learned men in all ages have had their judgments free, and most commonly disagreeing from the common judgments of the world. Such also have they published, both with pen and tongue; and yet, notwithstanding, they themselves have lived

in the common society with others, and have borne patiently with the errors and imperfections which they could not amend. . . . Even so, madam, am I content to do in uprightness of heart and with a testimony of a good conscience." He enforced this by a not very happy allusion to Paul's living under Nero, and then explained that his book was written especially "against that wicked Jezebel of England." "But ye speak of women in general," retorted the Queen. "Most true it is, madam," was his reply; "and yet it appeareth to me that wisdom should persuade your Grace never to raise trouble for that which to this day has not troubled your Majesty neither in person nor in authority." The topic was then changed to the more pressing one of the rights of subjects towards their princes in the matter of religion. Knox firmly expressed his well-known sentiments, and referred to the case of the Hebrews in Babylon and the early Christians under the Roman Emperors. The Queen could not deny the force of the representation; but she urged, "Yea, but none of these men raised the sword against their princes." "Yet, madam," said he, "ye cannot deny but that they resisted, for those that obey not the commandments given them do in some sort resist." "But yet," she replied, "they resisted not by the sword." "God had not given them the power," said the reformer. "Think you," asked Mary, "that subjects having the power may resist their princes?" "If princes exceed their bounds, madam," unhesitatingly answered the reformer, "no doubt they may be resisted even by power."

The whole of this interview, as well as the others that took place between Knox and Mary, are very interesting, and serve to bring into strong relief the characters of the two speakers. They clearly enough show Knox's suspicions of the Queen from the first, but they do not at all warrant the picture that has been sometimes drawn from them to the prejudice and disadvantage of the reformer. A beautiful and accomplished woman, and that woman a queen, confronted in her hereditary palace by a gloomy and frowning preacher, is an interesting and exciting picture of the imagination; but it is in reality nothing more. The mind that cannot see deeper below the surface than the mere grace and beauty and queenly majesty of Mary on the one side, and the rigour and uncourtly rudeness of Knox on the other, proves itself so little capable of historical penetration, that it must be allowed simply to please itself with its own delusions. The slightest glimpse below the' surface reveals to us in Mary and in Knox respectively the impersonation of two great principles then fighting for mastery not only in Scotland, but throughout Europe. Mary was not merely herself a Romanist by education, by sympathy, by that intense and unreasoning instinct with which a certain kind of nature always clings to traditionary beliefs and associations—she might have been all this, and been, if not a happy and beneficent, yet a tolerated governor of Scotland; and in such a view Knox's molestation of her for her own opinions, and the private observances of. her own religion, would have excited our indignation and pity. But Mary was far more than this, and no man knew it better than John Knox. She was the niece of the Guises, and the daughter-in-law of Catherine de Medicis; and she was. not only sympathetic with their aims, but. It is impossible to doubt she was privy to their most deeply laid schemes. She knew the great and crafty game they were then playing, and she was prepared, with profound skill and persevering energy, to aid it.[228]

It requires us, in order rightly to appreciate the position of either, thus to look below their immediate circumstances, and bring into view the principles they represented, and. especially the character of that great Catholic reaction which had now set in so strongly against the Reformation. There is nothing more certain, and few things more terrible in history, than this movement, in the deliberate villany with which it was planned, and the secret, powerful, and elaborate perfidy and cold-blooded massacre with which it was so far prosecuted. Its centre was in Paris, although its inspiration was from Rome; and Italian craft and subtlety in the Guises were its leaders. Scotland possessed a peculiar and unexampled interest to it, not only or chiefly from its old relations to France, but especially as a basis and means of operation against

England. The stock of Henry VIII. seemed likely to die out; Elizabeth alone, in her solitary majesty, stood between Mary. and the throne of England; and with Mary as sovereign head of England and Scotland, the triumph of Rome was again secure over all the West. Mary's position, then, was in reality the key to the whole movement,—the full combination, treachery, and strength of which Knox saw and Calvin saw, as but few men of their time did.[229] It is no great wonder, then, that the reformer was suspicious from the first, and that he tried to animate the milder Murray with a persuasion of the danger which he himself understood and felt. He knew that the only security of Scotland was in its complete exemption from papal influence, and that the mass, once re-established by the Court, would certainly prove an opening for the reascendancy of this influence. This was the secret of his strong protestations to Murray, and of his saying, in the clear knowledge of all that it meant, and towards which it pointed, that "one mass was more fearful to him than ten thousand armed enemies."

It must be observed that it is not here a question of toleration between man and man, or party and party, but a question of urgent national expediency. Scotland could then be only peaceably governed. as a Protestant country, and Mary of Guise had virtually admitted this as with her last breath. She deplored the fatal advice of her brothers which she had followed, and counselled the removal of the French troops from the kingdom. A free and lawful Parliament had since then established the new religion, and interdicted the old; and whatever may be the intolerance of this interdiction in our modern point of view—and neither this nor any intolerance is to be defended, however it may be explained—yet practically, so far as the head of the Government was concerned, it was impossible to set it aside, or even infringe or show disrespect to it, without utter confusion and disorder, as the events proved, and everything showed at the time to those who had any eyes to see. Apart from all ideas of modern constitutionalism, it was yet only possible to be a sovereign even in Mary's time, at the expense of some personal liberty, and as representing a predominant national feeling. War was the only alternative of the disturbance of the practical representative relations of sovereign and people. But Mary had no perception of this, and notwithstanding her pretences, showed no honest desire to govern the country in the spirit of its own will declared through Parliament, and set before her in the counsels of her brother. How could she, when her movements were secretly dictated from Paris, and her whole aim was to advance Catholicism through the subversion of the existing ecclesiastical order of the country? Had she been less crafty and more wise—had she recognised her position and accepted it with its restraints, and sought to rule according to them—Knox's interferences might have continued to annoy, but could not have imperilled her. No Stewart, however, was capable of this; and that Mary acted as she did, and embroiled the country in worse confusion than before her mother's death, simply proved that there was no possible, not to say no rightful, place for her at that time in Scotland. A "divine power to govern ill" had become even then intolerable to the Scottish people; and surely we are not to blame but to commend Knox and others, that they saw thus early through so false and miserable a fiction as the divine right of kings. In Mary's question and Knox's reply as to the mutual relations of power between subjects and princes, we see the essential contrast presented by the two, and the principles which they professed. "Power is mine," Mary meant: "God has given it to me, and I can use it as I will. It is divine simply according to my best judgment and opinion of its mode of exercise." "Not in the least," urged Knox; "first right and then might, national interest and then royal pleasure; and there is no other way of governing the world."

In all we have six interviews recorded by Knox himself as occurring between the Queen and him. And in all his own accounts of these interviews, or of Randolph the English ambassador's allusions, there is no evidence of incivility or rudeness on the part of the reformer. There is harshness in his tone afterwards, and in the way in which he speaks of her "owling," but—in so

far as his own speech and action in her presence are concerned—there appears a dignified courtesy in the manners of the reformer, and a sincere and respectful regard to her lawful authority.[230] The violence of debate and passion of speech are more on her side than on his, as she tried in vain to move his calm resoluteness. “But what have you to do with my marriage?” she angrily urged in their fifth interview, after he had preached a sermon reflecting on her proposed marriage, “or what are you in this commonwealth?” “A subject born within the same, madam,” calmly replied the reformer; “and albeit I be neither, earl, lord, nor baron in it, yet has God made me (how abject that ever I be in your eyes) a profitable member within the same.” If this be not courtesy combined with dignity under all the circumstances, we are at a loss to understand what the qualities mean.

