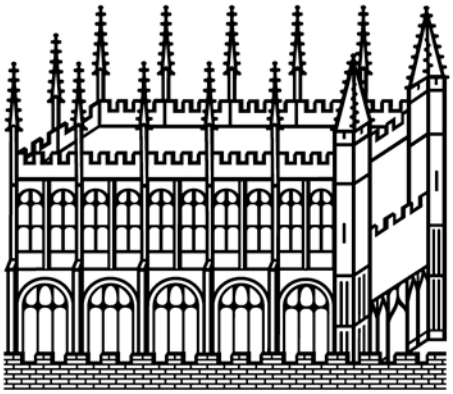


Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

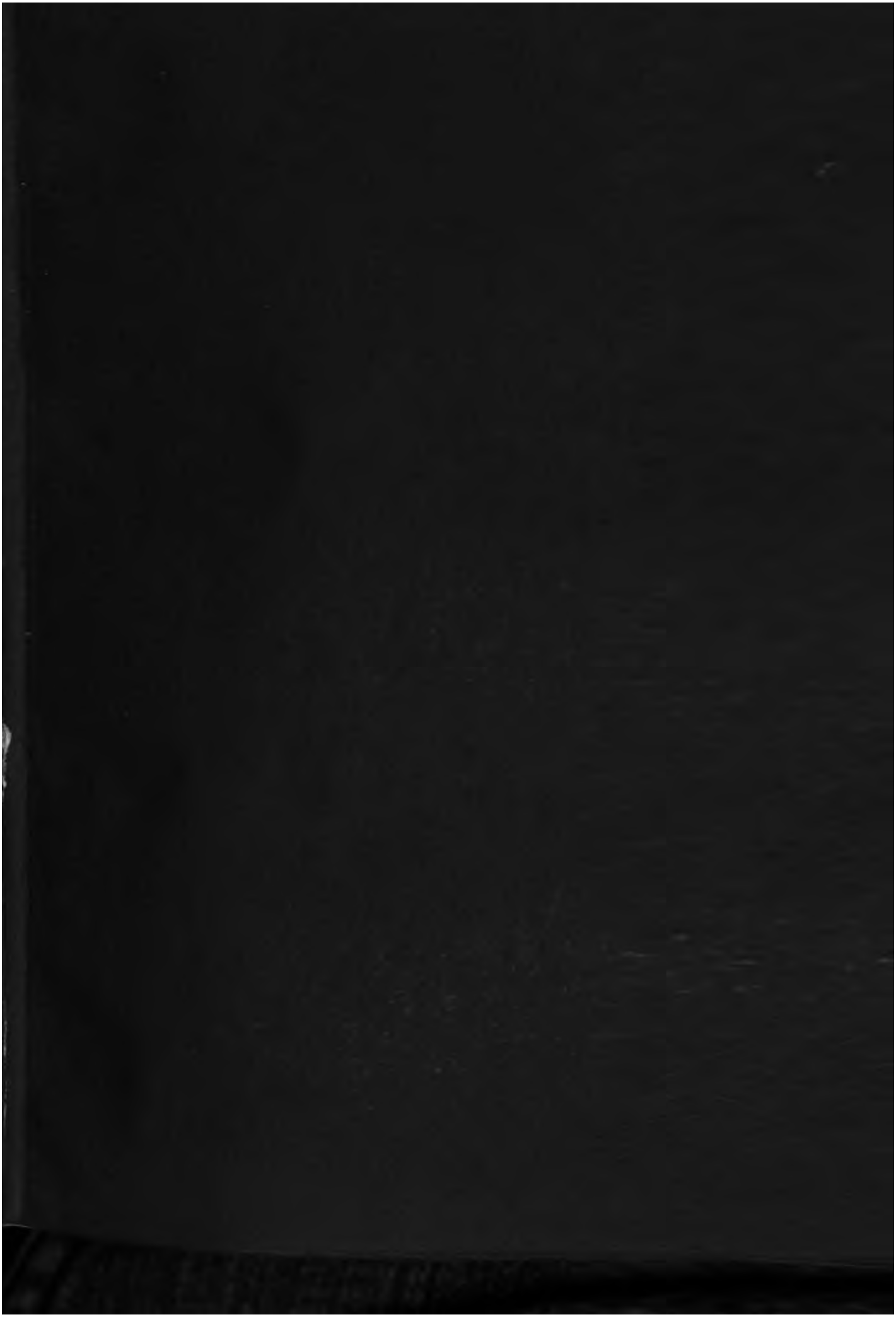
For more information see:

http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

THE STORY OF A NOBLE LIFE

600024632N



PRESENTED

TO

STORY OF A NOBLE LIFE.

MURRAY AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE

A Burst of Patriotic Feeling.—*Story of a Noble Life*, p. 3.

(*Frontispiece.*)

THE

STORY OF A NOBLE LIFE;

OR,

Zurich and its Reformer,

ULRIC ZWINGLE.

BY

MRS. HARDY (JANET GORDON),

Author of
'Jacqueline,' 'The Spanish Inquisition,' 'Champions of the Reformation,'
Etc. etc.

WILLIAM P. NIMMO:
LONDON, 14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND;
AND EDINBURGH.
1874.

210. m. 417.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

THE HERDSMAN'S HOME, ... 1

CHAPTER II.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT, ... 15

CHAPTER III.

MEDITATION AND ITS FRUITS, ... 24

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW FIELD OF LABOUR, ... 33

CHAPTER V.

SEEDTIME, ... 45

CHAPTER VI.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH, . . . 54

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE

STRUGGLE AND STRIFE, ... 68

CHAPTER VIII.

A BISHOP'S INTERDICT, ... 77

CHAPTER IX.

ZWINGLE'S MARRIAGE, ... 91

CHAPTER X.

A MESSAGE FROM THE WILDHAUS, ... 99

CHAPTER XI.

SHALL ZURICH BE LOST OR WON? 120

CHAPTER XII.

POLITICS GET MIXED UP WITH RELIGION, . . 133

CHAPTER XIII.

CONTEST WITH LUTHER, ... 143

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LANDGRAVE ATTEMPTS MEDIATION, . . 163

CHAPTER XV.

PROGRESS AT BERNE, ... 178

CHAPTER XVI.

PAGE
DISSENSION AND UNREST, ... 191

CHAPTER XVII.

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL, ... 204

CHAPTER XVIII.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOW BEFORE, . 217

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CONFEDERACY IN DANGER, ... 225

CHAPTER XX.

THE MESSAGE OF THE LOAVES, ... 249

CHAPTER XXI.

A NIGHT OF FEAR, ... 258

CHAPTER XXII.

'A FIELD OF THE DEAD RUSHES RED ON MY SIGHT,' 272

THE STORY OF ZURICH

AND ITS REFORMER ULRIC ZWINGLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE HERDSMAN'S HOME.

IN a secluded valley in the bosom of the Alps, 2010 feet above the Lake of Zurich, beside the sources of a small river called the Thur, is a solitary mountain hamlet, which is named, not unfitly, Wildhaus, or the Wild House.

A little church, roofed with slabs of flat grey lichen-covered stone, is surrounded by one or two straggling houses, the largest of which, a picturesque moss-grown cottage, roofed with shingles, is evidently of great antiquity. The panes in the small

windows are of thick opaque greenish glass, the door is closely studded with iron nails, huge blocks of stone are placed on the roof to prevent the wind from carrying it away; everything is rustic, wild, unpolished, in keeping with the stern grandeur of the towering crags which rise massive and grey from the sombre green of the pine woods around. Here, four centuries ago, under this humble roof, on New Year's day 1484, Ulric Zwingle was born. His father, although bailiff of the village, and brother of the Dean of Wesen, was only a shepherd, and young Ulric spent his early boyhood in assisting his father and brothers to tend their numerous flocks and herds.

When the first warm winds of May began to clothe the mountain-sides with the fresh green sward, seen only in these Alpine valleys, the bailiff and his sons left their secluded home to seek wilder and more savage solitudes, slowly and steadily ascending, till in the end of July their rude châlets were reared on the higher ranges of the Alps. Here, after a brief sojourn in the pure mountain air, they began again leisurely to descend, reaching

their cottages in the Wildhaus while the autumn weather was still warm and bright; each little party of herdsmen re-entering their native hamlet with music, and dancing, and joyous shepherd songs.

Then came the long winter evenings, when the flocks were penned in the folds, and the cheerful hum of the spinning-wheel was heard beside each mountain hearth, and the elderly men of the village gathered round the bailiff's fireside, and 'freedom's battle' was re-fought and re-won a hundred times in the garrulous reminiscences of old age; and the romantic story of Swiss independence was told and re-told, and the Switzer's indomitable love of freedom struck its roots deep the while into one young eager heart.

Seated at his mother's knee, Ulric would glance with kindling eyes from one rugged face to another; and if a word were uttered which seemed to him to reflect upon his country, he would rise and defend it with the simple, childlike earnestness that takes every careless word for granted.

In the simplicity of this peaceful Alpine home

the boy remained until he was ten years old; and then his quickness, his intelligence, his evident superiority to his brothers, made such an impression upon his father, that, taking the child in his hand, he set out with him across the mountains, in the direction of the Lake of Wallenstadt, to the village where his brother the Dean lived.

'I have brought you this boy, brother,' he said. 'It seems to me that God did not make him only to sing idle songs, and follow the kine to the pastures.'

The Dean having examined him, was of the same opinion, and the young mountaineer was confided to the care of the schoolmaster of the village. This humble pedagogue soon found himself outstripped by his pupil, and it was then decided to send Ulric to Bâle.

The University of Bâle was then one of the most famous in the world, and attached to the University was the school of St. Theodore. To this school young Zwingle was sent; and here he was introduced, while still in childhood, into the strife and tumult of controversy. The disputes which divided the

doctors in the University descended to the school; and on this narrow arena Zwingle won his first victories, preludes of those which were in after years to shake to its base in his native land the deeply-rooted power of the Romish Church.

From Bâle, Ulric was sent by his father and uncle to Berne; but there his stay was not long. His musical voice, his evident ability, and the reports of his proficiency at Bâle, attracted the notice of the superiors of the Dominican Convent in the town. 'Here,' they said to each other, 'was a youth who would be a credit to their order, whom it was necessary, therefore, to win at any expense or trouble.'

The most tempting offers were made to him by the Abbot and his subordinates; he was pressed even to take up his residence at the convent on his own terms. Like Luther, who was his senior only by a few weeks, he was in great danger of being immured in the living grave of the cloister; but, unlike Luther, he escaped. Obedient to his father's command, he left Berne and its monastic baits, and went to Vienna for the purpose of studying philosophy.

In 1502 he returned to the Wildhaus, but only to make a short sojourn there. The little Alpine valley had lost none of its simple charms: the Thur was as limpid and clear as ever, the odorous breath of the pine forests fragrant as of old, the meadows by the river-side as green, the songs of his brethren as joyous, their hearts as warm. But he was changed: it was not that he loved them less, but he had mingled with, and taken part in, a larger world; and he longed, amid the tinkling of the distant cattle bells, amid the mountain solitude's unbroken repose, for more engrossing interests and a fuller life. When he was about eighteen, he returned to Bâle, where, as many poor students have done since, he maintained himself by teaching, while at the same time he pursued his own studies with such success, that in a short time he took the degree of Master of Arts.

Among other branches of learning, he applied himself at this time with much earnestness to the study of scholastic theology,—a profitless branch of learning to many, but not altogether useless to one who was called upon in after life to prove himself a master of all the passes of theological fence.

He was still toiling through the mazy labyrinth of its sophistries, when Thomas Wittembach, the son of a burgomaster of Bienne, arrived in Bâle, and turned the current of his thoughts and aspirations into another channel.

This man, who was a proficient in all the learning of the age, was deeply read also in a volume then almost unknown. Like Timothy, he had from his youth studied and understood the Scriptures, which make wise unto everlasting life. Around him speedily there spread a little circle of ever-widening illumination. Among that youthful ingenuous band, Zwingle was one of the foremost. This teacher sent of God seemed to him a man inspired. Breathlessly, with his heart upon his lips, he hung upon his words, and received, as if direct from heaven, what was then a strange, unknown truth, 'The blood of Christ, and the blood of Christ alone, can cleanse the human soul from its burden of guilt.' This sacred seed of truth which he then received remained in his heart; but for a time it was dormant, and had little power to influence or modify his life.

In 1506 he became a priest, and was in life and

conversation very much like the better class of Roman Catholic priests around him. He was in early manhood a graceful man, gifted with rare conversational powers, and with an irrepressible joyousness of temperament, which escaped at times from the graver studies which engrossed his higher nature, to find relief not only in innocent relaxation, but in dissipation which the loose morality of the age did not then condemn even in the priests of God.

Glaris was his first parish; it was an extensive one, and he applied himself zealously to the duties of his cure. Although, as has been hinted above, not free from reproach, he so conducted himself there as to escape those graver scandals, which defiled the lives of most of the ecclesiastics around him.

While thus assiduously engaged in his parochial labours, Zwingle did not neglect his studies, and his increasing fame for learning soon attracted the attention of a man who was in many respects one of the most remarkable of the age. Matthew Schinner, the son of a peasant of the Falais, was born with great abilities, to which he added a still greater

ambition, and all the arts of an accomplished intrigant; and these combined, raised him in due time to a cardinal's rank.

Switzerland, a simple, frugal, and poor country, had no rich plains of unbounded fertility, no mines of Golconda or Peru, no ocean bringing wealth on its ship-laden waves; yet was she rich in a treasure peculiarly her own. The martial shepherds of the Glaris, the warlike craftsmen of Zurich and Lausanne, the rugged burghers of Berne, the herdsmen of Mount Sentis, were her wealth; their proficiency in the arts of war her treasure, exhaustless, because ever renewed. Serving as mercenaries all over the world, the Swiss had decided the fortunes of many an uncertain battle-field, where victory, trembling in the wavering balance, had inclined to the side on which their valour was cast. He who by artifice or intrigue could influence the Swiss Confederation, was a power in Europe, and a meet ally for kings; and this power Matthew Schinner, who was then Bishop of Sion, had by long and patient art acquired.

He first, for a certain consideration, of course,

proposed to ally himself with Louis XII. of France, but Louis thought his price too high. 'He shall live to see,' said the baffled prelate, 'that I am worth the price of many men.' And without more ado, he turned to Pope Julius II.

This warlike Pontiff, to whom stout hearts and ready swords were never unwelcome, received his proposals with joy; and the Bishop in 1510 succeeded in forming an alliance between Julius and the whole Swiss cantons, for which service he received a cardinal's hat.

It was just after his accession to this dignity, that, casting his eyes carefully around, to observe and attach to his interest any man of unusual ability, the rising fame of the young pastor of Glaris attracted his notice. No man knew better how to bestow favours gracefully and well, than he who had passed through all the grades which divide a peasant's hut from a palace. In a short time Zwingle learned, by a kind letter from the Cardinal, that the Pope, gratified by the report of his attainments, had granted him an annual pension of fifty florins, to encourage him in his studies.

Naturally, he was very much pleased with this gift. No boon could have been more acceptable to him. He had been so poor, that he had been quite unable to buy the books he could have wished; and this pension, so generously bestowed, he spent in procuring classical and theological works from Bâle.

The Cardinal's fifty florins meanwhile brought him in, as he had calculated, good interest. Without considering the subject much, acting only on the grateful impulses of his own noble, generous heart, Zwingle allied himself closely with the party of Schinner and of the Pope, and looked on in silence, while eight thousand Swiss, the flower of his native valleys, were embodied under the Papal standards.

It was not a fortunate expedition: the French met artifice and guile with cunning and craft. Papal bribes had unsheathed the sword of the Swiss against them; but French gold, they found, had power to paralyze it in the stalwart arms that held it. In the autumn the mountaineers returned to their homes, but not as they had gone forth. When they came back, it was as if Pandora's box had been opened, and

its foul tenants let loose among them. Licentiousness in every form, rapine, utter lawlessness, and licence, hovered like birds of prey around their inglorious homeward march. The simple life of their valleys appeared to them, after their military experiences, tame and unendurable; honest labour was distasteful; their little farms, their flocks, and herds, were neglected; even the most sacred ties were trampled under foot. It seemed as if, through the very means that had made it mighty, the Confederation was slowly drifting to ruin.

It was then that Zwingle, as if by a sudden revelation, saw the abyss into which his country was being hurried by Schinner and his friends, and the true nature of the alliance into which he had allowed the Cardinal to entice him. This foreign service, which seemed in some aspects so desirable, was in reality a cankerworm eating into the very heart of the commonwealth; scandalous disorders, beggary, ruin, followed in its train. The foreign gold, bought with blood, had on it the curse of Cain: it turned brother against brother, father against son, citizen against magistrate, and threatened in no long

time to dissolve every bond which held society together.

All these evils the young priest of Glaris saw clearly at last; and indignantly rushing to the aid of his imperilled country, strove to strip the mask from those who were, from interested motives, deluding it to its ruin.

In 1510 he published a poem on the subject, which he called *The Labyrinth;* and fearing that its meaning might be too obscure, he immediately followed it up with another, in which, while still using the veil of allegory, he aimed his shafts of ridicule so fearlessly and well, that no one could misunderstand its purport.

To do this required in that age no little courage. The valleys of Glaris were among the most warlike in Switzerland; each hamlet had its hero, or rather its family of heroes—men who had fought beside the Po and the Rhone, whose feet had trod the battle-fields of Burgundy and Suabia, who had followed the banners of the Emperor, or the Lilies of France, or the sacred ensign of the Pope, or been enrolled in the Free Lances of Francis Sforza. To these

soldiers of fortune war was a profession, the camp a chosen home; and they were to the last degree impatient, if so much as a whisper was breathed, calculated to damp the martial ardour around them. Zwingle was but a stripling, so to speak, when he took the field against these Goliaths, and his bow shot at a venture failed at first to find the vulnerable spot in their armour of proof.

CHAPTER II.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

IN 1512, instigated by the Cardinal, the cantons again rose in aid of the Pope; Zwingle's warlike parishioners being, as usual, the most prompt to arm. The whole commune of Glaris, almost to a man, volunteered for the campaign, and its young priest was forced against his will to join the march. Zwingle, like Luther, was destined to see Italy, although a very different train of providences from those experienced by the Saxon monk conducted him thither.

In company with his flock, he passed through many dangers, and witnessed many deeds of desperate valour. Victory, which had deserted them for a moment, returned to their standards; everywhere they triumphed, everywhere the French were

defeated. From the towns and villages which they passed, the people hastened to greet them. Wine, fruit, and refreshments of all kinds were provided for them, and the Italians hailed them as God's chosen people sent to save them. The Pope, at the suggestion, perhaps, of Cardinal Schinner, bestowed upon them the title of 'Defenders of the Liberty of the Church.'

But, amid all this tumult and intoxication of triumph, Zwingle was not idle. Unconsciously to himself, and amid scenes which seemed in the last degree unfavourable, he was being trained for his future post of Apostle and Reformer of his native land.

In 1513, on his return from this campaign, he began to study Greek with such intense enthusiasm, that he declared that no one but God could have power to make him desist from his beloved task. It was no love of fame that prompted him in his eager resolution to master this, to him hitherto unknown tongue; it was a love of divine learning.

This desire for sacred knowledge was one of the turning-points in his career; unconsciously it

brought him nearer to God, for it made him familiar with the Bible, especially the New Testament.

'I did not expect, Master Ulric,' said an old school-fellow who heard him maintaining the unerring authority of Scripture,—'I did not expect, Master Ulric, that you would have gone into this new error of Luther's.'

'I have not adopted any of Luther's opinions,' was the answer, 'for I understood the Greek language before I had so much as heard of Martin Luther's name.'

From this time a certain change was apparent in his preaching; it was as if the Pentecostal tongues of flame had touched with a hallowing, re-vivifying power his eloquent lips. Henceforth it was less the man who spake, than the Spirit of God speaking in him. Yet there was no violent change. In all respects dissimilar from Luther, he was most unlike him in those experiences which attached him to God and truth. With him there was no anguish, no despair, no wildly conflicting tempest of the heart and soul, no agonizing contest of doubts and fears. Slowly led by the still small voice of

Scripture, assuring himself step by step, the young Swiss priest passed from darkness to light, not at a single bound, but by slow progressive steps.

Many items helped to hasten the dawn of truth that had begun to glimmer upon his understanding and heart; one of the most notable of these was a poem written by Erasmus. The witty philosopher, who disdained for himself the title of Reformer, had a great knack of leading other men into those paths which he himself abhorred. Alone in his chamber, Zwingle repeated to himself the burning words which had emanated from that cold and calculating brain, and catching a spark from them, felt his whole soul on fire. He could not stop where the politic and sarcastic Erasmus drew the boundary line of safety. The child of the mountain châlet had more courage than the timid man of letters. 'Christ is the fountain of all blessing,' wrote the sage; and there he paused.

'Then must we cleave to Him through life and death,' said the man of action, applying his *words* to his own life. Meanwhile a great pleasure awaited him. The philosophic Erasmus kept, in Bâle,

a court like the court of a king; and in 1514 Zwingle was introduced to the man whose writings had so vividly impressed his imagination.

Being himself a person of greater note than his modesty would allow him to suppose, he found the king of letters so exceedingly pleasant and gracious, that the charm of his intercourse completed the conquest his genius had begun. 'I am as poor,' said the enthusiastic young Swiss, 'as was Eschines, the disciple of Socrates; and, like him, having nothing else to offer, I give you myself.'

When he returned to his solitary home, this fit of hero-worship was still strong upon him. 'I could not sleep,' he said, writing to Erasmus, 'without first holding some intercourse with you. There is nothing I am so proud of as having seen you, and having been allowed to call you friend.'

In 1515 a fresh alarm of war banished for a time alike the studies and friends of his more peaceful hours. Francis I. of France was preparing to invade Italy, and the Pope, in alarm, called upon the Swiss cantons to come once more to his aid. Again, as before, Zwingle was compelled to march

with his parishioners, but not, as before, to victory. The confederated cantons, in this second campaign, were divided among themselves. French gold had been sowed liberally among them, and had produced a plentiful crop of discord and disunion. In vain, with an energy and wisdom rare in one so young, Zwingle sought to heal these gaping wounds; the evil lay too deep for cure. A portion of the Swiss troops deserted their standards, and even those who remained were disunited, and half-hearted, and hesitating. Five days before the fatal battle of Marignano, by which Francis I. made himself master of the Milanese, he addressed them in the square of Monza, counselling concord and submission; but his advice was disregarded, and that of Cardinal Schinner preferred. The march was resumed, and five days later, as has been said above, the disastrous battle of Marignano was fought, ending in the total defeat of the Papal troops. Of these troops, the Swiss suffered most severely; but Zwingle, although he exposed himself to the greatest dangers, and even seized a sword in defence of his countrymen, escaped unhurt. From this campaign, as

from the first, he brought back with him to Glaris abundant matter for reflection and serious thought. It was an age in which corruption had gnawed like a cankerworm to the very core of Italian society. More than once, Murder's red hand had stained the steps of the altar; the prelates, as a body, were licentious and profane; Vice looked with unblushing leer from under the confessor's cowl and the nun's veil; the lower clergy were ignorant and avaricious; while the head of the Church, impiously styled God's vicegerent, was a profligate, ambitious, utterly faithless man. It was not then wonderful that Zwingle, ardent, noble, and sincere, should return from Italy with a deep conviction that the Church must be reformed.

That he might clearly discern in what this needful reformation should consist, he had recourse to the Bible, carefully comparing scripture with scripture; and then, when he had gained any light himself, explaining it to his flock with distinctness and energy, —refraining, however, from making any violent attack upon the Church to which he belonged.

'It is at present,' he said, 'with us the seedtime

of truth; what I have to do, is to scatter it as I can find it, with an unsparing hand. If God graciously bless my efforts, the people will in due time be able to discern the difference between good and evil.'

The first faint dawn of light which four years before had begun to glimmer in Zwingle's heart, as he bent his head over his Greek Testament, had thus now begun to shine out upon those around him. It was the beginning of the Swiss Reformation, which thenceforth went on steadily, but slowly, making no frantic bounds, but progressing calmly step by step.

Meanwhile Zwingle, almost in spite of himself, was sinking deeper and deeper into the party intrigues and fierce political enmities which raged around him. It seemed at that moment not improbable, that, corrupted by the incessant turmoil of political agitation which threatened to absorb him, he might yet become such an one as Cardinal Schinner, and dissipate in petty intrigues, or waste in ambitious projects, the talents which God had bestowed for a far different purpose.

It was a crisis in his history. Amid the factions of Glaris he was giving himself up more and more to the absorbing cares of political life, when God in His providence so ordered that a door of escape should be opened for him. In 1516, the situation of preacher and priest in the Abbey of Einsidlen, in the canton of Schweitz, was offered to him.

He was very uncomfortable in his present parish; the intrigues of the French left him no rest; he had neither time for study nor meditation. In this quiet retreat he would have leisure and repose; and so without hesitation he accepted of the offer, to the great grief of his parishioners at Glaris, who were so much attached to him, that they could not resolve to sever the connection between them. They continued to him the name of Pastor of Glaris, with half of the stipend, and the power of returning to their valleys whenever he chose; and this empty title he retained for many years.

CHAPTER III.

MEDITATION AND ITS FRUITS.

GOD often, it may be observed, takes for a time from the tumult of the world, those whom He is training for special usefulness or special honour in His Church.

It is necessary that they should be taught of Him in solitude, and that they should unlearn the past, and be disciplined for the future. During the ten months which Luther passed in the fortress of the Wartburg, he studied the Bible, not so much to draw from it materials for polemic controversy, as to find in it regeneration and sanctification for his own soul; and it was much the same with Ulric Zwingle. In the quiet narrow world of Einsidlen he had leisure, time for meditation, books, and, what Luther had not in the Wartburg, congenial friends. A little knot of men

like-minded with himself gradually gathered around the new preacher of the Abbey. Together they studied the Scriptures, together they read the Fathers; together lamenting over the manifold corruptions of the times, they agreed that the Papacy must fall. In May 1517, Zwingle began to transcribe with his own hand large portions of the Word of God, copying out in this manner the Epistles of St. Paul. He also committed to memory first the whole of the Epistles, then the remaining portions of the New Testament, then parts of the Old. Growing in knowledge, he began also to grow in faith; and in proportion as he became more devout, a higher estimate of his position and responsibility as a priest of God gained upon him. He began fully to realize what an awful thing it was to have a cure of souls; and while thus awakening to what was required of himself, his eyes were opened as they had never been before to the corrupt and superstitious practices which had overrun the Church.

The Abbey of Einsidlen, in the canton of Schweitz, which was founded towards the end of the tenth century, on the ruins of a cell where a holy hermit

had been murdered, had been favoured, a Bull of Leo VIII. declared, with a miraculous appearance of the Virgin.

The mother of our Lord, so ran the legend, had appeared in her divine beauty to the bishop who consecrated the chapel, hovering for a moment, gracious and benign, over the altar. From that time an unceasing crowd of pilgrims had flocked to the Abbey; an image of the Virgin Mary, carefully preserved, had, it was affirmed, the power of working miracles. On certain feast-days, notably those of the consecration of angels, and of the Virgin, great multitudes of men and women not only from Switzerland, but from all parts of Christendom, might be seen clambering up the rugged mountain paths that led to the Abbey, that they might prostrate themselves on the floor of the chapel, and obtain the remission of sins, blasphemously promised to them by the dignitaries of the Church.

The sight of these devout ignorant dupes of the hierarchy affected Zwingle inconceivably. He knew how vain was their superstition, how ill-founded their faith. On the one side was truth, on the

other interest; for it was from the offerings of these deluded multitudes that his salary was paid. If the shrine of Our Lady of Einsidlen were forsaken, he might perchance be left to starve; but he did not for a moment hesitate. 'Listen to me,' he exclaimed, 'and mark well my words. God is with you in your own homes, as really, as truly, as He is here in the Chapel of Our Lady of Einsidlen. There is no power to save in unprofitable works. Your wearisome pilgrimages, your costly offerings, your prayers to the Virgin and the saints, cannot secure to you the favour of God. There is no efficacy in the priest's cowl or shaven crown, no virtue in gorgeous ecclesiastical garments, adorned with costly lace and embroidered with gold. God looks only upon the heart; and where the heart is estranged from Him, these mummeries signify less than nothing.' Then, passing on, he addressed himself to the more earnest among his hearers: 'Christ,' he cried, 'Christ alone can save; He was offered on the cross once for all, the only sacrifice and victim for the sins of men — of all men who should believe upon Him.'

At the close of the sermon, intense astonishment, almost panic, seized the audience. Some, with the eloquent words yet ringing in their ears, withdrew in horror: others, like the Israelites on Mount Carmel, halted long between two opinions; their understandings were convinced, but the faith of their fathers was dear to their hearts: others with a child-like confidence came at once to Jesus; 'Christ alone saves us, and He saves everywhere,' was the burden of their song of praise.

Day by day, week by week, the number of pilgrims was diminished; while to those who came, Zwingle boldly declared the truth. On Easter Sunday he chose for the subject of his discourse, the story of the man taken with palsy, with special reference to the verse, 'The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.'

This passage he treated with such fearless, and yet insinuating eloquence, that he convinced and at the same time delighted his audience,—a result he seldom failed to attain.

More moderate than Luther, the character of his mind led him to avoid precipitation, and

carefully to refrain from giving offence; to which circumstance is perhaps to be ascribed the friendly terms on which he long remained with all, even with the ecclesiastical dignitaries around him.

Politically, he preferred the cause of the Pope to that of the French king; and the legates, hoping by his influence to keep the cantons steady to the Papal alliance, paid him assiduous court, and eagerly strove by the proffer of pensions and honours to bind him to their cause; but he was not a man to be bought.

'By God's help,' he exclaimed to Pucci, the Papal legate, 'I intend to preach the gospel, and that must needs in time shake Rome.'

'It will not be necessary,' was the legate's reply; 'the head of the Church is as deeply convinced as you are of the necessity of a thorough reform; everything needful will be done.'

These promises, of course, came to nothing, and then Zwingle declared his intention of resigning the Pope's pension.

Again Pucci came to him with honeyed words, pressing him to retain it, at least for a time. This

he agreed to do; and that he might not appear openly inimical to the head of the Church, he retained it for three years, on the distinct understanding, however, that he was not on that account to suppress one syllable of the truth.

To these terms Pucci agreed; and still hopeful that he might bribe to silence the bold lips which he feared, he got the Pope to appoint the eloquent preacher one of his acolytes. It was the first round on that ladder of ambition which had made poor Matthew Schinner a cardinal and a prince. Ulric Zwingle might without presumption have hoped to attain in no long time to honours equally splendid; but God had touched his heart, and he was proof against all seductions. While Pucci was still busy with his solicitations and bribes, a very different agent of the Pope's, one who might be called 'the Tetzel of Switzerland,'—Sampson, a Carmelite monk,—appeared upon the scene with his bales of Papal indulgences. 'I have power to remit all sins,' said the shameless vendor of pardons; 'only bring me your money, and I will dispose of Christ's merits to any one who will buy

them: for all things, earth and heaven itself, are subject unto me.'

These blasphemous words reached Zwingle in his retreat, and filled him with the deepest horror. At once opposing himself to Sampson, he took for his text the words of our Lord, 'Come unto me, all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

'What a commentary,' he said, 'on the words of Jesus, are those which we have just heard from this emissary of the Pope! With audacious folly and madness, this monk tells us: "Buy letters of indulgence—apply to Rome—give money to the monks—sacrifice to the priests; and when you have done all these things, I will absolve you from your sins." What a miserable delusion! Christ is the one offering, Christ is the one sacrifice offered up for sin, Christ is the one way to eternal life.'

Discomfited by these bold words, and self-convicted of being a cheat and impostor, Sampson laid down his arms, and sought refuge in flight, leaving the Reformer—for so he may now be called—master of the field, and more resolutely determined

than before to resist the blandishments of the legate.

A conviction not unfounded had begun to grow upon him, that it was useless in the Church's need to invoke the assistance of her princes; they neither could nor would lend any efficient aid. Faithfully to declare God's word seemed to him the only way in which he could re-awaken the dormant spiritual life of Christendom; and in order to do this, he applied himself with his whole heart and soul to the study of the Scriptures,—thus fulfilling the end for which God had sent him to the lonely monastery among the mountains.

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW FIELD OF LABOUR.

WE now come to another turning-point in the eventful history of the Apostle of Switzerland. In the retirement of Einsidlen he had become, like Timothy, approved of God, a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. And now a wider field, a more extended arena, was prepared for him: the post of preacher to the Cathedral at Zurich became vacant, and many eyes were turned at once in his direction.

His handsome person, his suavity of manner, the charm of his conversation, the splendour of his genius, commended him to some. Others, more serious, had heard him at Einsidlen, and been touched by his eloquent exposure of error and defence of truth. Nor were there wanting those who

admired the part he had taken in the troubled political life of the cantons, and who were inclined to support him for the vigorous opposition he had given to the system of foreign service.

The period preceding his election was one of intense excitement in Zurich. He himself was not disinclined to make the change; but in answer to one of the canons, who asked him 'if he would not come and preach the word of God among them,' he replied, 'I will not come unless I am invited.'

To prevent, if possible, this invitation, was the object of the extreme Roman Catholic party: they trembled at the thought of his coming among them, and put forward several other candidates—in especial, one Lorenzo Fable, a Suabian.

A report was artfully spread abroad that this man had been elected, and the news was conveyed to Zwingle in his monastery. He was disappointed, and with something of hurt human feeling exclaimed, 'Now I see how little popular applause is worth; they have preferred this foreigner to me, their countryman.'

In a short time he learned, through Cardinal

Schinner, that the election had not yet taken place, and that his enemies, not being able to detract from his talents or acquirements, were saying all manner of evil of him, and even attacking his moral character.

From these charges his friend Oswald Myconius sufficiently cleared him, and on the 11th of December the election took place.

To the great joy of most of the inhabitants, Zwingle was elected by a majority of seventeen votes; and henceforth his history, and that of the principal city in Switzerland, are intimately connected with each other.

At Einsidlen, the news that he had been chosen was received with very mingled feelings. While the little band of the evangelical rejoiced in his joy, they were filled at the same time with grief for their own loss, and with gloomy forebodings for the future. With Zwingle gone, might not the old superstition attack and regain its ancient fortress, and throngs of pilgrims once more desecrate with superstitious rites their quiet solitudes?

Meanwhile they paid all due honour and respect

to the preacher who was leaving them. The Council of Schweitz addressed to him a farewell letter, in which they styled him 'their reverend, learned, and very gracious master and worthy friend.'

On the 27th December 1518, Zwingle, thus honourably dismissed, arrived in Zurich. His introduction to his new home took place at a season so inclement, that but little of its gay and laughing beauty of meadow, and orchard, and wooded hills, and vine-clad slopes was visible. Buried beneath an icy shroud of frost and snow, it looked as bleak and cold as the solitudes around Einsidlen; nature had no smile for him, but he did not therefore lack a welcome.

As soon as it was known that he had arrived, the chapter met, and he was at once invited to take his place among his colleagues. It was a full meeting; almost all the canons were assembled, and an unusual spirit of excitement and inquiry pervaded the assembly. It was as i every one felt that this was no common appointment, but one which might carry vast and momentous conse-

quences in its train. Every eye was fixed upon the young priest. All present had been warned of his innovating tendencies, and it had been agreed at a previous meeting that his duties should be most minutely and circumstantially pointed out to him, and the boundary line defined, with the injunction, 'Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further.' It was like trying to bind the ocean with a rope of sand; but not fully realizing the difficulties of the undertaking before them, the chapter manfully essayed the task.

'First, as to revenue, you will use your utmost diligence so to collect it,' he was enjoined, 'that not the smallest item may be overlooked or lost.'

'You will exhort the faithful, both from the pulpit and confessional, carefully to pay all dues and tithes, not failing to impress upon them, with all needful solemnity, that it is only by such offerings that they can acceptably testify their love to the Church. You will be careful so to use your opportunities also as to increase the income which arises from the sick, from masses, and, in short, from all ecclesiastical ordinances whatever.'

'As for the rest,' they went on, 'for preaching, the administration of the sacraments, and sedulous watching over the flock, these, no doubt, are also among the duties of the priest; but it is not necessary that you should tie yourself down to a slavish personal performance of them. You may employ a vicar to perform them in your stead, especially to preach for you.'

Then they proceeded to the visitation of the sick: 'In the case of persons of rank, you will of course use your discretion. It will in general be your duty to administer the sacraments personally to them; but to the humbler classes, such personal ministration is not only undesirable, but is distinctly forbidden by us.'

This, then, was the end, the goal of his ambition, the prize for which he must strain every energy and power. He had come to Zurich, it seemed, that he might sit like Matthew at the receipt of custom, and make a golden harvest for the chapter out of the most sacred mysteries of the Christian faith. His indignation almost overpowered him as he listened; but prudence, that wisdom of the ser-

pent which was as much a part of his nature as his energy, or eloquence, or intellectual vigour, came to his aid. He made no comment on the extraordinary charge just delivered to him; but thanking the chapter for the honour they had done him in their choice, he proceeded to unfold to his astonished colleagues what his views of his office were. 'The history of our blessed Saviour,' he said, 'has been too long made a dead letter to the people. It is my purpose to make it plain, by lecturing upon the whole of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, drawing my matter from the fountains of Scripture alone, sounding all its depths, comparing text with text, and putting up earnest and unceasing prayers that I may be permitted to discover what is the mind of the Holy Spirit. I desire to consecrate my ministry, and my poor gifts, not to man, but to God, that I may instruct in the true faith the souls committed to my care, to their eternal salvation, and the praise and glory of our God and Saviour.'

