

Bodenstein, the nephew of Carlstadt, came to me to solicit my influence with you. He wishes you to marry him. I told him I could have no particular influence, unless you have scruples of conscience about marrying. He is a clever young man, and I see no objection. He is very unlike his fanatic uncle.

"He might have talked an hour without receiving a reply. Catherine's manner had changed; there was no longer the emotion or the blush.

"What shall I tell him?" "Anything you please," said she, "so that I never see him again."

"Why, this is strange," said Luther; "you did not seem to have scruples of conscience just now. My dear Catherine, you must not forget that you have no natural relations here, and this young man can be a protector to you."

"I wish you would not speak of him," replied she.

"Is there any one else that you like better?" said Luther.

She made no reply.

"Nay, speak; I have every disposition to serve you. Has any other person made the same proposition to you?"

"Yes," said Catherine, with a little womanly pride; "Counsellor Baumgartner has made the same proposals."

"Do you prefer him?"

"Yes," she replied, rising; "but I am as happy as I ever expect to be. My friends assure me that I am no burden, but a help to them; and so I wish you good morning."

Poor Catherine hastened to her room. Her dream was over. Luther, the austere, the insensible reformer, had awakened her from it. Margaret entered while her eyes were yet red with weeping. She tenderly approached and embraced her; but neither exchanged a word.

"There is no hope for Bodenstein," thought Luther; "it is evident Baumgartner is the object. Catherine is a child; if the Elector dies, she is without support, except by the labor of her hands; and they do not look as if they were made for labor. I will write to Jerome Baumgartner; he is well known as a young counsellor at Nuremberg."

Accordingly he wrote:

"1524, Oct. 12.

"If you would obtain Catherine von Bora, hasten here before she is given to another who proposes for her. She has not yet conquered her love for you. I shall rejoice to see you united.

LUTHER."

The young counsellor received this letter with surprise and incredulity. The positive refusal of Catherine, some months before, had left no doubt on his mind, and he thought the wisest plan was to enclose the letter to her, and to inquire whether it was written with her sanction.

In the meantime, Luther's friends began to urge him to marry, particularly Melancthon. "You preach," said he, "what you do not practice."

He protested, however, that he would not be caught in the snare; that his time was now fully occupied.

When Catherine received the letter from her former lover, she was filled with astonishment, and requested Margaret to speak to Luther on the subject. He said he had done what he thought as right; and would be agreeable to all parties; but he found there was one sentence he did not understand, the heart of a woman.

"That is true," said Margaret, "or you would long since have perceived at Catherine's was yours; and now the mystery is out."

It required all the evidence to convince Luther of the truth of this assertion; he was forty, and Catherine but little more than half that number of years; that she could prefer him to her younger suitors seemed to him incredible. Margaret, however, had said it, and a new life opened to Luther, in the affections of his woman.

When he spoke to Catherine again on the subject of matrimony, he was more successful than before. He learned the story of her long attachment, which had become so much the reverie of silent years. The betrothment took place, and very soon the marriage followed.

WISDOM IN SORROW.

A writer in the "Watchman and Reformer," thus closes a touching story of "revelation in a Christian family:

"Through the house of mourning there were hushed voices and silent footsteps; the next day was the Sabbath; and the friends came together to devise a plan. A dressmaker must be obtained; mourning had to be made, and the Sabbath hours would be approached in some way she, the sorrowing mother, heard of this, and sent for me.

"I cannot allow this," she said; "live he loved and hallowed the Sabbath; just not be broken for him now that he is dead."

"But this is necessary work," they said.

"Not at all," was the firm response, "shall not put on black."

"Not put on black!" there was a note of holy horror in the ejaculation. "Not put on black!"

"No—I do not mourn as those who hope. My boy has not been torn from me forever. He is in glory now; he knows the bliss of the angels; he knows the splendor of heaven. Shall I put on black because his robes are white as snow? Shall I shroud

myself in silence and weeping because he sings the song of the Lamb, and all tears are wiped away from his eyes? No, I cannot. Since his beautiful death I see all things in a new light. I have not lost my son; he is living still; let those who believe not in God, or the future, wear their sackcloth and ashes. I will not so disclaim my holy faith."

All expostulations were useless. The Christian mother was firm. In truth she held on to the hand of God; she sent her heart walking before her in the thorny road of sorrow, and moment by moment her faith grew stronger. The Sabbath was not turned to business—the grave was not the scene of idle cries and despairing shrieks. And though there was a change in that household, yet the smile of the Christian was still serene. Sunshine was not kept out because an angel had left there; voices were not hushed to whispers; pleasant tasks still went on. Gradually the serenity of the wife brightened the gloom of the father. His treasures were not those coveted by earth; but now he could say, "They are in heaven, where nothing corrupts, grows old or dies!" So they two walked quietly out of their grief to a brighter faith, a higher happiness; for they both feel though bereaved for a season, they are not children.