It is not to be denied that Knox was stern and uncomplying, and to some extent unfeeling, in his dealings with the Queen. There was much that was really beautiful and interesting in Mary and her position that the reformer did not and could not comprehend. The gay festivities of her life, the grace of her exquisite manners, the charms of her queenly womanhood, and the social elegancies of her Court, were unintelligible to him. He could see nothing in the gay gear, the garnishing, targetting, and pearls of the Court ladies, as he stood in Mary’s ante-chamber, but the fleshly vanity destined to be consumed by “that knave death, that will come whether we will or not.” It was the same narrow spirit that kept him from pitying her fallen beauty and forlorn helplessness when her day of adversity came—when her fair name lay sullied in the dust, and her beauty was no more a power to steal men’s hearts away. Then, beyond doubt, his judgments were unpityingly severe. But to condemn him for this harsh sternness, and to forget all the genuine feeling and heartiness and patriotism of the man, is to be guilty at once of a crying injustice, and a weak, unhistorical judgment. Knox was not, indeed, a man in gay clothing, to be found in kings’ palaces, nor fitted for them; but he was a true man,—he saw the reality of life, although not all that reality. Mary saw something in it that he did not see; but she missed the living fact, which was clear and open to his honest vision. With her higher tastes, she was false,—false to herself and her position; with his narrower sympathies, he was faithful to his country, to his God, to his own dignity and self-respect.

So long as Mary committed herself to the advice of her brother, her affairs prospered upon the whole; and there is every reason to conjecture that if she had persevered in this course of conduct, she might have averted the disasters of her reign. But then such a course would have implied totally different views and intentions from those we have ascribed to her. It would have required her to break with her uncles and their schemes, and to lay aside, if not her religion, yet her blind devotion to its ascendancy. It would have required, in fact, a quite different spirit and character from what she really possessed. So long as it seemed to serve her purposes, she maintained her cordiality with her brother and the Protestant nobles; she could even condescend, as in her fourth interview with him at Kinross, to flatter Knox, and try to put to sleep his vigilance—an effort in which she was partially successful. To take the most favourable view of her motives and conduct during the first eighteen months of her reign, she may as yet have been somewhat unfixed as to her plans. Her claims to the crown of England, and the necessities of her position in Scotland, made it necessary for her to temporise; but there is no evidence that she had ever really made up her mind to accept her position in good faith—to sanction the establishment of the Protestant religion, and to govern in the spirit suggested by this legislation. On the contrary, the Parliament of 1563 conclusively showed that she desired to evade the ratification of all that had passed in 1560, and to leave things in the state of suspense that might ultimately form a pretext for the reversal of the whole religious policy of the country.

What took place at this Parliament fully opened the eyes of Knox, if they had ever been shut,

to the real meaning of the course of events. He saw at once "that nothing was meant but deceit"; and so strongly did he resent the temporising conduct of Murray and the Protestant nobles, that he had a hot altercation with him and "others of the Court," which estranged him from them for more than a year and a half.[231] Not only in private but in public he denounced what he considered their vacillation and weakness; and in the fervent excess of his mournful feeling, never was he more wildly eloquent than in the sermon which he preached before the dissolution of the Parliament, in presence of "the most part of the nobility."[232]

A circumstance which occurred in the summer of the same year brought the Queen and the reformer into open collision. She had gone to Stirling, and in her absence the Popish service had been performed at the palace with more openness and extravagance than before. A riot had ensued; and the Queen, expressing great indignation when she. heard what had occurred, refused to return to Edinburgh unless the chief rioters were punished. Two burgesses of Edinburgh were accordingly summoned to take their trial for "felony, hamesucken, and violent invasion of the Queen's palace." The "Brethren" consulted with Knox on the subject, and at their advice he addressed a circular letter to the chief Protestant noblemen and gentlemen throughout the country, giving information how the matter stood, and requiring their assistance. This was, beyond doubt, a bold step on the part of the reformer. Mary resented it as a treasonable interference with her prerogative, and prepared to make the most of it to his prejudice. He was indicted for the offence, and a meeting of council convened in Edinburgh for his trial. Every formality was given to the meeting. The Queen took her seat at the head of the council-table with no "little worldly pomp"; the reformer stood at the other end of the table, with his head uncovered; while Maitland conducted the prosecution. The Queen plainly thought that she had secured her tormentor, and could not conceal her satisfaction.[233] But whether it was that her undue eagerness to have him condemned excited the suspicions of the Lords; or that the distinctions urged by the reformer in his defence between "lawful" and "unlawful" convocations really impressed them;[234] or that the excitement of the "Brethren of the Kirk," who had followed Knox to the palace, and crowded the inner close and "all the stairs," was somewhat alarming; or probably all the three causes combined,—the council refused unanimously to condemn him. Lethington was enraged, and tried to overawe them by the presence of the Queen; but this only strengthened them in their resolution. "That night," concludes Knox, "was neither dancing nor fiddling in the Court; for Madam was disappointed of her purpose."

Notwithstanding this deliverance, Knox's alienation from Murray and many of his old friends continued. He had taken up an attitude of unyielding opposition the Queen, and in his sermons and prayers indulged freely in the expression of his feelings. They could not approve his conduct, and he would not abandon the freedom of preaching as he considered it. The consequence was that, during the next few years, he retired comparatively from the scene of affairs. Maitland, along with others, evidently aimed for some time to construct a Protestant party in connection with the Court—a party opposed to the extreme views of the ministers; and in the Assembly of 1564 he attended, and vigorously and ingeniously defended his course of policy. If we look at the matter with a merely speculative eye, it was no doubt an instinct of larger freedom that animated Maitland than that which governed Knox and the ministers; but scarcely any doubt can exist that the latter far more clearly appreciated the character of Mary, and discerned the real necessities of the times.

During the crowning series of events which followed Mary's marriage with Darnley (July 1565)—the revolt of the dissatisfied nobles, with Murray at their head—Mary's brief dream of happy wedlock; and then the rapid turns of the gloomy tragedy—the murder of Rizzio the murder

of Darnley (Feb. 1567)—the marriage of the Queen with Bothwell—her defeat at Carberry Hill and imprisonment at Lochleven Castle—our reformer nowhere appeared prominent. He had become reconciled to Murray on the eve of his revolt, the necessity for which he would feel to be a vindication of his conduct during the preceding years. He was no doubt privy to the schemes of the revolted nobles, and their negotiations with the English Court. Suspicions even attach to his name and Craig's in regard to the murder of Rizzio, which, it must be confessed, are not without foundation, countenanced as they are by his subsequent' absence from Edinburgh. Throughout this dreadful period, however, he was by no means an active or notable figure. Characters far more fierce and turbulent than him occupy the scene, and bring to a close the dark procession of events which terminated in Mary's flight to England and the establishment of a regency under Murray.

The two years that followed (Aug. 1567-Jan. 1570) were the happiest that the reformer knew in Scotland. Murray and he were perfectly reconciled, and their policy at one. The kingdom enjoyed comparative quietness, and the work of reform proceeded with regularity. At a Parliament held on the 18th of December 1567, the power and jurisdiction of the Pope were finally abolished; all the enactments of the reformed Parliament of 1560 were for the first time ratified, and an important Act added, to the effect that every future sovereign of the realm should swear to maintain the Protestant religion in its purity. Favourable, although still imperfect, arrangements were made as to the endowment of the clergy, and regulations passed as to their induction. The General Assembly followed up the work of the Parliament, and rectified divers social and ecclesiastical abuses which had been long subjects of complaint with the reformers. Knox felt for a time as if his work was accomplished, and the idea crossed him of returning to Geneva and ending his days in peace.