Thus spoke the bold Reformer; and when he had concluded his speech, a deep silence succeeded to his daring words. It was as if a bomb had suddenly

exploded in the quiet chapter house, or as if the earth had unexpectedly yawned before their eyes, showing them a glimpse of fearful and hitherto undreamt of abysses. Some few of the canons, indeed, approved of what they had heard, but they were in the minority, and prudently kept silence; the greater part were both angry and astonished. 'To preach in this way is an innovation,' they exclaimed; 'and if we permit one innovation, no one can tell to what extremes we may be driven.'

The Canon Hoffman particularly distinguished himself by his opposition. 'I am quite sure,' he said, 'that this new method of preaching will do the people more harm than good.'

'It is not a new method,' objected Zwingle, 'it is the old one. It was in common use with the Fathers. Allow me to recall to your memory St. Chrysostom's homilies upon Matthew, and those of St. Augustine upon John. I will promise, besides, to be very cautious in what I say, and give no one any reasonable cause of complaint against me.'

With this compromise the majority declared themselves content; but Hoffman, more dissatisfied

than ever, finding he could do nothing more in the chapter, addressed himself to the Principal, and desired him to command Zwingle to adhere to the established custom, and not disturb the people in their faith with new ideas and novel forms of procedure.

The Principal immediately sent for the new preacher, and had a long and interesting conversation with him, which ended not in his winning over Zwingle, but in his being partially won over himself to the Reformer's opinions.

In spite of all Canon Hoffman's efforts, it was found impossible to defeat the purposes of God, or to close the lips which He had opened.

Until this period Zwingle had, by the request of the Council of Glaris, retained that living; but having resolved in future to devote himself wholly to Zurich, he now wrote to resign it.

On his thirty-fifth birthday, the first of January 1519, he ascended for the first time the pulpit of the cathedral. His audience was very large, for the whole city was desirous of seeing a man who had already acquired celebrity as the expounder of a

new faith. He began by distinctly stating what he had set before himself as the principal object of his ministry. 'It is to Christ,' he exclaimed, 'that I wish to guide you; to Christ, who is the only true fountain and spring of salvation.' And at the conclusion of what may be considered as the programme and preamble of his work at Zurich, he announced that on the morrow, which was the first Sunday of the year, he would begin a course of lectures explaining the Gospel of St. Matthew.

On the morrow the great church was filled, and the preacher, ascending the pulpit, opened what had been so long a closed book to the laity, and reading the first chapter of the Gospel, expounded it to the surprise and delight of his numerous auditory, who hung with breathless interest upon his words. When he had finished, and the congregation were dispersing to their homes, every one was talking about him. 'What eloquent language!' said one; 'what a graphic power, what vigour, what fire!' 'What wonderful words!' said another; 'we never heard the like of this before.'

In this manner he explained the whole Gospel of

Matthew, chapter by chapter, sometimes ascending to the sublimest heights of eloquence, sometimes setting forth the mysteries of salvation in plain and familiar words, adapting himself to all classes, casting his net boldly forth with a full and free sweep, that it might entangle in its meshes not only the wise and learned, but also the ignorant and simple.

'Jesus is the only Saviour,' he continually exclaimed; 'come to Him, put your trust in Him. His mercies are infinite; them that come unto Him, He will in no wise cast out.'

Then passing from the faith of the heart to the practice of the life, he uttered, as he had done in Glaris, a fearless protest against the mercenary military service which was the bane of his country, pointing out the many evils which followed in its train,—luxury, intemperance, lawlessness, extravagance, and the acceptance of pensions from foreign princes. He exposed the intrigues by which the Pope, the Emperor, and the French king, in turn sought to fight their battles at the expense of Swiss blood and honour. No man had ever been heard before to speak with so much authority and power.

The frank, fearless, independent position which he assumed, fixed every eye upon him; he had become a reformer, intent above all things upon restoring the Scriptures to their proper place, and reviving, amid the manifold evils of a corrupt age, the truth and purity of apostolic times.

CHAPTER V.

SEEDTIME.

THE reception of gospel truth at Zurich was at first very flattering: the graces of the preacher's manner, the charm of his eloquence, won irresistibly upon all hearts. A great and mighty cry of admiration went up from the city, and ever-increasing multitudes flocked to the cathedral. A great proportion of these were of the lower classes, but not exclusively so. Poets, historians, state councillors, men of the highest rank, came to listen; and, delighted with what they heard, became not unfrequently the personal friends of Zwingle. 'Glory be to God,' said Henry Känschlin, the state treasurer, 'we have at last found a Moses to lead us out of the land of Egypt.'

At first all was apparent unanimity, no one daring to raise a dissentient voice against him; but soon

murmurs were heard: all were not convinced, although at first most had been charmed. The partisans of the old *régime* plucked up courage, and many well-meaning but timid men, dismayed at the prospect of such a revolution in public opinion as a reformation entailed, fell away from Zwingle. Like the ancient Hebrew leader to whom he had been compared, he was assailed by the reproaches of those whom he sought to save: the fury of the monks broke out anew; the lamentations of his colleagues, the canons, resounded on all sides. Still he did not flinch: when he was assailed with ridicule, he met it patiently; when he was attacked with threats, he was silent; when sympathizing friends sought to comfort him, he would answer, 'There is no need for your kind words; I do not despond. If we would win souls for Christ, we must shut our eyes and ears to many things that meet us on our way.'

This speech was characteristic of the man. It is full of the kindly wisdom which, above all other things, distinguished his common every-day life. The celebrated preacher was still the simple child

of the Sentis Mountains; with power to attract the great, he scorned to hold himself aloof from the poor. Everywhere in Zurich he was to be seen holding familiar conversation with the citizens in the public streets and walks, or discoursing to the burghers in their guild halls. He accosted the noble and the beggar with the same easy grace, and was by turns a guest in the palace and the cottage. Frank, open-hearted, and cheerful, he was full of compassion for the poor, and of kindly care for all. Nothing was ever known to ruffle his calm temper, or depress his cheerful spirit, or daunt his stedfast heart. A perpetual sunshine shone in his clear eyes; and even those who hated him acknowledged, in spite of themselves, the attraction of his manner. The monks, enraged at his popularity, said of him, that he would invite people to dinner, walk with them, talk to them about God; and having thus put the devil into their hearts, would finish by putting his own writings into their hands and pockets.

He was still, as in his student days, fond of music; and this afforded another handle to his clerical assailants. 'The world is gone mad,' they

said, 'to rush thus wildly after an evangelical lute-player and piper.'

This charge seemed so serious, that one of his friends gravely remonstrated with him upon the subject.

'It is true,' said the Reformer frankly, 'I do know how to play upon the lute and the violin; and at worst, they serve me to quiet little children when they cry. There is my lute,' he continued, in his manly straightforward manner; 'will you condemn me as too frivolous, if I admit that I have sometimes touched it for the amusement of the innocent light-hearted little ones of my flock?'

With all this social influence, and the open-hearted kindliness which was continually widening its sphere, he was indefatigable in study. He employed himself in reading or writing, from sunrise until ten in the morning; occasionally also in those morning hours he devoted himself to Hebrew, which was a favourite study with him. After his early dinner, he was accustomed to see any of his flock who wished for his advice, or strangers who desired an audience of him. At

that hour also his friends came, and he would walk out with them, and sometimes make visits either in their company or alone. In the afternoon he resumed his work, and continued at it until supper, after which meal he took a short walk; and when he returned home, set himself to writing letters,—a task which generally occupied him until after midnight. This division of his time he adhered to so scrupulously, that he could with difficulty be induced to depart, even in the slightest particular, from the rule he had laid down for himself.

One peculiarity he had, which made a study chair a useless luxury to him: he always read and wrote standing.

Meanwhile, the enemy whom he had conquered at Einsidlen was again drawing near; the monk Sampson, with his pack of 'paper pardons,' was slowly approaching Zurich. He had had, upon the whole, a successful tour, and his wallets were heavily laden with coin of more value than that spiritual currency, out of which the Popes of that age made such capital.

With the tussle at Einsidlen still fresh in his

memory, he did not anticipate that Zwingle would give him a hearty or honourable welcome. 'I know,' he said, 'that he will speak against me; but leave me alone, I will soon stop his mouth.'

In the first half of this expectation he was not disappointed. Zwingle had been for some time preparing for his coming, by preaching earnestly against indulgences; and as soon as the vendor of pardons appeared in the neighbourhood, he at once took the field against him. 'No man,' he declared from the pulpit, 'has power to forgive sins; this grace belongs to Christ alone, who is very God and very man in one. You may go and buy indulgences, but you will not therefore be absolved from sin. They who sell the remission of sins for money are, like Simon the magician of old, friends of Balaam, and ambassadors of Satan.'

Denunciations such as these, at once fearless and true, disgusted the citizens of Zurich to such an extent with the shameful traffic, that the Council of State resolved to intimate to the monk, that he must not think of entering the city. He was already in the suburbs, at an inn where he had

stopped to refresh himself, and was just about to mount his mule to make a triumphal entry into the town. His attendants were arranged in a sort of procession, with banners and flags of different kinds; before him went a waggon laden with coin; and behind, came he and his paper wares, with as much pomp and ceremony as if he were a benefactor of mankind instead of an impostor and cheat.

This procession was on the very eve of setting out, when the messengers from the State Council appeared.

Their coming was at first very agreeable to the monk; for, from the wine-cup which they carried in their hands, he concluded that they meant to do him honour. But although they proffered him that customary civility as an accredited agent of the Pope, he soon found that the act of courtesy by no means exhausted their commission, but that they were also empowered to prevent him from entering Zurich.

Into Zurich he, on his part, was determined to go, and a falsehood was a very small affair to a man who daily told hundreds in the course of his

calling. 'I have something to communicate to the Diet, in the name of His Holiness,' he at once said.

It was a mere pretence, but it made it necessary to admit him, and hear what he had to say. This, when it was at last wrung from him, was found to consist only of praise of the Papal Bulls which empowered him to traffic in indulgences; and he was at once dismissed with very scant ceremony. He left Zurich irritated in the highest degree, uttering maledictions and threats against all who opposed him; threats which he had no power to carry into effect, the Pope, from various reasons, not having nearly so much freedom of action in Switzerland as he had in Germany.

Hitherto Zwingle's career had been one uninterrupted course of success; he had known little of adversity or disappointment, of weakness or of pain. He was, like the strong man, armed at all points; no difficulty was too great for his stedfast will; no discouragement could damp for more than a moment his joyous spirit; no amount of work or of fatigue seemed to tell upon his iron

frame. Now in 1519 a new experience befell him: he became ill—not violently—not very seriously, perhaps; but so ill that he could no longer work, and immediately the whole face of the world seemed changed to him. It was as if the very life of his life had been taken from him. 'You must have rest and change,' said the physician; and rest and change he was constrained to take.

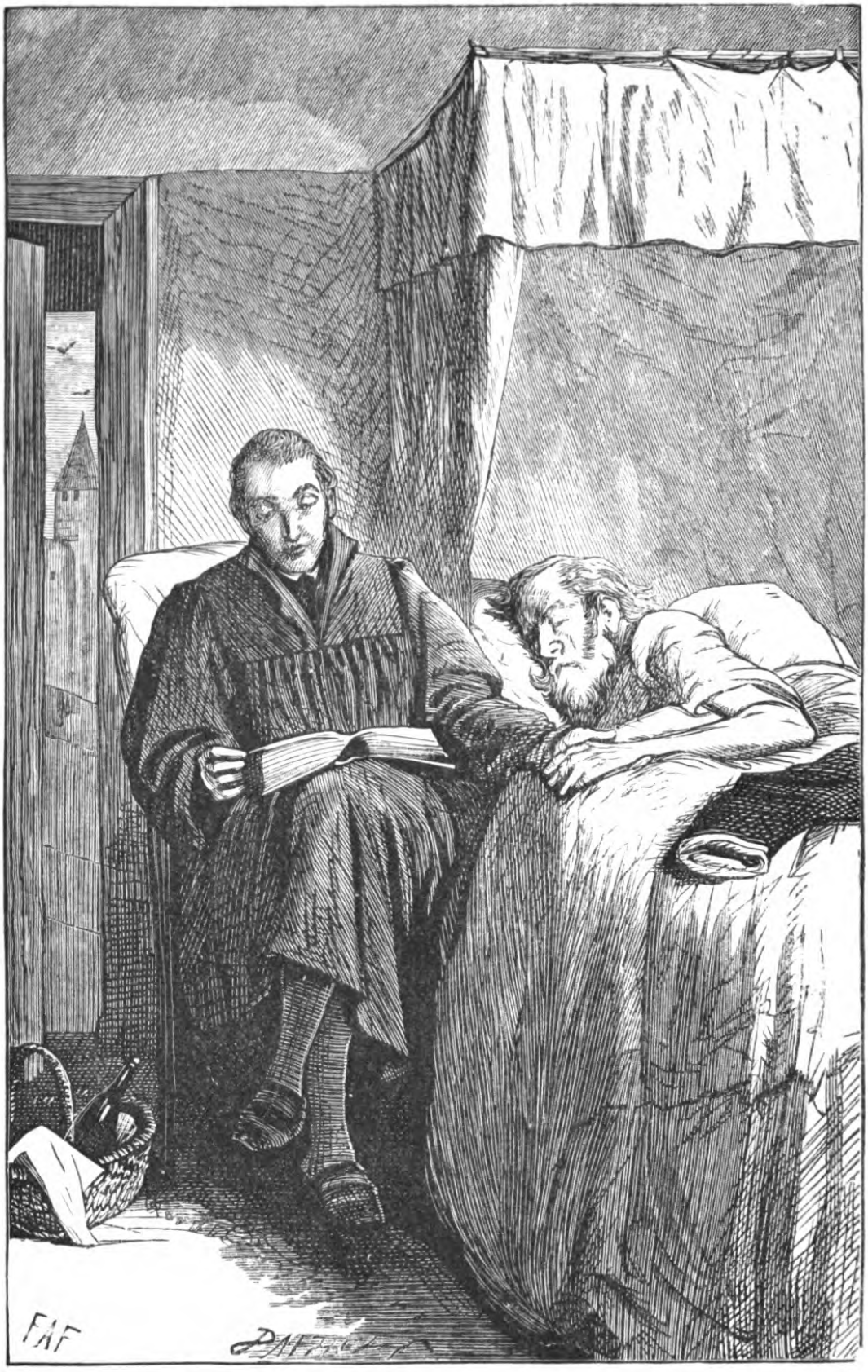
In a romantic valley amid the mountains, surrounded by rocks and torrents and encircling pine forests, were mineral wells, known as the Baths of Pfeffers. To those the overwearied man repaired, to drink in with the pure mountain air fresh draughts of vigour and life; and here, as usual, he found and made friends. The charm of his manners, his simple and unstudied affability, so won upon the invalids assembled at the baths, that he found numerous opportunities of advocating the cause to which he had devoted his life; winning, among other converts to the doctrines of the Reformation, the celebrated poet Philip Ingentinus.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

WHILE Zwingle was still at Pfeffers, surrounded by mountains and cascades, and the balmy freshness of an Alpine summer, in August 1519, terrible news was brought to him. On St. Lawrence's day, the plague, the black death, the great death, as it is variously called, had broken out in Zurich.

As usual, in the records of this terrible disease, the mortality was very great ; and the dismay, the terror, the selfishness it generated, were so extreme, that it seemed to have power to annihilate the strongest and most instinctive affections of human nature. Callous vice and hard-hearted indifference stalked rampant, side by side with misery. Forgetful of their mutual vows, the wife abandoned her stricken husband, the husband forsook his



Zwingle reading the Bible at a sick-bed. —*Story of a Noble Life*, p. 55.

dying wife; filial and fraternal affection ceased to exist; the mother recognised the fatal plague-spot on the bosom of her child, and fled aghast, deaf to its feeble, beseeching wail. Every one thought only of securing his own safety. Hundreds left the city, but no one returned to it except Zwingle. As soon as the tidings reached him, he at once set out, and re-entering this city of the dying and the dead, set himself immediately with characteristic energy to combat the unspeakable horrors of the dreadful disease, tending with kindly devotion at once the bodies and souls of his stricken parishioners.

Many a sufferer, deserted in that awful hour by kindred and friends, felt his pillow smoothed by Zwingle's compassionate hand, and heard his gentle voice utter those heavenly truths, powerful alike to teach the living how to live, and show the dying how to die.

His whole time was spent beside the beds of the sick. His anxious desire to alleviate the misery around him overlooked all considerations of personal ease; he took no precautions to preserve his

own health. In vain his friends urged him to be more careful: it was too late, the plague-spot was even then upon him; he was already sick unto death.

Struggling with a malady from which so few escaped, the mind of the great preacher, vigorous even amid nature's weakness and pain, turned inward upon itself, and the devout communings of his soul found vent in a hymn, mournful, and yet resigned.

Gradually he became worse, his strength was laid low in the dust, his powers of body and mind began to grow weak; he was brought face to face with death. The consternation in Zurich was extreme, when it became known that he, who had been like an angel of mercy to the plague-stricken city, was about to pass away from it. Even amid the awful selfishness engendered by despair, men for a moment ceased to think about themselves to talk of him; and there was even found a faithful few, who daily met in one of the churches to pray for his recovery. The news of his danger spread at last to the little hamlet of Wildhaus, and alarmed his

brethren there. 'I implore you for news of him,' wrote his younger brother Andrew, to whom he was fondly attached, and whom he had sent away from the infected city.

Still he became weaker; his death seemed a question not of hours, but of minutes; and his old opponent Hoffman, a devout and sincere Roman Catholic, believing him dying, could not bear that he should expire still professing the errors in which he had lived. Without delay he went to the Principal of the chapter, Zwingle's superior and his. 'Think, I beseech you,' he said to him, 'of the peril of this gifted soul. Think what he has said of the most renowned doctors of antiquity, of St. Bonaventura, of Thomas Aquinas, of Albertus Magnus, and a host of others. Has he not affirmed that the doctrines of these holy men are little better than dreams, which have beguiled them, when drowsily meditating, with their hoods drawn over their eyes, in the shady corners of their cloisters? And now they say he is dying, dying with such assertions uncontradicted! Alas for his poor soul!'

'Be at peace, my brother,' said the more en-

lightened Principal; 'this is not an hour in which to fight the battles of Albertus Magnus or St. Bonaventura. Let us leave our brother to die in peace.'

His counsel prevailed; Zwingle, stretched on his bed of pain, was left undisturbed. It was reported soon that he was dead. 'The scourge of God,' wrote one of his friends, 'has won its noblest victim. Our Ulric is reft from us.' In the universal terror and dismay of the moment, even his enemies forgot to rejoice, and joined, or affected to join, in the general grief. Meanwhile, in the solemn stillness of the hushed sick-chamber, the fluttering soul had returned from the portals of the grave. It was not there, not in that quiet room, looking out on that smiling lake, on those vine-clad slopes, on the familiar snowy peaks of the distant Albis, that the strong man was to die. It is remarkable that the hymn which he wrote upon his recovery, while full of gratitude and thanksgiving, is haunted by a presentiment of darker days yet in store for him. 'The hour now delayed must soon again come for me,' he says; 'perhaps, oh my God! involved in deeper gloom.' It was as if the awful shadows of Cappel's

blood-soaked heights were around him even in that hour of renewed life and strength, pointing with skeleton fingers to his Master's warning to St. Peter: 'Verily I say unto thee, They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.'

His recovery, when he did begin to amend, was protracted and slow. It was the beginning of November before he was able to hold a pen, and the first words he wrote were to the little circle of anxious hearts at Wildhaus. There the receipt of his letter awakened the most intense feelings of joy, especially in the breast of his young brother Andrew, the Benjamin of the family, who was above all his brethren dear to Zwingle. In 1520 this young man died of the plague, and his elder brother bemoaned his loss with passionate cries and tears, and an excess of grief which seemed to his detractors—and they were many—weak, and unworthy of his position.

Not only in his own family, but amid the wide circle of his friends, the tidings of his recovery awakened the most lively sensations of pleasure. Faber, the Vicar of the Bishop of Constance, wrote

to him, when he heard the news: 'Oh, my beloved Ulric! what joy is mine, to learn that you have been rescued from the jaws of the cruel pestilence. While you were in jeopardy, all good men everywhere have had cause to tremble. Accept this sharp trial as sent by God, to stir you up to more earnest striving after eternal life.'

This, indeed, was the effect which this imminent danger and deliverance had upon the Reformer. Hitherto his faith had been rather the cold belief of the intellect, than the living motive power of the life; now he seemed to cross, for the first time, the mystic threshold of salvation. From the grave which had yawned so close to him, he brought back the warm, ardent, loving faith of the heart. His preaching, touched by the fire of heaven, became more earnest, more winning, more nobly eloquent. It was as if God, as in the days of the ancient prophets, had deigned visibly to sanctify to Himself the gifts which He had given. Impatiently he desired to be again at his post; almost before he was convalescent, he had begun to work. Strong in bodily constitution, and unaccustomed to illness, he

was, like Samson, shorn of his locks; he wist not that his strength was gone; and there is a mournful pathos in his complaints to his friend Myconius, who had removed to Lucerne. 'They tell me I am well,' he wrote on the 30th of November 1519, 'and I walk about certainly, and eat, and drink, and sleep; but I am a wreck of my former self. I have none of my old spirit and energy left; my memory is so enfeebled, that sometimes in preaching I lose the thread of my discourse. The languor that oppresses me is so great, that I am little better than a dead man.'

Shortly afterwards, the visit of an old friend, Bunzli, who had been one of his preceptors at Bâle, roused him from his lethargy, and did him good; and a visit which he made in his company to Bâle was productive of marked benefit to his health, and, as usual, increased the number of his friends. A friend made during that visit, John Glother, wrote to him long afterwards: 'Oh, my dear Zwingle, I can never forget thee, or the kindness displayed by thee during thy stay in Bâle. Thou hast won my affection by that elegance of manners, that inde-

scribable fascination, by which thou dost subdue all hearts.'

After a short stay in Bâle, he returned to Zurich reinvigorated and refreshed; and it was now that the struggle between the Roman Catholic and the Reformed faiths began in real earnest in Switzerland.

As Zwingle differed in some points from Luther, and as erroneous opinions concerning some of his doctrines are very prevalent, it seems desirable to show here, from the compendium which he published of his own doctrines, what his teaching really was. Man, he declared, was doubtless before the fall created with a free will; so that, if he had been willing, he might have fulfilled the whole law of God. His nature was pure; and as was the fountain, so was the spring flowing from it. It was very different, however, after the fall; then the trail of the serpent passed through and defiled Eden. Death, physical and spiritual, was introduced into Paradise; and Adam, having sinned, bequeathed to all his descendants the fatal legacy of guilt. In this sinful, hopeless condition of mankind, Christ, very man

and very God, was born into this helpless world to renew the lost life of the human soul, and purchase for men an everlasting deliverance. 'He who died for the human race was eternal God;' His passion, therefore, is an eternal sacrifice, and has a perpetual efficacy. It satisfies the divine justice for ever, in behalf of all those who rely upon it with a firm and unshaken faith. Again, it was with his will that man sinned; and it was necessary for the re-establishment of the eternal order of things, and the salvation of man, that the human will should in the person of Christ give place to the divine. Jesus died, that all who should believe upon Him with a true and hearty faith, might through His death be reconciled to God. Hence it follows that human works as a means of salvation are worthless.

Salvation proceeds alone from the merits and death of Christ; the idea of merit in our own works is therefore no better than vanity and folly. They are the fruits, not the cause, of salvation. If we could have been saved by penances, or vigils, or the mortifications of the anchorite, then Christ's death would have been unnecessary. 'I am the Way,' He

said; and all who have ever come to God, have come to Him by the death of Jesus alone.

The Christian, being delivered from the law, depends entirely on Christ; therefore love to the Redeemer should be, *is*, to the redeemed, a love more powerful than the commandments of the moral law. Christ is his reason, his counsel, his righteousness, his sanctification, his whole salvation; Christ lives and moves in him; Christ alone leads him on his earthly way, and he needs no other guide heavenward. Sweet incense of the soul! Love to the Redeemer is that which alone can make the worthless sacrifices of earth acceptable to God. Works done out of Christ are worthless; since every good work is done by Him, in Him, and through Him, there is nothing that we can lay claim to ourselves. Wherever there is faith in God, there God abides; and wheresoever He makes His abode, He awakens a zeal for His service which constrains men to good works. The life of a Christian man ought to be, is, but one continued good work, begun and carried on by the Holy Spirit of God.

The doctrines of Zwingle were thus substantially

those of Luther; but the German and Swiss Reformers were at this time utter strangers—they had never even addressed a line to each other. Each had found his faith in the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ recorded in the Gospels. 'And that we agree so closely,' Zwingle once said, 'is a proof of the uniformity of the testimony of the Spirit of God, who has awakened in this man's heart the same emotions as in mine.'

As was to be expected, the preaching of a man at once so powerful and so faithful, created a profound impression in Zurich. The cathedral, although a spacious building, was too small to contain the crowds who flocked to hear him. It was as if the miracle in the valley of vision was repeated: the dry bones of the ecclesiastical polity again took flesh and shape, and, instinct with new life, sent up a song of thanksgiving and praise to heaven.

'It is a noble courage,' wrote one of his friends from Bâle, 'yea, truly a divine and noble courage, with which thou hast armed thyself; as far as I have strength, I will follow thee.'

'I have listened to thy teaching,' was the testi-

mony of another; 'God grant that Zurich, the head of our Swiss confederacy, may through thee receive all those blessings which follow in the train of righteousness and peace.'

This was the witness borne to him by his friends; but a man so distinguished had, of course, many enemies. Some of these found fault with the prominent part which he took in the politics of his country. Those interested in the foreign service—and they were many—were particularly bitter against him; and in various ways they contrived to give him so much trouble, that he was sometimes almost on the point of despair. The evil around him seemed to have as many heads as the fabled Hydra of classic story. As soon as he had cut off one, another started up, fierce and menacing, breathing out threatenings and slaughter. If, for a moment, some hard-won victory cheered him, close upon its heels followed an unlooked-for defeat, which again dashed all his hopes to the ground. Harassed, distressed, almost wearied out, a natural sympathy often directed his thoughts towards Luther, who was fighting, in circumstances even more difficult, the

hard battle of the faith. Banned by Pope and Kaiser, he could say of his brother Reformer, 'Although things be so with him, still I do not fear for Luther; he will conquer, in spite of all the thunderbolts of the Romish Jupiter.'

The same stedfast courage came to his own aid; his fits of depression were very short. 'Life is a warfare,' he would say, 'why should I dread it? To win glory, one must not spare labour, or be afraid of hard knocks. We must use the world as our enemy, and force this haughty Goliath, exulting in his strength, to bite the dust.'

The church, God's sanctified and redeemed church, was purchased at first with blood, and by blood it must be restored, by blood and tears, by labours manifold, by the sacrifice of all which the natural heart holds dear.

CHAPTER VII.

STRUGGLE AND STRIFE.

HARASSED by the fierce incessant struggle in which his life was passed, Zwingle had again need of rest; and to find it he went to Baden, from whence he returned, refreshed in health and spirits, to win the most decided success which had yet attended his labours.

Many of the magistrates of Zurich had been converted to the reformed faith. These men found, like all true Christians, comfort and instruction in the Bible. The Book of God was dear to them, and it grieved them that the priests and monks in their sermons altogether ignored it, and, instead of referring to it for the matter of their discourses, spun out legends more or less absurd about apocryphal saints, or hermits whose claim to sanctity too often rested on a love of filth, and contempt for the

common comforts and decencies of life. To put a stop, if possible, to the glorification of such pitiable saints, the Council issued an ordinance, enjoining all preachers to deliver nothing in the pulpit but what they had found among the treasures of the Old and New Testament.

It was an epoch in the Swiss Reformation, and marked the moment when the sacred truths, which had been long agitating and convulsing the souls of the masses, began to be the impulse and spring which moved to action the great heart of the nation.

This tide of truth had gradually been rising unobserved; and now in a moment, unexpectedly, it suddenly dashed over the barrier, and carried before it tumultuously the prejudices of centuries.

In the Papal ranks all was at first confusion and dismay. 'To preach the word of God!' quoth the monks; 'how can we do that, when most of us have never read it?'

It seemed to them an easier plan to get rid of Zwingle. It was an age in which priestly hands were not unfamiliar either with the poisoner's cup or the assassin's dagger; and the monks of Zurich

were not better than their fellows. Plots were laid for the life of the popular preacher, and unseen horrors thickened around him. Had he been rescued from the jaws of the plague, only that he might fall thus ignobly, — a prey to the bravo's knife or the crafty poisoner's cup of death? For a time it seemed so. Often, after nightfall, a knock would be heard at the door; and when it was opened, some trusty burgher would appear, with a face full of mystery and terror. 'Have you strong bolts on your doors?' he would ask in a terrified whisper. 'Or are you sure you are well armed?' These questions being answered, there would come an emphatic 'Be on your guard to-night;' and then the Nicodemus-like friend would sneak off, and the preacher and his assistants, Stäheli and Luti, who lived with him, would remain up half the night in momentary expectation of an attack.

In this precarious position they remained for some time, like soldiers on guard, continually armed at night, and only daring to sleep by snatches, until the magistrates, coming to their

assistance, placed a guard in the street opposite the house.

The state of danger and uncertainty, however, in which he passed his life, instead of damping, only raised to a fresh pitch of ardour and courage the zealous soul of Zwingle. Week by week, and day by day, he became more unwearied in his labours. On Fridays, the peasants from all the country districts around brought butter, cheese, fruit, vegetables, poultry, and whatever their farms produced, to the market at Zurich. These poor people were very ignorant; from their own priests they could learn little which it was useful to know. 'Would Zwingle help them?' was the question which was now put to him. The answer was 'Yes.' Overworked as he was already, he would find some time for them also; and accordingly, in 1520, he began to expound on Fridays the book of Psalms especially for the benefit of his peasant friends. He also devoted much attention to the young, over whom the winning cordiality of his manners enabled him to exercise great influence. Several youths, whom he had trained with the most assi-

duous and earnest care, leaving Zurich in many capacities, as students, as merchants, as schoolmasters, as noblemen travelling for pleasure, became so many centres of light in the towns through which they passed. In Bâle, in Lucerne, in Berne, the gospel was thus preached. Zurich no longer stood, as at first, alone; all was going on well, when, in 1521, the Pope and the French king again went to war, and discord, contention, and strife were kindled, as before, in the Swiss cantons.

The majority of the Confederacy adhered to the French king; Zurich alone stood aloof, joining neither party, inactive while all the others were arming at the call of their French ally.

At this crisis, Matthew Schinner, the Cardinal of Sion, arrived in the city. It was such a juncture as he loved: adroit, supple, proud of his dexterity and eloquence, he loved to work the unseen strings of intrigue, and influence men silently in an indirect, underhand way. His object now was to recruit for the army of his master, the Pope; and that he might obtain a numerous levy of soldiers, he was not indisposed to try his old flattering arts upon his former

friend Zwingle. But all his wiles were expended in vain. Zwingle would make no compromise, would come to no understanding with him. In the most earnest and indignant terms, he denounced him and his mission. 'Do not listen to these intrigues,' he cried. 'Do you not see that they are about to rend asunder the Confederation,—that they are about to arm brother against brother, Swiss against Swiss? I see those Italian battle-plains, which have so often run red with the blood of our countrymen; I see them arrayed again in all the pomp and circumstance of war. I mark the standards of the Pope and the Emperor; I mark beside theirs the banner of Zurich. Alas, what do I see further? I see bands of Zurichers rushing with levelled pikes against their brethren of the other cantons; blood flows like water in the fratricidal strife. The hearths of our fatherland are made desolate, only that the Pope may glut his hatred against the king of France. We give chase to the wolves that ravage our flocks; but we set no guard upon those who prowl around us to devour our brethren. It is not without good reason that the robes and hats

of these cardinals are dyed red. If you but twitch their garments, ducats and crowns will fall out; but only grasp them tightly, and you will find that they are dripping with blood — the blood of your brothers, of your fathers, of your sons.'

This eloquent protest did not prevail to prevent the levy: it produced, no doubt, a certain impression; but in spite of it, two thousand seven hundred of the men of Zurich marched to the aid of the Pope, under the command of George Berguer.

The Papal contingent having left the city, the political unrest and turmoil calmed down; and Zwingle began a series of very instructive discourses, in which he showed the difference between the precepts and teaching of the gospel, and the corrupt human teaching around him.

Lent having come on, he applied himself vigorously and successfully to show that the Roman Catholic obligation of refraining from flesh at that season had no warrant in Scripture. God had never forbidden it; and those who accounted it a grievous crime to eat flesh in Lent, did not scruple to

sell their brethren to be butchered by foreigners. While using these bold words, he still, however, observed the rules of the Church: he continued to say mass, and himself abstained from eating flesh on the appointed days. 'I have no doubt,' he said, 'that there is no sin in eating flesh every day; but until the question is settled by some competent authority, it is better perhaps to abstain from whatever may give offence.' These words were at once taken advantage of by his enemies. 'If he wants an authoritative deliverance on the subject, he shall have it,' they exclaimed; and they forthwith betook themselves with all speed to the Bishop of Constance. To him they represented the urgent circumstances of the case. 'This man, who has established himself in Zurich, is not the pastor,' they said; 'he is the destroyer of the Lord's flock. His influence is well-nigh paramount, and it is constantly increasing; if a prompt and decisive blow is not struck now, it will be for ever too late to attempt it.'

To this advice the Bishop was not disinclined to listen; it agreed with his secret inclinations, and

flattered that arrogance and love of power which have ever been so characteristic of the higher members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. He fancied also that the work required of him was very easy; he had no doubt, only to frown, in order to silence for ever this ambitious priest; it would require no great effort to stamp out the feeble flame which his officious zeal had begun to kindle in Zurich.

CHAPTER VIII.

A BISHOP'S INTERDICT.

TEMPESTS now began to growl around the head of the Reformer. On the 7th of April 1522, three persons in the dress of ecclesiastics entered the town of Zurich.

These, it was soon found, formed an embassy from the Bishop. The first two who composed it—Melchior Battli, the Bishop's coadjutor, and Doctor Brendi—were austere, arrogant, self-assuming priests; the third, John Farmer, a pious and gentle man, was preacher to the cathedral. A notary was at once sent round to convoke an assembly of the clergy at an early hour on the following day, in the chapter-house; Zwingle alone did not know of it until late in the evening, when a friend came in breathless haste to tell him that officers had arrived from the Bishop, and that

without doubt some great blow was about to be struck.

It was an anxious night, but the Reformer was not dismayed. In the morning the assembly was held; and as soon as it was opened, Melchior Battli, the Bishop's coadjutor, stood up, and delivered a speech, which was at once ignorant, arrogant, and exceedingly violent. What he lacked in reasoning, he made up in abuse; but throughout he did not once mention Zwingle by name: it was the new doctrines against which he inveighed, with such effect, that many of the younger converts who heard him faltered and turned pale.

Zwingle alone did not wince. As soon as his opponent had ceased speaking, he rose and delivered an address, so noble, so eloquent, so full of spirit-stirring truths, that even Battli made no attempt to answer, but abruptly closed the meeting.

He had lost his cause in the assembly of the clergy; but in the smaller of the two great councils of the city there were many violent opponents of the new doctrines: if he could only get the matter

settled there, he could so contrive, he thought, that it should go against Zwingle.

It was a critical moment. Without an hour's delay, he carried his complaints before the magistrates, and desired them to assemble the smaller council. If he should succeed in that, then the future was easy: the Reformation and the Reformer would perish together, unheard, and without the possibility of an appeal.

Had God abandoned His infant church? the reformed asked of one another. It almost seemed so. The coadjutor was already triumphant, when some councillors, who were friendly to the cause of truth, appealed to the jurisdiction of the Council of Two Hundred.

It was in vain that the coadjutor and his colleagues resisted this appeal. It was impossible in republican Zurich to carry matters with so high a hand as in priest-ridden Rome or aristocratic Germany; there was no resource but to assemble the great Council. All that they could do was to endeavour to exclude Zwingle from the assembly. In this they were successful. The Council signed

an order forbidding him to enter the Council Hall; and although he struggled hard to get this order rescinded, he could not succeed, but was forced to submit. 'Thereupon,' he tells us, 'having knocked at every human door in vain, and left not a stone unturned, I desisted, and with heavy sighs laid the matter before my God, beseeching Him to save His imperilled gospel.'

In due time this prayer was answered. In the month of April the great Council of Two Hundred assembled, and Zwingle's friends at once took the initiative. 'We must have our pastors here,' they said, 'to answer for themselves.'

The members of the smaller Council objected violently to this; but the others were firm, and it was finally determined that the pastors should not only be present, but should have the right of reply if they thought fit.

At this stage of the proceedings, the Bishop's emissaries were ushered in, and were immediately, to their consternation and surprise, followed by the three curates of Zurich—Zwingle, Engelhard, and Boeschli who was an old and feeble man. When

the whole party were seated, the champion of the Papacy rose, and fixing his eyes upon the assembled senators, began a speech full of violence and groundless accusations. 'These newly invented doctrines which some men amongst us teach,' he said, 'are equally abominable and seditious; they threaten the Christian religion and the civil constitution alike with ruin. Oh, senators of Zurich, continue in the Church! Out of the Church no one can be saved. The ceremonies of the Church alone can bring unlearned Christians to the knowledge of salvation; and the pastors of the flock have nothing to do but to explain the meaning of these ceremonies to the people.'