LABORS AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

Rev. I. P. Warren, writing to the *Tract Journal*, makes the following observations upon the work in Alexandria:

The blacks, as is well known, are characteristically a religious people. Many of them, we can not doubt, are truly converted persons. We were interested in a conversation with one venerable woman, reputed to be one hundred and ten years of age! Her name is Sicily Armstead; her mental faculties are but little impaired by age. Her whole conversation and demeanor marked her as a child of God, who had long maintained intimate communion with her Saviour. She spoke in a very grateful spirit of the change which had been wrought in the condition of her people, ascribing all to God who had risen in his might for the overthrow of the oppressor. Neatly attired, and attended by assiduous friends, she sits in her rocking-chair, welcoming her numerous visitors and dropping quaint yet suggestive remarks upon passing events, and words of thankfulness to Him who is doing so much for her race. Sometimes she will gratify her visitors with singing a stanza, in which she seems to take much delight:

"Massa Jesus took my feet  
Out of de mire and clay,  
And now he's put me in de rocking-chair  
To sing his glory all de day."

Many of the utterances of these uneducated people, in their devotional exercises, are exceedingly interesting. We noticed the two following which are not unworthy of record:

"Lord Jesus, will you please to draw aside the curtain, and take a peep over de Jasper walls of heaven, and look down into dese poor hearts of ours?"

"O Massa Jesus, we'st just like little birds, sittin' on de edge of der nests wid der mouths open; now, jes gib us what you will!"

Besides their own houses, the freedmen of Alexandria have built during the year a church edifice, twenty-four by thirty-six feet in dimensions, which they are now enlarging to fifty-six feet in length. This has been paid for by themselves, and is more than filled every Sabbath. We had the privilege of preaching there on the Sabbath evening, and never have we addressed a more attentive audience. After the discourse there was held a prayer-meeting, one of those peculiar indescribable seasons which must be witnessed to be appreciated, and which once beheld will never be forgotten. We could not but feel that, notwithstanding its extravagance and wildness, there was much in it both solemn and affecting. It was evidently an exercise of the heart, shall we presume to say it was less acceptable than the elegant service of a more refined but less earnest congregation to Him who looketh upon the heart?

HE COULDN'T STAND IT.

At the annual meeting of the London City Mission, Rev. Canon Champneys said:

"I remember once a very valued friend of mine, a barrister, now passed away, who spent his Sundays in visiting a hospital. He told me that on one occasion he sat down by the bedside of one of the very poorest, the most ignorant, and without using the word in any offensive manner, one of the very lowest men he had ever seen in his life—a man whose English had it been taken down, would have been the most complete and perfect dislocation of the Queen's English that he ever heard. No word seemed to be in its right place. It seemed as if that which should have been a jointed and vertebrated sentence had been separated at every joint, and thrown together anyhow. My friend was a man of the most tender spirit—a man whose tender spirit radiated from one of the most striking faces I ever saw; and I can well understand how he looked when he sat down by that poor man's bed. He began first, as all should who visit the sick; to break ground on temporal matters, to sympathize with them on that which they can understand so well—their bodily sufferings—to show that we are not indifferent to what they are suffering as men; and then after speaking a few kind words, he was proceeding to say something further for his Master, whom he so dearly loved, when he saw the man's face begin to work convulsively. The muscles quivered, and at last, lifting up the sheet and drawing down his head, he threw the sheet over his face, burst into a violent flood of tears, and

sobbed aloud. My friend wisely waited till this storm of grief was passed, and then the poor fellow emerged from under the clothes, his face bearing the traces of the tears that had flowed down it. When able to speak, my friend asked him:

"What is it that so touched you? I hope that I have not said anything that was painful to you. What can have moved you so much?"

"And as well as the man could sob out, he sobbed out these words:

"Sir, you are the first man that ever spoke a kind word to me since I was born, and I can't stand it."

A HARD TEXT IMPROVED.

I heard a preacher take for his text: "Am not I thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day? Was I ever wont to do this unto thee?" I wondered what he would make thereof, fearing he would starve his auditors for want of matter. But hence he observed:

1. The silliest and simplest, being wronged, may justly speak in its own defence.

2. Worst men have a good title to their own goods. Balaam a sorcerer; yet the ass confessed twice that he was his.

3. They who have done many good offices, and fail in one, are often not only unrewarded for former service, but punished for that one offence.

4. When the creatures, formerly officious to serve us, start from their wonted obedience, (as the earth to become barren, and air pestilential,) man ought to reflect on his own sin as the sole cause thereof.

How fruitful are the seeming barren places of Scripture! Bad ploughmen which make balks of such ground. "Whosoever the surface of God's Word doth not laugh and sing with, there the heart thereof within is merry with wines, affording, where not plain matter, hidden mysteries.—Thomas Fuller.

LONDON.

By JOHN D. SHERWOOD, Esq.

"On the Thames a city stands,  
Crowded, rich and gay;  
Almop of many lands—  
The Centuries' highway!  
Traffic crowds her busy streets;  
Fashion greets the eye;  
Wealth with Poverty there meets:  
Rags with Royalty.