But dark and stormy days yet awaited the reformer. After somewhat more than two years' firm and peaceable possession of the government, Murray was assassinated. No event perhaps in all the reformer's life filled him with deeper and more painful sorrow. His heart was crushed by the suddenness of the blow, and he poured forth the anguish that he felt in a wild and pathetic prayer that has been preserved.[235]

Things returned to their old confusion under the regency of Lennox (who, too, was soon murdered), and then of Mar. Friends who had been dear to him—Kirkcaldy of Grange, and others—forsook the cause of the Reformation altogether, and sought to re-establish a Marian party in Edinburgh. He had the misfortune, also, to differ from his brethren in the Assembly about praying for the Queen. Maitland tried to improve this difference to his own advantage: dark charges were uttered against the reformer, as to his having wished to betray his country to the English; an attempt was even made to assassinate him, by firing a ball in at the window of the room where he usually sat. The heart of the old man, weakened as he was by paralysis, was deeply wounded. He felt bitterly the cowardice of the accusations made against him, and answered in the proud and noble words"—What I have been to my country albeit this unthankful age will not know, yet the age to come will be compelled to bear witness to the truth; and thus I cease, requiring all men that have anything to oppose against me, that they will do it so plainly as I make myself and all my doings so manifest to the world; for to me it seems a thing most unreasonable that in this, my decrepid age, I shall be compelled to fight against shadows and howlettes that dare not abide the light."

In May (5th) 1571 he left Edinburgh for St Andrews reluctantly, urged by his-friends to take some-means for his safety. James Melville was then a student in. St Leonard's College, and we are indebted to his gossipy pen for a very graphic and interesting account of Knox's appearance

and preaching. The picture—of the old man in the College Yards of St Leonard's calling the students about him, and blessing them; his weakness, needing the support of his servant on his way to preach; his vigour and warmth when once in the pulpit and kindled with his theme—is very striking and memorable. "He lodged down in the Abbey beside our college," says Melville, "and would some time come in and repose him in our college yard, and call us scholars unto him, and bless us, and exhort us to know God and His work in our country, and stand by the good cause. Our whole college was sound and zealous for the good cause; the other two colleges not so. . . . I heard him preach the prophecies of Daniel that summer and the winter following. I had my pen and my little book, and took away such things as I could comprehend. In the opening of the text he was moderate the space of half-an-hour; but when he entered to application, he made me so to grew and tremble that I could not hold a pen to write. . . . He was very weak. I saw him every day of his doctrine go hulie and fear [slowly and warily], with a furring of martriks about his neck, a staff in the one hand, and good godly Richard Ballanden, his servant, holding up the other oxter, from the Abbey to the parish kirk, and by the said Richard and another servant lifted up to the pulpit, where he behoved to lean at his first entry; but ere he has done with his sermon he was so active and vigorous that he was lyke to ding the pulpit in blads and.flie out of it."

Such is the living glimpse we get of the reformer in these last days. Weak and ill, his last energies were expended in the cause so dear to him. He flinched not then from the battle that he had waged so long; and yet at heart he was sick, and "wearie of the world." He subscribed himself to a book which he now published against a Scottish Jesuit of the name of Tyrie, "John Knox, the servant of Jesus Christ, now wearie of the world, and daily looking for the resolution of this my earthly tabernacle," and asked his brethren to pray for him, "that God would put an end to his long and painful battle; for now being unable to fight as God some time gave strength, I thirst an end."

In August 1572, he was enabled, by a truce between the contending parties, to return to Edinburgh. He was no longer able to preach in his old church, and the Tolbooth was fitted up for him. Here, in the course of September, he thundered his dying denunciations against the perpetrators of the massacre of St Bartholomew. This crowning stroke of the great reactionary party in France touched him to the quick, verifying all his predictions, and plunging him in the deepest sadness for his many martyred friends. He imprecated, with his last breath, the vengeance of Heaven upon the accursed murderers; and his cry, with that of others, went up before the throne with an "Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints."

In the second week of November he was seized with a severe cough, and his end visibly drew near. He arranged his affairs, paid his servants' wages, with twenty shillings over, as the last they would ever receive from him; and so set his house in order. There was no darkness in these last moments: although the sadness of the time touched him, his own spirit was cheerful, as the eternal day began to break, and the shadows to flee away. Two friends, not knowing of his illness, came to dine with him, and he insisted upon being present at table, and piercing for them a hogshead of wine which was in the cellar, and which might as well be drunk by his friends, now that he was going the way when he would no more need it. "He willed them to send for the same so long as it lasted, for that he would not tarry till it was drunken";—as beautiful a picture of generous friendliness and "cheery social" disposition, as one can anywhere contemplate. On the 17th, and some of the following days, he received his friends, his colleague, his brethren in the ministry, and among others the Earl of Morton, whom he charged to be faithful to God and the Evangel in the elevation to the regency which he saw was awaiting him. On the evening before his death he was tempted to think of himself and of what he had

done. But he repelled the temptation with the sentence, Quid habes, quod non accepisti? The next day, the 24th, he got up and partially dressed himself—put on his hose and doublet: but the effort was too much; weakness overcame him, and he was forced to lie down again. His wife and faithful servant sat beside him reading the Bible. He asked his wife to read the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, and said when it was finished, "Is not that a beautiful chapter? What sweet consolation the Lord hath given me!" Later he said, "Go, read where I first cast anchor"; and she read the 17th chapter of St John's Gospel. He fell into a trance at the time of evening prayer, and when the physician inquired if he had heard their prayers, he replied, "Would God that you and all men had heard them as I have heard them. I praise God for that heavenly sound." About eleven o'clock he gave a deep sigh, and said, "Now it is come." Then Richard Bannatyne, sitting down before him, said, "Now, sir, the time that you have long called for—to wit, an end of your battle—is come; and seeing all natural power now fails, remember the comfortable promise which ofttime ye have shown to us of our Saviour Christ: and that we may understand and know that ye hear us, make us some sign;" and so he lifted up his hand, and incontinent thereafter rendered up the spirit, and slept away without any pain.

A stern reality, a vivid and strong and somewhat harsh sense, lies at the basis of Knox's character. He saw life equally in its individual and national aspects as a great fact before God—a fact which could only be falsified or trifled away and abused in blasphemy of Him who gave it, and who would require an account of it. It was this feeling of the awful reality and responsibility of life as a divine trust and discipline which, growing up in that long time of quietness and obscurity from about his twentieth to his fortieth year, served more than anything else to kindle his undying zeal against the. Papacy of his country. Strong religious convictions no doubt animated him in his reforming career. It is impossible. to read the ac- count he himself has given of his early sermons in St Andrews, as well as his subsequent letters to his mother-in-law, and not see that the fresh and living study of Scripture had led him to very definite conclusions as to the unchristian character of Romanism, and the perversion of doctrinal truth that its teaching and practices presented. Still he did not, like Luther, primarily attack Romanism from a dogmatic point of view, nor perhaps were its doctrinal perversions ever the main' cause of his intense and growing hatred of it. It was rather its utter immorality and godlessness as a practical governing institution—its contradictions to the truth of life and the plainest instincts of duty at every point—that provoked his indignation and nerved his destructive energy. He felt that in his own time and country it had become a great embodied lie, dead in trespasses and sins, out of which no good could come, and that therefore it could only be trodden down and buried out of sight.

This was no doubt a stern view of life and of the world around him. It is a view with which we may have some difficulty in sympathising, as we look back upon it from the free and tolerant atmosphere of this nineteenth century. It covers an element of iconoclasm which could only justify itself in the face of the most obvious and unquestionable facts. But the facts are beyond question. The view was one sternly demanded by the necessities of Scotland in the sixteenth century. Nothing but its absolute truthfulness forced it upon Knox. Other men, of less power and penetration than he was—of a less open and piercing glance, searching not only the manifest but the hidden things of dishonesty amidst which he stood—might have been deceived by certain fair appearances in the aspects of Scottish Romanism; but no varnishings and no artifices could beguile him. No social pretensions, no conventional dignities, could impose upon him, or blind his strong, clear vision. He had learned plainly and boldly, as he himself says, to "call wickedness by its own terms, a fig a fig, and a spade a spade." The Roman hierarchy, therefore, was Antichrist, and the mass idolatry, simply because, in Scotland et least, they had in his time become absolutely unmoral. All divine good they had ever possessed had gone out

of them, and left only a noxious carcass—a mere tyranny in the one case, a mere falsehood in the other.