As soon as this speech was finished, he at once, with his colleagues, prepared to leave the Council Hall; but Zwingle, rising, earnestly besought him to remain, and give him an opportunity of refuting the charges which he had brought against him.

This the coadjutor resolutely refused to do. 'He was not there,' he said, 'to dispute with any man.'

'I pray you,' said the burgomaster Roust, 'listen

to what the curate has to say in reply to what you have just said against him.'

Again he reiterated his refusal, and was about to leave the hall, when a murmur of disapprobation around him made him hesitate.

Upon this the burgomaster renewed his remonstrances; and discontented, enraged, bent on escaping if he could, he was yet forced to return to his seat, and listen in turn to Zwingle's speech.

One after another the Reformer took up the accusations against him, and proved them to be groundless. 'Of what use,' he said, 'are those forms and ceremonies which we have just heard so highly commended? They serve but to disfigure the lineaments of Christ, and mislead His followers. Such vain observances never brought, can never bring, the unlearned multitude to the knowledge of the Saviour. There is another and a better way—our Lord Himself pointed it out to us: it is through the gospel, and the gospel alone, that we can come to Jesus with a saving faith. With regard to abstinence from food, if any man thinks fasting conducive to his spiritual health, let him fast. If he thinks

the forty days of Lent insufficient, let him fast all the year if he will. All I contend for is, that no one shall be compelled to fast.'

'The foundation of the Church is Christ; and in every nation, he who believes with all his heart on the Lord Jesus Christ, is accepted of God.

'Here, truly, is the Church out of which no one can be saved. As for ceremonies, let those who live by them make it their business to explain them. To explain the gospel, and to obey it, is the sum of the duty of a minister of Christ.'

A hot flush of rage passed over the coadjutor's face as he listened, but he remained silent; there was nothing in the faces around him to induce him to hope for such a deliverance in favour of the observance of Lent as he desired. Nor in effect was it passed. Later in the day it was resolved to leave the matter as it stood, till the Pope and the Cardinals could be consulted upon the point in dispute.

This was in appearance a drawn battle; but in reality the victory was with Zwingle, who was not a man to neglect to follow up any advantage he gained. Meanwhile his old enemy, Canon Hoffman,

alarmed at the spread of his opinions, again took the field against him. He addressed a long written homily to the chapter, full of accusations against Zwingle, which the Reformer demolished with much the same ease with which a child scatters to the winds a handful of thistle-down. He did more: he turned the general laugh of the chapter against his opponent; and Hoffman, sensitive and reserved, slunk out of the arena. Henceforth the Church might stand or fall for him!

On the 16th of April, Zwingle published a treatise *On the Free Use of Meats.*

Luther was at this time in the Wartburg, mysteriously withdrawn for a season from his proud position as the Apostle of the Reformation in Germany; and many a wistful glance was directed by the German believers towards Zurich and its pastor. Was this bold man, whose unconquerable firmness was steadily carrying before it all obstacles, chosen and anointed of God to lead the van of His Church's battles—a captain and head in the place of him whom they had lost? They were at times almost content to think so.

The deputies of the Bishop, meanwhile, had gone back to Constance to carry to their master the news of their defeat; and those dishonourable agents, which the Papacy in its need has seldom hesitated to employ, again came into play. A potent poison was prepared for the Reformer, and friendly letters warned him of the fact. 'Partake of no food but in your own house,' he was told. 'Eat no bread but what your own cook has baked.' Staheli, his assistant, was stopped by a chaplain, who earnestly adjured him to leave Zwingle's house with all speed. 'A catastrophe,' he said, 'is at hand; and if you remain there, you will be involved in it.'

In spite of all these machinations against his life, Zwingle went out and came in unharmed. It was as with the ancient Hebrew prophet at Dothan: an unseen body-guard from the Lord encompassed him; and his enemies, despairing of attaining their end by assassination, again took up the more legitimate weapons which they had dropped in disgust. Tidings reached Zwingle from every side that the war was about to be renewed.

'God is my helper,' he said, with that stedfast

faith which many afflictions failed to quench—'God is my helper; and with Him on my side, I fear them as little as the crag fears the waves which surge and swell around its base.'

On the 2d of May the Bishop of Constance issued a mandate, complaining that certain persons in his diocese were reviving doctrines which had been long ago condemned, and were irreverently discussing the most exalted mysteries of the faith, even with unlearned persons. In this document, although much was insinuated against him, Zwingle was not mentioned by name. Towards the end of May, however, the Bishop addressed a letter to the canons of Zurich, among whom, as he was well aware, the Reformer had many enemies. 'Sons of the Church,' wrote the prelate, 'I adjure you to stifle those pernicious doctrines which are being preached among you. Do not suffer them to be discussed either in private or in public. Let those perish who will perish, but let no one entice you to leave the Church.'

This missive was read in full chapter, and very naturally every eye turned upon Zwingle. 'I see,'

he said, 'that you consider that this letter has special reference to me; be pleased to deliver it to me, then, and by God's help I will answer it.'

To the treatise which he wrote in reply he gave the name of *Archeteles,* a Greek word signifying at once the beginning and the end,—thereby declaring his hope that his first reply would also be his last.

In this answer he defended himself firmly, but in respectful terms, protesting that his only offence was, that he had endeavoured to open men's eyes to the peril of their souls, and had laboured to bring them to a knowledge of the only true God, and of His Son Jesus Christ. 'As for your pompous and burdensome ceremonies,' he added, 'their doom is already sealed; all your efforts will not avert their fate. Be yours, then, the part to speed the inevitable transition from darkness to light.'

Such a reply did not please the Bishop. Summoning his council of war to his aid, he laid it before them, and it was unanimously resolved, that as milder measures had failed, severer ones must be resorted to at once. A vigorous blow must be struck; but how?—that was the puzzling question.

At every turn the free institutions of Switzerland met and impeded the would-be persecutors. Casting around their eyes in much perplexity, they bethought themselves at last of the Diet, the great General Council of the whole Swiss nation.

Deputies from the Bishop accordingly appeared before this assembly, and presented a complaint from him, to the effect that he had forbidden certain priests in his diocese to introduce into their discourses pernicious and innovating doctrines in religion, and that not the slightest attention had been paid to his prohibition.

The Diet, as he very well knew, were not disinclined to redress his grievances if they could. The tide in this general council of the nation set as yet against the reformed religion; and but a short time before, the assembly had issued a decree requiring all priests to desist from preaching, as their sermons tended only to stir up useless discussions.

This success filled the Roman Catholic party with joy, and placed the Council of Zurich in a painful position. The Diet had sided with the old superstition: how were they to act? It seemed

to them an impossible thing to oppose it, and on the 7th of June they also psssed a resolution forbidding any one to preach against the monks. This created such dissatisfaction, that in order, if possible, to compose matters, the council appointed a committee to inquire into the affair. Before this committee the preachers and their monkish adversaries were summoned, and a very keen debate ensued. 'I claim,' said Zwingle, 'the right of preaching the gospel freely. I am bishop and pastor of Zurich, and it is to me the cure of souls has been confided. If I preach any doctrine contrary to the holy gospel, I desire to be rebuked, not only by the chapter, but by any private citizen.'

'And we,' contended the monks, 'demand on our part liberty to preach the doctrines of St. Thomas.'

The committee, after carefully considering the subject, decided in favour of Zwingle, and determined that the holy gospel alone should be preached, leaving the doctrines of St. Thomas to such as should choose to search for them in his books.

This decision gave the greatest offence to many of the canons, particularly to the Italian members

of that body, who were in a peculiar degree devoted to the Pope. This decree of the council was followed by another innovation, which was, if possible, even more offensive to them.

There was in the city a nunnery called Octenbach, where the daughters of the nobility and principal citizens were accustomed to take the veil.

A darkness as of the grave had long brooded over this melancholy spot, which was under the direction of the Dominicans. Not a ray of light or of hope had been allowed to enter it. To this living tomb Zwingle was now sent by the council to explain the word of God. He mounted the pulpit, and preached to his secluded and benighted audience one of the most eloquent and impressive of his sermons, choosing for his subject, 'The clearness and certainty of the Scriptures.'

This sermon, which he afterwards published, inflamed to the highest pitch the angry passions of the monks. Already in imagination they saw the prison doors of Octenbach opened, and many a reluctant victim set free, escaping like a bird from the snares of the fowler.

CHAPTER IX.

ZWINGLE'S MARRIAGE.

AT this juncture, disastrous news came to Zurich: the Swiss had been defeated with great loss at Bicocca in Italy. Their captains, Stein and Winkelreid, had fallen, and many of the bravest of their officers and men had been left upon the field of battle.

A wail of anguish resounded at this news from one end of Switzerland to the other; not a hamlet, scarcely a family of any note, but had lost a member. This season of universal mourning and lamentation Zwingle tried to turn to good account, by showing how much more peace conduced to the real prosperity of the country than war, and how detrimental all these foreign alliances were to its best interests. He addressed a letter on this subject to the canton of Schweitz, which had suffered most

severely; but although convinced for the moment, the authorities of Schweitz were soon induced by the potent influence of French gold to see things in a different light, and Schweitz became, of all the cantons, the one most violently opposed to the Reformation.

This period, which to the bulk of the nation was one of mourning and lamentation, seems to have been scarcely at all felt by the monkish orders, for they signalized it by several flagrant breaches of morality. One of their number, the curate of Lucerne, was guilty, not only of adultery, but of murder; and in view of these evils, and of the many scandals which the law enforcing celibacy had brought upon the Church, Zwingle resolved to marry.

His choice fell upon a widow, Anna Von Knonaw. Reared in poverty, Anna was remarkable not only for beauty of person, but for those charms of the intellect and of the heart which endure when the step has lost its elasticity, the cheek its bloom, and the eye its light. While still very young, she had won the heart of a young man

of noble birth, who had made her his wife in spite of much opposition. His name was John Meyer Von Knonaw, and he was a relation of the Bishop of Constance. Her marriage lasted only for a few years, when she was left a widow, with three children to rear and educate, and with all the evils of poverty to contend with. Her father-in-law was rich, but he had not only disinherited his son upon his marriage, but had refused to concern himself in the least about his destitute orphan grandchildren. In these circumstances, he was one day sitting at his window, when he saw an old servant-woman pass by, leading by the hand a very beautiful little boy about three years old.

The graceful, lively gestures of the little one attracted his attention so forcibly, that he called one of his servants, and asked whose child it was.

'It is the child of your dead son,' was the answer.

The woman and her charge were already past, but in the old man's heart nature had fought and won the battle over prejudice and pride. That night the widow's humble door opened to give

admittance to an unexpected but not unwelcome guest. Clasping in his arms the little peacemaker, the proud noble forgave his plebeian daughter-in-law, and restored her, with her children, to the rank and inheritance of her dead husband. Henceforth her circumstances were affluent and easy; but she still continued to live in seclusion, occupying herself with the education of her children, a son and two daughters, and so conducting herself as to acquire the respect and esteem of those who were prepared to dislike her, as the possessor of honours to which she was not born. It was through her son, young Gerold Von Knonaw, that she first became personally acquainted with Zwingle. The great preacher had long paid much attention to the young of his flock; and the beauty and ability of the young nobleman, joined to a peculiar sweetness of disposition which he inherited from his mother, all combined to attract his notice in an especial degree.

Introduced to Anna's home, he found her still beautiful, still young, pious, modest, and the fondest of fond mothers. A soft pensiveness, induced by early sorrow, made still more attractive a character

full of charms, and more than atoned in Zwingle's eyes for her want of fortune; for all the wealth she brought him was only four hundred florins. It was a happy marriage; the Reformer himself characterized it as such; and speaking of marriage in general, of its sacred sympathies, of its intimate unselfish companionship, he calls it a 'holy alliance.'

'As Christ,' he says, 'died for those that are His, and gave Himself entirely for them, so should those who are united together by marriage do and suffer all things one for the other.'

It is sad to have to record that the husband of Anna Von Knonaw, the man who could write these emphatic words, was ashamed to own her openly as his wife; but so it was. Zwingle was not by any means perfect; he would scarcely, perhaps, have been so lovable if he had; and it seems proved beyond a doubt that he did for some time keep his marriage secret.

Many of his biographers place this event two years later than it really took place, in 1524; but a letter from his intimate friend Myconius, dated the 22d July 1522, sends greetings to his wife; and that

this letter is properly dated is proved by its contents.

Other letters from the same friend, written in the same year, are not less conclusive on this point, which is also proved by Bucer from a letter which Zwingle wrote to him from Strasburg in 1524, when he acknowledged his marriage.

This blameable want of courage in one generally so resolute, seems to have proceeded from a lack of faith: he knew that he was doing what was right himself; but the prejudice against married priests was at that time so general, that he seems to have feared that he would hurt his usefulness by owning his wife. His hesitation was no doubt increased, if it was not created, by the great public anxiety and alarm which prevailed. The ordinance of the Diet forbidding ministers to preach the gospel was still in force; and in view of this prohibitory law, Zwingle invited all priests who were of the same opinion as himself to meet him at Einsidlen to consider the subject.

From Schweitz, from Baden, from Zug, from Lucerne, from the country districts around Zurich,

the teachers of the reformed doctrines repaired to the ancient monastery, and were hospitably received by Leo Juda, who had succeeded Zwingle as preacher to the Abbey.

When all were assembled, the Reformer proposed to address a petition to the Bishop of Constance and to the assembled cantons, praying them to abolish the compulsory celibacy of the clergy, and to give permission for the free preaching of the gospel. He had himself prepared these petitions, and when he had read them they were at once signed by all present.

The tone of these addresses, grave, temperate, and yet bold, is marked by the prudence which was a characteristic of Zwingle's earlier career. The gauntlet was thrown down, but with no unnecessary offence; all was courteous, but yet so firm, that no one could doubt that the hand of steel was behind the glove of velvet, and that the author was prepared to peril his life on the issue.

A universal fervour and ferment at this period pervaded men's minds, but it was in the convents that the indignation against the reformed doctrines

was greatest. In defiance alike of common sense and of the plain teachings of the Scriptures, the monks clung to the idea of a sacerdotal caste peculiarly favoured by Heaven, and raised in sanctity and privilege above all other believers. This they were determined not to let go, and the clamour they raised was such as would have daunted any man less intrepid, than he with whom they had to deal.

'We must give up all,' he wrote to Myconius, 'even our wives, for Christ's sake, if such be His will; but we must not desert His cause.'

CHAPTER X.

A MESSAGE FROM THE WILDHAUS.

IT was while thus boldly standing forward, a target against which all assaults were directed, that Zwingle's home affections, always acute and strong, received a severe wound. Of the numerous brethren who had grown up with him in their wild mountain home in the Tockenburg, Andrew, the best beloved, was dead; and of those that remained, some had long been soldiers; and others, less aspiring, continued to feed their flocks, as their father had done, on Mount Sentis. To these men, high-spirited and independent, news was brought that the learned brother in Zurich, of whom they had long been so proud, had become a heretic. Their pride fired at the idea. Never, never should it be said that such a disgrace had stained the honour of their name. Calling a family

council, which met at the old paternal home of the Wildhaus, they thence addressed to him a letter full of the most poignant dismay and distress; and Zwingle, deeply grieved, immediately answered them kindly, but firmly. 'As long as God shall enable me,' he said, 'I will perform the task which He has assigned to me, without fearing the world or its proud tyrants. I know all that may befall me. There is no danger, no evil, that I have not long and carefully considered. I know the power of my enemies, I know that my strength is very weakness; but I know also, that I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me. Were I to be silent, another would be raised up, and constrained to do what God is doing by my means, while I should be judged as guilty before Him. Oh, my dear brethren, banish your fears, calm your apprehensions. If I have a doubt, it is that I have been more gentle and forbearing than the times require. But what shame, say you, will fall upon the family, if I am burned at the stake, or in any other way put to death! Oh, my beloved brethren, do you not know that the fiercest persecutions,

far from arresting the gospel of Christ, do but hasten its progress? They alone are faithful soldiers of the cross, who are not afraid to bear about in their bodies the wounds of their Master. All my efforts are directed to make known to men the treasures of that redemption which Christ has purchased for us. If this doctrine excites your anger, I cannot help it; I must still continue to warn men to turn to the Father through the death of His Son. You are my brethren, yes, my own brothers, sons of my father, who have hung on the same mother's breasts; but if you were not my brethren in Christ, and in the works of faith, then my grief would be so overpowering that nothing could exceed it. Farewell! I will never cease to be your attached brother, so long as you do not cease to be the brethren of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

This letter of remonstrance from the Wildhaus was but a premonitory symptom of the storm which threatened to overwhelm the apostle of Zurich, and with him the cause of the infant Reformation in Switzerland. On all sides the political heavens, long overcast, darkened with the coming storm;

on all hands fresh enemies started up; without were fightings, within were fears, while the partisans of the foreign service united with the priests and monks to swell the furious cry heard ages ago in ancient Ephesus, 'This our craft is in danger!'

In anguish, almost in despair, the Reformer turned to God. 'O my Jesus,' he cried, 'Thou seest how the wicked and the blasphemer stun the ears of Thy people with their clamour. O my Saviour, Thou art my witness that from my youth I have abhorred controversy; and yet, almost against my will, Thou hast not ceased to impel me to the conflict. Help me now: if in anything I have builded unwisely, let Thy hand of power cast it down; but in any wise abandon me not. Hast Thou not promised to be with Thy people unto the end of the world?'

The Reformer penned this prayer in August 1522, in an hour so full of threatening and danger, that it might well have damped any mere earthly courage; but his intrepidity, like his faith, was from above. The attack was coming, but he resolved

not to await, but to meet it; he was better fitted to play the part of the assailer than of the assailed. Thus judging, he presented himself fearlessly before the Council, and demanded permission to give an account of his doctrines in the presence of the Bishop's deputies.

This permission was granted as the readiest way of settling the dissensions, and a conference was fixed by the Council for the 29th of January. It was no great favour granted to the Reformer or his cause, but it aroused the bitter wrath and scorn of his adversaries. The priests and monks went everywhere, asking with jeers, 'Have you heard of the vagabond diet which is to be held at Zurich? No doubt all the strolling beggars from the highways will be there.' As a preparation for this much contemned conference, Zwingle published sixty-seven theses, in which he did not scruple fearlessly to attack the Pope, and to vindicate the cause of religious liberty against his unceasing usurpations.

Some of these propositions are perhaps not undeserving of attention in those days, when there is in some quarters such an impulse to revive sacer-

dotalism, and to put the Church in the place not only of liberty of conscience and the right of private judgment, but even of Christ and His salvation. Zwingle, who had worn the fetters of the Church, and knew how they galled, thus expresses himself: 'They who assert that the gospel is nothing until confirmed to us by the Church, blaspheme God.'

'Jesus Christ is the only way of salvation for all who have been, are, or shall be saved.'

'Christians are all the brethren of Christ, and of one another. They have no spiritual fathers upon earth. What, then, have we to do with religious orders, or ecclesiastical dignities, sects, or parties?'

Thursday, the 29th January, was the day fixed for the conference; and when it came, more than six hundred people assembled in the hall in which the great Council of Zurich usually met.

A great proportion of these consisted of the higher, better educated classes, and of the clergy; and a subdued agitation, an eager asking of where all this was to end, sufficiently showed that the meeting was regarded as an event of no common

consequence. The president's chair was filled by the burgomaster, a man who had grown grey in the experience of battle-fields and senates. On one side were the Bishop's deputies, on the other a solitary deputy who appeared in behalf of the reformed doctrines; and in front, in the centre of the hall, Zwingle himself seated, with a table before him, on which was placed a Bible. His noble features were composed and calm, his attitude modest and yet resolute. He alone in the assembly seemed entirely at his ease; and he made no secret of the source from whence he derived his strength. 'I am driven and beset on all sides,' he had said not half an hour before to an intimate friend, 'yet I stand firm, relying not on my own strength, but upon Christ the rock of His people, by whose help I can do all things.'

For some minutes after the burgomaster had taken his seat, silence prevailed, and then the Reformer rose.

'I have proclaimed,' he said, 'that salvation is to be found in Christ alone; and for this I am branded throughout Switzerland as a heretic, a seducer, an

unquiet and rebellious man. Here, then, I stand, to maintain what I have said in God's name.'

All eyes at this were turned towards the quarter where the Bishop's deputies stood. There was a little stir and whispering among them; and then Faber, Zwingle's early friend, the Bishop's Vicar-General, stood forward. 'I am not sent to dispute, but to report,' he said; then, seeing that many were inclined to smile, he added, 'The Diet of Nuremberg has promised a council within a year: we must wait for it.'

'What!' said Zwingle, 'is not this large and intelligent meeting as good as any council?' Then turning to the burgomaster and those around him, he said earnestly, 'Gracious lords, I pray you now to defend the word of God.'

A profound solemn silence succeeded to this appeal; and then Roust, the burgomaster, spoke: 'If any one has anything to say,' he said, 'let him say it.'

Still the silence continued, or, if possible, became more profound.

'I know that there are some here who have ac-

cused me,' repeated Zwingle. 'Let them stand forward now, and rebuke me for the truth's sake.'

Still not a word answered this appeal. Again and again he reiterated his request, till Faber, shamed out of the prudent reserve he had imposed upon himself, got up; not, however, to dispute with the enemy of whom he was so manifestly afraid, but to say that he had vanquished in the argument the pastor of Filispach, an adjoining parish, and had clearly proved to him that the new doctrines were heretical and pernicious. Having made this idle boast, he again relapsed into silence; but he had scarcely sat down, when a cry was raised on every side, 'Bring forward now the arguments with which you convinced the pastor of Filispach.' But to this demand he gave as little heed as if he had been a statue of stone; and after another interval of silence and expectation, a voice at the end of the hall said tauntingly, 'Aha, where be these braggarts now, whose voices are so loud in our streets? Come forward—there is the man you want!'

Upon this the burgomaster observed, with a smile, 'It seems that the sword that vanquished

the pastor of Filispach is at present glued so fast to its scabbard, that there is no use in waiting for its appearance. I will therefore dismiss the meeting.'

The assembly then dispersed, to meet again in the afternoon, when the Council resolved, 'That no one having been able to refute the propositions advanced by Master Ulric Zwingle, he was at liberty to continue to preach the gospel as he had done hitherto; and as for the rest of the clergy of the canton, it was enjoined that they should advance nothing in their preaching which they could not establish by the Scriptures.'

At this deliverance of the Council Zwingle openly expressed his gratitude. 'Thanks be to God,' he said; 'He will cause His word to prevail in heaven and on earth.'

It was too much for Faber. Swelling with indignation, he rose to his feet. 'The theses of Master Ulric,' he said, 'are incompatible with the honour due to the Church, and opposed to the doctrine of Christ, and I can prove it.'

'Do so,' answered Zwingle. 'Before you can

disprove one word of what I have said, the earth itself will open before you.'

'That is always the cry,' retorted Faber; 'the gospel—nothing but the gospel. Men might lead holy lives in peace and charity if there were no gospel.'

At these unguarded and almost blasphemous words, a feeling of irrepressible indignation seized the assembly; every man started to his feet; the conference was at an end, and it had ended certainly not to the advantage of the Roman Catholic party. If Zwingle could thus boldly encounter and vanquish, or at least put to silence, the ablest advocates of the Papacy, some other method of subduing him must be tried; and those methods which were found most successful with heretics in Germany or the Spanish Netherlands being inadmissible in republican Switzerland, it was determined to flatter and cajole the arch-heretic, and, if possible, win him over by persuasions and bribes.

A day or two after the conference, Zwingle, being alone in his house, was surprised by a visit from the captain of the Pope's Guards. This officer was

not unknown to him, for he was a son of the Burgomaster Roust; but he was accompanied by a stranger, who turned out to be Einsius, the Papal legate. This envoy was the bearer of a brief from the Pope, in which Adrian addressed the Reformer as his well-beloved son, and assured him of the special favour and consideration which he had for him.

At the same time, the Pope set other engines to work to influence him. One man, who was supposed to have considerable power with him, declared that he was authorized to offer him everything that Rome could give, except the pontifical chair. Zwingle might have repeated, if he had chosen, in his own person, the eventful history of the Cardinal of Sion; but he was proof against all temptation. Mitre and crosier, pomp and power, were as the veriest baubles to one who was more intensely a reformer even than Luther. The German monk retained to the very last a certain regard for the forms and ceremonies of past ages. It was enough for the republican preacher that forms had been made the vehicle of superstition. In his

opinion, the word of God alone was to be exalted or revered. To such a man, all the glittering baits that Rome could offer were as the veriest dust and ashes.

Haughtily, and with a Swiss freedom that was in the highest degree displeasing to his tempters, he spurned from him their proffered wealth and honour, leaving them to meditate at leisure over the mistake they had made.

Faber, in especial, was enraged at the reception given to the Pope's advances, and everywhere busied himself in trying to raise up enemies to Zwingle. In Lucerne, the populace were excited to such a degree, that they rushed through the streets dragging after them an effigy of the Reformer, and with loud cries demanded his death. Threats against him were uttered in the Diet; the old soldiers, the advocates of the foreign service, the herdsmen from the hills, a simple and bigoted race, all made common cause against him. The political and religious world was convulsed to its base; only he was firm. 'Christ,' he said, 'will never fail those who are His.' And with redoubled assiduity he set to work

in Zurich, where day by day fresh fruits of his labours were gathered in.

Twenty-four of the canons and a considerable number of the chaplains of the cathedral came one day to the Council, and asked them to revise and reform their statutes. Their request was acceded to; and in place of a set of lazy priests living in wantonness and ease, learned and pious men were appointed, who were directed to educate such of the youth of Zurich as should apply to them for instruction. Instead of vespers and daily masses in Latin, a simple service was instituted; a chapter in the Bible was read, and then expounded to the people. All was going well, when, at this stage in the history of the Reformation in Zurich, some of its more eager and less judicious partisans, leaving the consideration of more essential points, descended to secondary matters, and stirred up the people to a furious onslaught against the images in the churches. A richly carved crucifix, erected outside one of the city gates, was one night levelled to the ground; and this assault was followed up by a vicar of St. Peter's, who, observing a number of

beggars standing in the porch of the church, said aloud, 'It would be well if the costly vestments that deck the images of the saints were bestowed on these unfortunates.' A few days afterwards, it was found one morning, that both the saints and their fine clothes were amissing; and although the vicar denied all knowledge of the disappearance, he was sent to prison for his imprudent words.

This step of the Council created a great deal of murmuring among the people; and the magistrates finding themselves, as it were, between two fires, and feeling that they had need of light, resolved to summon a second conference, that the question relating to images might be discussed freely from scriptural grounds, and in German.

To this conference the twelve cantons, the Bishops of Coire, Constance, and Bâle, and the University of the last-mentioned city, were invited to send deputies. This the bishops declined to do, and their example was followed by the greater part of the cantons. St. Gall and Schaffhausen alone sent representatives.

The meeting was held on the 26th of October,

and was attended by three hundred and fifty priests, and by all the members of the great Council,—not less than nine hundred persons in all.

Zwingle began by attacking the authority of the hierarchy, and of the councils emanating from it. 'This assembly which hears me,' he boldly said, 'is the Church of Zurich, and as such it can rightfully decree whatever it shall see to be conformable to the Scriptures.'

No deputies from the bishops being present, the aged Canon Hoffman rose to defend the authority of the Pope. He maintained that the church, the flock, had no power to discuss such matters, and finished by saying plaintively, 'Let us wait for a council.'

'Wait for a council!' interrupted Zwingle; 'for a council composed of a pope and a few sleepy and ill-taught bishops! Why, two Christian villages are more of a real church than all the bishops and popes put together.'

Several priests then tried to defend the use of images, but were unable to draw any arguments to support their opinions from the Bible, from which

sacred book they were constantly refuted by Zwingle. This went on for some time, and then one of the presidents said, 'If no one will defend the images by the Scriptures, it will be necessary to call their advocates by name. Call the curate of Wadischwyl.'

'He is asleep!' cried one of the crowd.

'Then call the curate of Horgen.'

'He is not here,' answered his vicar; 'he sent me in his stead, but I am unable to answer for him.'

A long list of priests, who were well known to be attached to the worship of images, were then successively called upon to come forward and defend the practice they loved; but no one answered to the call. 'We have nothing to say,' they said, 'except that in future we will apply ourselves to the study of the truth.' 'I have hitherto believed in the ancient doctors,' said one; 'I will now, I think, transfer my allegiance to the new.'

'Do not believe in us,' said Zwingle; 'believe only in God's word; it alone will never mislead you.'

It was now late in the evening, and darkness was

setting in, when Hoffmeister, the president, rose and said, 'Blessed be the Almighty and Eternal God, who in all things giveth His truth the victory.' He then dismissed the meeting, having first exhorted the city of Zurich to abolish the worship of images.

On Tuesday, the same assembly was again summoned to discuss the doctrine of the mass, and Fadian was appointed president. 'My brethren in the Lord,' said Zwingle, 'far be it from us to assert that there is anything unreal in the body or blood of Christ. We only maintain that the mass is not a sacrifice, which can be offered to God by one man for his fellow-men. As well might they assert that it is possible for one man to eat and drink for others.'

Upon this, Fadian twice inquired if there was any one present who would defend the doctrine attacked; and receiving no answer, several priests, the canons of Zurich, and the chaplains, rose and declared themselves of Zwingle's opinion.

At this moment a voice was heard in the hall: it proceeded from one of those unquiet spirits, eager

for notoriety, and impatient of all subordination and restraint, which are to be found in all ages, and in the history of all great movements. 'Why should we talk about the mass?' said this enthusiast; 'it is necessary to do away with its abuses.'

'The Council will do that in good time,' was the prudent answer of the Reformer.

'The Council!' was the disdainful reply; 'when the Spirit of God has decided, why should the matter be referred to councils?'

An old man then rose, one who had learned wisdom alike on the battle-field and in the senate of his country, — the Commandant Schmidt of Russnacht. 'Fellow-countrymen,' he said, 'let us first of all receive, and teach others to receive, Christ into their hearts. We have been led away after idols; we have made pilgrimages to one imaginary saint after another. We now know whither we ought to go. God has lodged all things in Christ. Worthy Zurichers, let us seek that true source of light. Let Jesus Christ re-enter your territory, and resume His ancient authority there.'

This speech produced a deep and solemn impression, and was succeeded by a profound silence, which was broken by Zwingle. Moved even to tears, the Reformer thus addressed the assembly: 'Gracious lords, God is with us; let us, then, in His name go forward! He will defend His own cause.'

Many wept aloud with him, and amid profound emotion the meeting was dismissed. Thus ended this second conference, with very important results for the reformed cause. Throughout Switzerland, every inquirer after the truth, every one who felt impelled forward by the onward spirit of the age, turned his eyes towards Zurich, and especially towards Zwingle, as towards a centre of light. The Reformation progressed daily, and its onward course was directed by the Reformer, with an ability, and especially with a prudence, which was in those days peculiarly his own. There were no violent changes; every reform evolved itself quietly, naturally, sometimes slowly, out of that which had preceded it. 'God knows my heart,' he said upon one occasion, when the Council sent to demand his opinion; 'God knows my heart, and that I am

more inclined to build up than to cast down. There are some timid and doubting brethren to whom the mass is dear; let it therefore continue for a time, and let those who celebrate it be carefully protected from insult and violence.'

CHAPTER XI.

SHALL ZURICH BE LOST OR WON?

NATURALLY, the Roman Catholic faction were at once angry and dismayed at the progress which the reformed opinions had made in Zurich. Should this important city, the queen and crown of the Swiss Confederation, be wrested from the Church, to become the fortress of doctrines more detestable even than Luther's, to an arrogant and imperious hierarchy? It should not, if open violence or secret guile could suffice to check its progress. With a cry of rage and despair, the friends of Rome threw themselves, sword in hand, into the arena, determined that the struggle which was inevitable should end in blood. In the councils of Zurich they were, as we have seen, weak; but in the General Diet, the great Council of the Helvetic Confederation, they were

strong. Friburg and the Forest Cantons were intensely Roman Catholic; Berne, Basle, Glaris, and Soleure halted between two opinions; Schaffhausen also was doubtful, although the wavering balance inclined to the reformed doctrines. Zurich alone came boldly out on the side of the gospel.

When the Diet met, the battle was at once begun. The partisans of Rome strove to proscribe Lutheranism throughout the whole Confederation, and nineteen articles to this effect were drawn up; and the new ecclesiastical law was promulgated throughout all the states, with the exception of Zurich. This vigorous blow was at once followed up by a persecution, in which the victims were few indeed, compared with those who suffered for the cause of conscience in countries where the freedom enjoyed in Switzerland was unknown, but which was sufficiently cruel to condemn for ever the ecclesiastical polity which could legalize such murders, and impudently declare that they were done in the name and for the glory of the tender and loving Jesus.

A citizen of Zurich, who had been concerned in

the overthrow of the crucifix outside the city gates, was the first victim. He had been banished to Lucerne; and being arrested there, and having refused to abjure his faith, he was condemned by the Diet to be at once beheaded. The sentence was carried out without delay: it was the first blood shed in the struggle; and, like tigers who have once tasted human flesh, it seemed to inflame the rage of the Roman Catholic portion of the Confederacy to the highest degree. They longed to be at work in Zurich with fire and sword. But Zurich was strong: her iron-sheathed warriors could hold their own even against the bravest and best of the Forest Cantons. It was necessary to temporize, to cover with 'the glove of velvet' the hand of steel. Scarcely was Hottinger's blood dry, when the Diet sent a deputation to Zurich. 'Trusty and well-beloved confederates of Zurich,' said the deputies, when on the 21st of March they were admitted to an audience of the magistrates,—'Trusty and well-beloved confederates of Zurich, the ancient unity of the Christian Church is broken and rent asunder; the clergy of the four Forest

Cantons appeal to us for aid to carry on their functions. Join your efforts to ours in the sacred duty of exterminating this new religion. Dismiss Zwingle and his disciples, and then let us consider together any abuses that may have arisen in the Church.'

There was a moment's anxious, doubtful pause: if Zurich wavered now, it was all over with the Reformation in Switzerland. But the noble city stood firm. If the language of the Diet were somewhat obscure, it was made sufficiently clear by the blood of their fellow-citizen, scarcely dry on the sod of Lucerne. The answer of the Council was calm, but full of courage and dignity. 'We can make no concessions,' they said, 'in what concerns the word of God.'

It was a momentous answer; for in making it they publicly crossed the Rubicon, and marshalled themselves openly under the standard of the Reformation. Nor did they cease here. Having once taken a decisive step, they at once proceeded to supplement it by many necessary reforms. Every Whitmonday since 1351 had been signalized by

a disorderly procession of pilgrims to the Abbey of Einsidlen. This was abolished. The relics of the saints, preserved for superstitious veneration in many of the churches, were buried; then twelve councillors, the three pastors, the city architect, and a certain number of smiths, carpenters, and masons, quietly, without mob or tumult, visited the churches in succession, and removed from them the images, applying their ornaments and costly vestments to the relief of the poor. The organs which had been intimately associated with many of the superstitious observances of the old ritual, were also suppressed in all the churches of the canton, and a new and more scriptural form of baptism was instituted. Out of the wrath of man God had brought prosperity and deliverance to His faithful. In this hour of joy and triumph, Roust the burgomaster, and his colleague, who had been from the beginning staunch friends of the Reformation, passed away from the world and its cares. They died with the grateful cry of ancient Simeon on their lips, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servants depart in peace, for our eyes have seen Thy salvation.'

They died with the joy of victory won, but yet with threats and menaces resounding on every side, and the political heavens darkening with coming storm. Alone in the Diet, the government of Zurich hastened to make sure of the support of its own constituents. The bailiffs were instructed to inquire into the state of public opinion in their townships, and to demand if all were ready to endure, if need were, all hardships for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The reply was an enthusiastic affirmative: 'Let the magistrates of the city hold fast and fearlessly to the word of God,' was the answer of the canton; 'and we will help them to maintain it.'

The courage of the people found a worthy response in Zwingle. In that hour of trial, the apostle of Zurich reared himself like a bulwark against the gathering storm; and to him the persecuted of Lucerne, in the cantons of Friburg and of Baden, addressed themselves. The amount of work thrown upon him was incredible; like St. Paul, the care of all the churches pressed upon him, and to this was added an unceasing

anxiety with regard to the issue of the struggle which was beginning before his eyes.

On the 18th of April 1524, the Pope still further stirred up the rage of the Roman Catholic party in the Diet, by addressing to them a brief which, far from being filled with peace and goodwill to men, breathed only slaughter and bloodshed. In accordance with the cruel suggestions of the so-called vicar of God, a deputation was sent to Zurich, to Schaffhausen, and to Appenzel, which two cantons had decided on siding with Zurich, to announce to them that the Diet had resolved to exterminate the new doctrines, and to require them to submit unreservedly to this most unrighteous decree. The three cantons were alone: a refusal might involve the loss of property, of honour, even of life itself; but it was given unhesitatingly and calmly, but very steadily. 'The word of God,' said the men of Zurich, Schaffhausen, and Appenzel, 'must alone be obeyed.'

When this answer was communicated to the Diet, the keenest resentment was displayed by the cantons of Lucerne, Schweitz, Uri, Unterwalden,

Friburg, and Zug. In their Popish zeal, they were ready to rend the Confederation asunder, and rush with drawn sword against the very men with whom they had long shared a common glory, a common freedom, and a common national existence.

Three of the reformed—a bailiff named Wirth and his two sons—who had peculiarly excited the anger of the Roman Catholic faction, and who had been provisionally arrested by the government of Zurich, were demanded from the magistrates of that city.