"Neath the Abbey's towering spire  
Rise the honored Dead—  
By that vast expiring fire  
Neath that grand old shed,  
Wretched want,  
Famine gaunt  
Lays its restless head,

"In St. Giles—gold and lace!  
In St. Giles—want, disgrace!  
High the noble—rich the rich—  
Low the lowly—deep the ditch!"

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

Christian men owe it to God and themselves to arrest the substitution in their families of the secular daily for the religious weekly. No Christian family should attempt to keep house without the visits of a religious paper. It is the cheapest of all educators, creates and fosters a taste for reading, disseminates salutary thoughts and impressions, and proves a blessing to all the members of the household. Its influence on the home life and welfare of the family circle is, however, well known to need proofs and illustrations. No family can keep abreast of the times in religious intelligence, or do full justice to children in a moral and religious sense, without its regular weekly visits.—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

QUEER BLUNDER.

In Mr. Longfellow's new volume, "Tales of a Wayside Inn," is a very pretty poem, "The Birds of Killingworth." We extract the following curious mistake:

"Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,  
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly  
Slaughtered the innocents."

If Mr. Longfellow will look at his new Testament again he will discover that Herod who "slaughtered the innocents" was not the Herod who was "devoured by worms." In the best regulated families not only will mistakes sometimes happen, but also it may happen that two people may bear the same name.—*Northwestern Church.*

HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS?

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE, B. A.

Reader, you and I are dying sinners. We cannot live always. Before long we shall be lying in our graves. These are serious matters. They may well make you feel grave. But cheer up. Have you heard the good news?

The good news is this; God has provided a glorious Saviour for us. His dear Son Jesus Christ died upon the cross for sinners. By his death he made atonement for transgression, and purchased a full forgiveness for the ungodly. In a word, Christ has done all, suffered all that was needful to reconcile us to God. He has provided a garment of righteousness to clothe us. He has opened a fountain of living waters to cleanse us. He has removed every barrier between us and God the Father, taken every obstacle out of the way, and made a road by which the vilest may return. All things are now ready on God's part. A complete salvation has been provided.

But what is it that God asks for on the part of man? How are the privileges of this great salvation to be made the sinner's own? What is the means

by which you and I are to obtain an interest in Jesus Christ?

The answer to all these questions is short and simple: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." There is but one thing needful on our part, in order to our justification; and that one thing is faith. Faith, simple faith, is the only thing required, in order that you and I may be forgiven. God asks us to come to Jesus, as sinners, with our sins—to trust in him, rest on him, lean on him, confide in him, commit our souls to him, and, forsaking all other hope, cleave only to him. This is all and everything that God asks for. Let a man do this and he shall be saved. His iniquities shall be completely pardoned, and his transgressions entirely taken away. THIS IS THE GOOD NEWS.

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For Sale by SHELDON & CO., CARTERS, RANDOLPH, and others, in New York; also by the Booksellers generally throughout the Country.

This important and valuable, as well as attractive work, which is in reality, as its full title imports, "The History of the Bohemian Reformation of the Fifteenth Century," has been received with almost unexampled favor by the press. It covers a field hitherto unoccupied by any work accessible to the more English reader than that of the dogmatic interests of the scholastic history. Huss was in some respects the noblest and purest of the great reformers, while his lofty aims, his life-long struggle and martyr-death invest his career with more than the charm of romance.

As the victim of the Council of Constance, we see him the central figure of a group which might well be described as representative Christendom. In the elucidation of his career, and in tracing the fate of his followers down to the period of the Thirty Years' War, the condition of Papal Europe for more than a century is depicted. The leading minds of the age are made to pass before us, and we discern the influences and causes which produced the Great Reformation of the succeeding century, as well as the relation sustained by it by the labors and fate of Huss. The work is one that not only challenges the attention of the scholar, but "carries the reader, with unabated interest, through the varied and dramatic story."

The New York *Observer* says of it: "The period which this magnificent range to the historian, and the life and martyrdom of Huss, a central figure of unusual interest around to group the various and attractive details of the picture. The work of Mr. Gillett reminds us of the best historical writings of our times. We hail with real satisfaction the appearance of these volumes, and beg to commend them as especially appropriate for the increase of a pastor's library at about this season of the year. The pastor who reads them aright will be with God, and a more spiritual man, and a better preacher."

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The New York *Methodist*, second in literary ability to no other journal of the denomination it represents, devotes over two columns to a notice of the work, and remarks: "Rarely have we known a task performed with equal fidelity and success. Mr. Gillett has produced a large but not cumbersome work. It is abundant in detail without tediousness. The author is more than a mere compiler. He has not only scrutinized, but generalized. He has surveyed the whole field as well as the separate portions, and he has firmly grasped and clearly presented the great leading features of the period, and the fundamental ideas involved in the movement. The work, in short, is a labor of love, well and faithfully done."

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