This spirit of severe reality animated him alike in his political as in his religious views. It gave a hardness, some will say a harshness, to his personal demeanour. No form of civil polity was anything to him, save in so far as it conserved the true dignity and earnest and pious uses of life. Mary was only Queen in so far as her government was good for the country. He recognised no divine right in her or any one to govern, save in so far as they were fit for it. The mere trappings of rule, its artificial splendours, its proud adornments, had no interest, and certainly no awe for him. He stood unmoved before them, and his stern simplicity remained imperturbable alike under the blandishments and the tears of royalty. As on one occasion he left the room where he had been holding interview with the Queen, and passed out with a "reasonable merry countenance," some of them whispered, "He is not afraid." "What! should the pleasing face of a gentlewoman affray me?" was his reply. "I have looked in the face of many angry men, and yet have not been afraid above measure." He did not know, indeed, what fear meant, and his heart leapt up at the sound of danger. Never were truer words than those of the Earl of Morton, as they laid him in the old churchyard of St Giles, "He never feared the face of man." Even Luther was not more courageous in the midst of actual conflict and in the boldness of consistent self-respect, and of undeviating adhesion to what he considered principle, Knox was the superior of Luther. Knox would never have written such letters as Luther did, both to the Pope and Henry VIII. and he never would have acted as the German reformer did in the affair of the Landgrave of Hesse. No consideration ever moved him to servility, and no power on earth would have extorted from him unchristian submission.

Out of this fundamental feature of strong truthfulness sprang alike his humour and his bitterness—different manifestations of the same spirit. That Knox possessed a thoroughly hearty humour, it is impossible for any one to doubt who has ever read his History. Its narrative is touched everywhere by a humorous presence, giving life and colour and movement to it—lighting up, in picturesque and vivid gleams, the very image of the times. It is not indeed a simple humour, whose expressions you can detach, and look at, and feel their laughing charm by themselves, as are the manifold utterances of Luther's rare and fertile power, or of Latimer's narrower sympathy. It is rather, as we have said, a presence—a way in general of looking at things and telling about them, which shows you the deep nature of the man, and how keenly all the real aspects of life, its comedy as well as its tragedy, its familiarities as well as its grandeurs, touched him. There is but little geniality, and scarcely any tenderness in it. It is grotesque and scornful rather than smiling and kindly—passing, by an easy transition, into frequent bursts of bitter, and what we would now call violent and abusive invective. Still, even the bitterness is hearty, and not cold and merely mocking. It springs from the same full fountain of sympathy with all that is real in life; and where he scorns, and is wild with a kind of savage glee, it is in the main only against things that really deserved scorn, and were dead to all milder or more tolerant treatment. His soul was wearied with falsehoods; and if the sacred association was not spared in the fierce denunciation, it was simply because it had lost utterly for him all truth or beauty of holiness. Mr Carlyle's version of his throwing an image of the Virgin into the Loire exactly illustrates this. "Mother! Mother of God, did you say? This is no mother of God, but a painted bredd—a piece of wood, I tell you, with paint on it;" and suiting the action to the language, he dashed the consecrated symbol into the water.

It must at once be admitted that there are aspects of life beautiful and really good that had little or no interest for Knox. The sweetness and grace and cultured refinement and charm of social politeness, that so mingle in our modern existence, and. which, from the polished capital

where she had spent her youth, Mary sought to transplant into the harsher clime of her native land—those festive exuberances and "unconfined joys" and decorated gaieties, that, amid all their frivolity, speak of a right-hearted human gladness—and of which Mary, in her mere womanly perfections, may be said to remain the ideal and type—were unfelt and unacknowledged by him. Mere beauty in nature or in life had few attractions for him. Calvin is scarcely more insensible to such attractions, although Knox has a wider sympathy with the varied interests of humanity, and a far deeper and more appreciative feeling. There is a comparatively keen though rugged sensibility in the heart of the Scottish reformer, as passages in his sermons, and many facts of his life, show; and if he could be stern and even cruel as Calvin, he is yet never so cold and self-sustained in his polemical rigour. His harshness and narrowness were as much the misfortune of his time as his fault as a man; and while they cast a shade into his portrait, they yet ought not to destroy the noble and impressive lines that mark it.

His eloquence partook of the same stern, powerful, and scornful character: it must have been a grand thing to hear in those days, when great national interests hung upon his single utterances. His preaching, the English ambassador said, "put more life into him than six hundred trumpets,"—a headlong, vehement, swelling energy, ringing like a slogan cry, bursting in explosive shouts, and moving with passionate convictions thousands of hearts. A single brief passage from his famous sermon before the dissolution of the Parliament of 1563, when the arts of Mary were so successful in deluding the Protestant nobles, may give some idea of it. He is appealing to old associations, and his close union with the nobles in past times when he had shared their risks and dangers; and his wounded feelings swell into an impassioned sublimity, in which there mingles a wild yet softening touch of pathos. "I have been with you," he says, "in your most desperate temptations in your most extreme dangers I have been with you. St Johnstone, Cupar Moor, and the Crags of Edinburgh are yet recent in my heart—yea, and that dark and dolorous night, wherein all ye, my lords, with shame and fear, left this town, is yet in my mind, and God forbid that I ever forget it. What was, I say, my exhortation to you, and what has fallen in vain of all that ever God promised unto you by my mouth, ye yourselves live to testify. . . . Shall this be the thankfulness that ye shall render unto God, to betray His cause, when ye have it in your hands to establish it?" There is something of the same pathetic sublimity in his prayer after the assassination of the Regent Murray.

Altogether, if we estimate him, as we are bound to do, in his historical position and circumstances, Knox appears a very great and heroic man—no violent demagogue, or mere stern dogmatist—although violence and sternness and dogmatism were all parts of his character. These coarser elements mingled with but did not obscure the fresh, living, and keenly sympathetic humanity beneath. Inferior to Luther in tenderness and breadth and lovableness, he is greatly superior to Calvin in the same qualities. You feel that he had a strong and loving heart under all his harshness, and that you can get near to it, and could have spent a cheery social evening with him in his house at the head of the Canongate, over. that good old wine that he had stored in his cellar, and which he was glad and proud to dispense to his friends. It might not have been a very pleasant thing to differ with him eyen in such circumstances; but, upon the whole, it would have been a pleasanter and safer audacity than to have disputed some favourite tenet with Calvin. There was in Knox far more of human feeling and of shrewd worldly sense, always tolerant of differences; and you could have fallen back upon these, and felt yourself comparatively safe in the utterance of some daring sentiment. And in this point of view it deserves to be noticed that Knox alone of the reformers, along with Luther, is free from all stain of violent persecution. Intolerant he was towards the mass, towards Mary, and towards the old Catholic clergy; yet he was no persecutor. He was never cruel in act, cruel as his language sometimes is, and severe as were some of his judgments. Modern

enlightenment and scientific indifference we have no right to look for in him. His superstitions about the weather and witches were common to him with all men of his time. Nature was not to these men an elevated and beneficent idea, but a capricious manifestation of arbitrary supernatural forces. This was part of the intellectual furniture of the time, of which they could no more get rid than they could get rid of their social dress or usages. And Knox was here, as in other things, only a man of his time.