'It belongs to us to try them,' answered the deputies of Zurich.

'If you do not at once give them up,' was the answer of the Roman Catholic party, 'an armed force shall be immediately despatched to Zurich to take them by force.'

The deputies of Zurich knew not what to say: they could do nothing without instructions; two of them mounted their horses at once, and repaired without delay to the city.

Their arrival caused intense excitement and agita-

tion. No one knew what to do. To give the prisoners up, was to seal their death-warrant; to retain them, was to endanger the peace, perhaps the very existence, of the Confederation: for Switzerland, disunited, and at war with herself, could not long exist among the powerful enemies and jealous friends who surrounded her on every side.

Zwingle saw as clearly as any one all the consequences to which a refusal might lead; but he nobly raised his voice in defence of justice and right. 'Do not give the prisoners up,' he counselled; 'we are in God's hands; let Zurich be faithful to her ancient laws.'

This advice was not followed, but a compromise was agreed to. The prisoners were delivered up, but upon the condition that they were to be tried only for having been present at the sack of the convent of Ittingen; they were not to be examined at all about their faith.

Their departure evoked the most lively manifestations of popular grief. With sobs and tears the people flocked to the churches, distinctly foreseeing

the fate which awaited the bailiff and his sons. 'God will surely punish us for our treachery,' said Zwingle. 'Let us at least beseech Him to visit with His comfort these poor prisoners, and to strengthen them in the true faith.'

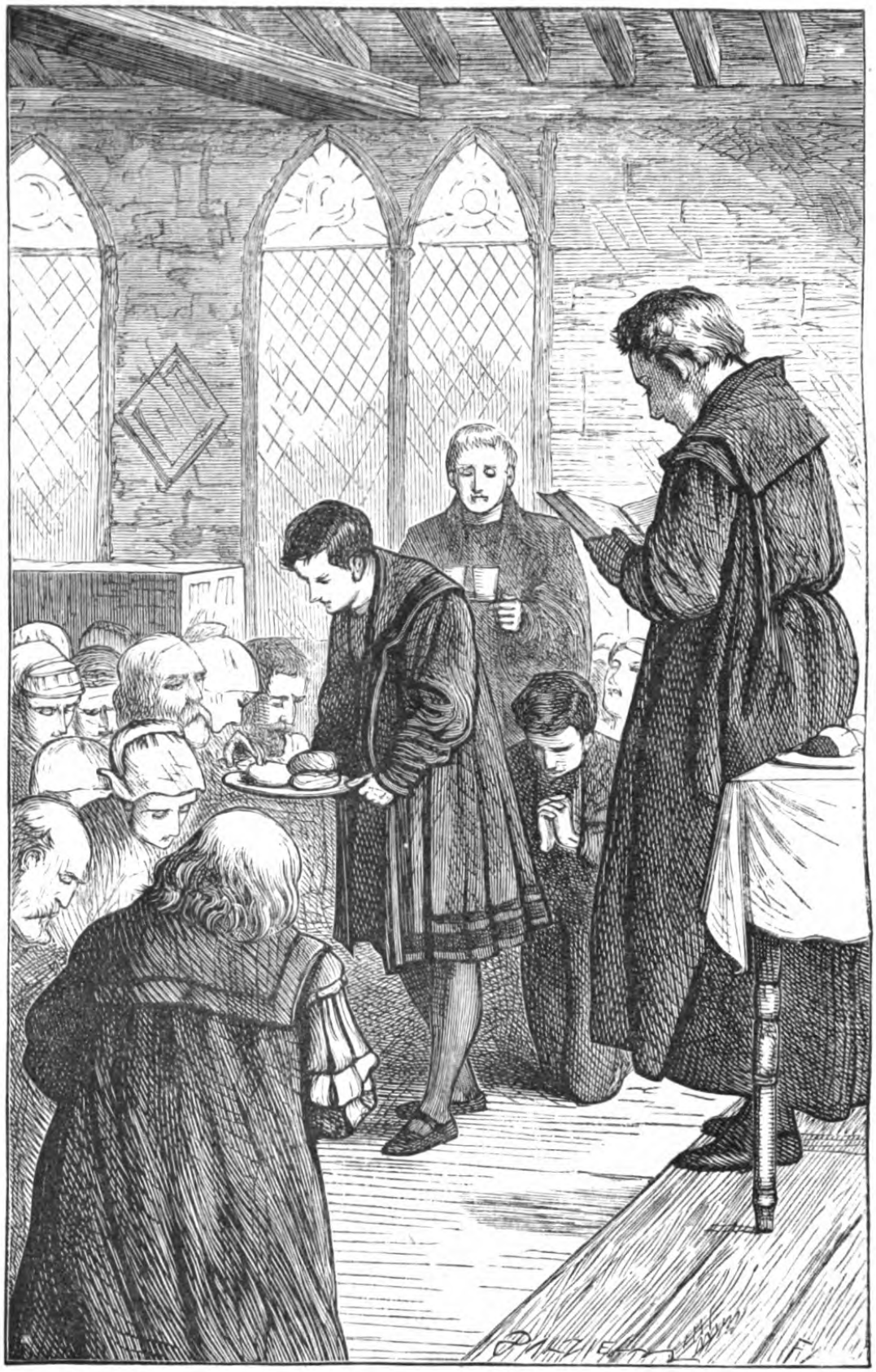
As had been anticipated, the poor men were cruelly tortured, and then put to death. But this innocent blood, so shamefully shed, had not the effect which the Roman Catholic faction intended and desired. The people were not so much struck with awe at the sight, as they were moved to an honest and hearty indignation. The blow struck by the enemies of the truth recoiled upon themselves, and was a means, not of repressing, but of hastening the triumph of the reformed faith in many of the cantons.

One of the first effects which it produced was the abolition of the mass in Zurich. On the 11th of August 1525, a deputation headed by the three pastors waited upon the Great Council, and besought them to re-establish the Lord's Supper. It is necessary to attend to the change which this involved, to estimate aright the degree

of courage required for this reform. Luther had it not, for he stopped short at consubstantiation; while the bolder pastors of Zurich threw from them every shred of Popery. In the discourse in which they supported their petition, they state clearly that the mass, with the pomp and ceremonial which surrounded it, which for three hundred years had been the keystone of the Roman Catholic system of worship, was nothing more nor less than a superstitious human fabrication. The corporeal presence of Christ in the sacramental wafer was a delusion maintained by mistaken or interested men.

As was to be expected, some members of the Council shrank appalled from the idea of such a change. One of them, the under-secretary of state, was peculiarly earnest in his opposition. He took his stand, as Luther did later at Marburg, upon the words, 'This is my body,' which, he argued, must be taken literally, forgetting that Christ was alive when He instituted the Supper and used these words.

Zwingle's argument was, that there is no other word in the Greek language than *is* to express



The First Reformed Communion in Zurich.– *Story of a Noble Life*, p. 131.

signifies, and he quoted many instances in which the word is undoubtedly used in a figurative sense. So powerfully did he handle this argument, that he very soon convinced the Great Council that he was right; and they resolved without delay to abolish the mass, and decreed that on the following day, which was Maundy-Thursday, the Lord's Supper should be celebrated according to the simple fashion of apostolic days. The altars were removed, and in their place were ranged plain tables, upon which were placed the sacramental bread and wine; and around these there gathered an eager and deeply affected crowd of worshippers. The passages of Scripture relating to the sacrament were first read aloud by the deacons; then each pastor addressed his flock in words of solemn warning, admonishing all to withdraw from God's holy feast who were living in the wilful indulgence of known sin. The bread was then carried through the kneeling crowd in large wooden platters; each broke off a portion for himself; and in like manner partook of the wine, which was passed from hand to hand in rude wooden drinking cups. Such was the first reformed com-

munion in Zurich, solemn in its simplicity, divinely blessed in its sanctifying and life-giving effects, kindling in the bosoms of those who partook of it such a holy love and charity, as had scarce glowed in human breast since those hallowed apostolic times, in which it could be said, 'Behold these Christians, how they love one another!'

Fraud, envy, wrangling, and discord ceased for the moment in Zurich; and true, because Christian brotherhood, was for a time restored. It was a glimpse of Eden, made more dear and blessed by the furious roar of the ever-increasing storm which raved and howled outside.

CHAPTER XII.

POLITICS GET MIXED UP WITH RELIGION.

AS might have been expected, the abolition of the mass, which had for centuries been the cherished and animating principle in the worship of the Roman Catholic Church, increased rather than abated the hatred of the partisans of the Papacy. The people of Berne, a canton fiercely divided between the old and new doctrines, intimated to some of the citizens of Zurich that they could no longer sit with them in the Diet.

'Is it even so?' answered the Zurichers; 'yet are we persuaded that God, in whose name the Confederation has been formed, will never forsake us, but will at last, in His mercy, make us to sit at the right hand of His majesty.'

Meanwhile in Zurich itself, which had lately been

so blessed, obstacles arose which impeded, although they could not counteract, the reforming impulse that carried all hearts onward. Zwingle had all along, through his triumphant career as the apostle of the truth, been something more than a reformer of religious error: he had been a patriot full of self-sacrificing zeal, a statesman enlightened and wise. As such, he had been peculiarly opposed to foreign treaties, to foreign service, and to foreign pensions; and by his opposition to these, he made many his enemies who would have loved him as a Christian teacher. He was convinced that the foreign service had a most demoralizing effect, and was at once destructive both of piety and of all true national prosperity. But to the foreign service the Swiss as a nation were pertinaciously attached. In every canton there were little communities of old soldiers, knit together by foreign pensions, by the reminiscences of past glory and dangers, and by the all-powerful bond of present mutual interest. These were hostile to the Reformation, not as a religious but as a political movement, which receiving the impress of its chief, could not fail, in its

successful realization of his views, to be in the highest degree detrimental to their temporal and pecuniary interests. The strength of this feeling was shown in the canton of Schweitz, which, after being almost reformed in doctrine, shut its gates against the gospel, through the power which this extraneous influence was able to exercise.

In the canton of Berne the struggle between truth and error was very keen; but the truth ultimately prevailed to such an extent, that Zwingle, who had been attentively observing its progress, was able to write to a friend, 'Christians are all exulting on account of the faith which the pious city of Berne has just received.'

At this time also he found time to admit into his hospitable home a forlorn, broken-hearted wanderer, the once brilliant, renowned Ulric von Hutten. We cannot tell if there was much intercourse between the busy, harassed, and yet successful Reformer, and the ill-fated knight who, ever seeking truth, had well-nigh reached the end of his pilgrimage without being able to find it. It was but for a short time that Zwingle could grant the asylum

of his roof to the sick, weary, disappointed fugitive; but he provided for him a shelter in the little island of Uffnan, where he died, soothed in death by tender Christian charity. Scarcely had he left Zurich, when the many evils which followed in the train of the Anabaptist delusion began to appear in the city and canton, and threatened to overthrow the newly established Reformation. Conrad Grebel, a heartless wretch of profligate character, who had already shown himself a bad friend, a bad brother, and a bad son, found in its fanatical tenets an outlet for his violent and restless disposition, and at once announced himself an Anabaptist.

The Anabaptists of those days, it must be remembered, were altogether unlike the Baptists of ours: they were dangerous, revolutionary enthusiasts, who pretended to visions and revelations from heaven; they gave out that they were inspired, and that they had a commission from on high to institute a new and purer faith than any which the world had yet seen.

Grebel, who saw that Zwingle had gone further than Luther in the path of reformation, had some

hope of winning him over to his doctrines; and among other propositions, made to him the following extraordinary proposal: 'Let us,' he said, 'form a community of true believers, and establish a church which shall be without sin.'

'You propose what is impossible,' was the Reformer's reply. 'To make a heaven upon earth is beyond our power. Christ Himself has taught us, that the tares must grow among the wheat until the great harvest of the world is gathered in.'

Grebel then wished to appeal to the people; but this was opposed by Zwingle, who knew the influence which violent enthusiasm, even when it springs from an evil motive, is able to exercise over a popular assembly.

Repulsed by the Reformer, Grebel unfortunately found pastors less wise, who were ready to listen to him. These men resolved on forming an independent and, in their view, purer church,—an inner sanctuary of their own—a church within the church—a Sion peculiarly holy, into which the faithful should be admitted by a new baptism. The baptism of infants was in their eyes an utterly abominable thing,

an impiety introduced into the Church by the devil and Pope Nicholas II.

The Council of Two Hundred, who exercised at that time in Zurich not only supreme political, but also the chief ecclesiastical power, interfered at this stage. They ordered a public conference to be held, at which these new and alarming doctrines might be discussed. It took place; but, as might have been expected, all arguments were powerless to convince men into whose creed reason did not enter. The Anabaptists refused to be convinced, and those of them who were foreigners were banished, while some who were natives of Zurich were imprisoned and fed on bread and water.

Against this severity, Zwingle, with an enlightened toleration rare in that age, protested vigorously; and after a fortnight's incarceration, they managed, not without the connivance of the authorities, to make their escape, and went everywhere, proclaiming 'that God had sent an angel at night to open their prison-doors and set them free.'

Repressed in Zurich by Zwingle's powerful hand, Anabaptism rushed like a torrent over St. Gall,

appearing like what it really was—a veritable, and in some cases a murderous mania. Some of its wretched victims, alleging as an excuse for their conduct that passage in Scripture, in which our Saviour exhorts us to become like little children, leapt and sang through the streets, clapped their hands, and tried clumsily to imitate the grace and agility of infantine gambols.

This was ridiculous, but Anabaptism could be savage as well as absurd. After nights spent in convulsions, visions, and revelations, deeds were sometimes perpetrated in the solitary hamlets and lonely farm-houses, so cruel that it is a matter of wonder that even fanaticism did not recoil in horror from itself. To Zwingle, such excesses, and the vile doctrines which gave them birth, were in the highest degree abhorrent. To stem, if possible, the flood of iniquity that threatened to overwhelm his infant church, he wrote a tract on baptism which he dedicated to the Council of St. Gall.

Grateful for the gift, they caused it to be read aloud in the churches. It did some good, and a dreadful murder perpetrated by one brother upon

another in the name of the Lord did more. In the words of a contemporary historian, the same sword took off the head of Thomas Schucker and that of Anabaptism in St. Gall. But in Zurich it still continued to smoulder, and in the end of the year another public discussion was held, in which Zwingle put forward and triumphantly maintained the three following propositions :—

'The children of believing parents are children of God, even as those who were born under the Old Testament dispensation were accounted His children. Consequently they may receive baptism.'

'Baptism is, under the New Testament, what circumcision was under the Old. Consequently baptism is now to be administered to children, as circumcision formerly was.'

'The custom of repeating baptism cannot be justified either by examples, precepts, or arguments drawn from Scripture.'

The Anabaptists, defeated in religious argument, then demanded that tithes should be abolished.

'They are necessary,' said Zwingle, 'for the maintenance of churches and schools.'

The Anabaptists then went further still: they refused to recognise the civil authority; they would render obedience only to the power of God, and of that power and will they would accept no interpretation but their own. Fraternity, equality, community of goods, all the idle dreams that have maddened in later days the heated imaginations of men who did not like to retain God in their knowledge, were held by the Anabaptists of Zurich to be the sum and perfection of human blessedness and good. They were a dangerous body for any state to enclose in its bosom; and the Government of Zurich, in alarm, allowed itself to be hurried into unwarrantable and ill-considered measures. Seizing one of the ringleaders, they resolved to make an example of him as a rebel to the state; and on the 5th of January 1527, having condemned him to death by drowning, he was put into a boat, rowed some distance from the water's edge, and then thrown into the lake. Such a deed can no more be justified in them, than similar atrocities in their Roman Catholic neighbours. Religious errors cannot be rectified by corporeal punishments: thought

is free; it cannot be bound in fetters, or tortured into submission, or drowned, like its frail earthly tabernacle, or consumed to ashes at the stake. It is pleasant to have to record that Zwingle, unlike Calvin in the case of Servetus, came out of this tragedy with clean hands. From the first he had condemned all severity, and had striven honestly, but in vain, to save the persecuted and unhappy pervert from the hard lines allotted to him.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONTEST WITH LUTHER.

WE have now reached a very important era in the life of Zwingle. Hitherto his path and Luther's had lain side by side; henceforth they were not only to be separate, but keenly antagonistic. The germ of this antagonism is to be found in the different natures of the two men, who were both great, but divergent in their greatness. Luther, although a reformer, was conservative of all which it was possible consistently with truth to preserve. He never, in any case, departed either from the doctrines or ritual of the Roman Catholic Church, unless he was compelled to do so by the express injunctions of Scripture. Zwingle's mind, on the contrary, was eminently practical, and early freed itself entirely from the swaddling-bands of Rome. In his estimation, the chief object

to be aimed at in worship was simplicity, in life, holiness, and purity. The doctrine of Christ's real presence in the Eucharist gave rise, he saw, to endless ceremonies and superstitions, which had the effect of fixing the faith not on things invisible, but on the empty husk of outward ritual. To the mass was held to belong a certain mystical, miraculous influence, from which Luther's doctrine of consubstantiation was not in his opinion free, and which was not to the advantage, but to the detriment even, of the believing partaker. He feared—and that he was justified in his fear the experience of later ages has shown—that the Christian partaker, believing that he receives Christ in the consecrated bread, does not so earnestly seek to be united to Him by faith in the heart. Faith was to him something more than knowledge, something more than an opinion or fancy; it was a living, inspiring reality.

To arrive at the truth, he studied the Scriptures with the utmost care. He did not take a detached portion, such as 'This is my body,' and placing it before him as a motto, obstinately refuse to look at anything but the literal rendering of the words. He

took the Scriptures as a whole; he tried to solve the difficulties of language by all the light which antiquity could throw upon the subject; and he came to the conclusion that the word *is*, as used by our Lord in the institution of the sacrament, is really used in the sense of *signifies*, and that the bread and wine in the Lord's Supper are symbolical, as the water in baptism is. The water of baptism has no power in itself to cleanse away sin; and in like manner, without faith, a man may partake weekly, daily, of the Lord's Supper, and the result may not be conducive to his spiritual nourishment and growth in grace, but to his great spiritual detriment and loss.

'It is not the sacrament which sanctifies, it is faith in the sacrament.' Thus spoke Luther at the beginning of his career, so that it is evident that the two Reformers started from much the same point. That they afterwards differed so widely upon the subject of the Eucharist, was partly due to accidental causes. The progress and fanaticism of the Anabaptists, the wicked extravagances they committed, and the dangers which threatened the whole church from their opinions, affected Luther to such

a degree, as to change or modify some of his views, notably those upon the sacrament. Henceforth he took the Popish view of the Eucharist, rejecting from it only one point, transubstantiation, but retaining the real presence, and not only retaining it, but fighting for it with all his heart and soul.

Afterwards, when heated with party strife, he did not scruple to say that he was far more at one with the Pope than with Zwingle on this point; his words were: 'I would rather receive the mere blood with the Pope, than the mere wine with Zwingle.'

He did not, he could not deny, that in many instances in Scripture the word *is* must be taken as *signifies;* but nothing could force him to admit that the word should be taken in that sense in the institution of the sacrament.

Zwingle, unlike his great opponent, cared nothing for the church of the past; what concerned him was the church of the present. As a republican, the traditions and forms of past ages were but as worthless dross in his eyes; as a theologian, he had long shaken off the fetters of scholasticism, and looked to Scripture alone. The Eucharist was to

him a sign of a spiritual communion between Christ and all true Christians; and as such he held it hallowed and sacred in the highest degree, although such an opinion, coming so far short of the high importance which Luther assigned to the sacrament, placed a wide division between them, which yet might not have ripened into an open quarrel, had it not been for a violent and turbulent Reformer named Carlstadt.

This man, who was a German, and a professor at Wittemberg, had already begun to contend with Luther on the subject; and the Council of Zurich, with a laudable desire to preserve peace if possible, prohibited the sale of his writings. Zwingle, although he did not approve of Carlstadt, thought that this course was unjust; and he accordingly defended, both in the pulpit and out of it, such of his opinions as he considered to be in accordance with the Scriptures. Among other arguments adduced by him were the following: 'Whether or not Christ is speaking of the sacrament in the sixth chapter of John, it is at least evident that He therein teaches a mode of eating His flesh

and drinking His blood, in which there is nothing corporeal.'

'The sacrament of the Lord's Supper, by fulfilling its Author's design, by reminding the faithful of His blood which was shed, and His body which was broken for them, is thereby the cause of that spiritual feeding upon Him which can be alone conducive to their growth in grace.'

Decided as his opinions were, Zwingle, however, shrank from an open quarrel with Luther. Its consequences could not fail to be so prejudicial to all the best interests of the church, that he struggled with all his power to avoid it; his conduct towards his fellow-Reformer was courteous—almost deferential; he was content to have that unity with difference of opinion which is the true unity of God's church. Unfortunately, Luther had not the same Christian moderation: he was eager for the fray, and he rushed into it with a bitterness and want of charity, very surprising to those who are accustomed to regard him preferably in his more kindly and noble aspects. He took the first step in the lamentable struggle which threatened to swamp altogether the newly-

launched bark of the Reformation, by publishing a discourse which he entitled *The Celestial Prophets.* This treatise was directed ostensibly against the Anabaptists; but with these shameless and fanatical impostors he did not scruple to class the grave and honourable Swiss Reformers. If Zwingle could have endured this, his patience must have been superhuman, transcending even that of the Patriarch of Uz. Although a man of calm temper, this assault provoked him, and he replied to it by his *Commentary on True and False Religion,* and his letter to Matthew Albert, the pastor of Reutlingen. In it he uses the following arguments: 'Christ, in the sixth chapter of John, ascribes to faith the power of communicating eternal life, and uniting the believer to Him in the most intimate of all unions. What more, then, is needed? Is it not a work of supererogation, to suppose that Christ would afterwards attribute that same saving efficacy to His flesh, when He has expressly told us that the flesh profiteth nothing? So far as the suffering death for us, the flesh of Christ is of unspeakable benefit to us, for it saves us from perdition, but as being eaten by us it is altogether useless.'

This interchange of hostilities not unfittingly inaugurated the long and dreary campaign that was to follow; and meaner combatants, but still men of note, began to mingle in it on either side. It was as yet a war of pamphlets, for the opponents did not meet until later; and Pomeranus, Luther's friend, published one, which is most unbecomingly contemptuous, when it is considered by whom it is written, and against whom it is directed. One effect it had, which was perhaps no part of the author's intention: it sent over to Zwingle's side a man who had been long wavering between two opinions, but who was acknowledged by all to be a man of mark and power—Ecolampadius of Bâle. 'Take courage,' he wrote to Zwingle; 'the dogma of the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist is the fortress and stronghold of their impiety. It is necessary to drive them from that.' And in order to do this, he published a tract upon these words of our Lord, 'This is my body.'

This little book, which conclusively proved that the Lutheran doctrine of the real presence had lost its hold on one of the most remarkable minds of the

age, produced an immense sensation. Luther was deeply affected by it, and the most lively sorrow pervaded the ranks of his disciples. Their grief found voice in the famous *Suabian Syngramma*, a treatise of which Brentz, Schnepff, and other Suabian ministers were the authors. These divines had many of them studied under Ecolampadius, and their language towards their old teacher is marked by respect and affection, while at the same time they boldly combat those of his opinions which they consider erroneous.

At this juncture, Capito and Bucer stepped into the arena as peacemakers. To them the question so hotly contested was altogether one of secondary importance. With grief they saw the intense bitterness of spirit which it was generating; and as the only remedial measure in their power, they sent one of their colleagues, George Cassel, to Luther, to beseech him to pause, and consider well before he burst asunder those bonds of Christian brotherhood which united him with the Swiss Reformer and his brethren.

Luther, upon this, did make a sullen pause; but

his answer to the mediator from Strasburg was not conciliatory. 'Either the Swiss divines or we,' he said, 'must be the ministers of Satan.'

As a consequence of all this violence and obstinacy, his health suffered extremely, and he complained pathetically that he had lost Jesus Christ amid the tumults of debate; he had, beyond all doubt, lost his Redeemer's spirit of gentle and meek forbearance.

Meanwhile, in Zurich the Reformation went on advancing with such signs and tokens of God's blessing as might have convinced him, if he could have regarded it with unprejudiced eyes, that the dogma of the real presence was not essential to salvation. Religious liberty was proclaimed, and the convents, which had long been nurseries of selfishness and sloth, were transformed into schools: one of them was converted into an hospital, and another into a theological seminary.

All these reforms could not fail to be very distasteful to the Roman Catholic party. Terrified for the very existence of their Church, they again rushed into the van of the battle, impressing into their

service wherever they could, what has always been a favourite weapon with Rome, the civil power. The battle that was before them was not, however, to be fought with sword or spear: the popular opinion everywhere demanded a conference.

'Convince us from the Scriptures,' said the deputies of the Council of Zurich in the Diet, 'and we ask no more; if vanquished, we will fall in with your desires.'

The people took up the cry. 'Why do you not give the Zurichers what they demand?' they asked. 'If you are able to refute them from the Scripture, it will be well that you should do so. If they convince you, you had best also conform to the Bible and its teachings.'

This put the Roman Catholic party in a fix: they had declared such discussions unlawful, but they had no power to prevent one being held at Zurich; and as the previous conferences at Zurich had been very damaging to their cause, they resolved to indorse the movement which they were powerless to oppose, and to hold a conference in a Roman Catholic city, where they might take all needful

precautions to make the triumph of the Pope secure. In the meantime, they looked about them for a disputant who should be able to wrestle to advantage with the arch-heretic Zwingle. It was not easy to find such an intellectual athlete; but at last one did turn up, who had at least what we moderns are sometimes inclined to consider an essential of success—an undoubting confidence in himself and his own powers. No misgivings of failure ruffled the audacious effrontery of Dr. Eck, for he it was who now brought to the service of his Church his brow of brass and tongue of guile. For his great adversary in the theological lists which were about to be opened, he expressed the most unqualified contempt. Referring to the herdsman's hut at the Wildhaus, where the cradle of Switzerland's greatest Reformer had been rocked, he observed sneeringly, 'Ulric Zwingle, no doubt, has more knowledge of cattle than of books.'

After some delay, it was decided that the conference should be held at Baden, where the Roman Catholic faction were so powerful, that it seemed to the inhabitants of Zurich that an invitation thither meant death to their pastor. It was at Baden that

the blood of the Wirths had been shed; and the choice of such a place seemed so ominous of evil, that the commission appointed to manage the affair at Zurich refused to allow the Reformer to proceed to it, and proposed six other places of meeting—Zurich itself, Berne, Saint Gall, Basle, Constance, or Schaffhausen.

The Catholic faction refusing to give way on this point, the Council of Zurich strictly forbade Zwingle to go to Baden, where the conference was fixed for the 19th of May. The day drew on apace, the deputies from the cantons and the representatives of the bishops thronged into Baden; then came Eck, the champion of the Papacy; and finally, after much hesitation, and with many fears, Ecolampadius appeared, to defend the cause of the Reformation. He had ardently longed for the support and presence of Zwingle; but he had no sooner entered the city, and made himself aware of the temper of the bigoted inhabitants, than he wrote to the Reformer not to come.

The first step after the conference met was to fix the rules which should regulate its proceedings.

Eck, ever watchful for an advantage, proposed that the deputies of the Forest Cantons, which were intensely Catholic, should be empowered to pronounce the final decision, which would have been, of course, tantamount to condemning Ecolampadius and his fellow-Reformers before they were heard.

One of the deputies from Zurich was at once despatched by Ecolampadius to ask Zwingle's advice on this important point, and he answered by counselling Ecolampadius to resist it firmly.

On the 21st of May the assembly began its sittings. Eck had encased his ponderous, butcher-like person in gorgeous robes of silk and damask; while his opponent, a tall, sallow man, was meanly clad in worn garments, and was remarkable only for his serene, handsome face, and for that air of stately, composed dignity, with which nature sometimes endows her own nobility.

Eck immediately ascended a pulpit which had been prepared for him, and which, during the eighteen days of the conference, he disgraced by the most unclerical and even savage violence. Swinging his brawny arms about, he would some-

times use the most insulting language to his adversary; then he would swear like a trooper; then finding, perhaps, that the argument was going against him, he would raise his sonorous voice, and actually attempt to roar his opponent down, and silence him by sheer force of lungs.

The behaviour of Ecolampadius, on the contrary, was dignified and noble; and he spoke with so much ability and persuasiveness, that he impressed, in spite of themselves, multitudes of Roman Catholics, who exclaimed, 'Oh that he had but been upon our side!'

Eck's first thesis was upon the real presence; and Ecolampadius, having proved to the satisfaction of all dispassionate listeners the untenable nature of the dogma, Haller, a well-known doctor of the Reformation, appeared to refute the second, which had reference to the same subject. Haller was constitutionally timid: the loud voice, the confident air of Eck, his oaths and bellowing, all combined to disconcert him at first. But he had what Eck had not—real ability and power; and as the dispute went on, he forgot his fears, warmed to his work,

and cut the ground step by step from under his assailant's feet, until he forced the vainglorious doctor to fall back discomfited on the customs of the Church.

'In Switzerland,' answered Ecolampadius, 'we do not allow of such a plea. Custom has no force with us, unless it is in accordance with the constitution of the Confederation. Now the Bible is our constitution in matters of faith.'

The third thesis had regard to the invocation of saints, the fourth related to image-worship, the fifth had reference to purgatory. These in turn were discussed at great length, the argument always going against Dr. Eck, who, as usual, attempted to make up in noise what he lacked in reasoning powers.

Zwingle, although absent, really took a great share in the discussion. Principally to guard against his taking part in it, the Roman Catholic party had decreed that any one discovered taking notes of the discussions should be punished with death; four secretaries of their own they appointed, and these they were determined should suffice. It happened, however, that there was a student pre-

sent who had a very retentive memory, and daily, when he left the hall, he put down in writing all that he had heard. These papers were then conveyed to Zurich, and delivered to Zwingle along with letters from Ecolampadius; and the young men who brought them, carried back answers from the Reformer, so full of profound sagacity and wisdom, that it was the opinion of his friends that he did more for the cause of truth in his absence, than he could have done if he had been present in person.

In the meantime, the Roman Catholics proclaimed everywhere that their champion Eck had conquered Ecolampadius; but in spite of all their efforts, a contrary impression prevailed, and much agitation and division of opinion disturbed men's minds. In the Diet, the Roman Catholic faction were certainly victorious. Without difficulty they obtained a decree against what they called the pernicious reformed doctrines; but outside, the words of truth so stedfastly spoken by Ecolampadius and his colleagues, sank deep into many a prejudiced heart; and the celebrated struggle resulted not in

the repression, but in the spread, of the reformed faith.

In 1527, Zurich, not being permitted by the Roman Catholic cantons to sit in the Diet, resolved to hold a conference of her own. This assembly was attended by deputies from Basle, Berne, Schaffhausen, Appenzel, and Saint Gall; and the testimony borne by the deputies of Zurich to the value of the Scriptures and of scriptural teaching was very conclusive. 'God's word,' they said, 'which alone has power to lead us to Christ crucified, must be the one thing preached, taught, and exalted. We renounce all customs and doctrines of men, being well assured that our forefathers, if they had been visited with this divine light of God's word, would also have renounced them, and embraced it with all humility and reverence.'

These bold words made a great impression upon all the deputies present, and particularly upon the Bernese envoys. That powerful state had long been halting between the old faith and the new; now, with a sudden impulse, she sprang forward into the reformed ranks,—thereby exciting to an

extreme degree the rancour and dismay of the Roman Catholic Forest Cantons. Religious liberty seemed to them something quite apart from political liberty. The one was dear and precious, as a right hand or a right eye ; the other was a temptation of Satan, hateful and abhorrent, to be trampled under foot at all costs, even by seeking the aid of the common enemy, and opening up their passionately beloved Fatherland to the troops of the Empire, and the Austrian bands who had so shamefully fled before their prowess at Morgarten and Sempach.

It was a critical moment. Should Rome fall ; or should Switzerland, torn into fragments by internecine strife, be devoured at leisure by the powerful foes, from whom she had wrung at the sword's point her hard-won liberty, and to whom her free institutions were a continual menace and reproach ?

It seemed a doubtful question ; with some triumphs, there had been many events occurring in close succession, which were in a greater or less degree hurtful to the Reformation. The Anabaptist movement, pernicious in its every aspect,

had dealt it a terrible wound; and while it was yet staggering from the effects of this blow, Luther rushed into the arena with his pamphlet on the celestial prophets, and inaugurated those unhappy disputes upon the Eucharist to which it led, and to which it was intended to lead.

All looked gloomy in the political and religious horizon; the darkness was a darkness that might be felt. Across the frontiers fluttered the banners of the Empire; within, arose the frantic execrations and threats of the Roman Catholic citizens, willing, as Roman Catholics have generally been, to sacrifice their country to their Pope. Verily, in that hour of doubt and fear, it required a faith strong as the Hebrew prophets at Dothan, to see within the line of the threatening powers of evil the celestial host, the chariots of fire and horsemen thereof, which guarded, and shall ever guard, the chosen Israel of the Lord.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LANDGRAVE ATTEMPTS MEDIATION.

THE celebrated Protest of Spires, which on the 19th of April 1529 gave definitive form and shape to the Reformation, had the effect also of isolating the reformed states and princes. They stood henceforth alone, with persecution threatening them on every side. Like sheep amid wolves, they formed a little company of God's beloved, gathered out of Roman Catholic Europe. In these circumstances, it seemed to Philip, the Landgrave of Hesse, an ardent and enterprising prince, who had thrown himself heart and soul into the Reformation, that it was necessary above all things to have a union of all the converts to the reformed doctrines. It was especially necessary to unite, if possible, the two great chiefs of the Reformation, Luther and Zwingle. No serious ob-

stacle seemed to him to stand in the way of this much to be desired union. 'It is a mere dispute about words which divides them,' he said; 'a little friendly intercourse will soon put an end to these contradictions.' To bring this about, he, in the autumn of the same year, invited Luther and Zwingle, with the more celebrated theologians of both their parties, to meet at his Castle of Marburg. Zwingle cordially accepted the invitation, but Luther showed himself exceedingly unwilling to do so; and when he yielded at last, he gave way very ungraciously, raising one difficulty after another. Whichever way he looked towards Marburg, there was a lion in the path; and even when he reached the Hessian frontier he refused to cross it, until a safe-conduct from the Landgrave was sent to him. Zwingle, on the other hand, had real difficulties and obstacles to overcome before he could make the journey. He had gradually acquired in Zurich so much political as well as religious power, that his presence was necessary to the peace of the city. Great dangers would also necessarily beset him on the road, for he could not go to Marburg without

passing through the dominions of the Emperor Charles, who was a determined foe to the Reformation. The Landgrave promised, indeed, to use all his endeavours to protect him; but the precautions he had it in his power to take, seemed so inadequate to the danger, that the magistrates of Zurich refused to allow the Reformer to set out on his journey.

Zwingle, who shared the Landgrave's sanguine hopes as to the result of an interview with Luther, tried to make the magistrates reconsider their decision; but finding that he could not prevail, he at length, on the night of the 31st August, left the city secretly, without even telling his wife of his intention, lest it should distress her to learn that he had resolved to take the dreaded journey.

By the blessing of God he accomplished it successfully, and reached Strasburg safely, where he was met by an escort of forty Hessian cavaliers, and by them escorted to Marburg. The Council of Zurich had meanwhile received the letter he left for them, and finding it too late to oppose, resolved to acquiesce in his decision. Ulric Funck, a councillor, was appointed to accompany him, and immediately

set out to join him at Marburg with suitable attendants.

Philip, who had made, the contemporary historians tell us, royal preparations for the conference, from which he expected so much, was waiting to receive his guests; and by his orders they were at once conducted from the inns at which they first alighted to the castle.

Anxious to show that they shared in the Landgrave's conciliatory views, Ecolampadius, Bucer, and Hedio, three of the Swiss divines, went as soon as dinner was over, on the first day, and saluted Luther. Of the three, Bucer was best known to him: he had once, indeed, been his intimate friend; but he had gone over to the side of Zwingle: so the Saxon Reformer, with the half jesting, half angry words, 'You are a good-for-nothing fellow, and a knave,' turned from him, and singling out the mild Ecolampadius, conversed pleasantly and even kindly with him. On Friday, the 1st October, after divine service, the struggle began. The Landgrave, above all things desirous to banish, if possible, all angry or sore feeling, did not in the first instance bring

the two chiefs together, but opposed them rather to men of known mildness—Ecolampadius on the one side, and Melancthon on the other. He apportioned Luther to Ecolampadius, and Zwingle to Melancthon; and that they might be free from interruption, conducted them into separate rooms.

Of the four combatants, Zwingle and Melancthon had the longest and keenest argument, without either party being able to shake in the least degree the belief of the other.

Between Luther and Ecolampadius the discussion turned chiefly upon baptism; but Luther's manner was so discouraging, and so much the reverse of conciliatory, that, when they separated for dinner, Ecolampadius whispered to Zwingle, 'I am afraid that I have fallen a second time into the hands of Dr. Eck.'

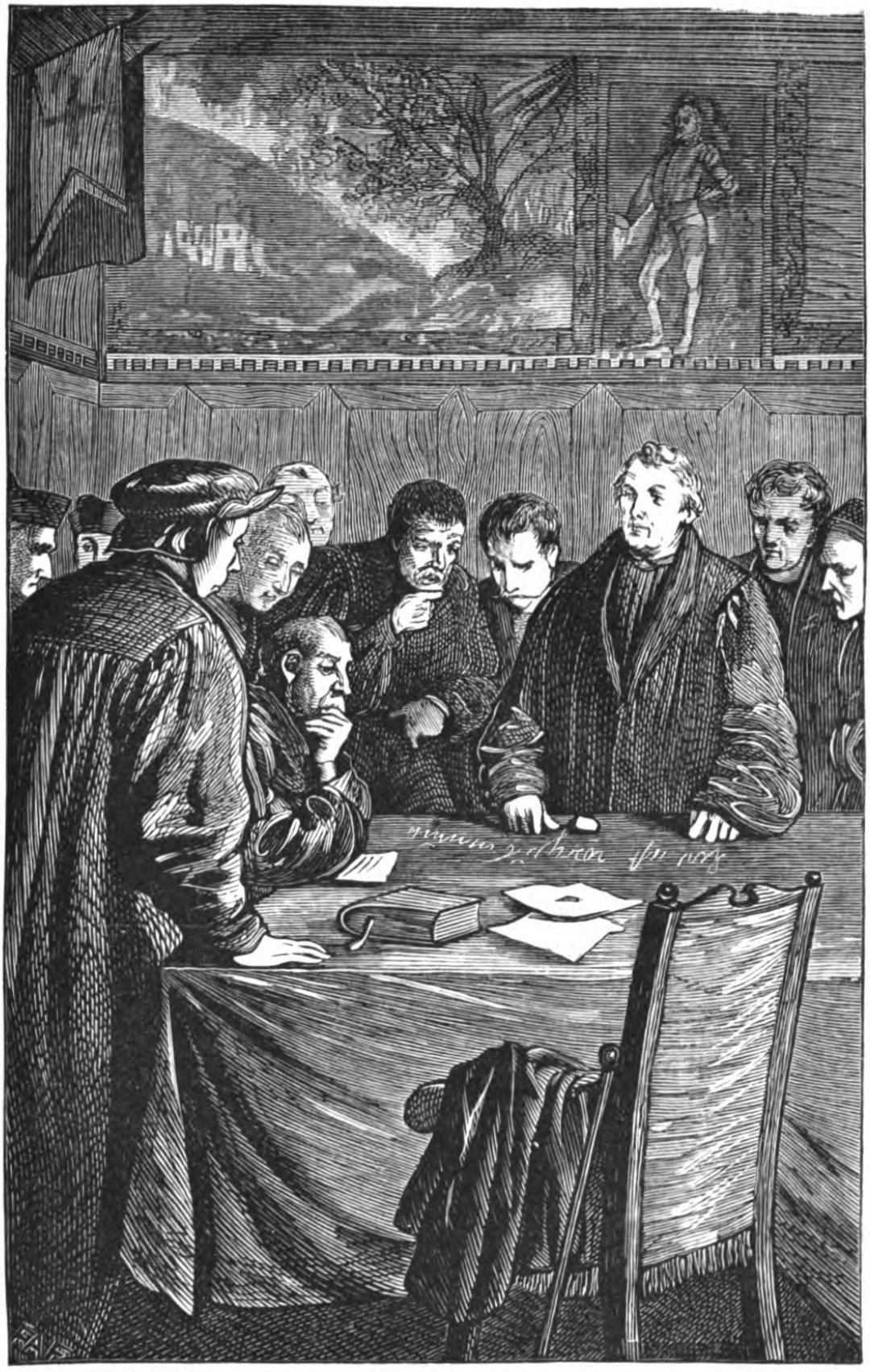
As is not unusual in polemical discussions, the six hours' argument at its close left behind it no small degree of exacerbation and bitterness; but the prince had still hopes that, in the general conference for which they were preparing, the result might be different. Zwingle asked that this conference might be

an open one; but this was opposed by Luther, who prevailed so far as to get the great body of the citizens excluded: only men of noble birth, princes, deputies, barons, and theologians were admitted.

The preparations made for it showed the importance which the Landgrave attached to this meeting, which he arranged should be held in the Knights' Hall, a spacious room in an ancient castle overlooking Marburg. Here, on Saturday the 2d October, this important interview, from which he expected union, power, and an armed coalition of all the Protestant States against the Papacy, began, with results which soon convinced even his sanguine temperament that a union either of minds or of forces was impossible.

Seated amidst his court, in the plain dress of a simple gentleman, he saw with pain that Luther's uncompromising manner foreboded an even more than usually obstinate adherence to his foregone conclusions.

Approaching the table, at which seats for the four disputants were placed, the champion of consubstantiation lifted a piece of chalk, and steadily



The Discussion on the Doctrine of the Eucharist.—*Story of a Noble Life*, p. 168.

traced four words upon the velvet cloth which covered it.

Every eye in the hall followed the movements of that bold hand; and when he had finished, all could plainly read four Latin words — that oft-disputed utterance of our Lord's, *Hoc est corpus meum* — 'This is my body.'

It was the motto under which he had elected to fight, if need be, to the death. Further than the literal interpretation of these words he would not look; to any other than their literal interpretation he would not listen. He had not come to weigh dispassionately both sides of the question; he had come to conquer—to have his own way, or nothing. 'I protest,' he said, 'that I differ from the Swiss in regard to the doctrine of the Lord's Supper, and that I shall always differ from them. Christ has said, "This is my body." Let them show me that a body is not a body. They cannot; but if they could, it would not matter to me. I reject reason, common sense, carnal arguments, and mathematical proofs. God is above mathematics.'

In this spirit the discussion began on the side of

the Saxon Reformers. The Swiss, on their part, were more temperate and moderate in their language. Into the argument it is useless to enter. Luther had said in his opening speech that he would reject reason, and he was as good as his word: when hard pressed by the Swiss,—and he sometimes was very hard pressed indeed,—he refused either to argue or reason, but bellowed forth in a voice of thunder, 'Hoc est corpus meum.' Eck himself could not have relied more upon the force of his lungs.

Interview after interview was held, with the same result, till even the Landgrave saw that the union he had so ardently desired was hopeless. The hour of departure drew near, and was hastened by the ravages of a pestilence called the sweating sickness, which had broken out in Marburg.

The chiefs of the two Protestant parties met for the last time in the Knights' Hall. Was there to be concord between them—that true Christian union which, holding fast to the great doctrine of salvation by faith alone, agrees to differ in secondary and non-essential points? Zwingle made a strong effort

to obtain it. 'We are about to part,' he said; 'let us remember that we are brothers in Christ. Let us confess our union in all things in which we agree; let us each consent to hold our own opinion on these secondary points, while we agree to maintain the grand doctrine of salvation by faith.'

'Yes, yes!' exclaimed the Landgrave eagerly. 'You agree in much; you must recognise each other as brothers.'

'God is my witness,' said Zwingle, approaching Luther, 'that there is no one with whom I more desire to be at concord than with you.'

The other Swiss divines cordially agreed with him; and Zwingle, moved even to tears, walked up to Luther and held out his hand.

'Acknowledge them—acknowledge them as brothers!' cried the Landgrave with deep emotion.

Luther did not move.

It is possible that a consciousness that he had had the worst of the argument may have increased his characteristic obstinacy; at all events, he turned away, and rejecting the hand offered to him, said, 'You have a different spirit from ours.'

Zwingle recoiled, deeply wounded and grieved; while Luther, after several times repeating the same words, turned to his friends, and held a short consultation with them.

Then the Saxon doctors advanced and delivered their ultimatum; it was stern and laconic: 'You do not belong to the communion of the Christian Church; we cannot therefore acknowledge you as brethren.'

The amazed Swiss looked at each other, and then Bucer spoke: 'We on our side,' he said, 'as little approve of your doctrine as you approve of ours; but we believe you conscientious in what you hold, and do not doubt that you belong to Christ.'

'And we on our part,' said Luther, 'declare to you that our conscience forbids us to recognise you as brethren.'

'If such is the case,' said Bucer, 'it would be folly in us to ask you to do so.'

The Swiss then ceased their solicitations, but with this not ignoble protest: 'We are conscious of having acted as if in the presence of God. Posterity will be our witness.'

They then turned to leave the room ; but the Landgrave besought them to pause, and with much indignation called upon Luther to reconsider his words.

He so far yielded as to do so ; and after a second conference with his colleagues, he turned to Zwingle and Ecolampadius, and said, 'We acknowledge you as friends. We cannot consider you as brothers, and members of Christ's Church ; but we do not exclude you from that universal charity which we owe even to our enemies.'

This concession, if concession it could be called, was if possible more insulting than their former words had been ; but Zwingle, Ecolampadius, and Bucer resolved with swelling hearts to accept it.

'Let each of us,' they said, 'defend ourselves without railing, and let us carefully avoid all harsh and violent words and writings.'

Luther then advanced towards the Swiss, and said, 'We consent to this, and I offer you the hand of peace and charity.'

It was so eagerly grasped by the Swiss, that his obstinate pride gave way, and for a moment his heart was softened.

'Assuredly,' he said, 'much of the scandal of our disagreement would be taken away if there could be an end to our fierce discussions. May Christ's hand remove the last obstacle between us!'

This was much more than the Landgrave had expected, and he at once resolved to seize the favourable moment, and strike the iron while it was hot.

'It is not enough,' he said, 'that I should be a witness of this; the whole Christian world must know, that except in the manner of the presence of the body and blood of Christ in the Eucharist, you are agreed in all the articles of the faith.'

The necessity of this was admitted by all; but who was to draw up the paper embodying this resolution? Every eye turned to Luther, the Swiss declaring themselves satisfied with his impartiality.

The task thus thrust upon him was difficult in the extreme, and for a long time he sat motionless, not knowing how to begin. At last he seized his pen, and committed fifteen articles to paper, 'which I know,' he said, 'they will never sign.'

He had miscalculated, however, both his own magnanimity and that of his opponent. On the great

doctrines of the Reformation they were at one; and when he came to handle the doctrine of the Eucharist, which he did in the last article, he was so much more moderate and fair than he had been in debate, that the Swiss were overjoyed. They had obtained what they wished: diverse in many things, they might still be united in the faith of Christ.

Much relieved, they proceeded to affix their names to this document; Luther and his party did the same, and it was then ordered to be published.

This was all that Philip of Hesse gained by this conference, upon which he had set his heart. The political objects which he had sought to further by it were proved to be beyond his reach. He and Zwingle had many secret meetings during its progress, in which they discussed a close and enduring union between Switzerland and Germany; but, except that these meetings excited extreme jealousy in the breasts of the German divines, who detested Zwingle's politics almost as much as they did his doctrines, they were barren of all result. It was by his own word, by the still small voice heard by the prophet in his cave, that the truth of God

was to prevail, not by Philip's spearmen, or the halberds of the stout burghers of Zurich.

Of the combatants in the Knights' Hall, each returned to his place, hailed by his own party as victorious; but of the two more celebrated champions, Zwingle was in reality the conqueror. An immense number of people throughout Germany adopted his views in regard to the Eucharist. And the Landgrave himself, a short time before his death, declared 'that from the time of the celebrated conference at Marburg, he had ceased to believe in Luther's doctrines in regard to the sacrament of the Supper.'

Luther himself, however, was unconvinced, and soon became more violent than ever, his intolerance being such as to fill Zwingle with alarm. 'Lutheranism,' he wrote to the Landgrave, 'will soon be as heavy upon us as Popery.'

Meanwhile, in the midst of these disputes, the very existence of Protestantism was imperilled. The Emperor Charles, exasperated by the Protest of Spires, had sworn to expend all his powers in the effort to reduce the heretics under the

authority of the Pope. The Protestant princes knew not on what side to turn, while the Landgrave, wise beyond his age, did not cease to counsel union. 'We all confess the same Christ!' he exclaimed; 'we all profess that we must eat Jesus Christ by faith in the Eucharist. Let us then unite against the common foe.'

In vain were all his prayers; they only gained for him the answer which he had already heard so often in the Knights' Hall in his old Castle at Marburg: 'The doctrines of Zwingle are fatal. Let him yield and agree with us, and we will acknowledge him as a brother, not otherwise.' Not even the common danger, which threatened to engulf in one common ruin all the reformed churches, could teach the German divines that true catholicity of spirit which recognises unity in diversity.

CHAPTER XV.

PROGRESS AT BERNE.

IN the face of these accumulating dangers, the Protestant cause in Switzerland continued to win fresh triumphs. The powerful canton of Berne was rapidly becoming reformed; and early in January 1528, Zwingle was summoned to assist at an important conference of the Bernese clergy. On the 2d of January he set out; and on the 7th, the burgomaster Vadianus, of St. Gall, opened the conference in the Church of the Cordeliers, before a numerous audience.

The first proposition was: 'The Holy Christian Church, of which Christ is the sole head, is born of the word of God, abideth in it, and listeneth not to the voice of a stranger.'

'The word sole is not in Scripture,' said a Dominican monk; 'Christ left a vicar upon earth.'

'He did,' answered Haller; 'and that vicar is the Holy Ghost.'

All the more distinctive Roman Catholic doctrines were then brought forward one by one. Transubstantiation, the Mass, Prayer to the Saints, the Celibacy of the Clergy, the Worship of Images, and Purgatory, were all assailed in turn, and in turn found defenders.

On Sunday, the 19th January, the disputation turned on the doctrine of the mass; and Zwingle, ascending the pulpit of the crowded church, repeated in a loud and solemn voice the Apostles' Creed; then, after a pause, the passage of Scripture which follows: 'He ascended up into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.' 'These holy words,' he continued, 'are in contradiction of the mass.'

An electric shock, as he spoke, seemed to permeate the whole church; and a priest, who was in the very act of celebrating the holy sacrifice, stopped suddenly short, and fixed his anxious eyes upon the speaker. In a moment conviction

flashed upon him. Tearing off his priestly vestments, and throwing them upon the altar, he exclaimed: 'If the mass rests upon no more solid foundation than the decree of man, I can celebrate it no longer.'

This conversion, so instantaneous and so unexpected, produced a great sensation; and its effects had not yet died away, when, three days later, the feast of St. Vincent, the patron of the city, occurred. Doubtful how to act, the canons applied to the Council for instructions, and were directed to act according to their consciences. Those who believed in the mass might say it, those who did not might stay away. The result showed how deadly was the wound which this distinctive, vital, 'creative' principle of the Romish Church had received in Berne. There was no constraint on any one, no inquisitors prying about, no coercion, moral or physical; and when St. Vincent's day dawned, it was found that in the numerous churches of Berne there was neither priest to celebrate mass, nor people to hear it.

In the evening, when vespers had been wont to be

chanted with much solemnity and pomp by the canons of the Cathedral, the organist alone appeared at his post. The vast church around him was solitary, empty, silent, save when in the grey gloom a bat stole with timid rustle from rafter to rafter, or the wind sighing outside drove the falling rain against the panes. With tears streaming down his withered cheeks, the minstrel of a fallen faith tried to strike the first notes of the majestic *Magnificat* in vain ; with the inspiration of despair, the swelling notes of victory sank into the long-drawn wail of a mourning hymn. It was the requiem of the Papacy in Berne. When the organist had played it out, he, faithful only among so many faithless, rose and went out ; and the crowd outside, regarding his beloved instrument as an accomplice in the superstitions it had served to embellish, seized and broke it into a thousand pieces. Other triumphs followed. On the 19th of January, two converts of note gave in their adhesion to the doctrines of Zwingle — Burganer, pastor of St. Gall, and Matthias, minister of Saengen. Immediately afterwards the discussion was declared closed, and the two

Councils met to deliberate on the course which they should pursue.

Their deliberations were short, and the action they took prompt and decisive ; they decreed, without one dissentient voice, that the mass should be abolished, and the ornaments removed from the churches.

On the 28th of January Zwingle preached an eloquent sermon in the Cathedral, which had been stripped of its Popish images and decorations; and on the 1st of February he returned to Zurich, where he was received like a conqueror, with every mark of confidence and joy.

The conversion of Berne was followed by that of several of the smaller cantons; but this extension of the Reformation, by the exasperation which it occasioned among the partisans of the Papacy, provoked many dangers which had not menaced it while it was confined to Zurich alone. Surrounded by political intrigues and combinations, Zwingle, who had great political ability, was constantly tempted to step out of the sphere of pastor, in which God had so eminently blessed him, to

take up those duties of a statesman which it seemed to himself and all around him that no one could perform so well.

To this temptation he yielded by degrees ever more and more; and when he had once given himself up to politics, they very quickly usurped the first place, leaving to religion only the second.

Unlike many of the smaller cantons, Zurich and Berne had reserved to themselves the right of making separate alliances; and when Zwingle assumed the conduct of public affairs, he conceived the idea of allying Zurich with the other evangelical states.

This movement, which might possibly become the nucleus of a new confederacy within the Confederacy itself, excited in the highest degree the jealousy and wrath of the other states, even of some which were favourable to the Reformation.

Zurich, in pursuing this course, although keeping within the letter of the law, was undoubtedly acting in a manner calculated to engender suspicion and distrust. Zwingle at this juncture would have done well to retire from the position of leadership into

which he had gradually allowed himself to drift. This, however, he did not do: the sweetness of tasted power, a proud consciousness of fitness for his new position, the ambition that is often found united with great ability,—all combined to retain him in a situation whose duties were diverse, often incompatible with those of his more sacred profession of priest and pastor.

'What doest thou here, Elijah?' was a question which might often have been appropriately put to the busy man, immersed in political cares, toiling early and late to forge foreign alliances, and secure for the church of God the frail and fickle prop of the sword of man.

He himself, however, seems to have had no misgivings as to his course. Before the dispute with Berne, he drew out, in the event of a war, a plan of defence; and in 1528 he prepared a paper which is characterized by a far-sighted and shrewd sagacity, showing what should be the relations of the republic with regard to foreign states, and what its action at home in reference to the several cantons and bailiwicks.

Then, turning from the duties of a statesman to those of a general, he entered, as if he had grown grey in arms, into the tactics of an army in the field, and, strange to say, pastor, preacher, divine, and author as he was, showed himself a master in the art of warlike strategy. It is not strange that this versatility of talent, which gave him an almost absolute sway over those around him, should to some degree have dazzled himself, and led him to the rash conclusion that he was a second Moses, ordained to fill in his native canton the triple place of head of the church, head of the state, and general of the army.

Meanwhile the alliances which he had formed in behalf of Zurich roused to the utmost wrath the Roman Catholic cantons, especially those of Schweitz, Uri, Unterwalden, Lucerne, and Zug, who were generally designated the Waldstettes. These Waldstettes, in their rage, made overtures to their hereditary foemen of Austria, and formed a treaty with them, mutually binding themselves to suppress the Reformation within their borders at all costs. Whoever presumed to found new sects, should be

punished with death, if need be by the help of Austria, which power pledged herself to send into Switzerland, if required, 6000 foot soldiers and 400 horse, with the requisite artillery. This alliance was so unnatural, that many even of the Roman Catholics called shame upon it; but religious hatred had so swallowed up all feelings of patriotism, that it was determined at last to enforce it by blockading the reformed cantons.

This action of the Roman Catholic cantons created the utmost dismay and uneasiness throughout Switzerland. All the other states met at Zurich, and resolved to send deputies to the Waldstettes, to reawaken, if possible, patriotic and fraternal impulses in their breasts.

These deputies were received with such insult and scorn, that when they returned to Zurich, it is not wonderful that the wrathful message they brought awakened wrath in its turn. Zwingle proposed that Unterwalden, which had treated the deputies worse than any other of the Roman Catholic cantons, should not be admitted to peace until it renounced the Austrian alliance, and gave

up the foreign service; but Berne, which knew by experience the horrors of civil war, counselled peace. There is little doubt that this Christian counsel would have prevailed, but for news which came at that critical moment of indignation and pain, to blow the half-smothered resentment of the reformed cantons into a hot and devouring flame.

A pastor of Zurich, a simple and pious man, was waylaid in the wild and wooded district which lies around the upper portion of the Lake of Zurich. He was on his way to Oberkirk, a parish to which he had been appointed, and was walking carelessly and confidently through the woods, which he had often traversed before, when he was seized by six men, and in spite of his remonstrances carried to Schweitz.

Schweitz had then no jurisdiction over the government of Gaster, in which this poor man Jacques Keyser had been seized; but in spite of prudence, in spite of justice, in spite of the prompt and angry interference of Zurich and Glaris, it was resolved to put the Protestant pastor to death; and seven

days after he was taken, he was sentenced to be burned to ashes at the stake.

On the 29th of May he was brought out to execution; and although he had burst into tears when first informed of his sentence, his demeanour at the funeral pile was calm, serene, even cheerful. He made an open confession of his faith, and gave thanks to God as long as he could speak. This composed and calm demeanour gave occasion to a brutal jest on the part of the Schweitz magistrates. Turning to the deputies of Zurich, who stood powerless to aid beside the pile, watching with aching hearts the cruel tortures of their murdered countryman, they said: 'You hear his words; you may go and tell in Zurich how he thanks us.'

The insult was unneeded; the news roused Zurich to a pitch of irrepressible exasperation. Like the fiery cross of the Scottish Highlands, the story of Keyser's death, passing from lip to lip, became the signal for war.

It was such a moment as brings out into strong relief the qualities of master minds, and Zwingle in the crisis surpassed himself. He spoke at Zurich

not of peace, although he was a priest of that holy and long-suffering Saviour who had said unto Peter, 'Put up thy sword into its sheath,' but of halberd and spear, and prompt and decided warlike action. He wrote to Berne: 'Stand firm, and fear not in this juncture to take up arms. This peace which some desire so much is not peace, but war; while the war for which we call, is not war, but peace. We thirst for no man's blood, but we must clip the wings of the oligarchy. If we do not, the truth of the gospel, and ministers' lives will never again be secure among us.'

It was no doubt his sincere conviction that the Reformation, if it were to be freed at all from the tyranny of the Papacy, must be freed by the sword. He had long lived among soldiers; and his free republican training made it a sacred duty to defend the oppressed against the oppressor. His own words were: 'We must trust in God alone; but when He gives us a just cause, we must know how to defend it, and, like Joshua and Gideon, learn if necessary to shed blood in behalf of our country and our God.'

Noble words, dignified and firm, and in every sense befitting the Governor of Zurich, but showing that the Governor, in the ever-growing difficulties of his position, had forgotten that he had been set apart and anointed to a ministry of peace.

CHAPTER XVI.

DISSENSION AND UNREST.

MEANWHILE in Zurich it was not external foes alone that had to be combated: without was fighting; but within was trouble, unrest, and fear. If Zwingle were to execute all, or even a part, of his designs, he required to carry the city along with him as one man, and this he could not do. There were many of the citizens devoted to the foreign service; there were some attached still to the old Popish superstitions, and these were even represented in the Council. On the 1st December 1528 he ascended the pulpit, and in a long and eloquent sermon called the attention of the people to this source of weakness. His appeal was successful: all members hostile to the new *régime* were expelled from the governing body; and scarcely had this purification been accomplished,

when an accidental circumstance added fuel to the rising flame in Zurich.

It was the turn of Unterwalden to send a governor to the common bailiwicks. In these districts the Reformation had made rapid progress; and Unterwalden had threatened in no long time to suppress the new doctrines by fire and sword. The affrighted villagers seemed already to feel amongst them the devouring flames of Keyser's pile; and leaving their hearths and homesteads, flocked in crowds into Zurich. The sight of these fugitives from the rack and stake had anything but a reassuring effect upon the already excited city. Zwingle in particular stood forward as their advocate, the more readily that it seemed to him a favourable opportunity for striking a final and decisive blow for liberty of conscience in Switzerland.

'Let us propose to the five cantons,' he said, 'to allow the free preaching of the word of God; and let us, on our part, give the same liberty which we claim. Let no one be forced either to abandon the mass or any other superstition of the Roman Catholic Church. The word of God alone can

open men's eyes to these Popish follies. Let us but claim this right firmly now, and, in spite of all obstacles, we shall succeed in clearing this difficult pass, and arriving at the unity of Switzerland, and at the unity of the faith.'

In these opinions the mild Ecolampadius fully coincided. 'It is neither a time for delay,' he said, 'nor for parsimony, nor pusillanimity. If we do not at once remove this venom from our bosoms, we shall be exposed to the greatest dangers in the future.'

The Council of Zurich, actuated by these opinions, thereupon promised the fugitives from the bailiwicks that religious liberty should be maintained among them; and on the same afternoon the first step in the fratricidal war, about to begin, was taken. Five hundred men, with four pieces of artillery, were sent to Bremgarten to intercept a force which was moving from Unterwalden; and on that evening, the 5th of June, the summer breezes played with the broad standard of the canton as it waved over the Convent of Mouri.

Zurich was at once transformed from a peaceful city into an immense camp. Everywhere was heard

the clang of the armourer's anvil, or the ominous clash of steel. War had begun; a war of religion; a war between brethren; a war in whose intense bitterness was to be lost the cherished memories of a thousand struggles, and defeats, and triumphs—of mutual dangers bravely faced together, of mutual independence nobly achieved.

And whilst the call to arms resounded night and day through Zurich, the Forest Cantons on their side were not idle; the mountain passes echoed unceasingly with the shrill notes of the warning horn, and messengers were sent to demand aid from their new Austrian allies.

On Tuesday, the 8th June, three days after the breaking out of hostilities, six hundred men of Zurich, commanded by Jacques Werdmuller, marched to Rapperschwyl; and on Wednesday the 9th four thousand were sent to Cappel, under the command of an experienced captain, George Bergwer. With this body marched Zwingle. The Council had been very unwilling to let him go: for years they had so depended upon his opinion, that he had become necessary to them. 'We do not wish you

to go to the war,' said the burgomaster Roust; 'do we not know that the Pope, the Archduke Ferdinand, the Popish cantons—all the Roman Catholics, in short—hate you mortally? Stay with the Council, we have need of you.'

'Not so,' replied Zwingle, who was conscious that he was also required on the battle-field. 'Not so; I cannot remain quietly at home, at my fireside, while my brethren expose their lives. I must go with the army; it also requires a watchful eye, able to look continually around on all sides.'

Having uttered these words, he took down his halberd, and mounting his horse, soon overtook the rear-guard of the army, which had already left the town.

A mournful stillness succeeded to their departure; the walls, the towers, every position of advantage, was crowded with women, children, and old men, who strained their eyes to catch what might be a last glimpse of the retreating forms of their husbands, fathers, and sons.

Meanwhile disunion had already appeared in the camp of the reformed. Zurich, having taken the

fatal step which precipitated her into war, sent to require the aid of Berne. But Berne was jealous of the growing power and influence of Zurich, and disinclined for a religious war; and the Bernese Council returned an unfavourable answer. 'As Zurich has begun the war without us,' said the lords of Berne, 'let her finish it in the same manner.'

The Roman Catholic cantons were more true to their compact of mutual aid. Zug, which was first threatened, uttered the first summons; and it was at once responded to by Uri, Schweitz, and Unterwalden. On the 8th of June they unfurled their banner before the town-house of Lucerne, and on the next day began their march.

On the 10th of June the strong force of Zurichers who had marched to Cappel sent a herald to Zug. The duty of this official was to announce to the five cantons the rupture of the federal alliance; and it produced in Zug, which was in no condition to defend itself, the utmost consternation and dismay. Amid the wild wailing of women and the shrieks of children, the men began to assume their armour;

and frantic messengers, mounted on the swiftest horses, were sent out in all directions to scour the country in search of aid, and quicken the tardy approach of their Roman Catholic allies, that they might not have to encounter alone the full shock of the coming battle.

At Cappel, the first division of the Zurich army, consisting of two thousand men under the command of William Thöming, were already under arms, and about to march, when the sight of a horseman galloping towards them checked their onward movement.

This mediator turned out to be Abli, the Landammann of Glaris. With tears running down his weatherbeaten cheeks, he adjured them to halt. 'The five cantons are prepared,' he said; 'but I have prevailed upon them to pause; I now beseech you to do the same. I entreat my lords and people of Zurich, for the love of God and the safety of the Confederation, to suspend their march at the present moment. In a few hours I will be with you again, having, as I hope, obtained an honourable peace, and so prevented our cottages from being

filled with women and children, widowed and orphaned by the sword of their brethren.'

The Landammann was well known to be an honourable man, a friend of the gospel, and an adversary of the foreign service; and the chiefs of Zurich were so much impressed by his earnest words, that they resolved to halt. Zwingle alone, with the eye of one of Nature's captains, saw that the favourable moment was passing, and suspected that their friend had been made a tool of by the wily enemy.

The Landammann meanwhile, having gained his end, had already turned his horse to return to Zug, when Zwingle stopped him. 'Landammann,' he said, 'you will one day have to render to God an account of this interference. Our adversaries, disappointed of the succours they expected from Austria to-day, gave you sweet words. Very soon, when they are prepared, they will fall upon us unawares, and there will be none to deliver us.'

'Dear friend,' answered the Landammann, 'I have confidence in God that all will yet go well. Let each one do the best he can.'

He then returned to Zug, and the army of

Zurich, instead of advancing, made choice of a camping ground along the edge of the forest, and proceeded to pitch tents for their accommodation.

Only a few paces separated them from the sentinels of the army of the five Roman Catholic cantons, who remained also quiet, waiting for reinforcements; while Zwingle, conscious that, in a military point of view, a fatal mistake had been made, sat alone in his tent, a prey to the most anxious and harassing thoughts.

In a short time, news came from Zurich which gave shape and colour to his fears. Berne had taken the field at last, neither as the ally of Zurich nor of the Roman Catholic cantons, but as a third party, an umpire between the two. This powerful canton, having first convoked a Diet at Arau, sent five thousand men into the field, with the intimation, 'that if either of the combatants refused to make peace, the lords of Berne would know how to compel them.'

According to the constitution of Zurich, wherever the banner waved, there the republic was held to be, and the Council accordingly sent out

to the army this requisition from the lords of Berne.

A council of war was at once convoked to consider it, and the message of the Landammann Abli. At this council Zwingle spoke eagerly and repeatedly in favour of war. 'Let us be just,' he said, 'before we are generous. To-day they beg and entreat because they are taken at a disadvantage, but in a month's time they will be strong enough to crush us.'

It was from a statesman and general's point of view that he regarded the subject, and both as a statesman and general he was right; but there were not wanting many there who remembered that this bold, energetic leader, prompt to seize a strategic advantage, ruthlessly eager to smite when his genius told him that promptitude and decision might snatch from Fortune's fickle hand the wreath of victory, was also a minister of Christ; and the contrast that could not but be drawn between the incongruous offices he united, weakened, and went far even in the end to destroy, his influence in both.

His words impressed those who listened to him,

but he could not prevail upon the troops to advance. What is generally found to be the worst of all policies, a temporizing policy, was adopted. The army remained at its post to receive reinforcements from Thurgovia and St. Gall, and exchange courtesies with the troops of the Roman Catholic cantons, whose outposts were within sight, almost within hail.

The Bernese lords had demanded that deputies should be sent from Zurich to the Diet at Arau, and this demand was complied with.

On the 26th June 1529, this Diet came to a mutual understanding on the subject of their differences.

The readiness of Zurich to initiate hostilities had produced a certain effect. The free preaching of the word was not accorded, but liberty of conscience was. An indemnity was secured to the family of the murdered Keyser. The five Roman Catholic cantons were ordered to pay the expenses of the war, and were recommended to renounce their Austrian alliance in future.

This latter clause was so mortifying to their

pride, that it was long before they could bring themselves to give up the draft of their treaty with Austria. At last they yielded, and it was brought to the camp,—a document of portentous length, having nine seals affixed to it. Next day the armies were drawn out to hear it read; but the peace-maker Abli, fearful of the effect which the treason meditated by the five cantons might have upon the armed Zurichers, snatched the parchment from the hands of the reader, and in spite of the remonstrances of those around, cut it into a thousand pieces. The armies were then disbanded, the troops of the five cantons retiring in dejection and gloom, those of Zurich with cries of triumph and loud shouts of joy. They surrounded Zwingle where he walked apart, downcast and sad, and hailed him as the saviour of his country. 'God grant,' he said, with the almost prophetic discernment sometimes given by shrewd sagacity; 'God grant that you do not one day rue this peace, which you now hug to your hearts.'

As he descended the Albis on his homeward road, the deep misgivings of his heart found vent

in a hymn which has been, and is still, a great favourite with all classes of his countrymen. Its melancholy long-drawn cadences are full of a strong and lively but mournful faith; the singer has trust in God, but in God alone: in the aspect of all around him, he recognises only the omens of a gloomy future.

'God grant,' he said, 'that we bring back an honourable peace to our dwellings. Assuredly we did not take up arms only that we might shed blood. The Lord has once again shown the great ones of the earth that they can do nothing against us. May He continue to us His protection!'

CHAPTER XVII.

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL.

THE peace thus forced upon Zwingle against his will was nevertheless a good thing, and favourable to the cause of the Reformation, which, left to its legitimate field of operations, again began to win triumphs. The church in Thurgovia was organized, and the property of the convents devoted to the training of young men for the Christian pastorate.

With moderation and prudence all might have gone well; but Zurich, emboldened by her late victory, became more aggressive. The Reformation began to push itself into the districts closely adjoining the territories of the five Forest Cantons; and the successive reformation and confiscation of the Monastery of Wittingen, the Commanderies of St. John at Hitzkirch and Wadenswyl, and the

acquisition of the Convent of Pfeffers, alarmed and irritated to an extreme degree the Roman Catholic cantons.

They in their turn began to utter threats, and to talk loudly of the intervention of the Emperor. As it was known that the Austrian treaty still existed, although the parchment upon which it was endorsed had been cut to pieces and consumed, it was judged by all that this was no idle vaunt. The most conflicting rumours filled the land. It was said at one time that nine hundred Spaniards had entered the Grisons ; and the next moment, that three thousand Imperial Lansquenets had invaded the country at another point, bringing the news that their master was close behind them, at the head of all his forces.

The state of feeling between the parties became, in these circumstances, daily more bitter ; the political horizon darkened hourly, and every sign betokened that no ordinary storm was gathering over the mountains and valleys of Switzerland.

On the 5th of September 1530 an attempt was made to avert it. The principal ministers from Zurich, Basle, Berne, and Strasburg met at Zwingle's

house, and prepared an address, which they transmitted to the five cantons at the Diet of Baden. In this they asked that the free preaching of the word of God should be allowed, having confidence that it would put an end to the fatal disunions that were dividing them one from another.

This document obtained a hearing, but that was all. It was listened to with every sign of weariness and disgust, and when it was finished, scornfully tossed aside. It was becoming evident to both parties, that the truce established by the peace of the 26th June 1529 was drawing to a close; and Zwingle, disappointed in his efforts as a peace-maker, fell back with greater zest upon his political schemes. His idea was to form a Protestant power which should be strong enough to face the Pope and the Emperor, by uniting into one confederation all the scattered Protestant states. One league, hallowed and strong, should unite together all who believed in the word of God; from Strasburg to the Rhine there should be but one state and one church.

Roman Catholicism threatened Zurich; against

Roman Catholicism the Apostle of Zurich toiled to raise a gigantic European alliance. The Emperor Charles V. was in his eyes a tyrant; and the republican Reformer had small faith indeed in the divine right of kings. Charles, having failed to fill his high place righteously and well, must give place to another; and that other, in Zwingle's dreams, was the Landgrave Philip of Hesse. But that all this might be brought about, concord, the closest union between the reformed of heart and hand, of sword and pen, was necessary. Was this union possible? He was not without hope that it was. Constance, Berne, St. Gall, Bienne, Mulhausen, Basle, Schaffhausen, and Strasburg, entered into this solemn mutual league.

If only he could win over Luther, success was certain. In 1530, the deputies of this Protestant alliance, or Christian co-burghery, addressed themselves to the task which the year before had proved too difficult for the Landgrave Philip. They would endeavour to reconcile the two champions of the Reformation. The envoys from Strasburg, in particular, were especially anxious to bring about this

result. But Zwingle, although he wished it above all things,—for it was necessary, even indispensable, to his vast political designs,—would not consent, even at the prayer of Ecolampadius, to slur over his faith. He would not hasten to Basle to meet the deputies; and did not, until the Elector of Saxony wrote to ask him to do so. This prince earnestly desired concord between the reformed, and spared no pains to bring it about. Once more the two separate sections of the Reformation seemed about to unite; and a second time Luther's obstinate and unyielding adherence to his own particular shibboleth defeated this hope.

As a preamble to union, he required a written paper from Zwingle and Ecolampadius, notifying their adherence to his opinions. This they could not give, and the negotiations went no further; and Zwingle, in his disappointment, forgetful of those earnest and solemn words in which he had denounced to his countrymen the danger of foreign alliances, and exhorted them to put their trust in the Almighty, began to look beyond the narrow circle of the Protestant states for allies, by whose aid he

might compass the great designs that were beginning to dazzle and bewilder his brain.

The citizen of a republic, his eyes turned with longing towards the powerful republics of Italy. An alliance with Venice seemed in his eyes especially desirable, as a rupture with this Queen of the Adriatic could not fail to detain Charles beyond the Alps, and so prevent him from turning the full force of his arms against Germany.

Scarcely had he returned from Marburg when he set about the accomplishment of this cherished project. Having obtained from the Council powers to nominate an ambassador to Venice, he despatched thither one of his personal friends, who had accompanied him to Germany.

Rodolph Collin, who had been a schoolmaster, and was now employed as a Professor of Greek, had few indeed of the attributes of an envoy plenipotentiary; his only qualifications for his post were great natural shrewdness and ability, and a knowledge of Italian, which he spoke easily and well.

Without carriages, without horses, without attend-

ance, in the plain dress which, in those days of sumptuous raiment, bespoke a slender purse, the Doge and Senate of Venice, accustomed to more than regal magnificence, gazed with wonder upon the quondam schoolmaster who came to them as the accredited envoy of Zurich. Perhaps in this wonder there was something of the scorn which overflowing wealth too often feels for poverty; and this was not lessened when Collin unfolded his credentials.