As a thinker, save, perhaps, on political subjects, he takes no rank; and his political views, wise and enlightened as they were, seem rather the growth of his manly instinctive sense than reasoned from any fundamental principles. Earnest, intense, and powerful in every practical direction, he was not in the least characteristically reflective or speculative. Everywhere the hero, he is nowhere the philosopher or sage. He was, in short, a man for his work and time—knowing what was good for his country there and then, when the old Catholic bonds had rotted to the very core. A man of God, yet with sinful weaknesses like us all. There is something in him we can no longer love,—a harshness and severity by no means beautiful or attractive; but there is little in him that we cannot in the retrospect heartily respect, and even admiringly cherish.

Of his special work we have already so far spoken. It was truly a great and noble work, though with harsh features in it, like the man himself. It was the result of no mere party motives, but the expression of a revived Christian interest, and of a new and healthy national feeling. Nowhere does the spiritual principle appear more prominently as the spring of the Reformation than in Scotland. The reawakened idea of individual relation and responsibility to God, and of the only possible realisation of both in Christ, is everywhere the living impulse, originating and carrying forward the movement. But there is also more than this. Alongside of the spiritual influence, and bound up with it in a very notable, expressive, and more complete form than elsewhere, is the principle of Nationalism. The Scottish Reformation was not merely a spiritual insurrection; it was a national revolution—the expression of a new social life, which now in the sixteenth century had become the most educated and intelligent in the country. The two influences, civil and religious, intersected and moulded one another in a marked degree, though in what degree exactly it is difficult to say. In no other way can we explain the radical change that then passed upon the face of Scotland, than by the fact that new social forces, which had been for some time working in the country, came now to the surface, and stamped themselves definitely upon its expanding civilisation. Knox was at once the preacher of a free Gospel, and the representative of this broader and freer nationality. And correspondently with this character, the movement which he headed, and which practically he carried forward to triumph, assumed from the beginning a marked political aspect, and sought to guarantee itself in new modes of political as well as spiritual action. The General Assembly of the Church was in reality a Commons' House of Parliament, discussing the most varied interests of the country, and giving effect to the popular, or at least the middle-class feeling, on all the urgent questions of the day. It was the substantial national power which the Assemblies thus enjoyed which made them so prized on the one hand, and so feared and hated on the other. The clergy, and barons united with them, felt that with the right of free assembly they were powerful against any combination of their enemies. The sovereign and great nobles knew that in the face of these Assemblies they could never hold the country by the old feudal bonds of government. It was a life-and-death contention on either side; and Scottish Presbytery became thus, in the very circumstances of its origin, and still more in the progress of its history, intensely political, and could not help becoming so.

A Calvinistic creed and a Presbyterian ritual were the shapes into which the Scottish Reformation, not at once, but very soon, and from the growing necessities of its position,

hardened itself. At first, we have seen, it did not bear any strong impress of Calvinism; the affinity was apparent, but the likeness was far from rigorous; and had it been left to its own free national development, undisturbed by royal despotism and ecclesiastical arbitrariness, it might have matured, both doctrinally and ritually, into a form comparatively expansive and catholic. It might have gradually penetrated the old historical families of the kingdom which had hitherto stood aloof from it, and moulded the nation,—people, barons, and nobles,—into religious unity. This, however, was not to be its fate. It was not destined to a quiet career of diffusion and growth, but to a career of tragic storm and struggle, in the course of which, while it kept its own with a brave tenacity and a grand heroism, which shed an undying glory amid the stormy gloom of its eventful history, it yet never fused itself more deeply than at first into the outlying sections of the national life. The original oppositions, after the lapse of a hundred and twenty years, reappear at the Revolution only more intensified and defined than ever; and to this day they remain uneffaced, and probably uneffaceable. Scotland presents, in this respect, a singular and original spectacle. While Presbyterianism, in its scarcely differing shades, keeps a vigorous and immovable hold of the heart of the nation, there are yet traces of genuine sentiment in the country transmitted by clear lines of descent from the sixteenth century, that not merely lie outside of it, but show no inclination to mingle with the main current of the national religious feeling.

In the course of the opposition which it encountered, Calvinism, in its most rigorous form, naturally became the dogmatic stronghold of the Scottish Reformation. Clearness, definiteness, and a bold and ready audacity of doctrinal opinion, became necessary elements of strength as the struggle went on; and when the Protestant influence in Scotland allied itself with English Puritanism, and, in fact, became one of the most prominent phases of the great Puritanic movement, it took up, of course, the doctrinal as well as the anti-ritual peculiarities of this movement, and the "Confession of Faith" and "Directory of Public Worship" are the remarkable monuments of this second stage of its history. Beyond doubt, also, the more rigorous Calvinism of the Confession was a natural expression of the Scottish mind applied to religious subjects, sharing, as this mind strongly does, with the French, in that "logical directness" which delights in constructive systems, and in the exhibition of coherency and theoretical order, rising from some single principle, rather than in an adaptive earnestness and manifoldness of opinion. It is nevertheless strange, considering the marked nationality of the religion of Scotland, that it is an English and not a Scottish document that remains the historical expression of the National Faith.

The Calvinism of Scotland seems at first sight to have enjoyed a more consistent and vigorous life than that either of Geneva or of Holland; but a nearer inspection proves that the difference is more apparent than real. Scottish Theology has, in truth, undergone a series of singular modifications during the last two hundred years, from the polemical hardness and spiritual sentimentalisms of Rutherfurd—the devotional and apologetic mildness of Halyburton—the fervid but untempered earnestness of Boston—the polite moralisms of Blair—and the conciliatory doctrinism of Hill and Campbell—to the genial but inconsistent theories of Chalmers. And of all these modifications none is more singular, and certainly none less understood, than that which sprang from the admission of Jonathan Edwards's doctrine of philosophical necessity as constituting a renewed basis and point of defence for Calvinism. A meagre rationalism, under the name of moderatism, had in the last century eaten away the heart of the old Calvinistic religious when the cold breath of this new doctrine came as a bracing restorative to the logical mind of Scotland, and it was eagerly seized upon and embraced as a supposed mediatrix between philosophy and faith. It had an intrinsic charm to such a mind as Chalmers's, and more than anything seemed to strengthen him in the old dogmatic pathways; but a union so

unnatural could not even be blessed by his strong genius, and this theological necessitarianism is already giving place before the progress of a more spiritual philosophy.

Whether the Scottish mind is likely at length to free itself from its intense logical tendencies, and to expand into a broader, more learned, and more genial and comprehensive theological literature, it is somewhat difficult to say. Undoubtedly the higher intelligence of the country has shaken itself largely free from the old dogmatic bonds. A disintegrating process is at work in the forms of both its religious thought and life; and many, where their fathers found living wells, find only empty cisterns. The danger of this temper is, that it may become impatient and destructive, rather than inquiring and freely conservative, and thus, as in last century, that dogmatism may pass into rationalism, and spiritual earnestness into indifference. The best, indeed the only, safeguard against this is the growth of a critical and historical spirit, which, while looking back with reverence to the past, and appreciating all that is good and holy and great in it, is not yet absolutely wedded to it as a formula beyond which, or apart from which, there can be no life. There is some hopeful evidence of the rise of such a spirit spreading from the richer soil of the English theological mind, and quickened by the fertile seeds from Continental scholarship and thought. It were well that this spirit should ripen free from German arbitrariness or audacious self-confidence of any kind.