These the Venetians could not even understand. Learned in all the terms of the exchange and counting-house, they could not comprehend what was meant by a Christian co-burghery, till Collin explained to them the alliance into which Zurich and so many of the free cities of Germany had entered. He then tried to convince them that it was their interest to become brethren also of this sacred guild, and make common cause with the other allies against the Emperor, who was plainly aiming at universal sovereignty.

'We have just concluded an alliance with the Emperor,' answered the Doge, eyeing the strange

envoy with looks in which distrust and suspicion plainly struggled with surprise and contempt.

With this unsatisfactory public answer Collin was forced to be content; but in private the Doge again sent for him, and spoke more graciously and unreservedly.

'Venice,' he said, 'was grateful for this message from Zurich, and would arm and maintain a regiment which should always be at the service of that republic and canton.'

With this vague promise of support, and a present of twenty crowns, bestowed upon him by the Venetian Senate, Collin returned to Zurich. Very little had been gained by his embassy, when it is remembered that the policy of Venice was, if possible, to please all parties, and send no suitor disappointed away.

Having thus done what he could to secure an alliance with Venice, Zwingle turned to Francis I. of France, a man who had begun, and was even then carrying on, a fierce persecution against all who dared to protest, even in thought, against the corruptions of the Roman Catholic Church. It is,

however, fair to Zwingle to record that the first overtures were made on behalf of Francis by Lambert Maigret, one of his generals.

In 1530, this man wrote to the Reformer, stating that the ambitious and treacherous designs of the Emperor Charles V. called for an alliance between the French king and the city of Zurich, and conjuring him to further and aid this great design with all his power.

At first, Zwingle was both surprised and rendered suspicious by these overtures. 'They show,' he said, 'how weak Francis must be.' But by degrees, as his own position became more difficult, he began to turn a more favourable ear to Lambert's reiterated entreaties. If Charles was, indeed, to be removed from the high place which he had abused, it could not be done without the sanction and assistance of France. Thus judging, he communicated the proposal of the French general to the Secret Council; and Rodolph Collin, having returned from Venice, was forthwith despatched on a second embassy to France. He took with him the draft of an extraordinary treaty, which engaged Francis

to conclude such an alliance with the Christian co-burghery as should be in accordance with the divine law, and which should be subject to the censure or approval of the evangelical theologians of Switzerland. This was not what the French king wanted. He earnestly desired an alliance with the whole Swiss republic; and this league with the Christian co-burghery could not, he saw, fail to array against him the whole Roman Catholic cantons.

Collin therefore found himself coolly received, and had less reason to be satisfied with his reception in Paris than with that accorded to him at Venice.

'Your papers,' he was told, 'seem admirably drawn up; but we cannot understand them, owing, no doubt, to the weakness of our minds.'

Thus the projected French alliance came to nothing; and even the Landgrave Philip, in whose behalf Zwingle had contemplated such great things, began to draw off from the Swiss Reformer. To this course he was, in a great measure, impelled by an artful insinuation of Erasmus. 'The cry of these Swiss,' said this adroit Gallio, 'is, no doubt, The

Gospel! the Gospel! but raise the cloak, and under its mysterious folds you will find democracy.'

Thus deserted by his friends, Zwingle, as might have been expected, found that his foes were gathering fast around him. The Roman Catholic cantons had never ceased to chafe against the conditions of the peace which had been extorted from them. They longed to be at liberty to persecute again according to their heart's content. At a general Diet, held at Baden on the 8th January 1531, they declared that if they were not freed from the restrictions laid upon them by the peace of 1529, and had justice done to them with regard to the Abbey of St. Gall, they would no more appear in the Diet; and that, moreover, if no aid were given to them in their just demands, they would find a way in which to help themselves, and check the robbery and spoliation of the property of the Church that was going on around them.

In these cantons two classes were in a peculiar degree infuriated against the Reformation—the old soldiers, who were generally pensioners of some foreign state, and the priests and monks. These

men went about continually uttering the most violent threats, and circulating the most atrocious falsehoods. 'Zwingle,' they said, 'is the Lutheran god; and Zwingle is stained by every crime that can pollute and blacken humanity.'

The ceaseless fall of the fountain's spray wears away at last the hardest stone; and falsehood industriously propagated is not without effect, particularly when those who listen to it are ignorant and superstitious. Among the rude hamlets in the sequestered valleys, there were many who believed the Reformer to be, not the pure and noble man he really was, but the fiend in human shape which the voice of falsehood represented him to be. In taking up arms against him and his partisans, many verily believed that they were doing God service. The league between the Roman Catholic cantons was drawn closer; secret councils were held, the old alliance with the Emperor was renewed, and after some hesitation the inhabitants of the Valais agreed to make common cause with the Roman Catholic cantons, and draw their swords in defence of the ancient faith. The hour foreseen by Zwingle,

when he so reluctantly agreed to the peace concluded on the heights of Cappel, was fast approaching. Was Zurich, as then, prepared to meet it? We shall see.

CHAPTER XVIII.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOW BEFORE.

THE evangelical cities were not deaf to the clang of arms resounding everywhere around them, or blind to the signs that on every side betokened the approach of war. In February 1531 their deputies met at Basle, and a month later at Zurich. What is to be done? was the anxious question which each man asked his neighbour. As before, Zurich was not averse to war, but the deputies from Berne took a pacific view of the subject. 'We understand,' they said, 'that you intend to resort to violence, and we earnestly beseech you to pause. Think of the alliances which the Forest Cantons have made, and of the formidable powers which they will be able to array against us. Think also that in these five cantons there are many pious souls who are not opposed

to us, but regret these machinations which continually inflame us one against another. Reflect also, that although it is easy to begin war, it is often very difficult to leave it off. Let us therefore send a deputation to the five cantons, and demand that they shall do us justice, that they shall punish the authors of the infamous calumnies that are circulated at our expense; and if they refuse, let us break off all intercourse with them.'

'We may send a deputation,' said the deputies from Basle; 'but we need not expect much satisfaction to result from it. We have rather to fear that our envoys may be treated in such a manner as to widen rather than narrow the breach between us. It would be better to convoke a general Diet.'

The other deputies having concurred in this opinion, Berne took the initiative, and summoned all the cantons to attend a Diet to be held in Baden on the 10th of April.

At this Diet the moderate men on both sides essayed the task of mediators with every prospect of success. It seemed, humanly speaking, as if moderate counsels would prevail, and the impend-

ing civil war, with all its horrors, be averted; when on a sudden, a party of Spaniards under the command of the Chatelain of Musso, who had been recently created a marquis by the Emperor Charles V., entered the Grisons.

This rash action was like throwing a spark into a barrel of gunpowder; on every side the smouldering irritation burst out at once into a devouring flame. Reason and prudence disappeared; and in their place, fear, panic, and suspicion, fatal leaders at all times, took at all turns the reins. The wildest rumours agitated men's minds, the least incredible of which was that the Emperor, with his whole army, was rapidly by forced marches approaching the doomed republic. This was very far from being the case; Charles had enough, and more than enough, on his hands in his war with the Turks, and had certainly no time to spare for Switzerland; but no falsehood in these moments of panic was too absurd to be believed.

Zwingle and Zurich saw in the march of Musso the first movement on the part of a vast conspiracy, destined everywhere to crush liberty of conscience

and the spread of the Reformation. Naturally, they maddened at the thought. The old free blood of Tell and his comrades swelled in their veins: deserted, betrayed, threatened with fire and sword, the men of Zurich flew to arms, resolved to defend their liberties, civil and religious, or die in the attempt.

Zurich, however, could not carry along with her the other evangelical cities: they shrank from war. Basle proposed instead to summon the five Roman Catholic cantons; and if they refused, to take their refusal as a rupture of the alliance. But even this step seemed too decided for Schaffhausen and St. Gall. 'They will not fail,' they said, 'to accept the rupture of the alliance; but in what way will that improve our position?'

At this juncture, envoys from two of the Roman Catholic cantons, Schweitz and Uri, were announced; but they had come too late. No customary honour or mark of respect was paid to them; and as they walked through the town towards the place of meeting, they were followed by the jeers and taunts of the populace. To the Diet they made the best

excuses they could for their tardy appearance; but their explanations were coldly received, and they returned to their homes with the worst anticipations as to the future. Shortly after they had gone, the assembly broke up, having come to no resolution,—having done nothing, indeed, except give expression to the grief and dismay that filled every Swiss breast.

Zwingle beheld this indecision with displeasure and alarm: he was pre-eminently a man of action; and having reformed the Church, he now desired, as Bullinger tells us, to reform the Swiss Confederacy.

There were not wanting, as indeed there seldom are, grievances and grounds of complaint and division within the bosom of the republic. The great cities, of which Zurich was one of the chief, had long complained that the Forest Cantons, whose contingent of men and money was much below theirs, yet claimed and obtained equal privileges, took the same share in the deliberations of the Diet, and enjoyed in an equal degree the fruit of victories won rather for them than by means of their aid.

This inequality Zwingle thought should be now amended; but the eloquent language with which he enforced this federal reform, while it pleased and gratified those of his own party, and was repeated in the streets and fields, at the council tables, and in the halls of the guilds, circulated also in the wild passes and glens of the Forest Cantons, and inflamed to a still keener pitch the resentment of their inhabitants.

The ancient prudence and wisdom, the mutual forbearance and mutual aid, that had characterized the past history of the Confederacy, disappeared. Are we to praise Zwingle that much of this was due to him, and to the words of fire which fell from his glowing lips? We praise him not; nor do we seek to deny the fact, that in becoming, like Rienzi, a tribune of the people, he had ceased in a great degree to be a useful minister of Christ. Impelled by his energy, Zurich took immediate steps to remedy the defect in the federal compact, and to remodel it with a more strict regard to equity. Messengers were sent to all the allied cities, who pointed out the encroachments of the

five cantons, and demanded a readjustment of the Confederacy. Nor was this all: in many of the bailiwicks Zurich shared the rights of sovereignty with some of the Roman Catholic cantons; and in defiance of their federal rights, the Council of Zurich decreed that the gospel should be freely preached in St. Gall, in Thurgovia, and in the Rheinthal.

These arbitrary measures not only incensed the five Forest Cantons, but gave them some just cause of complaint. Their attitude became daily more threatening; and when any of the Zurichers crossed into their territory, they were met by scoffs and jeers, and on more than one occasion beaten, and otherwise abused.

These acts of violence did not fail in turn to arouse the anger of the reformed cantons, whose zeal was still further inflamed by a journey which Zwingle took through Thurgovia, St. Gall, and the Tockenburg.

In this tour he was followed by immense crowds, who hung upon his lips, and strove by every mark of confidence and respect to express to him the public gratitude.

It seemed to them, as to him, that he was leading them along a path echoing with the pæans of triumph, and strewed with the chaplets of victory. To us, who see it darkening with the gathering shadows of Cappel, it seems shrouded in gloom, and resounding with the wail of a nation's sorrow and despair.

Hourly, affairs grew more critical. Something must be done; all shrank from drawing the sword; and yet federal peace and federal unity were gone. Angry and perplexed, and seeing no way out of the difficulties which threatened to engulf the Confederacy, it was resolved at last to hold another Diet at Arau, and, if possible, decide upon some common course of action.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CONFEDERACY IN DANGER.

AT this Diet, which was held on the 12th of May, the great question was, not how the principal cities should be adequately represented, but how the unity of Switzerland should be preserved. It seemed to the partisans of the Reformation, that if a certain number of the cantons clung obstinately to the ancient faith, such an element of disunion would be introduced into the Confederacy as would virtually put an end to all federal truth and loyalty; whereas, if unity of faith could be procured, the unity of Switzerland would be established on a sure foundation. The question was, How to procure this unity? By an armed intervention, answered Zwingle. The deputies of Berne were not prepared to go this length. They

acknowledged that the behaviour of the five cantons, with regard to the word of God, was so bad, that an armed intervention was justifiable; but they preferred rather a middle course. They would leave the sword in its scabbard; and if they must slay, they would not slay by its means, but by famine. 'Let us close,' they said, 'our markets against the five cantons, and rigidly withhold from them corn, salt, wine, iron, and steel.'

This proposal was keenly opposed by Zurich. 'Let us fight,' they said; 'and fight at once. This measure proposed by Berne will, in the first place, give the five cantons time to arm and fall upon us first; and in the second, it will press upon all indiscriminately. It will take the bread from the mouths of the innocent as well as from the guilty; and will straiten with hunger the sick, the aged, and the helpless children. We should beware of exciting by this means the anger of the poor, and transforming into enemies many who, at the present time, are our friends and brothers.'

This remonstrance, which was both wise and true, failed to have any effect. Berne would not begin

the war; and the other cantons siding with her, Zurich at last, although most reluctantly, consented to withhold supplies from the five cantons.

It was agreed further, that the blockade, which was now resolved upon, should not be raised except by common consent; and that all should arm mutually to defend each other from the consequences of this severe measure.

Zurich and Berne were empowered to notify this decision to the five cantons; and an order was immediately forwarded to all the bailiwicks, directing them to suspend at once all communication with their ancient friends and allies. The Sunday following happened to be Whitsunday; and an immense crowd was waiting in the Cathedral for Zwingle, it having become known that the resolution was to be published from all the pulpits.

Slowly, with downcast eyes, he passed through the expecting people. The measure was none of his framing; it was one which his soul abhorred for its cruelty, and which his intellect condemned as a great political mistake. What shall his course of action be? Will he call on the crowd before him

to humble themselves before God; and laying upon His altar the sacrifice of a broken and contrite spirit, pray for grace to forgive, that they in their turn might be forgiven? Not so; for war, in his lips, has become a term more familiar than peace. On this festival, which commemorates the pouring forth of the Holy Ghost, he lifts his voice, not to invoke the aid of God's Holy Spirit—not to commemorate its peaceful triumphs in the past—but to denounce in clear and resonant tones, which thrill through the vast assemblage, the resolution he has just read; and to call for war,—war, prompt and decisive,—war, which, in his eyes, seems more merciful than the slow starvation with which they have just agreed to menace their brethren.

It was an extraordinary scene, and produced an extraordinary effect. Nay, so great was the speaker's power over his hearers, that scarcely a voice was raised to censure him. To the majority of those who heard him, his words seemed such as the safety of the state required; and they would gladly have committed themselves to his politic guidance, if only Berne could have been induced to move.

But no, Berne would not fight; and all that could be done was to see to the execution of the decree.

This was done with great strictness in Zurich. Every market, even those of the free bailiwicks, was closed against the five cantons. In the midst of plenty they were suddenly, as it were, hemmed in by a barren desert. Even those communes over which they had rights of sovereignty refused them aid, and were supported in their refusal by Zurich, which went even further, and, in order to support the bailiwicks in their rebellion, sent them munitions of war, gunpowder, and bullets. So rigidly did this canton maintain the blockade, that not an ounce of bread, not a peck of salt, not a bottle of wine could pass into Uri, Schweitz, Unterwalden, Zug, or Lucerne. Several carriages, laden with provisions, intended for the use of the blockaded cantons, were stopped at different places, unloaded, and formed into barricades across the road.

To add to the rigours of the blockade, the previous year had been one of great scarcity; and to the suffering caused by its privations, had been added the ravages of a frightful epidemic, the sweating

sickness. Weakened by these calamities, the inhabitants of the five cantons beheld with despondency and gloom, but with no sign of yielding, the approach of the famine entailed upon them by their brethren.

So great was the suffering it caused, particularly to the weak and helpless, the guiltless and unoffending, that the hardest hearts were moved to pity; and many voices cried out against the ruthlessness and injustice of the measure.

A great portion of the odium attaching to this blockade fell upon Zurich. She had not proposed, she had even for a time combated it most earnestly; but from the moment it was agreed upon, she had been the most prompt and energetic in seeing that every one of its implacable details was rigorously carried out.

In the five cantons the indignation against her was extreme. Cries of anguish and distress burst from the mountain hearths and homesteads which famine was devastating; and the wails of their despair resounded throughout Switzerland. As a last resource, the five cantons sent to Alsace, Brisgau, and Suabia, for bread, wine, and salt. In

vain: the supplies sent to them were intercepted on their way through Zurich, and sent back to Germany. Hemmed in by their countrymen as by a living wall, they were pent up among their mountains to die, or abjure the faith which, however superstitious in the eyes of their more enlightened brethren, was hallowed and dear to them. In their anguish, they betook themselves to a minute observance of all its rites and ceremonies. Pilgrimages were made to Einsidlen; vows were registered there, prayers were offered up; and then, as might have been expected from the bold and warlike character of the people, they had recourse to arms. The sword should procure for them bread for their starving children, wine for their fainting sick; and the God of justice, fighting on their side, would avenge them on those who, as misguided as they were cruel, vainly dreamed of advancing His gospel by the aid of famine and death.

At this crisis France interposed, and sent two envoys, Maigret and Daugertin, to remonstrate with Zurich.

'The king, our master,' said these ambassadors,

'has sent us to confer with you upon the best means of restoring peace. If war and discord invade Switzerland, the Helvetian society will be destroyed; and whichever party triumph, the conqueror will be as entirely ruined as his defeated assailant.'

'The road to peace is very simple,' replied the Council of Zurich; 'the five cantons have only to allow the free preaching of the word of God, and reconciliation will be easy.'

The envoys then betook themselves to the Roman Catholic cantons, and secretly sounded them.

'Never!' returned the starved but unsubdued Papists. 'We will never permit the preaching of the word of God in the sense in which the men of Zurich understand it.'

This foreign intervention having failed, there emained only one last resource. A general Council and a Diet of the whole nation was accordingly convoked at Bremgarten.

It sat for five days, the 14th and 20th of June, the 9th of July, and the 10th and 23d of August. Deputies from France, from the counties of Neufchatel, from the Grisons, the Valais, Thurgovia,

and the district of Sargans, were present, and it was opened by an oration from the historian Bullinger, who was pastor of Bremgarten.

In this address he spoke with the greatest earnestness in behalf of the cause of peace and union ; and for a moment a brief ray of hope did flash across the gloomy horizon, like the sunny gleam that sometimes precedes a storm.

In many places brotherly-kindness and neighbourly charity had relaxed the strictness of the blockade. By wild, unfrequented roads, supplies were smuggled over the mountains. Food was conveyed into the five cantons in bales of merchandise ; but while Berne and Glaris winked at this illicit traffic, Lucerne, one of the five Roman Catholic cantons, signalized herself by imprisoning and torturing all in whose possession any of the reformed books were found.

In proportion as the reformed cantons began to return to the charity which is in Jesus, their Roman Catholic neighbours became more inflexible.

'We will not listen to any proposition until the blockade is raised,' said they.

'We will not raise the blockade,' retorted Zurich and Berne, 'until the gospel is allowed to be freely preached, not only in the free bailiwicks, but in the five cantons.'

This was not a very hopeful basis for any plan of conciliation; but the mediators succeeded, nevertheless, in drawing up a treaty of peace to which neither party objected. This was at once sent to the different states for their ratification; but when the Diet again met, it was found that the five cantons had fallen back upon their old demand, and would not move from it either back or forward.

It was in vain that the other members of the Diet represented to them, that by persecuting the reformed, they were infringing the conditions of the peace. 'They were not opposing evangelical truth, they declared, by acting as they did; they were maintaining it, as it had been maintained by the holy Redeemer, by the apostles, by the four blessed doctors, and above all by their most sacred mother the Church.'

This, it need scarcely be observed, was not the

aspect under which evangelical truth revealed itself to the deputies from Zurich and Berne. They made no answer, and the conference was broken up.

Meanwhile the effects of the famine created by their blockade were beginning to be felt by themselves; so true it is, that if one member of the body politic suffer, all the other members must perforce suffer with it. In Zurich it became necessary to place the millers and bakers under certain regulations; and the townspeople, who did not like the privations to which they were beginning to be exposed, did not hesitate to attribute their hardships to the sermons of Zwingle. Nor were other causes of discord awanting, small perhaps, and trifling in themselves, but forming, when taken together, no insignificant whole.

Alleging that the nobility as a class were unfavourable to the gospel, Zwingle removed several of their representatives from both the Councils,—a measure which gave great offence to many honourable families in the canton. Another grievance was his appointment of a captain-general; he advanced to this post Rodolph Lavater, bailiff of

Kibourg, to the manifest chagrin and discontent of older and more experienced officers.

The magistrates, who had been long at the head of affairs, saw their power gradually reduced to a mere shadow, and became not unnaturally jealous of that non-official influence, which had become so much more powerful than theirs.

When matters came to this pass, the secret enemies of the Reformation, who had been silent when, in the hey-day of its power, it seemed to carry all before it, began to lift their heads again, and mutter and point at Zwingle. With them were joined the partisans of the foreign service, and the discontented of every class. These malcontents were never weary of bemoaning the sufferings of the people, and pointing out that they could one and all be traced to the great preacher. He, on his part, was not ignorant of what was said of him; he felt it acutely, but he could not resolve upon abandoning his post. To drop the helm now was, in his eyes, to allow the vessel of the state to drift helplessly to destruction. One course alone, he was convinced, could save Zurich and the Reformation,

and that was war. After much conflict with himself, he resolved to solicit from the Council this sharp and desperate remedy, and if it was refused, to retire at once into private life. He would not remain at his post to accelerate a ruin which he was powerless to check. Accordingly, on the 26th of July, he appeared before the Council: his appearance was that of a man who had suffered, and was suffering, extreme mental disquietude and distress.

Addressing the Council, he said: 'I have now for eleven years preached the gospel among you. I have warned you faithfully and paternally of the woes that are hanging over you, but no attention has been paid to my words. On the contrary, the friends of foreign alliances and the enemies of the gospel are elected to the Council; and while you refuse to follow my advice, I am made responsible for every evil that befalls you. I cannot accept such a position, and therefore I ask for my dismissal.' Having thus spoken, he burst into tears, and abruptly withdrew, leaving the Council surprised and dismayed. All the censures so lately passed upon him were forgotten; nothing was remembered but the genius

and ability he had so often displayed. It was felt that he who had so long directed the policy of Zurich, could alone steer her course with safety through the tempestuous waves which seemed now about to overwhelm her; and the burgomaster and magistrates were ordered to use every means in their power to induce him to reconsider his decision.

On the same day they had a conference with him, but he would give no immediate answer. He asked time; he required 'leisure,' he said, 'for reflection and thought.' For three days and three nights he weighed the matter in his mind, regarding it steadily in every aspect. If he remained, his hopes were faint; his opportunities of doing good would, he feared, be few. But, on the other hand, it seemed but a coward's part to abandon Zurich now, in the hour of her extremity, and seek a refuge in the wild and sequestered hamlet in which he had been born. Brave and proud, he could not resolve to make the choice that prudence counselled. At the end of three days he appeared again before the Council. 'I will stay with you,' he said, 'and labour for the public safety until death.'

Having taken this resolution, he plunged himself again with redoubled zeal and energy into the troubled abyss of politics and war. Believing himself entrusted by God with a political as well as religious mission, he was not daunted by the amount of work he had to do, but strove hard to reconcile the impossibilities of his position. Everything was out of gear, but patient labour could do much to repair or re-create what it could not amend. His first efforts were directed to restore harmony in the city: next he turned his attention to the cities of the Christian co-burghery; for, to meet the crisis that was approaching, it was necessary to concentrate and make available all the forces of the Reformation: and lastly, convinced that the doubts and vacillation of Berne were productive of much injury to the reformed cause, he went to Bremgarten at the risk of his life, to attend the fourth conference of the Diet.

He travelled secretly; and arriving in Bremgarten after nightfall, he went to the house of Bullinger, who was his friend, and had been his disciple, and sent for the deputies of Berne to meet him there.

When they came, he entreated them in a very solemn tone to consider the dangers to which the Reformation was exposed. 'I fear,' he said, 'that in consequence of our unbelief, this business upon which we have entered will not succeed. We have made a fatal mistake in refusing supplies to the five cantons; and if we now attempt to remedy our error, and raise the blockade, they will become more insolent and haughty than before. If we continue to enforce it, they will take the offensive; and if their attack succeed, you will behold our fields red with the blood of God's faithful. The doctrine of truth will be cast down, the Church of Christ laid waste; all social relations will be overthrown; and crowds of priests and monks, swarming back to their empty hives, will again fill our rural districts, our streets, and our churches. Yet that—that also,' he continued, in a voice broken with emotion, 'will have an end in God's good time.'

The Bernese envoys listened to these words with great agitation, and hastened to answer that they would employ every care to prevent such grievous disasters.

It was now past midnight; and as it was necessary that Zwingle should depart as secretly as he had come, in order to avoid the violence of the deputies of the Roman Catholic cantons, the Bernese departed quietly; and Bullinger and three town councillors, who had been keeping watch during the nocturnal conference before the house, conveyed the Reformer through the silent streets towards the gate which opened upon the Zurich road.

With a mournful presentiment warning him that he should never again see his quondam disciple, Zwingle three times parted from Bullinger, whom he loved, and three times returned to embrace and bless him with floods of tears. 'O my Henry,' he said, 'my dear Henry, may God protect you! Be faithful to our Lord Jesus Christ, and to His Church.'

It was a superstitious age; and as the Reformer finally tore himself away from the young disciple, upon whom he was never again to look on earth, a wild outcry arose among the soldiers who guarded the city gate: a mysterious figure, clad in white, had

rushed, they said, into their midst, and then plunging suddenly into the water, had vanished.

Agitated and distressed, Bullinger returned to his house, and Zwingle pursued his homeward way in darkness and silence. The troubles which surrounded him were, unlike this spectre of the darkness, persistent and real. He had fancied, not unnaturally, that when he yielded to the demand of the Council, and consented to remain at the head of affairs, he would regain all his old power and influence. But this he did not do; the people wished to see him at the helm, but they would no longer, as before, abandon it to his control. Daily they assimilated themselves more and more to Berne; and instead of preparing for the war which they had demanded, they remained sunk in passive inactivity. Their unhappy leader scarcely knew what to do; all his energy failed to move the torpid mass before him. It was in vain that he saw clearly, in every quarter of the political horizon, signs of the coming storm, and exhausted himself in efforts to arouse them. He could not open their eyes or warm their hearts. The enthusiastic love and zeal

for their new faith, which had made them strong, had passed away. It was in vain that, ascending the pulpit, which he had transformed into a political tribune, he addressed to them the strongest remonstrances, and uttered the most impassioned warnings ; they listened like men in a dream, so securely lapped in their fatal slumber, that his agonized entreaties, although they disturbed, did not awake them. God had given them up to a strong delusion, that they should believe a lie. No confirmation that circumstances could give was awanting to Zwingle's words. The five cantons obstinately rejected every conciliatory proposal that was made to them. 'Why do you talk of punishing a few wrongs?' they replied to the mediators. 'What you propose to us is quite another thing ; you ask us to receive back the heretics whom we have expelled from our bosom, and to tolerate only those priests who preach conformably to the word of God. No, no ; we know what that means. We will not abandon the religion of our fathers ; and if you try to deprive our wives and children of food, we will conquer for them by force what you refuse to our prayers.'

With these words, which were tantamount to a declaration of war, the Roman Catholic deputies stalked out of the Diet at Bremgarten.

Terror and dismay filled the breasts of those who remained; and, to swell the general alarm, phenomena for which the rude scientific knowledge of the age could not account, and which superstition claimed as supernatural, occurred in various places, and appeared to the distracted imaginations of the people frightful omens of the evil days which were approaching. The white spectre of Bremgarten was not alone, but was followed by a host of kindred phantoms, which trod shadowy and unreal upon its heels. A woman alone in her cottage, in the village of Castelenschloss, meditating with a troubled and unhinged imagination upon the calamities which threatened her country, suddenly fancied that she beheld everything around her bathed in blood. It bubbled through the earthen floor, it dripped from the wooden rafters and eaves, it stained even with its ensanguined streams the cradle of her child. Her screams brought her neighbours to her aid; and they, listening to her tale with the apt ears of

Zwingle's ominous Prophecy.—*Story of a Noble Life*, p. 245.

credulity and superstition, saw with her horrified eyes, and echoed her shrieks of terror. Such is the story which, carefully written down in Latin and German, was reported to the lords of Berne and to Zwingle.

Scarcely had the wonder and awe which followed its recital begun to subside, than a comet appeared in the western heavens, with a long train of yellow light streaming away to the south. Denouncing, according to the popular belief, the anger of God to men, many an eye turned wistfully to this mysterious visitant, which they did not doubt was sent by Heaven to forebode bloodshed and disaster, and the death of many great and learned men.

Zwingle himself was not free from this superstitious weakness. On the night of the 15th August he was standing with George Müller, who had formerly been Abbot of Wettingen, in the cemetery of the Cathedral, when the long train of yellow radiance streamed out in portentous glory over the summer heavens. Shudderingly lifting his eyes to it, the Reformer said, 'Yonder ominous globe, my friend, is come to light the path that leads me to

my grave. I shall perish, but not alone; many good men shall die with me. I am short-sighted a little, and yet I foresee great calamities in the future. The Truth and the Church will mourn, but God will never, never abandon us. God and His Christ will be with us still, even in the valley of the shadow of death.'

At last the excited imaginations of the people could no longer contain themselves: supernatural terrors were piled one upon another, and every town had its spectre, every hamlet its unearthly warning. Frightful omens of war and bloodshed were of every-day occurrence, carrying disquiet to every breast, and agitation to every brow, except Zwingle's. Outwardly he was very calm; but he did not, as we have seen, reject these presentiments. On the contrary, he applied them to himself and the cause he loved better than life. They had no power, however, to disturb his fortitude or shake his iron nerves; and they failed even to obscure a faith which, if sometimes mistaken, was so firm and strong, that he could say, amid these ever-growing alarms, 'A heart that fears God cares not for the threats of the world. To

forward the designs of God, whatever may happen, is my task. A carrier who has a long road to travel, must make up his mind to wear his waggon and harness during the course of the journey. If he can but fulfil his task, and carry his merchandise to the appointed spot, it is enough for him. We, in like manner, are the waggon and the gear of God. There is not one of the articles that is not torn, and twisted, and broken; yet our great Driver will not the less accomplish by our weak means His vast designs. Is it not to those who fall upon the field of battle that the highest meed of honour, the noblest crown, belongs? Yea, verily. Let us take courage, then, although the cause of Jesus Christ must pass through manifold dangers. Be of good cheer; it must conquer, although we may never see its triumphs with our mortal eyes. The Judge of the combat beholds us, and it is He who confers the crown. Others may enjoy upon earth the fruits of our labours, but we, already in heaven, shall enjoy an eternal reward.'

Thus Zwingle spoke, amid the ebb and flow of the wild tide of human passion and fear that surged and swayed around him. He could be calm, for the

boding spectres that terrified others, but beckoned him onward through darkness and gloom to that mysterious land, where time, breaking on the shores of eternity, showed God's heaven smiling beyond.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MESSAGE OF THE LOAVES.

THE vacillating attitude of Zurich and Berne was not lost upon the five cantons: their courage and confidence were augmented, just in proportion as that of their foes decreased. Resolved to have the blockade raised, they held a Diet at Lucerne, and announced their determination to make war immediately, if provisions were not at once afforded to them. In this resolution they were not unsupported: troops paid by the Pope were ordered to march to their aid; and while the Diet at Lucerne was still sitting, the Papal Nuncio announced to them the near approach of these auxiliaries.

Full of terror and anxiety, the mediating cantons at once held another meeting at Arau, and drew up another treaty, in which they disposed of the reli-

gious question, in precisely the same way as it had been settled by the peace of 1529.

Messengers were at once sent with this plan of conciliation to the councils of the different cantons, by whom it was rejected with contempt and scorn. This last attempt at mediation, indeed, rather did harm than good; it increased the confidence of the Roman Catholic cantons, and rather augmented than diminished the disagreements between the Reformed.

Zurich in particular, once so bold and determined, grew daily more irresolute. No man in that city could thoroughly trust his neighbour; the senators who sat around the same council table were suspicious of each other; the burghers, generally so warlike, took no interest in the struggle about to take place: even Zwingle, although convinced that the impending contest was a just one, had ceased to hope for victory; and his mien was that of one who knew his appointed time, and was prepared to die.

Berne, meanwhile, to add its quota to the general inaction, did not cease to implore Zurich to avoid precipitation; and this advice, which jumped with

the inclination of the moment, was constantly repeated in Zurich. 'We must be prudent,' they said to each other; 'we must not expose ourselves to the reproach of too great haste, as we did in 1529. We have many sure friends in these cantons. Our best plan is to wait until they give us notice of the approach of danger; judging by the signs around us, it seems passing away.'

Apparently this expectation was not altogether unfounded. For months, men had been breathing an atmosphere of fear. Terrific portents, frightful rumours, had been as rife as if the winds had sown them broadcast, as they swept down the mountain-sides or careered through the narrow valleys. Now all at once they ceased, and there was not a murmur to disturb the peace of the temporizers at Zurich. All was serene, a profound, deep, Elysian calm, in which suspicion and fear and anger sank to rest; and the tried republic seemed to glide from out the stormy waves which threatened to overwhelm her, into a safe and peaceful haven. Could it be that, in this auspicious hour, the Forest Cantons were preparing to pluck the sword from its scabbard?

In Zurich it was held incredible, but yet it was true.

Secretly, and in silence, the Roman Catholic cantons were getting ready to march. In a Diet held at Brunnen, on the banks of the Lake of Lucerne, the alliances of the Confederation were read aloud, and then the vote was taken for war or peace. Shudderingly, perhaps (for their new foes had been styled, not so many months ago, 'their trusty and well-beloved confederates'), but still firmly and resolutely, every hand was raised for the fratricidal strife. Then it was that the efforts of Zurich to render the blockade effective recoiled upon herself. She had guarded every pass so securely, that the friends upon whom she relied for information were imprisoned in their mountain homes as within a vast dungeon. Not a breath of what was passing within the bosom of the hills penetrated to Zurich; the avalanche was ready to fall, and its predestined victims slept the fatal sleep of exhaustion and indifference beneath its icy shadow.

A spirit of blind and presumptuous confidence

possessed the city and canton. Roused for a moment, the Council gave orders to call out the militia; but scarcely had this prudent resolve been taken, when it was countermanded, to the indignation and grief of Lavater, the newly-appointed captain-general. Unable to contain himself, and enraged at their supineness, this official threw away his sword in an impulse of grief and scorn, and retired in his discontent to Rybourg.

It seemed as if Zurich, tottering to her fall, was about to perish in the deep sleep which had so long held her torpid in its thrall; but God, in His mercy, ordained that the surprise should not be complete.

On the 4th of October, the porter of the reformed monastery of Cappel, on the frontiers of Zurich, heard in the courtyard the pattering of little feet; and looking out, saw a child who carried two loaves in his small hands. Surprised and puzzled, he took him to the superior, with whom there chanced to be at the time Henry Peyer, a councillor of Zurich.

The little boy and his loaves, although a puzzle to the porter, were full of meaning to the Abbot,

who turned pale when he saw them. He had a trusty friend in Zug, and he had made with him this agreement: 'If the five cantons intend entering by force of arms into the free bailiwicks, you will send your son to me with one loaf; if they are marching at once upon the bailiwicks and Zurich, you will send him with two.'

The unconscious child with his loaves was, in truth, a message of the most vital importance, which the Abbot lost no time in transmitting to Zurich.

'Be on your guard, take up arms at once,' he wrote; but incredible as it may seem, he was not believed. Even Zwingle was incredulous. 'These pensioners are very clever fellows,' he said; 'their preparations are in all probability nothing but a French manœuvre.' As for the Council, undisturbed by the Abbot's communication, they coolly put it on one side, and busied themselves with taking care that the supplies which had been sent from Alsace should not reach the five cantons.

Thus careless and indifferent, they loitered on the verge of ruin, while the precious moments that might have saved them flew past unemployed. On

Sunday a messenger from the five cantons appeared in Zurich, and demanded in their name letters of perpetual alliance. Zwingle's suspicions were aroused: he was in the pulpit, about, although he knew it not, to preach his last sermon; and in a fervour of eager entreaty, he called out to his people, 'Never, never, never deny the Redeemer!' This was on the 8th of October; and he had scarcely ceased speaking, when a horse, urged to the gallop, and covered with dust and foam, dashed into the square. The rider brought a message from the commander of the Knights-hospitallers of St. John at Hitzkylch. 'On Friday the 6th October,' he wrote, 'the people of Lucerne unfurled their banner in the great square. Two men whom I sent to reconnoitre have been thrown into prison. To-morrow morning, Monday the 9th October, the army of the five cantons will enter the free bailiwicks. Already the country people, abandoning their homes, are rushing to us in crowds.'

This warning fared little better than that sent by the Abbot of Cappel. 'It is an idle story,' said the Councils; but, at the same time, they recalled

the commander-in-chief Lavater. This officer, more wise than his superiors, immediately sent a trusty man to Cappel, with orders to penetrate, if possible, as far as Zug, and observe the movements of the five cantons.

The inhabitants of Lucerne, Schweitz, Uri, Zug, and Unterwalden, had meanwhile assembled round the banner which was planted in the market-place of Lucerne; and, before they marched, they published two manifestoes, one addressed to the cantons in general, and one to the foreign princes, their neighbours and allies.

In these documents they set forth their grievances, and enlarged particularly on the refusal of the reformed cantons to supply them with provisions, which they characterized as an attempt to establish the Reformation by force.