Perhaps the living study of such men as these pages have feebly endeavoured to sketch may be helpful in this direction—men whose example of Christian energy, and patriotism, and piety, is so much greater than their mere dogmatisms. The world may outlive the latter—nay, in so far as they were merely personal or intellectual, it has already outlived them; but the former are. the needful salt of its ever-freshening life. We have entered into the labours of these men, and fruits have sprung from them. in some respects of a richer and more enduring strength than they themselves dreamed of. Ours is the inheritance; theirs was the labour. While we rejoice in our higher heritage, let us not forget those who first broke the bonds of spiritual tyranny. Thought must advance, and none need try to check it. But while we move forward, let us revere the Past; and as we enter within the gates of a New era, let us look back with admiration, and, so far as we can, with love, if not with regret, to the great figures that stand at the illuminated portals of the Old.

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192 In his History. Whatever undue severity there may be here and there in Knox's descriptions, there is no reason to doubt their general accuracy. The immoralities of such men as the Beatons, and the clerical caste in Scotland of which they stood at the head, are unhappily as well established as any such facts can be.

193 History, Book I.

194 Keith's Scottish Bishops, pp. 21-24.

195 He was the son of Sir Patrick Hamilton of Kincavel, an illegitimate son of the first Lord Hamilton, and of Catherine Stewart, (illegitimate?) daughter of Alexander Duke of Albany, second son of King James II. On the mother's side the illegitimacy merely followed an act of ecclesiastical divorce. His father perished in the conflict between the Hamiltons and Douglases, known as Cleanse the Causeway, which took place in Edinburgh in 1520.

196 Lorimer's Patrick Hamilton, &c. Edinb., 1857.

197 History, Book I.

198 So much is admitted by all. As to whether the epithet, "Giffordiensis," applied to him by Beza in his Icones of 1580, is to be explained by reference to a village or lands in the neighbourhood of Haddington bearing the name of Gifford, or by reference to Giffordgate, a suburb of Haddington, is a question which has been much disputed.

199 M'Crie's Life of Knox, p. 2.

200 M'Crie's Life of Knox.

201 Knox, Book I.; Pitscottie, p. 164. The numbers vary; Knox speaks of "a hundred land men, besides others of meaner degree"; Pitscottie says "seventeen score."

202 Knox says 1544.

203 History, Book I.

204 History, Book I.

205 History, Book I.

206 History, Book I.

[207] Book I.
[208] There is no doubt that the Duke of Northumberland urged his appointment to the bishopric of Rochester. In a letter of his to Secretary Cecil, preserved in the Records, he says, "I would to God it might please the King's Majesty to appoint Mr Knox to the office of Rochester bishopric, which for three purposes would be very well." The "purposes" are remarkable, and well deserve to be quoted as illustrative of the reformer's character and position: "First, He would not only be a whetstone to quicken and sharp the Bishop of Canterbury, whereof he hath need, but also he would be a great confounder of the Anabaptists lately sprung up in Kent. Secondly, He should not continue his ministrations contrary to those set forth here. Thirdly, The family of the Scots now in Berwick and in Newcastle, chiefly for his fellowship, would not continue there."
[209] History, Book IV. In an interview which he held with the Queen in 1561. He says on the same occasion, "In Berwick I abode two years, so long in Newcastle, and a year in London."
[210] Vol. iii.
[211] Works, vol. iii. p. 378, Laing's Edition.
[212] Dr Laing seems to think (Knox's Works, vol. p. 334) that the marriage did not take place till the summer of 1555, when Knox visited Scotland. The point must remain doubtful. It is a singular enough fact that both Knox's sons by this his first marriage went to England, were educated at Cambridge, and entered the English Church. They both died comparatively young, without issue.

Knox married as his second wife Margaret Stewart, daughter of Lord Ochiltree, so that both his wives were of superior rank; and indeed the superiority of rank in the latter case gave rise to the most ridiculous rumours (see Nicol Burne's "Disputation," quoted by M'Crie in his Appendix, and Chambers in his Domestic Annals of Scotland). This second marriage took place in 1564, when the reformer was in his fifty-eighth year; and Mrs Welch (whose heroic answer to King James is well known) and two other daughters were the fruit of this marriage.
[213] Dr M'Crie considers him to have made an additional journey to Switzerland, and to have returned to Dieppe, for the second time, in July (1554); but Dr Laing has shown (Works of Knox, vol. iii. p. 253) that there is no adequate ground for this second journey during the same summer to Switzerland.
[214] In his well-known letter addressed to Knox and Whittingham, January 1555.
[215] Jewel was also of the party, and Lever, Bale, and Turner.
[216] See the evidence of this in Original Letters relative to the English Reformation, vol. p. 672, quoted by Dr Laing, Knox's Works, vol. iii.
[217] History, Book I.
[218] Knox's famous 'First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women' serves clearly to prove the intellectual independence of the Scottish reformer—under the very shadow of Calvin. It was published anonymously at Geneva, in the beginning of the year 1558; and, according to Calvin's own statement (Zurich Letters, second series, p. 35), he knew nothing of it at the time, nor "for a whole year afterwards." He adds, "When I was informed by certain parties, I sufficiently showed my displeasure that such paradoxes should be published." The whole tone as well as argument of this remarkable book was evidently displeasing to Calvin; and when he found that its publication at Geneva interfered with the reception of his own works by the Queen of England, he did not hesitate, in allusion to it, to speak of the "thoughtless arrogance of one individual." Calvin himself could be sufficiently vehement in argument, but he had no toleration for such unreasoning and impolitic vehemence as that of Knox. The 'First Blast,' &c., is often a mere passionate tirade, obscuring all sense and reason. Its publication was beyond doubt a blunder, the inconvenience of which Knox felt repeatedly in the course of his after career. "My first blast," he himself said, "has blown all my friends in England from me."
[219] The beginning of those covenants which make, for more than a century, such a marked feature in the history of Scottish Protestantism.
[220] History, Book III. Knox's statement is, "Of the temporal estate, only voted in the contrary the Earl of Atholl, the Lords Somerville and Borthwick; and yet for their dissenting they produced no better reason but we will beleve as our fathers beleved. The bishops (papistical we mean) spake nothing."
[221] "Some were licentious," says Knox, "some had greedily gripped to the possessions of the Kirk, and others thought they would not lack their part of Christ's coat."
[222] When Knox first proposed his schemes of Church reform, Maitland is reported to have said, "Heh, then, we must forget ourselves now; we mun a' bear the barrow, and build the house of God."
[223] The five ministers besides himself engaged in the composition of the Book of Discipline are said by Knox to have been John Winram, John Spottiswoode, John Willock, John Douglas, and John Row. It is supposed to have been first approved by the General Assembly which met 5th January 1561.
[224] First Book of Discipline, chap. vi. I.
[225] First Book of Discipline, chap. xi.
[226] It seems beyond question that the 'Book of Common Prayer' referred to by the heads of the Congregation was the 'Service of the Church of England according to King Edward's book.' A letter from Cecil to Throgmorton (July 1559) plainly states this.—(Forbes's State Papers, i. 155, quoted by Dr M'Crie in the notes to his Life of Knox, p. 425.) This does not, however, settle the question whether the 'Common Prayers' of the Book of Discipline referred to the same 'Service.' It is certain that the 'Book of Common Order' is called the 'Order of Geneva' and the 'Book of our Common Order' by the compilers of the Book of Discipline (chaps. vii. and xi.); and that the 'Order of Geneva' is expressly stated to be "used in some of our churches" (chap. ii.) This strongly suggests the identity of the 'Common Prayers' with the 'Genevan Order'; and the evidence appears to me clearly to incline to this conclusion.
[227] Knox, History, Book IV.