As soon as the messengers charged with these despatches had left the camp, the first division of the army began its march, and arrived the same evening in the free bailiwicks. Their first movement on halting was to enter the churches, which they found swept and garnished after a fashion which

roused their resentment to the highest pitch. The images were removed, the altars broken ; all ecclesiastical pomp and parade was gone; and the soldiers themselves, unable to control their anger at the sight, spread like a devastating torrent over the country, pillaging and destroying whatever they could find, and devoting in an especial manner to destruction the houses and furniture of the reformed pastors.

The division that formed the main army had meanwhile reached Zug, intending to march thence upon Zurich, which still remained incredulous of danger—sunk in a fatal apathy and indifference, from which no warning seemed loud enough to rouse her.

CHAPTER XXI.

A NIGHT OF FEAR.

THREE leagues from Zurich, on the frontier of the five cantons, in a romantic valley, surrounded by old trees, stood the spacious Monastery of Cappel. It had formerly been a convent of the Cistercian Order, it was ancient and wealthy, and had been reformed by its abbot in 1527. This man, Wolfgang Joner, who was well educated, pious, and charitable, was held in great esteem for his good works, which he did not confine to his own canton, but extended to Zug and the free bailiwicks. From the first he had little hope of a fortunate termination to the war which had just begun; but he did not the less exert himself to prevent or mitigate the evils which he foresaw. The earliest intimation of danger which Zurich received, came, as we have seen, from his

hand. Unfortunately, it was not believed; but he did not, on that account, relax his efforts to arouse his countrymen to a sense of the imminent peril in which they stood.

On Sunday night he received positive and precise intelligence of the preparations that were making at Zug. Agitated and distressed, and unable to sleep, he wrote a full account of what he had heard to an intimate friend, who lived near Zurich, telling him that on Monday a division of the army of the five cantons would march to Hitzkylch, while the main body would assemble at Baar, between Zug and Cappel.

This letter, through some strange fatality, did not reach Zurich until Monday evening; but reliable information of the movements of the invading army was brought to the Council by the scout whom Lavater, the commander-in-chief, had sent out. This man, crawling on his hands and knees, had crept past the sentinels unobserved; and, clinging to the shrubs that overhung the face of the mountain precipices, had succeeded in making his way by paths which the wild goat might have

feared to tread. When he got near Zug, he saw, with startled eyes, that the warnings which Zurich had treated with ridicule fell short of the stern reality. Filled with alarm, he hastily retraced his steps; and again traversing the unknown passes by which he had come, he regained Zurich in safety with his tale of fear.

But even then he was not believed. The Council were summoned to hear what he had to relate; but only few members took the trouble to attend, and these made very light of his story. 'The five cantons,' they said, 'are making a little noise to frighten us, and force us to raise the blockade—that is all.' They then resolved to send two officers to Cappel to observe what was going on; and having taken this absurd and useless step, they went quietly to bed.

Their slumbers were, however, of no long duration. First one bearer of evil tidings arrived, and then another, and another, till every hour had its fresh messenger of disaster. 'The armed force of four cantons has assembled at Zug,' said one. 'They are only waiting for the men of Uri,' said another. 'The people of the free bailiwicks are hurrying to

Cappel,' said a third. 'They are crying out for arms. Help! help!' shrieked a fourth.

With early dawn the Council again assembled; and, startled out of its stupor at last, it hastily ordered the Council of Two Hundred to be convoked.

'There is no time for that,' said an aged man, the bannaret John Schweizer. 'Now, at this very moment, in God's name, send an advanced guard to Cappel! Unfurl the banner, and let the army, promptly assembling round it, at once follow!'

The advice of this veteran was not attended to. The Council, although startled, were not yet thoroughly alive to the crisis or its necessities. 'We know the peasants of the free bailiwicks,' they said. 'They are hasty, and easily carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment. It seems to us more prudent to wait for the report of the councillors whom we sent to Cappel, than to allow ourselves to be influenced by their fears.'

Thus the precious moments were suffered to glide away unoccupied, while the Council, still sitting, was employed in desultory and useless conversation. At seven in the morning came a fresh alarm.

Rodolph Gwerl, the pastor of Rufferschwyl, near Cappel, arrived in breathless haste, and rushing with little ceremony into the assembly, exclaimed, 'My lords of Zurich, will you abandon yourselves, and the poor peasants who put their trust in you? The people of the lordship of Knonau are crowding round the Convent of Cappel, demanding arms and leaders. Will you give them neither? The enemy is approaching; will you give them and yourselves unresistingly up to the slaughter?'

It has been said, not inaptly, that those whom God predestines to destruction, He first makes blind. The Council of Zurich, infatuated to the last, were offended in no small degree by the blunt speech of the pastor, whom they hastily dismissed. 'They want to make us act imprudently,' they said, looking to each other with a smile as they spoke, as if congratulating themselves on their sluggish inertness.

Scarcely had they turned in their arm-chairs, however, before the door of the Council chamber again burst open; and a man, pale with terror, and breathless, well-nigh speechless with excitement and

haste, stood before them. 'My lords,' he said, 'I am the landlord of the Beech Tree on Mount Albis, and the two officers whom you despatched this morning to Cappel have sent me with all speed to announce to you that the five cantons have seized upon Hitzkylch, and that they are now collecting all their troops at Baar. My lords Dumysen and Funck have remained in the bailiwicks to aid the terrified inhabitants.'

At last, the false confidence that had so long buoyed them up was gone. The terror written on the messenger's face communicated itself, as he spoke, to every one who heard him. Doubt was at an end; the war had begun; and after such fatal and guilty inactivity, action was at last forced upon them. It was clearly necessary to do something, and they ordered six hundred men, with six guns, to march at once to Cappel; but, in order to counterbalance this promptitude, which they seem still to have regarded as imprudent, they entrusted the command of this force to a man named George Godli, who had a brother in the Roman Catholic camp; and they ordered this ill-chosen captain,

before he set out, to keep on the defensive, and on no account to be too precipitate.

Scarcely had this advanced corps left the city, when the captain-general Lavater, acting on his own responsibility, summoned to meet him the old banneret Schweizer, William Toning, captain of the arquebusiers, the captain of the artillery, J. Denmikon, Zwingle, and some others. They met in the hall of the smaller Council; and when the doors were shut, Lavater said to them, 'It is necessary for us to deliberate promptly upon the means of saving the canton and the city. There is no time nicely to weigh the prudence of this course or that. Let the tocsin immediately call out all the citizens.'

'We cannot take the responsibility of such a measure upon ourselves,' answered the others; 'the two Councils are still sitting. Let us hasten to lay this proposition before them.'

Without delay they hurried to the place of meeting; but there were only a few members of the smaller Council present, and 'they could do nothing,' they said, 'without the consent of the Two Hundred.'

Before the Two Hundred met, two more precious hours were consumed; and when they did meet, it was only to speak: act they would not, except when goaded by the spur of the sternest necessity. At length, at seven in the evening, the deep sounds of the tocsin were heard pealing out in the country districts; but even its tones for once gave out an uncertain sound. While its notes of alarm filled the air, traitors, issuing from the city gates, met and stopped the militia at several points, alleging that the call to arms did not emanate from the Council, but was in opposition to its will and judgment.

So wide-spread were the reports circulated by these traitors, that many of the citizens, having full confidence in the Council, went to bed and fell quietly asleep. With the majority, however, it was a night long remembered, for the anguish and fear that made its minutes seem as long as hours.

The thickest darkness enveloped the city; and a tempestuous wind, with torrents of driving rain, at times almost deadened the ceaseless clang of the alarm bells tolling from every steeple. Stormy as the weather was, the streets were crowded. Men

were hastily arming, and their loud shouts mingled with the roll of the drum and the piercing notes of the trumpet, while above all was heard the shrill wail of women, telling of partings which left many a hearth desolate, alas, for ever.

Still more fearfully to increase the terrors of this night of fear, a smart shock of earthquake about nine o'clock violently shook the city and the surrounding mountains, and seemed to its disheartened and desponding inhabitants another omen of evil.

While panic, discontent, distrust, and even treason, were thus busy within the walls, the advanced guard of the Zurich army, posted on the heights of Cappel, saw, from their post of advantage, the Lake of Zug covered with boats, and witnessed the arrival of the contingents from Uri and the valley of the Adige.

They sent at once to inform the Council of this accession of strength which the army of the Roman Catholic cantons had received, but thereby only increased their agitation and their uncertainty. They could not tell on which side they would be attacked, and were uncertain where to send their

troops; and, in point of fact, in disposing of them they made great, and well-nigh fatal, mistakes. The enemy was in front; but instead of sending a strong force to cope with him there, they divided their strength, and despatched small parties to the right and left. Shortly after midnight, five hundred men, with four guns, were sent to Bremgarten, and four hundred with five guns to Wadenschwyl.

The Council also resolved to make an appeal to the cities of the Christian co-burghery, which they couched in the most urgent terms. 'Hasten to our assistance,' they wrote; 'this revolt, stirred up against us, has no other origin than the word of God. Hasten to help us! Haste, haste, haste!'

This urgency, which might have helped them if they had made the appeal earlier, their own guilty delay had rendered futile; they had procrastinated so long, as to put it out of the power of their allies to render them aid.

Day broke at last, stormy and cold; and in the dim grey light of early morning the great banner of the city was unfurled, according to ancient usage, before the Town-house. Drenched with the

falling rain, it drooped in long fluttering folds around the flagstaff, instead of floating out on the wind,—an omen which did not fail to strike fear into the hearts of the superstitious onlookers. The captain-general, Lavater, took up his station under this banner, but men gathered to him very slowly. When several hours had passed, he found only a few hundreds around him, and these were faint with fatigue and long waiting, while their spirits were sunk to the lowest ebb.

At ten o'clock, warlike Zurich had only mustered around her banner seven hundred men, and in their ranks were to be found many whose arms were feeble with age, several pastors, numerous peasants from the environs of the city, and some of the boldest of the townspeople. The secret friends of Rome and the partisans of the foreign service remained at home, and to them were joined the discontented, the selfish, and the lukewarm.

As the army should have numbered four thousand men, it was resolved not to administer the customary oath, or get into marching order, until something like the proper quota should have come

forward; and they remained accordingly half-clothed and incompletely armed, grouped in confusion around the great banner, more like a disorderly rabble than an army. Hour after hour they waited for levies which did not come; and then messenger after messenger began to arrive, each with his fresh tale of approaching danger and disaster. There were bold true hearts in the discouraged, fainting crowd that surrounded the standard, although as a whole the army was altogether without that *morale* which is a foretaste and pledge of victory; and these nobler spirits could no longer remain inactive, in face of the terrible dangers which threatened their native country. About two hundred men rushed to the gate without taking the oath, and those who remained prepared to follow them as quickly as possible.

At this moment Zwingle appeared; his look was composed and sad. For months, a presentiment of approaching death had haunted him; and he had parted from his wife, his children, and his numerous friends, as one who on earth should behold them no more.

As he left the house in which he had been so happy, his children clung to his garments, striving with feeble grasp to detain him; while his wife, dissolved in tears, found no words with which to bid him adieu. Before the door his horse was waiting for him, stamping impatiently; but when he advanced, and was about to mount it, the animal, which was usually gentle, started violently back, and even when he was in the saddle refused to advance,—an accidental circumstance, which did not seem so, in that age of superstition, to the lacerated and bleeding hearts which looked sadly on.

At eleven o'clock, the banner in the great square was struck; and those who remained around it, about five hundred men, slowly followed it out of the town. They marched in disorder, some before, some behind, sad and downcast, with eyes fixed on the ground, recalling mournfully the melancholy parting from their families which had just taken place. Their confusion, their disorganized, inefficient condition, was so sadly apparent to all, that those who remained behind were filled with the

most mournful forebodings. 'I felt a sword pierce through my heart when I saw them pass,' said Oswald Myconius. Tears, shrieks, and lamentations filled every house; and prayers, such as are offered only in the soul's extremity, ascended to God.

Gradually the tumult of the departing army died away in the distance, and Zurich was left to the slow, corroding anxieties of uncertainty and suspense.

CHAPTER XXII.

'A FIELD OF THE DEAD RUSHES RED ON MY SIGHT.'

THE small force at Cappel had meanwhile passed a night of much anxiety and many alarms. With the first grey light of dawn they hastened to take up their position, and found it no easy matter so to post themselves, as to have some vantage-ground to aid them in resisting the enemy's attack, until the reinforcements which they expected from Zurich should arrive.

In their perplexity, they made choice of a small hill lying north of the monastery, towards Zurich. Its surface was rough and uneven, and a deep ditch which surrounded it on three sides covered the approaches to it. Unfortunately, however, on the Zurich side, the only access to it was by a small bridge, which, in the event of defeat, rendered a hasty retreat full of danger, indeed well-nigh

impossible. The soldiers, not adverting to this, saw only the advantages, not the disadvantages, of the Granges, as this small eminence was called, and loudly demanded to be led to it.

This was done; the artillery were stationed near some ruins, sentinels were placed at the foot of the hill, and the small force was drawn up in battle array, facing the monastery and the direction in which Zug lay.

Meanwhile, in the distance they could hear the beating of the drums at Zug and Baar, and rightly conjectured that the enemy was getting under arms. The feeling that pervaded the Roman Catholic ranks was very different from the despondency that characterized the men of Zurich. They were filled with confidence and joy; their priests had told them that God was on their side, and they did not doubt it. Before they marched, they repaired in a body to the Cathedral of St. Oswald. There mass was celebrated; and when this religious rite was concluded, the banners were unfurled, and their march began. The force consisted of eight thousand men, each separate contingent marching under the flag of its

canton, and commanded by its own captain. The Avoyer, John Golder, led the men of Lucerne; the Landammann, Jacques Troguer, commanded those of Uri; the contingent of Schweitz followed the Landammann Rychmut; that of Unterwalden, the Landammann Zellger; while that of Zug was under the orders of Oswald Dooss.

Unlike the weary and hungry troops of Zurich, they had had a night of quiet sleep, and a good breakfast; prosaic perhaps, but not contemptible aids to courage and confidence. Fresh, buoyant, and hopeful, they traversed with firm, elastic step the short league that divided them from the monastery of Cappel and the little hill of Granges.

After marching out of Zug, they paused in a large meadow near the town to take the oath. Raising their right hands to heaven, they swore as one man to avenge themselves, and were about to resume their onward course, when some old men in the ranks beckoned to them to stop. 'Comrades,' said these veterans, 'we are marching to-day to danger, perhaps to death. Let us

confess that we have long offended God. Our blasphemies, our oaths, our wars, our revenge, our pride, our drunkenness, our adulteries, the bribes we have taken, the gold of the stranger that defiles our hands,—none of these things are hidden from Him, but have so provoked His anger, that if He should punish us to-day, we should only receive the just desert of our crimes.'

At these words a profound emotion spread through the ranks, and the entire army knelt down on the grass; and in deepest silence each man crossed himself devoutly, and repeated five *paters*, five *aves*, and the *credo*. When it was over, and all had risen, each captain addressed to his own men a few short, forcible words, in which he recalled to their memories the cause of the war, and exhorted them to bear their wives and children ever before their eyes.

An official, called the Grand Usher of Lucerne, then approached, and the chiefs of the army placed in his hands a packet containing the declaration of war. Having received this, and mounted a horse which was in readiness for him, he set off, attended

by a trumpeter, to deliver it into the hands of the commander of the army of Zurich.

It was then eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The men of Zurich, from the eminence on which they were drawn up, could plainly follow every movement of the enemy, and their hearts sank within them, when they considered their numbers, and contrasted it with their own small force. Wistfully they scanned the road leading from Zurich, but no reinforcements appeared. They could expect, it seemed, but little aid from their fellow-men, and with one accord they fell upon their knees, and remained some minutes in fervent silent prayer to God. This duty over, they prepared for battle, mustering only twelve hundred men, against eight thousand advancing to attack them.

Towards noon the trumpets of the Roman Catholic cantons were heard challenging the advanced posts; and George Godli, who had been entrusted by the Council with the command of the small force sent to defend Cappel, called together the members of the two Councils who happened to be with the army, along with the commissioned and

non-commissioned officers. Having placed them around him in a circle, he ordered the secretary to read to them the declaration of war, which had just been handed to him by the herald of Lucerne.

The reading of this missive having been finished, he then addressed them as a council of war, and desired to have their advice in the present emergency. Landolt, bailiff of Marpac, was the first who spoke. 'We are few in number,' he said, 'and our adversaries are very many; yet let us await them here in God's name.'

'Let us await them!' cried Rudolph Zigler, the captain of the halberdiers; 'do you know what you are saying? Outnumbered as we are, the thing is impossible; our wisest course is to take advantage of the ditch that intersects the road, and retire in a body intact, and in good order.'

This counsel, if it affected no high flights of courage or self-devotion, bore at least the impress of common sense, and was, in truth, the only safe course open to them; but to the majority of the officers, to fall back now, although with such good reasons for retreat, seemed cowardly and dishonour-

able. One of them, Rudi Gallman, declared that every step backwards would be an ignoble act of cowardice. 'Here,' he said, stamping his foot on the ground, 'here shall be my grave!'

'It is too late to retire with honour,' said the others. 'The day and its events are in the hand of God. Let us suffer whatever He appoints to us.'

Zigler, however, persisting in his opinion, it was put to the vote; and the majority were just about to hold up their hands in token of their assent to the last proposal, when such a noise arose outside, that every man's hand was arrested in the act of rising. 'The captain! The captain! Where is the captain?' was the cry.

'Here,' said Godli; and going out, he found the messenger, a soldier from the outposts, struggling with the ushers, who were trying to keep him back with the assurance that a council was being held.

'There is no longer time for holding councils,' he said; then catching sight of Godli, he rushed to him in the greatest agitation. 'Our sentinels are falling back!' he exclaimed; 'the enemy are upon

us. They are marching through the forest yonder. And as he spoke, he pointed to a beech wood that bounded the hill on the south-west.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the sentinels were seen running up on all sides, and the army of the five cantons were discerned climbing the slope of a hill which faced the Granges, against which they were pointing their guns.

Their leaders appeared to be reconnoitring the position, and trying to discover on which side the army of Zurich would be most accessible to attack. On the south of their position, in the direction of Zug, was a marshy valley, which it was necessary to avoid. Marching round it, they gained the beech wood, upon which Ulric Bender, under-bailiff of Husen, in the canton of Zurich, had already fixed his anxious eyes.

'That is the point from which they will attack us,' he said.

An outcry immediately arose for axes. 'If we had them,' cried several voices, 'we could cut down the trees and form them into a barricade.'

To this Godli the captain and the Abbot of

Cappel objected. 'If we cut down the trees,' they said, 'we shall be no longer able to work our own guns.'

'Let us at least, then, place some arquebusiers in the wood. It is madness to leave it undefended,' urged others. But neither did this meet with the approval of the captain. 'We are already so few in number,' he said, 'that it would be imprudent to divide our forces.'

Nothing, it was evident, could be done; the discord and division that had so long marked the counsels of Zurich were to continue to the last. The only thing they agreed in, was the propriety of invoking the assistance of the God of battles; and having done this, they awaited their fate in anxious expectation and suspense.

At one o'clock the enemy began to fire, creating much alarm, but doing little damage; for the slowness and want of precision with which artillery was served in those days, rendered it an arm of the service rather calculated for show than for offence. The first ball passed over the convent, and fell below the Granges; the second, equally harmless,

passed over the small force of Zurich; and the third, aimed with more exactness, struck the ruins on the little hill.

The battle had begun; and the men of Zurich, forced at last into a position where only one course was open to them, replied to the cannonade with spirit.

After a harmless interchange of shots on both sides, the leaders of the five cantons then ordered their men to advance upon the Granges through the meadows. The ground was ill fitted for the transit of a large body of men; it was marshy and soft, and so impeded the attacking force that they straggled from their ranks, and fell into confusion. The disorderly state in which they were was perceived by some arquebusiers of Zurich, who at once reported their plight to the officers. 'Now is our time!' cried brave Rudi Gallman. 'Let us fall upon them now, and the day is ours!'

Upon hearing his words, some soldiers immediately prepared to enter into the wood, in order that they might rush from it upon the struggling and disheartened assailants, when the faint-hearted

captain Godli stopped them. 'What are you going to do?' he cried; 'do you not know that we have agreed not to separate?' He then gave orders that the skirmishers should be recalled, and that the arquebusiers should abandon the wood, which was thus, although of the utmost importance to their position, left open to the enemy. Apparently he thought he did enough when, by firing a few random shots from time to time into it, he prevented the five cantons from making a lodgment among the trees. After this desultory fashion the artillery continued firing until three o'clock, with scarcely any result, except that of announcing to the country far and near that hostilities had actually begun.

Away out on the Zurich road the boom of the great guns was heard by the disorderly crowd who trooped, rather than marched, after the ancient banner of Zurich. Carrying a message of fear to many hearts, it sounded to Zwingle like a knell. Sad, mournful, bearing a burden that seemed to crush him, he was heard, as he reined in his impatient horse, to utter sighs and groans, and half-audible broken fragments of prayer. If any one

spoke to him, however, he answered firmly and calmly, although he did not strive to conceal that at the sound of the first cannon-shot the blood curdled in his veins. A second was soon heard—a third, a fourth. All paused to listen; and then all, as if by a sudden impulse, were transported by that ardent love of country which is so characteristic of the Swiss. Zurich was endangered, and they were not at the imperilled point to aid in defending her! Panting, breathless, they strove to rush up the steep sides of the Albis. Alas! the obstacles in their path were greater than they could surmount: the horses refused to drag the heavy guns up the rugged mountain road; veterans, who had grown grey in arms, confessed with groans that they did not feel at threescore the strength of thirty, and were fain to lean their feeble, nerveless limbs against the friendly prop afforded by some overhanging beech or ash; while ever and anon the deep, dull boom of the distant cannon warned them that, if they would save Zurich, they must make haste to the fatal spot.

At the Beech Tree, a small wayside inn on the

top of the mountain, they paused to take counsel together, and many a wistful glance was cast behind them to the home they had left, perhaps for ever. There lay the city of their fathers, with its peaceful lake smiling in the bright October sunlight; there were the vine-clad hills, the fertile fields, the fair and goodly land that was about to fall defenceless into the hands of their infuriated foes. Tears dimmed the eyes that gazed with yearning fondness on the smiling scene. Then came fresh distractions: scarcely had they begun to deliberate, when messengers from Cappel arrived. 'Hasten forward!' they exclaimed, 'minutes are precious; if you hesitate, Zurich is lost!'

At these words the horsemen prepared at once to set off at a gallop, when they were stopped by Toning, the captain of the arquebusiers. 'My friends,' he said, 'what you purpose is mere madness; against such great forces we can do nothing. Let us rather halt here, until all our people have assembled, and then fall upon them with the whole army.'

'Army!' repeated Lavater, the captain-general,

scornfully, 'do you call this an army? We have the banner, indeed, but we have no soldiers.'

Then Zwingle spoke: 'How can we stay calmly on these heights,' he said, 'and save ourselves? Listen to the shots that are fired at our fellow-citizens! In the name of God, I will march towards our warriors, prepared to die or save them.'

'I will go with you,' said the aged bannaret Schweizer. 'As for you, Toning,' he continued, turning to the captain of the arquebusiers, 'you had perhaps better stay here, until you have a little recovered your fatigue.'

The colour flushed into Toning's face. 'I am as little wearied as you are,' he answered haughtily, 'and you shall see whether I am afraid to fight.'

All then set forward, marching as rapidly as they could through the woods; and, passing through the village of Husen, they arrived near the Granges about three o'clock. There were then so few around the great banner, that every Zuricher trembled for the safety of this beloved and revered standard.

When the detachment came up, the army of the five cantons was rapidly deploying to take up a

fresh position; and at sight of their overwhelming numbers, Zwingle was heard to murmur: 'Alas! is it thus? A few minutes more, and the labours of years will be destroyed, perhaps for ever.'

The desponding words were spoken to no one; but Leonhard Bourkhard, a citizen of Zurich, who did not like the preacher, overhears them, and turning to him, said jeeringly, 'Well, Master Ulric, how do you like the look of this business now? Are the radishes salt enough—who will eat them to-day?'

'I will,' answered Zwingle, 'and many a brave man besides me. We are here to-day in God's hand, for we are His in life and death.'

'I too—I will help to eat them—I will risk my life for Zurich,' said Bourkhard hastily, shamed out of his ill-nature.

It was now four o'clock: the enemy did not advance, the sun was rapidly sinking, and it seemed likely that the attack would be delayed until the next day. This, in fact, would have been done, had it not been for a clever manœuvre executed by John Jauch, a native of Uri, an experienced soldier and skilful marksman. Taking a few companions

with him, this man crept through the beech wood that united the hill of Ifelsburg to that of the Granges. To his surprise, he found the wood undefended; and advancing to within a few feet of the Zurichers, he saw with astonishment, not only the smallness of their numbers, but their entire want of order and caution.

Retiring as stealthily as he came, he at once carried the report of what he had seen to his chiefs. 'Now is the time to attack them,' he exclaimed, when he had finished his story. 'Let us at once set out!'

'Do you know,' replied the commandant of the Uri contingent, 'how late it is? the men are already preparing their quarters. Have you forgotten, my dear gossip, what such a mistake cost our fathers at Naples and Marignan? Besides, it is St. Innocent's day, and our ancestors were never accustomed to fight on a feast day.'

'Don't talk to me about the Innocents in the calendar,' replied Jauch; 'let us rather remember the innocents whom we have left in our cottages.'

Gaspard Godli of Zurich, the brother of George

Godli, who commanded at the Granges, was the next to speak. 'If we do not beat the men of Zurich to-night,' he said, 'they will beat us to-morrow; so you may take your choice.'

Still the chiefs were inflexible. 'We will not begin the attack to-night,' they repeated; and orders were given that the army should immediately take up its quarters for the night. Jauch, however, perceiving that this measure gave universal dissatisfaction, boldly took the matter into his own hands.

Leaping into the saddle, he drew his sword, and cried, 'Let all true confederates follow me.' He then spurred his horse into the forest of beech trees. About three hundred men immediately imitated him—a handful out of the many thousands who followed the standards of the five cantons; but, like Gideon's small force, all that he required. When he saw them he dismounted, and fell upon his knees; for he was a man, as Tschudi records, who had the fear of God before his eyes. All his followers at once did the same. Together aloud they besought the aid of God, and, after the fashion of their superstitious faith, invoked the assistance of the Virgin

and the saints. At the entrance of the wood Jauch halted his little band, and gliding himself to its farther extremity, he noted with secret joy the carelessness and confidence of the enemy. Returning to his men, he desired them to follow him in silence; and posting them behind the trees on the outskirts of the wood, he enjoined them to aim well, and not to miss their men.

While he was making this disposition of his small force, the chiefs of the five cantons, foreseeing that this rash movement would bring on a general action, at once reversed their former orders, and began hastily to marshal and draw out their forces.

Ignorant of this ambuscade which was prepared against them, the whole care of the Zurichers was meanwhile directed to preserve the road which led to Zurich from falling into the hands of the enemy. It was commanded by a low hill, and a portion of their troops and guns was sent to occupy this eminence. Unconscious of danger, this detachment passed close to the beech wood, marching so slowly, that the marksmen hidden there had abundance of time each to mark his man, and take a sure and steady

aim. The utmost silence prevailed, until Jauch exclaimed: 'In the name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—fire!'

Scarcely had he spoken, when a murderous volley burst from the wood, carrying destruction and death into the ranks of Zurich. For a moment they wavered, and then instinctively fell down on their faces, allowing the next discharge to pass harmlessly over them. They then sprang up, crying out, 'We cannot remain here to be butchered; let us rather attack the enemy.'

Lavater, the captain-general, seized a lance, and rushing to the front, exclaimed: 'Soldiers, uphold the honour of God, and of the lords of Zurich, and carry yourselves like brave men!'

'Master Ulric,' said one of the crowd to Zwingle, who was also there, halberd in hand, 'speak a word to the people to encourage them, I pray you.'

'Warriors,' said the Reformer, lifting to heaven his calm but mournful eyes,—'Warriors, fear nothing. If we are to be this day defeated, still our cause is good. Let us commend ourselves to the mercy of God.'

They then seized the artillery, which they had been conveying to the hill they wished to occupy, and turned it against the wood, where it did little damage. Instead of reaching the hidden foe, the balls striking the tops of the trees, broke off a few branches which fell among the concealed marksmen, who, having once again discharged their pieces, rushed from the wood, and precipitated themselves upon the dismayed and disheartened Zurichers. Showers of abuse and of stones began the fray. 'Heretics, sacrilegious blasphemers,' they exclaimed, 'we have you at last!'

'Idol-worshippers, impious Papists!' was the reply of the Zurichers; 'is it really you?' Then swords were drawn, and halberds grasped. The Zurichers fought with the obstinate fury of despair; and so resolute was their resistance, that the men of the Roman Catholic cantons were at last driven back in confusion; while their opponents, in the eagerness and haste of the combat, pursued them too far, and losing their advantageous position, got entangled in the soft marshy ground below. The main body of the army of the five cantons had now

got under arms, and were hastily marching to Jauch's assistance through the wood, between the branches of which they could see the plight of the Zurichers. Inflamed with zeal, panting with rage and resentment, they rushed from the forest, and soon turned the fortunes of the fight. It was in vain that the Zurichers fought as men fight who feel the sharp spur of necessity and despair: they were so hopelessly outnumbered, that the most intrepid resistance was of no avail. Then a cry arose, 'They are surrounding us!' 'Our men are retreating on all sides,' said others. A man from the canton of Zug at that critical moment contrived to get into their ranks; and passing himself off as a friend, shouted out at the pitch of his voice, 'Brave Zurichers, you are betrayed! Fly—fly! there is treason in your midst!'

A sudden panic was the effect of this crafty ruse; even the bravest hesitated. One waverer infected another; the disorder spread; and soon the confusion was so frightful, that the battle-field presented the appearance of a universal and disgraceful rout. Here and there a few noble spirits made a stand,

and tried to rally their comrades. The aged bannaret Schweizer, raising the great banner with a firm hand, had collected around him a small band of brave and constant men. With every charge their ranks grew thinner, till at last John Kammli, who had been charged with the defence of the standard, proposed to lower it in order to save it. 'For you see,' he said, 'how shamefully our people are flying on every side; you see that, my lord.'

'I will never lower the banner,' said the brave old man. 'Warriors, remain firm; do not desert the standard!' It was in vain that he spoke thus; with shrieks of fear, the rabble rout swept past him in an ever increasing stream, while he stood steady and immovable, his white hair streaming out on the rising wind, his aged face resolved and calm.

Terrible blows fell upon him, but he did not flinch. Like an oak, which rocks but does not bend to the fury of the tempest, he still reared his proud front to heaven—faithful among the faithless.

Again and again Kammli seized him by the arm. 'My lord, my lord,' said this faithful servant, 'lower the banner, I implore you; there is no more glory

to be reaped here.' The old man, mortally wounded, only muttered in reply: 'Alas! must Zurich be so severely punished?'

Kammli then, ceasing to speak, dragged him as far as the ditch. Wounded almost to death, and faint with loss of blood, he could not cross it, but fell into the mud at the bottom, still clasping the precious standard, whose folds, wet with his blood, trailed along the opposite bank.

At sight of this catastrophe, the enemy rushed up in great numbers, uttering loud shouts of triumph, not doubting but that they should quickly possess themselves of the glorious standard now brought so low. There was still, however, one devoted heart ready to risk life to save it. Kammli, seeing the desperate position of his chief, leaped into the ditch, and tried to wrench the flagstaff from his dying hands. In vain; he would not let it go. 'My lord Banneret,' he remonstrated, 'give it to me; it is no longer in your power to defend it.' But Schweizer made no sign, perhaps did not hear the agonized entreaty, or recognise the voice that uttered it. His fingers, stiffening in the rigours of death, closed with

a tightening grasp over the emblem of Zurich's honour; he could do that, but no more. This Kammli saw; and as devoted as his lord, he tore the sacred banner from its dying guardian's grasp, and clasping it to his breast, rushed away in the direction of Zurich. A number of fugitives, wounded and exhausted, at this moment reached the ditch, and unable, like Schweizer, to cross it, fell one after another upon him, extinguishing with their weight the little life which yet remained in the dying man.

Kammli meanwhile was not permitted to make off unmolested with his treasure. Shots were fired after him, and he received a wound which so much retarded his flight, that several of his enemies overtook him, and surrounding him, threatened him with their swords. Still holding fast the banner, he parried the blows as well as he could, and kept them at bay until one of his assailants caught hold of the staff, and another, seizing the flag itself, tore it. At sight of this desecration, Kammli in his fury seemed endowed with the strength of ten men. With one blow of his sword he cut down

the man whose grasp was on the flagstaff, and shouted out, 'To the rescue, brave Zurichers; save the honour and the banner of our lords!'

At first no one answered this appeal. His assailants increased, his case seemed desperate; he might die, but could not save the banner, when one of his fellow-citizens, Adam Naeff of Wollenwyd, turning in his flight, rushed with his sword upon the man who was struggling with Kammli, and with one blow struck off his head. Another Zuricher, Dumysen, a member of the smaller Council, supported Naeff with his halberd, and together they succeeded in rescuing Kammli. Dangerously wounded, but as resolute as ever, the standard-bearer immediately sprang forward. With one hand he clutched the blood-stained folds of the banner, the staff dragging after him; with the other he held his sword, with a mien so determined and threatening, that all, friend and foe alike, fell back and allowed him to pass, all except two. A soldier from Schweitz, and one from Zug, were determined to take his treasure from him. Bleeding from his numerous wounds, he sped on by wood and marsh, till compelled to

slacken his speed from fatigue and loss of blood. Then his two pursuers came up with him. 'Heretic wretch,' they shouted, 'surrender, and give us the banner!'

'You shall have my life first,' was Kammli's answer. Then, perceiving that his foes had paused to take off their cuirasses, he ran on, and got a little in advance. Three of his fellow-citizens were beside him—Huber, Dautzler of Naenikon, and Dumysen the colonel-general, who had fought that day as a private soldier.

Running at their utmost speed, they all four arrived at Husen, a village half-way up the Albis. The steepest part of the mountain was yet before them; and Huber, covered with wounds, fell exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood. At the gate of the Church of Husen, another of the little band succumbed; Dumysen, the colonel-general, sank down there and expired, having already seen his two sons stretched lifeless on the bloody turf of the Granges. The standard-bearer himself took a few steps farther, and then a tall hedge stopped his progress. Exhausted, panting, faint almost to

death, he looked at it in despair; then casting a glance behind, he saw his two pursuers and others of their comrades running towards him. With a last expiring effort he flung the banner to the other side of the hedge, and gasped out: 'If there be any brave Zuricher near me, let him preserve the standard and the honour of our lords: as for me, I can do no more.' Then raising his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, as he sank upon the ground, 'O God Almighty, be Thou my helper!'

His prayer was answered. Dautzler, at that moment coming up, threw away his sword, and raised the banner. 'With God's aid,' he said, 'I will carry it off.'

Fresh and unwounded, he speedily climbed the mountain, distanced his pursuers, and succeeded in conveying safely to Zurich the revered and sacred standard. It was saved; but to procure its safety, the noblest blood of the republic had been shed.

And where, in this dark hour of disaster and defeat, was Zurich's eloquent, once beloved apostle? Early in the battle he had met his fate. Armed, as is still the fashion for Swiss chaplains, but not using

his arms, he was at the post of danger, stooping to utter a few last words of prayer in the ear of a dying man, when a stone, hurled against him, struck him on the head and closed his lips. Stunned and confused, he staggered to his feet, when two other blows, in quick succession, struck him on the leg, and forced him to fall down upon his knees. Twice again he tried to stand up, and then, receiving a thrust with a lance, he sank down to rise no more. Perceiving the blood trickling from the wound, he murmured in a low voice: 'What evil is this? they can indeed kill the body, but it is out of their power to kill the soul!'

These were his last words, but he did not immediately die. Stretched on the bloody turf beneath a pear-tree which still bears his name, he lay with clasped hands, and eyes raised to heaven, until the tide of battle and pursuit had rolled away past him towards Zurich; and the stragglers of the camp had come like foul harpies to torture the wounded and strip the slain.

Carrying blazing torches, these fiends in human shape prowled about among the dead and dying,

and at last approached the pear-tree under which the fallen pastor-chieftain lay. They did not recognise him, but asked if he wished a priest to confess him. Unable to speak, he made a sign in the negative.

'If you cannot speak, at least think on the mother of God, and call upon the saints,' they said. The Reformer again shook his head, and kept his eyes, as before, fixed upon heaven.

'No doubt you are one of the heretics of the city,' said one; and then another, curious to know who it was, stooped down, and turned the face of the dying man towards the light. 'I think,' he said in a tone of surprise,—'I think it is Zwingle himself.' At these words, Captain Fockinger of Unterwalden, a veteran and a pensioner, who was within earshot, approached. 'Zwingle!' he exclaimed. 'Is it that vile heretic and traitor Zwingle?' Then raising his mercenary sword, he plunged it into the throat of Switzerland's noblest son, exclaiming as he did so, 'Die, obstinate heretic!'

Thus Zwingle perished, with the shouts of the victors, with the groans of the vanquished, in his

Discovery of the Body of Ulric Zwingle.—*Story of a Noble Life*, p. 305.

dying ears. The humiliation of his native canton, the apparent ruin of the reformed cause, the massacre of his brethren in the faith,—these were the last sights that passed before his closing eyes. He had turned from the narrow way of life into the broad paths of the world; he had plucked of the vine of ambition, and God had given him to feel in bitterness that its fruits were dust and ashes.