[228] Mary's letters leave no doubt of this.—LABANOFF, vol. i. pp. 200, 282. Her signature of the treaty of Bayonne (1566), for the extirpation of the Protestant religion, was merely a formal step in a course in which she had been long engaged.
[229] Knox "had then great intelligence both with the Kirk and some of the court of France."—History, Book IV.
[230] It is clear, however, that Randolph interpreted her weeping in the same way as Knox: "Knox hath spoken to the Queen, and he made her weep, as well you know there be of that sex that will do that for anger or for grief."
[231] "In all that time, the Earl of Murray was so formed to John Knox that neither by word nor writing was there any communication between them."—KNOX'S History, Book IV.
[232] This Parliament of 1563 was evidently a sore subject with Knox at the time and afterwards. It opened his eyes completely, not only to the real designs of the Queen, but also to the very selfish aims of many of the nobles and professed friends of the Reformation. He speaks very bitterly of what he considered their weak enthusiasm, and devotion to Mary. "There might have been heard vox Diana, the voice of a goddess, and not of a woman: God save that sweet face!" "Such stinking pride of women as was teen at that Parliament, was never seen before in Scotland."—History, Book IV.
[233] "Her pomp," says Knox himself, "lacked one principal point, to wit, womanlie gravity for when she saw John Knox at the other end of the table, she first smiled, and after gave ane gawf lauchter. 'Yon man gart me greit,' she said, 'and grat never teir himself: I will see gif I can gar him greit.'"—History, Book IV.
[234] Knox implies that they were all influenced by his "plain and sensible answers."
[235] "O Lord, in what misery and confusion found he this realm! To what rest and quietness now by his labours suddenly he brought the same, all the estates, but especially the poor commons, can witness. Thy image, O Lord, did so clearly shine in that personage, that the devil and the people to whom he is prince could not abide it; and so to punish our sins and our ingratitude (who did not so rightly esteem so precious a gift), Thou hast permitted him to fall, to our great grief, in the hands of cruel and traitorous murderers. He is at rest, O Lord; we are left in extreme misery!"

INDEX.

ABELARD, 5, 29.
Agricola, Rudolf, 45.
Airth, William, friar, 360.
Albigensian movement, 8, 11.
Alexander, opponent of Luther, 80.
Alexander III., Pope, 10.
Alexis, companion of Luther, 56.
Amboise, conspiracy of, 232.
Amsdorf, 89, 96, 111, 158.
Anabaptists, 188.
Anglo-Catholics, 320, 327.
Anselm, 29.
Aquinas, 29.
Arnold of Brescia, 5, 6, 13.
Arran, Earl of, 369.
—, Dean John, opponent of Knox, 377.
Augsburg, Confession of, 126, 171.
Augustine, St, 172, 255.

BAINHAM, Martyr, 309.
Bartholomew,. Friar, 67.
Basle, 178, 188, 196.
Baume, Peter de la, 192.
Bayfield, Martyr, 309.
Beaton, Cardinal, 369.
Becon, 397.
Beghards, 14.
Beranger of Tours, 6.
Beza, Theodore, 182, 232, 233.
Bilney, Thomas, 285.
Blast, &c., First, Knox's, 393.
Bohemian Brethren, 37.
Bohemians, 28, 30.
Bolsec, 209, 213.
Boniface VIII., 3.
Bonner, Bishop, 327.
Borgia, Roderick (Alexander VI.), 89, 251.
Bothwell, Earl of, 421.
Bowes, family of, 381.
Bucer, 196, 198, 239.
Buckenbam, Friar, 304.
Bugenhagen, 97, 158.
Bures, Idelette de, 199.
Butts, Dr, 308.

CAJETAN, Thomas de Vio, Cardinal and Papal legate, 53, 72.
Calixtines, sect of the Hussites, 37.

Calvin, 177, passim, to 272.
—, Gerard, 181.
Camerarius, 111, 112.
Carlstadt, 91, 98, 100.
Caroli, 197, 209, 246.
Castellio, Sebastian, 210, 235.
Causis, Michael de, 32, 35.
Cellites, 13.
Charles III. of Savoy, 192.
Charles V., Emperor, 80.
Claude of Turin, 2, 3.
Cobham, Lord (Sir John Oldcastle), 27.
Cochlæus, John, 86.
Colet, Dean of St Paul's, 283.
Coligny, Admiral, 232.
Common Life, Brethren of the, 42.
Company, the Venerable, 204.
Condé, Prince of, 232.
Confession of Faith, 401.
Congregation, Lords of the, 400.
Conrad of Waldhausen, 27.
Cop, Nicolas, 186.
Cordier, Mathurin, 182.
Cossa, Baldassare, 89.
Council, of Sixty, of Two Hundred, 193.
Courtenay, Bishop, 21, 24.
Cox, Dr, 387.
Cranach, Lucas, 88, 137, 158.
Cranmer, Thomas, Archbishop, 289, 314.
Cromwell, Thomas, 308, 315.

D'Ailly, Peter, Cardinal and Chancellor of the University of Paris, 31, 35.
Darnley, marriage with Queen of Scotland, 421.
Delaber, 288.
Dieppe, 384.
Discipline, First Book of, 403.
Dominic, St, 12.

Eck, Dr John, 71, 77, 79, 86, 134.
Eckhart, John, 41.
Edward VI., 328, 330.
Eidgenossen, patriot party in Geneva, 192.
Eisenach, 52.
Eisleben, 53, 151, 152.
Emser, Jerome, 79, 164.
Erasmus, 45, 105, 107, 110.
Erfurt, 55, 57, 83, 164.
Eric, Duke, 87.
Erskine, John, of Dun, 389, 396.

FAREL, William, 179, 186.
Favre, family, 208, 221.
Forrest, Friar, 324
Foxe, John, 330, passim.
Francis I., 186, 246.
Frankfort troubles, 386.
Fraticelli, 13.
Frederick of Saxony, 61, 69.
Free Spirit, Brethren of the, 42.
Frith, John, 285, 286.

GARDINER, Bishop, 827.
Garret, 288.
Gaunt, Duke of, 20, 21.
Geneva, 191, 195, 202, 224.
Gerson, John, 31, 35.
Grace, pilgrimage of, 327.
Gregory VII. (Hildebrand), 3.
Grocyn, 281.
Groot, Gerhard, 42.
Grostête, Robert, 13.
Gruet, Libertine leader, 222.
Guise, Mary of, Queen Regent of Scotland, 389, 395.

HAMILTON, Archbishop, 377.
—Patrick, 365.
Henry of Cluny, 7.
Henry VIII., 282, 307, 319, 327.
Heshusius, opponent of Calvin, 215, 219.
Hochstraten, Inquisitor of Cologne, 46, 70.
Hooper, Bishop, 341.
Hubberdin, opponent of Latimer, 312.
Humanism, 163, 167.
Humanists, 70, 162.
Huss, John, 28, passim, 164.
Hutten, Ulrick von, 40, 81, 162.

INDULGENCES, system of, 39, 65, 67.
Innocent III., 3, 11, 13, 17.
Institutes of Calvin, 189, 204; 246.
Institution of a Christian Man, 324.

JAMES V. of Scotland, 358.
Jerome of Prague, 30, 36.
Jonas, Justus, 97, 143, 158.
Jüterbock, 67.

KEMPIS, Thomas à, 43.
Kirkcaldy of Grange, 425.
Knox, John, 357, passim.

Knyghton, English chronicler, 26.

LATIMER, 276, passim, 378.
Lefevre, 178, 187.
Leo X., 71.
Libertines, sect opposed to Calvin, 195, 200, 209, 224.
Lollardism, 26, 277.
Lollards of Kyle, 366.
Luther, 51-173.
Lyons, poor men of, 5, 10.

MAITLAND of Lethington, 403, 423.
Major, John, 368.
Mamelukes, party in Geneva, 192.
Mar, Regent, 423.
Marian party, 423.
Mary, Queen of England, 330, 384.
—, Queen of Scots, 408, passim.
Matthias of Janow, 27.
Melanchthon, 97, 125, 131, 137, 139, 148, 179, 209, 240.
Melville, James, 424.
Mendicant orders, 12, 14.
Militz, preacher in Prague, 72.
Miltitz, Papal legate, 74.
Mommor family, 182.
Montfort, Simon de, 12.
More, Sir Thomas, 281.
Mountjoy, Lord, 281.
Murray, Earl of, 409, 417, 421, 422.

NAVARRE, Queen of, 187.
Niddrie, Laird of, 372.
Nominalism, 29.
Noyon, Calvin's birthplace, 181.

OCCAM, William of, 13.
Oldcastle, Sir John, 27.
Ormiston, 371.

PERRIN, Amy, 209, 220, 224.
Peter of Brueys, 7.
Petrobrusians, 7.
Pighius, opponent of Calvin, 209.
Prayers, Common, of First Book of Discipline, 406, 407.
Prierias, Sylvester, opponent of Luther, 70.
Pupper, John, theologian of fifteenth century, 43.
Puritanism, 98, 274, 408, 438.

RANFURLY, Knoxes of, 367.
Realism, 29.

Reuchlin, 45, 162.
Ridley, Bishop, 289.
Rough, John, 375.
Ruysbrock, mystic of fourteenth century, 42.

SADOLET, Bishop of Dauphiny, 201.
Savonarola, 38, 83, 2$1.
Sbynko, Archbishop of Prague, 31.
Servetus, 187, 220, 226, 230.
Sickingen, Franz von, warrior and friend of Hutten, 40, 70, 81, 162.
Solway Moss, 358.
St Andrews, 365, 368, 374, 424.
St Leonard's College, St Andrews, 366, 377.
Stafford, Master George, divinity lecturer in Cambridge, 294.
Staupitz, vicar-general of Augustines, 43, 59.
Stephens, Robert, of Geneva, 200.
Strasburg, 196.
Superintenents in Church of Scotland, 405.
Suso, Henry, mystic of fourteenth century, 42.

TABORITES, sect of Hussites, 37.
Tauler, John, mystic of fourteenth century, 42.
Tetzel, John, opponent of Luther, 47, 67.
Theologia Germanica, 44.
Tillet, Louis du, friend of Calvin, 187.
Tonstall, Bishop of London, 287.
Tyndale, John, 285, 287, 313.

URBAN V., Pope, 17.

VIGILANTIUS, early reformer, 2, 8.
Viret, Swiss reformer, 192, 239.

WALDENSES, 8, 10.
Waldo, Peter, 5 9, 10.
Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, 310.
Wartburg, 90, 92.
Wenzel, King of Bohemia, 29, 33.
Wesel, John of, theologian of fifteenth century. 43.
Wessel, John, theologian of fifteenth century, 43.
West, Bishop, opponent of Latimer, 300, 305.
Westphal, opponent of Calvin, 217.
Wicliffe, John, 15, passim, 31, 277.
Wishart, George, 370, 372.
Wolmar, Melchior, teacher of Calvin, 185.
Wolsey, Cardinal, 301.
Worms, Diet of, 81, 84, 88.
Wynram, John, 377.

ZISKA, leader of Hussites, 37.

Zwickau fanatics, 101.
Zwingli, 116, 121, 179, 244.

THE END.

Indexes

Index of Latin Words and Phrases

- “Erat is Gerardus,” says Beza, “non pauci judicii et consilii homo, ideoque nobilibus ejus plerisque carus.”: 1
- Christus existens Pontifex: 1
- Christus existens Pontifex futurorum bonorum: 1
- Decretum quidem horribile fateor.: 1
- Ecce autem dum Lutherus de Catharina à Bora, virgine Vestali Doctori Glacio, Pastori Orlamundico, collocanda deliberat, venit Catharina ad Nicolaum Amsdorffium, conqueriturque; se de consilio Lutheri D. Glacio contra voluntatem suam nuptiis locandam: scire se Lutherum familiarissime uti Amsdorfio: itaque rogare, ad quævis alia consilia Lutherum vocet. Vellet Lutherus, vellet Amsdorfius se paratam cum alterutro honestum inire matrimonium: cum D. Glacio nullo modo.: 1
- Et homo factus est; et verbum caro factum est.: 1
- Fulmina erant linguæ singula verba tuæ.: 1
- Inficiari tamen nemo poterit quin præsciverit Deus, quem exitum esset habiturus homo, antequam ipsum conderet et ideo præsciverit, quia decreto suo sic ordinarat: 1
- Mos nunquam satis laudatus: Sive quo venias omnium osculis exciperis, sive discedas aliquo osculis dimitteris: redis, redduntur suavia: 1
- Neque monens, neque scribens, neque valedicens: 1
- Nil melius quam lætari et facere bene: 1
- Non nasci in labris sed pectore: 1
- Odi Ecclesiam Malignantium: 1
- Panis es, Panis manebis; Vinum es, Vinum manebis.: 1
- Postea se vinculis clam elapsus esset venit Genevam, et eodem die, videlicet Dominico, audivit concionem post prandium: 1
- Puellam mire venustam.: 1
- Quid habes, quod non accepisti?: 1
- Quo forte domi non reperto.: 1
- Res et verba Philippus; verba sine re Erasmus; res sine verbis Lutherus; nec res, nec verba Carolostadius: 1
- Saccum per nackum: 1
- Scala Sancta: 1
- Sed nolo fidem meam interponere. Nam si venerit, modo valeat mea authoritas, vivum exire nunquam patiar.: 1
- Subtilissimas subtilitates istorum Trossulorum: 1
- Supposititii: 1
- Viduitas tua mihi, ut debet, : 1
- ad clerum: 1
- ad clerum : 1
- bene: 123
- civitas Dei: 123
- de novo: 1
- jus divinum: 1
- modus vivendi: 1
- necessario damnabiles: 1
- per Italiam erravit fere quatuor menses: 1
- quia sunt imagines diaboli et hæreticorum: 1

- rabies theologorum: 1
- separare quicquid est veteris fermenti: 1
- si forte: 1
- suavissima: 1
- ut in exemplar virtutum: 1
- vox Diana: 1

Index of German Words and Phrases

- Ach, Gott!: 1
- Aller höllischst vater: 1
- Aller heiligst: 1
- Briefe: 1
- Eidgenossen: 12
- Ein' feste Burg isi unser Gott: 1
- Geck: 1
- Gesangbuch: 1
- Ihn steinige sein Stein, der bösewicht: 1
- Tischreden: 12345
- der abgehobelte Eck: 1

Index of French Words and Phrases

- Est défendu de donner aus dites fiancailles, nopces, ou baptisailles, des bouquets liés d'or ou canetilles, ou garnis de grénats, perles, et autres pierreries.: 1
- Il chante un beau psaume: 1
- Item, que nul faisant nopces, banquets ou festins n'ait à faire au service d'iceux plus haut d'une venue ou mise de chairs ou de poisson et de cinq plats au plus, honnestes et raissonables en ce non compenrises les mesmes entrées, et huict plats de tout dessert et q'au dit dessert y n'ait pastisserie, ou pièce de four, sinon une tourt seulement, et cela en chacune table de dix personnes.: 1
- Les poulx me mangent tout vif, mes chauses sont descirées, et nay de quoy changer, ni perpoint ni chamise, que une mechante.: 1
- bonne chère: 1
- maître d'hôtel: 1
- pursuivant: 1
- tolerabiles ineptias: 1

Index of Pages of the Print Edition

vi vii viii ix 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25
26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50
51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75
76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100
101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119
120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138
139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157
158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176
177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195
196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214
215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233
234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252
253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271
272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290
291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309
310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328
329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347
348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366
367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385
386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404
405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423
424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442
443 444 445