It was a cold night for the season of the year; a thick hoar-frost covered the field of battle, and crept like an icy shroud over the stiffening limbs of the dying, and the motionless forms of the dead. At a little distance from the scene of carnage the victors had kindled great fires; and there, beside their standards, they remained all night, talking over the events of the memorable day, and exchanging congratulations with each other, undisturbed by the groans of the dying which from time to time fell dismally on their ears. At last the day broke, and the army of the five cantons, dispersing over the scene of their late victory, paused as if by one consent under the pear-tree where Zwingle lay, and gazed upon the hero stretched there in his last sleep. His noble features

were calm, composed, placid, as if in tranquil repose. 'He has the look,' said Bartholomew Stocker of Zug, who had once loved him,—'He has the look rather of a living than of a dead man.' Such was he when he kindled the hearts of all men by the fire of his eloquence.

Many shed tears as they looked upon the corpse, particularly John Schönbrunner, who had once been a canon of Zurich, but who had retired at the Reformation to Zug. Fixing his eyes steadily on the tranquil face of the dead, he said sorrowfully: 'Oh, Zwingle, whatever may have been thy creed, I know full well that thou wert ever a loyal-hearted Swiss. May thy soul rest with God!'

Thus spoke the canon; but all were not so magnanimous. The pensioners, whom Zwingle had always opposed, and who were in a peculiar degree infuriated against him, demanded, in fierce and angry tones, that the body of the heretic should be torn limb from limb, and a dismembered fragment sent to each of the five cantons.

The Avoyer Golder and the Landammann Doss of Zug interposed to prevent this unworthy revenge.

'Let us leave the dead in peace. God alone is their Judge,' they exclaimed; but their efforts were in vain. With loud execrations and cries of fury the pensioners repeated their demand, and forced the advocates of justice and mercy to retire. The drums were then beat, the army mustered; and the dead body of the Reformer, tried before this hastily extemporized court-martial, was declared guilty of treason against the Confederation, and condemned to be first quartered and then burnt for heresy.

To the perpetual shame of the five cantons, this iniquitous sentence was carried out by the common executioner of Lucerne. Zwingle's dismembered body was consumed in the flames; the ashes of swine burned at the same stake were mingled with his; and a lawless mob, rushing on the funeral pile, scattered its poor relics to the mountain winds.

At seven in the evening, vague but alarming reports, which no one could trace to their source, began to circulate throughout Zurich; but the greater part of the citizens, secure in the self-confident folly which had been their ruin, affected to discredit them. 'Our cause is good,' they said; 'we have the truth

on our side, and we cannot fail to have the victory also.' Others, more disdainful still, spoke of the five cantons in terms of the most contemptuous scorn. Then a little later came witnesses whose testimony could not be denied—fugitives from the battle-field, faint, bleeding, wounded almost to death, who had only strength left to tell in feeble tones their dreadful story. At first the people were stupefied; and then such a night of anguish succeeded as has no parellel in history, except that which followed in Edinburgh the news of the disastrous battle of Flodden. A cry of lamentation ascended to heaven, for there was scarcely a hearth where the shadow of the Angel of Death had not fallen. To tears and sobs succeeded the cry, 'We have been betrayed.'

The Council, who had hastily assembled in the town hall, were the first victims aimed at; then some trifle diverted the current of the popular fury, fickle as their favour, into a new channel, and the cry was, 'Zwingle! Zwingle!' Ignorant that he was already with God, they clamoured like so many wolves for his blood, when, in the midst of the fiendish outcry, a wounded man was seen by the glimmering light

of the torches to totter into the square. Immediately he was surrounded by anxious inquirers, among whom was Oswald Myconius. He eagerly inquired for news of his friend. 'You ask for Zwingle,' said the man; 'Zwingle is dead.' At these words a violent reaction succeeded to the frenzied excitement of the moment before. 'Zwingle is dead!' they repeated; 'Zwingle is dead!' And as they uttered these words, they recalled with tears all he had been to them, all he had done for them. Sorrowfully passing from mouth to mouth, the news was borne at last to the house where Zwingle's wife was awaiting, in agonizing suspense, tidings of the battle. It was not her husband's life alone for which she trembled. Her son, Gerold von Knonau, her son-in-law Antony Wirz, her brother the Bailiff of Reinhard, and her brother-in-law John Lutschi, had marched the day before to Cappel, and they were all among the dead. The same blow that had made her a widow had bereaved her of almost all her near relatives. Alone beside her desolated hearth she threw herself upon her knees; and mingling with her prayers and tears, there clanged out upon a

sudden the deep notes of the alarm bell. The Council, distracted as usual by divisions, and maddened by suspicion and fear, had resolved to summon all the citizens to march towards the Albis.

This summons was obeyed, but by a most tumultuous and disorderly crowd, who rushed rather than marched, in unarmed masses, along the road to Cappel. The night was tempestuous and dark, but occasionally its obscurity was relieved by a flood of murky lurid light shed by blazing pine torches carried by peasants. Behind them, in the flare and glare of these rude flambeaux, came a ghastly procession of bleeding, maimed, mangled men, poor wounded wretches, who had escaped from the massacre at Cappel. At sight of these the grief of the crowd broke out afresh, and shrieks and cries rent the air.

Next day news was brought to Zurich of the indignities to which Zwingle's corpse had been exposed, and rage was added to despair. 'These men may fall upon his body,' exclaimed his friends, 'but his soul is beyond their reach; it lives even now in heaven, and he has left behind him an imperish-

able monument of glory which no flames can destroy.'

Meanwhile a citizen of Zurich, John Steiner, collected around him a small body of the fugitives from Cappel, and resolved, with their assistance, to defend the pass of the Albis and the road to the city. Fires were kindled on the top of the mountain, and around these the soldiers bivouacked, spending a night of continual alarms. Many of them were unarmed, they had lost their weapons in the flight, and had supplied their places as they best could, some with long poles, and some with sharp-pointed stakes, while those who had swords were often without hats or shoes.

In the morning, Lavater, the captain-general, rejoined this wreck of an army. He had fought bravely the day before; but, borne backward by the crowd of flying fugitives, he had fallen into the ditch where the old Bannaret Schweizer died, and would have perished beside him, if a soldier had not taken pity upon him, and dragging him out, allowed him to escape.

On the Albis these mournful relics of the army

remained, forming a nucleus around which the allies of Zurich gradually gathered. The first to come were fifteen hundred Grisons, under the command of the captain-general Frey. They were followed immediately by fifteen hundred Thurgovians, then by six hundred men from the Tockenburg and other auxiliaries, who formed an army of twelve thousand men. To these were added contingents from Berne, Basle, and Bienne, which raised the total number of the forces still at the disposal of Zurich to twenty-four thousand men. In numbers they were thus far from despicable, but their *morale* was still sadly deficient: they were ready to tremble at a shadow, and to flee when no man pursued them. One night the wind threw down some pine trees near their encampment, and they straightway gave up all for lost, and considered the fall of the trees as fraught with all manner of evil omens for the future of Zurich.

Men who went out to fight in such trim were not likely to conquer. Nevertheless, Frey, the new captain-general, was determined to fight; and finding that he could not persuade Diesbach, the chief of the Bernese contingent, to be of one mind with

him, he set out alone on the night of the 23d October, while the Bernese were sleeping quietly.

Four thousand men from Zurich, Schaffhausen, St. Gall, and Basle followed him, and with this force he fell upon the army of the five cantons, drove in their outposts, and forced them beyond the River Sihl. He then, with his men, took up a strong position on the heights which overlook Goubel. He had gained an advantage, and with common prudence this might have ripened into a decided victory; but prudence was precisely the virtue which he and his soldiers lacked. Believing victory to be certain, they took no trouble to assure it; but, disregarding the most needful precautions, threw themselves down beneath the friendly shelter offered by a forest of pine trees, and were soon fast asleep. Their wily enemies meanwhile were observant of all; and on the 24th October, taking advantage of the bright moonlight, they glided noiselessly, like so many spectres, out of their camp.

Their fires were left burning, the better to delude their unsuspicious neighbours; and each man wore a white shirt over his dress, that he might be easily

recognised by his comrades, while their watchword was, 'Mary the Mother of God.'

Entering the pine forest, on the outskirts of which Frey and his men were encamped, they glided stealthily from tree to tree, until they reached the spot where the advanced guard of the Zurich army was stationed. These outposts, alarmed at last, lost no time in attempting to arouse their friends. Starting off, they ran towards the bivouac fires; but they had scarcely reached the sleeping army, when the soldiers of the five cantons fell upon them, uttering savage and barbarous cries, and demanding with fierce execrations, 'Where are these impious heretics? Where are these dogs whom we have sworn to annihilate?'

The army of Frey, startled from their sleep, seized their arms, and emboldened by their late success, stood on the defensive with such stedfast courage, that it seemed at first as if the attacking force would gain very little by their ruse. A few minutes, however, sufficed to change the whole aspect of affairs. Frey fell covered with wounds; while a sudden panic, such as had helped to turn the fortunes of the day

at Cappel, seized his men, and with one accord they turned and fled, leaving their captain and eight hundred of their comrades on the bloody heights of Goubel.

Zurich had saved her faith, but that was all. She had come alive out of the furnace of affliction, but the smell of the fire was yet upon her. Shorn of her dignity, she was forced to resign to the five cantons, Rapperswyl, Gaster, Wesen, Bremgarten, Mellingen, and the common bailiwicks. Everywhere the Roman Catholic party, arrogant and haughty, carried matters with a high hand. To Einsidlen, which Zwingle had purged, was restored its mass, its mummeries, its wonder-working image of the Virgin. Once more, as in the olden days, long strings of pilgrims might be seen, winding up its steep mountain paths, or prostrate on their knees in its famous chapel, from which the word of God was expelled to make room for the superstitions and intrigues of the Papacy. All these things were bitter in the last degree to Zurich, in which the mourning for Cappel was as deep and prolonged as the exultation of their enemies was insolent and

unbounded. 'Now at last,' they boasted, 'we shall see the ruin of this so-called reform.'

'It is but an idle vaunt,' wrote Berne to Zurich; 'God reigns, and He will not permit our bark to founder.'

This expectation was not unfounded. God raised again His fallen church, and gently led her in His own good time out of the valley of humiliation, into the green pastures and still waters of prosperity and peace. Again she was victorious, and fresh laurels of triumph were once more entwined around her bleeding brows; but the weapons she wielded were no longer those of this world: they were the sword of the Spirit and the shield of faith, which Zwingle had abandoned, in order to seize with presumptuous hand the halberd and the spear.

MURRAY AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.

A SELECTION FROM CATALOGUE

OF

Popular and Standard Books

PUBLISHED BY

WILLIAM P. NIMMO, EDINBURGH.

*** Complete Catalogue of Mr. NIMMO's Publications, choicely printed and elegantly bound, suitable for the Library, Presentation, and School Prizes, etc. etc., will be forwarded gratis, post free, on application.

'*Mr. Nimmo's books are well known as marvels of cheapness, elegance, and sterling worth.*'—OBSERVER.

NIMMO'S POPULAR EDITION

OF

THE WORKS OF THE POETS.

—o—

In fcap. 8vo, printed on toned paper, elegantly bound in cloth extra, with emblematic design worked in gold and black, price 3s. 6d. each; or in morocco antique, raised and illuminated, price 7s. 6d. each; or morocco extra, illuminated and raised, elaborate new design, price 8s. 6d. each; or Caledonian wood, fern pattern, morocco extra back, price 10s. Each Volume contains a Memoir, and is illustrated with a Portrait of the Author engraved on Steel, and numerous full-page Illustrations on Wood, from designs by eminent Artists; also beautiful Illuminated Title-page.

1. LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.
2. SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.
3. BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.
4. MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.
5. WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

[*Continued on next page.*

NIMMO'S POPULAR EDITION OF THE WORKS OF THE POETS,

CONTINUED.

—o—

6. COWPER'S POETICAL WORKS.
7. MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS.
8. THOMSON'S POETICAL WORKS.
9. GOLDSMITH'S CHOICE WORKS.
10. POPE'S POETICAL WORKS.
11. BURNS' POETICAL WORKS.
12. THE CASQUET OF GEMS. Choice Selections from the Poets.
13. THE BOOK OF HUMOROUS POETRY.
14. BALLADS: Scottish and English.
15. BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS AND HOLY WAR.
16. LIVES OF THE BRITISH POETS.
17. THE PROSE WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.
18. POEMS, SONGS, AND BALLADS OF THE SEA.

*** This Series of Books, from the very superior manner in which it is produced, is at once the cheapest and handsomest edition of the Poets in the market. The volumes form elegant and appropriate Presents as School Prizes and Gift-Books, either in cloth or morocco.

'They are a marvel of cheapness, some of the volumes extending to as many as 700, and even 900, pages, printed on toned paper in a beautifully clear type. Add to this, that they are profusely illustrated with wood engravings, are elegantly and tastefully bound, and that they are published at 3s. 6d. each, and our recommendation of them is complete.'—*Scotsman.*

NIMMO'S SELECT LIBRARY.

New Series of Choice Books, beautifully printed on superfine paper, profusely Illustrated with original Engravings by the first Artists, and elegantly bound in cloth and gold, large crown 8vo, price 5s. each.

SECOND EDITION.

1. **Almost Faultless: A Story of the Present Day.** By the Author of 'A Book for Governesses.'

'The author has written a capital story in a high moral tone.'—*The Court Journal.*

SECOND EDITION.

2. **Lives of Old English Worthies before the Conquest.** By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

'The author's aim is to illuminate, what may be regarded as obscure, certain periods of historic England, accompanied with biographical sketches.'—*Courant.*

SECOND EDITION.

3. **Every-Day Objects; or, Picturesque Aspects of Natural History.** By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

THIRD EDITION.

4. **My Schoolboy Friends: A Story of Whitminster Grammar School.** By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of 'A Book about Dominies,' 'Stories of School Life,' etc.

'This is a most interesting book. Boys, for whom it is especially written, will thoroughly enjoy it.'—*Westminster Review.*

SECOND EDITION.

5. **Drifted and Sifted: A Domestic Chronicle of the Seventeenth Century.**

'The author of this interesting, and we may add pathetic, story appears to possess the art of reproducing bygone times with much ability.'—*The Record.*

6. **Warrior, Priest, and Statesman; or, English Heroes in the Thirteenth Century.** By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

7. **Totty Testudo. The Life and Wonderful Adventures of Totty Testudo.** An Autobiography by FLORA F. WYLDE.

'The book is of engrossing interest, and the reader will be astonished, as he lays it down, to find that he has been able to get so much entertainment and instruction from the personal adventures of a tortoise.'—*Inverness Courier.*

8. **On Holy Ground; or, Scenes and Incidents in the Land of Promise.** By EDWIN HODDER, Author of 'Memories of New Zealand Life,' 'The Junior Clerk,' etc.

NIMMO'S FIVE SHILLING ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS.

Crown 8vo, beautifully printed on superfine paper, profusely illustrated by eminent Artists, and richly bound in cloth and gold, and gilt edges, price 5s. each.

SECOND EDITION.

1. **Sword and Pen; or, English Worthies in the Reign of Elizabeth.** By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

'A more *wholesome* book for young readers we have seldom seen.'—*The Athenæum.*

SECOND EDITION.

2. **Norrie Seton; or, Driven to Sea.** By Mrs. George Cupples, Author of 'Unexpected Pleasures,' etc.

'Mrs. Cupples has given to the boys in this volume just the sort of sea-story with which they will be delighted.'—*The Scotsman.*

SECOND EDITION.

3. **The Circle of the Year; or, Studies of Nature and Pictures of the Seasons.** By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

'Its purpose is to tell both young and old, but especially the former, how much of interest there is in everything connected with nature.'—*Bell's Messenger.*

SECOND EDITION.

4. **The Wealth of Nature: Our Food Supplies from the Vegetable Kingdom.** By the Rev. JOHN MONTGOMERY, A.M.

'It would be difficult to put into the hands of any boy or girl a volume which more equally combines the instructive and interesting in literature.'—*N. B. Mail.*

FOURTH EDITION.

5. **Stories of School Life.** By Ascott R. Hope.

6. **Stories of French School Life.** By Ascott R. Hope.

'We were among the many who greatly admired Mr. Hope's "Stories of School Life" and "Stories about Boys," and when we found that he had undertaken to illustrate French school life, we gladly opened the volume. The stories are interesting in the highest degree; they appeal to the best sympathies of the lads for whom they are written. They set forth the right and the true against the false, and they are full of good, hearty humour.'—*Public Opinion.*

NIMMO'S UNIVERSAL GIFT BOOKS.

A Series of excellent Works, profusely Illustrated with original Engravings by the first Artists, choicely printed on superfine paper, and elegantly bound in cloth and gold, and gilt edges, crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d. each.

1. Tales of Old English Life; or, Pictures of the Periods. By WILLIAM FRANCIS COLLIER, LL.D., Author of 'History of English Literature,' etc.
2. Mungo Park's Life and Travels. With a Supplementary Chapter, detailing the results of recent Discovery in Africa.
3. Benjamin Franklin: A Biography. From the celebrated 'Life' by JARED SPARKS, and the more recent and extensive 'Life and Times' by JAMES PARTON.
4. Wallace, the Hero of Scotland: A Biography. By JAMES PATERSON.
5. Men of History. By Eminent Writers.
6. Women of History. By Eminent Writers.
7. Old-World Worthies; or, Classical Biography. Selected from PLUTARCH'S LIVES.
8. Epoch Men, and the Results of their Lives. By Samuel NEIL.
9. The Mirror of Character. Selected from the Writings of OVERBURY, EARLE, and BUTLER.
10. Wisdom, Wit, and Allegory. Selected from 'The Spectator.'
11. The Spanish Inquisition: Its Heroes and Martyrs. By JANET GORDON, Author of 'Champions of the Reformation,' etc.
12. The Improvement of the Mind. By Isaac Watts, D.D.
13. The Man of Business considered in Six Aspects. A Book for Young Men.

*** This elegant and useful Series of Books has been specially prepared for School and College Prizes: they are, however, equally suitable for General Presentation. In selecting the works for this Series, the aim of the Publisher has been to produce books of a permanent value, interesting in manner and instructive in matter—books that youth will read eagerly and with profit, and which will be found equally attractive in after-life.

NIMMO'S ALL THE YEAR ROUND GIFT BOOKS.

A series of entertaining and instructive volumes, profusely Illustrated with original Engravings by the first Artists, choicely printed on superfine paper, and elegantly bound in cloth and gold, and gilt edges, crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d. each.

1. **Christian Osborne's Friends.** By Mrs. Harriet Miller Davidson, Author of 'Isobel Jardine's History,' and Daughter of the late Hugh Miller.
2. **Round the Grange Farm; or, Good Old Times.** By Jean L. Watson, Author of 'Bygone Days in our Village,' etc.
3. **Stories about Boys.** By Ascott R. Hope, Author of 'Stories of School Life,' 'My Schoolboy Friends,' etc. etc.
4. **George's Enemies: A Sequel to 'My Schoolboy Friends.'** By Ascott R. Hope, Author of 'Stories about Boys,' etc. etc.
5. **Violet Rivers; or, Loyal to Duty. A Tale for Girls.** By Winifred Taylor, Author of 'Story of Two Lives,' etc.
6. **Wild Animals and Birds: Curious and Instructive Stories** about their Habits and Sagacity. With numerous Illustrations.
7. **The Twins of Saint-Marcel: A Tale of Paris Incendie.** By Mrs. A. S. Orr, Author of 'The Roseville Family,' etc. etc.
8. **Rupert Rochester, the Banker's Son. A Tale.** By Winifred Taylor, Author of 'Story of Two Lives,' etc.
9. **The Story of Two Lives; or, The Trials of Wealth and** Poverty. By Winifred Taylor, Author of 'Rupert Rochester,' etc.
10. **The Lost Father; or, Cecilia's Triumph. A Story of** our own Day. By Daryl Holme.
11. **Friendly Fairies; or, Once upon a Time.**
12. **The Young Mountaineer; or, Frank Miller's Lot in Life.** The Story of a Swiss Boy. By Daryl Holme.
13. **Stories from over the Sea. With Illustrations.**
14. **The Story of a Noble Life; or, Zurich and its Reformer** Ulric Zwingle. By Mrs. Hardy (Janet Gordon), Author of 'The Spanish Inquisition,' 'Champions of the Reformation,' etc. etc.
15. **Stories of Whitminster.** By Ascott R. Hope, Author of 'My Schoolboy Friends,' 'Stories about Boys,' etc. etc.

*** The object steadily kept in view in preparing the above series has been to give a collection of works of a thoroughly healthy moral tone, agreeably blending entertainment and instruction. It is believed this end has been attained, and that the several volumes will be found eminently suitable as Gift Books and School Prizes, besides proving of permanent value in the Home Library.

NIMMO'S HALF-CROWN REWARD BOOKS.

Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth elegant, gilt edges, Illustrated, price 2s. 6d. each.

1. Memorable Wars of Scotland. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, F.R.S.E., Author of 'The History of Scotland,' etc.
2. Seeing the World: A Young Sailor's own Story. By Charles Nordhoff, Author of 'The Young Man-of-War's-Man.'
3. The Martyr Missionary: Five Years in China. By Rev. Charles P. Bush, M.A.
4. My New Home: A Woman's Diary.
5. Home Heroines: Tales for Girls. By T. S. Arthur, Author of 'Life's Crosses,' etc.
6. Lessons from Women's Lives. By Sarah J. Hale.
7. The Roseville Family. A Historical Tale of the Eighteenth Century. By Mrs. A. S. Orr, Author of 'Mountain Patriots,' etc.
8. Leah. A Tale of Ancient Palestine. Illustrative of the Story of Naaman the Syrian. By Mrs. A. S. Orr.
9. Champions of the Reformation: The Stories of their Lives. By Janet Gordon.
10. The History of Two Wanderers; or, Cast Adrift.
11. Beattie's Poetical Works.
12. The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith.
13. Edgar Allan Poe's Poetical Works.
14. The Miner's Son, and Margaret Vernon. By M. M. Pollard, Author of 'The Minister's Daughter,' etc. etc.
15. How Frank began to Climb the Ladder, and the Friends who lent him a hand. By Charles Bruce, Author of 'Lame Felix,' etc.
16. Conrad and Columbine. A Fairy Tale. By James Mason.
17. Aunt Ann's Stories. Edited by Louisa Loughborough.
18. The Snow-Sweepers' Party, and the Tale of Old Tubbins. By R. St. John Corbet, Author of 'Mince Pie Island,' etc. etc.
19. The Story of Elise Marcel. A Tale for Girls.

NIMMO'S
Two Shilling Reward Books.

Foolscap 8vo, Illustrated, elegantly bound in cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt back and side, gilt edges, price 2s. each.

1. **The Far North: Explorations in the Arctic Regions.** By Elisha Kent Kane, M.D.
2. **Great Men of European History.** From the Beginning of the Christian Era till the Present Time. By David Pryde, M.A.
3. **The Young Men of the Bible.** A Series of Papers, Biographical and Suggestive. By Rev. Joseph A. Collier.
4. **The Blade and the Ear: A Book for Young Men.**
5. **Monarchs of Ocean: Columbus and Cook.**
6. **Life's Crosses, and How to Meet them.** By T. S. Arthur.
7. **A Father's Legacy to his Daughters, etc.** A Book for Young Women. By Dr. Gregory.
8. **Mountain Patriots.** A Tale of the Reformation in Savoy. By Mrs. A. S. Orr.
9. **Labours of Love.** By Winifred Taylor.
10. **Mossdale.** By Anna M. De Iongh.
11. **The Standard-Bearer.** A Tale of the Times of Constantine the Great. By Ellen Palmer.
12. **Jacqueline.** A Story of the Reformation in Holland. By Mrs. Hardy (Janet Gordon).

NIMMO'S
Home and School Series of Reward Books.

Foolscap 8vo, Illustrated, elegantly bound in cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt back and side, gilt edges, price 2s. each.

1. **Lame Felix.** A Book for Boys. By Charles Bruce.
2. **Picture Lessons by the Divine Teacher; or, Illustrations of** the Parables of our Lord. By Peter Grant, D.D.
3. **Nonna: A Story of the Days of Julian the Apostate.** By Ellen Palmer.
4. **Philip Walton; or, Light at Last.** By the Author of 'Meta Frantz,' etc.
5. **The Minister's Daughter, and Old Anthony's Will.** Tales for the Young. By M. M. Pollard, Author of 'The Miner's Son,' etc. etc.
6. **The Two Sisters.** By M. M. Pollard.
7. **A Needle and Thread: A Tale for Girls.** By Emma J. Barnes, Author of 'Faithful and True, or the Mother's Legacy.'
8. **Taken Up: A Tale for Boys and Girls.** By A. Whymper.
9. **An Earl's Daughter.** By M. M. Pollard.
10. **Life at Hartwell; or, Frank and his Friends.** By Katharine E. May, Author of 'Alfred and his Mother,' etc. etc.
11. **Stories Told in a Fisherman's Cottage.** By Ellen Palmer, Author of 'Nonna,' etc. etc.
12. **Max Wild, the Merchant's Son; and other Stories for the** Young.

NIMMO'S
Sunday-School Reward Books.

Foolscap 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, Illustrated, price 1s. 6d. each.

1. **Bible Blessings. By Rev. Richard Newton.**
2. **One Hour a Week: Fifty-two Bible Lessons for the Young.**
3. **The Best Things. By Rev. Richard Newton.**
4. **The Story of John Heywood: An Historical Tale of the Time** of Harry VIII. By CHARLES BRUCE, Author of 'How Frank began to Climb,' etc.
5. **Lessons from Rose Hill; and Little Nannette.**
6. **Great and Good Women: Biographies for Girls. By** LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.
7. **At Home and Abroad; or, Uncle William's Adventures.**
8. **Alfred and his Mother; or, Seeking the Kingdom. By** KATHARINE E. MAY.
9. **Asriel; or, The Crystal Cup. A Tale for the Young.** By Mrs. HENDERSON.
10. **The Kind Governess; or, How to make Home Happy.**
11. **Percy and Ida. By Katharine E. May.**
12. **Three Wet Sundays with the Book of Joshua. By Ellen** PALMER, Author of 'Christmas at the Beacon,' etc. etc.

NIMMO'S SUNDAY AND WEEK-DAY
Series of Reward Books.

Foolscap 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, Illustrated, price 1s. 6d. each.

1. **The Sculptor of Bruges. By Mrs. W. G. Hall.**
2. **From Cottage to Castle; or, Faithful in Little. A Tale** founded on Fact. By M. H., Author of 'The Red Velvet Bible,' etc.
3. **Christmas at the Beacon: A Tale for the Young. By** ELLEN PALMER.
4. **The Sea and the Savages: A Story of Adventure. By** HAROLD LINCOLN.
5. **The Swedish Singer; or, The Story of Vanda Rosendahl.** By Mrs. W. G. HALL.
6. **My Beautiful Home; or, Lily's Search. By Chas. Bruce.**
7. **The Story of a Moss Rose; or, Ruth and the Orphan** Family. By CHARLES BRUCE.
8. **Summer Holidays at Silversea. By E. Rosalie Salmon.**
9. **Fred Graham's Resolve. By the Author of 'Mat and Sofie,'** etc. etc.
10. **Wilton School; or, Harry Campbell's Revenge. A Tale.** By F. E. WEATHERLY.
11. **Grace Harvey and her Cousins.**
12. **Blind Mercy; and other Tales for the Young. By Gertrude** CROCKFORD.
13. **Evan Lindsay. By Margaret Fraser Tytler, Author of 'Tales** of Good and Great Kings,' 'Tales of the Great and Brave,' etc.

Nimmo's Eighteenpenny Favourite Reward Books.

Demy 18mo, Illustrated, cloth extra, gilt edges, price 1s. 6d. each.

1. **The Vicar of Wakefield. Poems and Essays. By Oliver** Goldsmith.
2. **Æsop's Fables, with Instructive Applications. By Dr.** Croxall.
3. **Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.**
4. **The Young Man-of-War's-Man: A Boy's Voyage round the** World. By Charles Nordhoff, Author of 'Seeing the World.'
5. **The Treasury of Anecdote: Moral and Religious.**
6. **The Boy's Own Workshop; or, The Young Carpenters.** By Jacob Abbott.
7. **The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.**
8. **The History of Sandford and Merton. A Moral and Instructive** Lesson for Young Persons.
9. **Evenings at Home; or, The Juvenile Budget Opened. Consisting** of a variety of Miscellaneous Pieces for the Instruction and Amusement of Young Persons. By Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld.
10. **Unexpected Pleasures; or, Left alone in the Holidays. By** Mrs. George Cupples, Author of 'Norrie Seton,' etc.

*** The above Series of elegant and useful books is specially prepared for the entertainment and instruction of young persons.

Nimmo's Popular Religious Gift Books.

18mo, finely printed on toned paper, handsomely bound in cloth extra, price 1s. each.

1. **Across the River: Twelve Views of Heaven. By Norman** Macleod, D.D.; R. W. Hamilton, D.D.; Robert S. Candlish, D.D.; James Hamilton, D.D.; etc. etc.
2. **Emblems of Jesus; or, Illustrations of Emmanuel's Character** and Work.
3. **Life Thoughts of Eminent Christians.**
4. **Comfort for the Desponding; or, Words to Soothe and Cheer** Troubled Hearts.
5. **The Chastening of Love: Words of Consolation for the** Christian Mourner. By Joseph Parker, D.D., Manchester.
6. **The Cedar Christian, and other Practical Papers. By the Rev.** Theodore L. Cuyler.
7. **Consolation for Christian Mothers Bereaved of Little Children.** By A Friend of Mourners.
8. **The Orphan; or, Words of Comfort for the Fatherless and** Motherless.
9. **Gladdening Streams; or, The Waters of the Sanctuary. A** Book for Fragments of Time on each Lord's Day of the Year.
10. **Spirit of the Old Divines.**
11. **Choice Gleanings from Sacred Writers.**
12. **Direction in Prayer; or, The Lord's Prayer Illustrated in a** Series of Expositions. By Peter Grant, D.D., Author of 'Emblems of Jesus,' etc.
13. **Scripture Imagery. By Peter Grant, D.D., Author of 'Emblems** of Jesus,' etc.

NIMMO'S ONE SHILLING ILLUSTRATED JUVENILE BOOKS.

Foolscap 8vo, Coloured Frontispieces, handsomely bound in cloth, Illuminated, price 1s. each.

1. **Four Little People and their Friends.**
2. **Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia. A Tale** from the French of Madame COTTIN.
3. **Paul and Virginia. From the French of** BERNARDIN SAINT-PIERRE.
4. **Little Threads: Tangle Thread, Golden** Thread, and Silver Thread.
5. **Benjamin Franklin, the Printer Boy.**
6. **Barton Todd, and The Young Lawyer.**
7. **The Perils of Greatness: The Story of Alex-** ander Menzikoff.
8. **Little Crowns, and How to Win them. By** Rev. JOSEPH A. COLLIER.
9. **Great Riches: Nelly Rivers' Story. By Aunt** FANNY.
10. **The Right Way, and The Contrast.**
11. **The Daisy's First Winter. And other Stories.** By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
12. **The Man of the Mountain. And other** Stories.
13. **Better than Rubies. Stories for the Young,** Illustrative of Familiar Proverbs. With 62 Illustrations.

[*Continued on next page.*

NIMMO'S ONE SHILLING ILLUSTRATED JUVENILE BOOKS,

CONTINUED.

14. **Experience Teaches. And other Stories for** the Young, Illustrative of Familiar Proverbs. With 39 Illustrations.
15. **The Happy Recovery. And other Stories for** the Young. With 26 Illustrations.
16. **Gratitude and Probity. And other Stories** for the Young. With 21 Illustrations.
17. **The Two Brothers. And other Stories for** the Young. With 13 Illustrations.
18. **The Young Orator. And other Stories for** the Young. With 9 Illustrations.
19. **Simple Stories to Amuse and Instruct Young** Readers. With Illustrations.
20. **The Three Friends. And other Stories for** the Young. With Illustrations.
21. **Sybil's Sacrifice. And other Stories for the** Young. With 12 Illustrations.
22. **The Old Shepherd. And other Stories for the** Young. With Illustrations.
23. **The Young Officer. And other Stories for the** Young. With Illustrations.
24. **The False Heir. And other Stories for the** Young. With Illustrations.
25. **The Old Farmhouse; or, Alice Morton's** Home. And other Stories. By M. M. POLLARD.
26. **Twyford Hall; or, Rosa's Christmas Dinner,** and what she did with it. By CHARLES BRUCE.
27. **The Discontented Weathercock. And other** Stories for Children. By M. JONES.
28. **Out at Sea, and other Stories. By Two** Authors.
29. **The Story of Waterloo; or, The Fall of** NAPOLEON.
30. **Sister Jane's Little Stories. Edited by Louisa** LOUGHBOROUGH.

NIMMO'S
NINEPENNY SERIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

In demy 18*mo, with Illustrations, elegantly bound in cloth.*

THIS Series of Books will be found unequalled for genuine interest and value, and it is believed they will be eagerly welcomed by thoughtful children of both sexes. Parents may rest assured that each Volume teaches some noble lesson, or enforces some valuable truth.

1. In the Brave Days of Old; or, The Story of the Spanish Armada. For Boys and Girls.
2. The Lost Ruby. By the Author of 'The Basket of Flowers,' etc.
3. Leslie Ross; or, Fond of a Lark. By Charles Bruce.
4. My First and Last Voyage. By Benjamin Clarke.
5. Little Katie: A Fairy Story. By Charles Bruce.
6. Being Afraid. And other Stories for the Young. By CHARLES STUART.
7. The Toll-Keepers. And other Stories for the Young. By BENJAMIN CLARKE.
8. Dick Barford: A Boy who would go down Hill. By CHARLES BRUCE.
9. Joan of Arc; or, The Story of a Noble Life. Written for Girls.
10. Helen Siddal: A Story for Children. By Ellen Palmer.
11. Mat and Sofie: A Story for Boys and Girls.
12. Peace and War. By the Author of 'The Basket of Flowers,' etc.
13. Perilous Adventures of a French Soldier in Algeria.
14. The Magic Glass; or, The Secret of Happiness.
15. Hawks' Dene: A Tale for Children. By Katharine E. MAY.
16. Little Maggie. And other Stories. By the Author of 'The Joy of Well-Doing,' etc. etc.
17. The Brother's Legacy; or, Better than Gold. By M. M. POLLARD.
18. The Little Sisters; or, Jealousy. And other Stories for the Young. By the Author of 'Little Tales for Tiny Tots,' etc.
19. Kate's New Home. By Cecil Scott, Author of 'Chryssie Lyle,' etc.

NIMMO'S SIXPENNY JUVENILE BOOKS.

Demy 18mo, Illustrated, handsomely bound in cloth, price 6d. each.

1. Pearls for Little People.
2. Great Lessons for Little People.
3. Reason in Rhyme: A Poetry Book for the Young.
4. Æsop's Little Fable Book.
5. Grapes from the Great Vine.
6. The Pot of Gold.
7. Story Pictures from the Bible.
8. The Tables of Stone: Illustrations of the Commandments.
9. Ways of Doing Good.
10. Stories about our Dogs. By Harriet Beecher Stowe.
11. The Red-Winged Goose.
12. The Hermit of the Hills.
13. Effie's Christmas, and other Stories. By Adelaide Austen.
14. A Visit to Grandmother, and other Stories for the Young.
15. Bible Stories for Young People. By Adelaide Austen.
16. The Little Woodman and his Dog Cæsar. By Mrs. Sherwood.
17. Among the Mountains: Tales for the Young. By Adelaide Austen.
18. Little Gems for Little Readers.
19. Do your Duty, come what will, and other Stories for the Young.
20. Noble Joe: A Tale for Children. By Adelaide Austen.
21. Lucy Vernon, and other Stories for the Young.
22. Anecdotes of Favourite Animals told for Children. By Adelaide Austen.
23. Little Henry and his Bearer. By Mrs. Sherwood.

[*Continued on next page.*

NIMMO'S SIXPENNY JUVENILE BOOKS,

CONTINUED.

24. The Holidays at Wilton, and other Stories. By Adelaide Austen.
25. Chryssie Lyle: A Tale for the Young. By Cecil Scott.
26. Little Elsie among the Quarrymen. By Ellen Palmer.

NEW VOLUMES JUST ADDED TO THIS SERIES.

27. The Lesson of Obedience. By the Rev. Richard Newton, D.D.
28. The Lesson of Diligence. By the Rev. Richard Newton, D.D.
29. Fergus: A Tale by Jacob Abbott.
30. Gilbert and his Mother. By Jacob Abbott.
31. The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain. By Hannah More.
32. Emily Barton, and other Stories. By Charles and Mary Lamb.
33. Elizabeth Villiers, and other Stories. By Charles and Mary Lamb.
34. The Grateful Negro. By Maria Edgeworth.
35. Forgive and Forget. By Maria Edgeworth.
36. Waste Not, Want Not. By Maria Edgeworth.
37. The False Key. By Maria Edgeworth.
38. The Bracelets. By Maria Edgeworth.

NIMMO'S FOURPENNY JUVENILE BOOKS.

The above Series of Books is also kept in embossed and illuminated **Paper Cover,** beautifully printed in gold from entirely new Designs, **price 4d. each.**

*** **The distinctive features of the Sixpenny, Ninepenny, and One Shilling Juvenile Books are: The Subjects of each Volume have been selected with a due regard to Instruction and Entertainment; they are well printed on fine paper; they are Illustrated with Coloured Frontispieces and** beautiful Engravings; **and they are elegantly bound.**

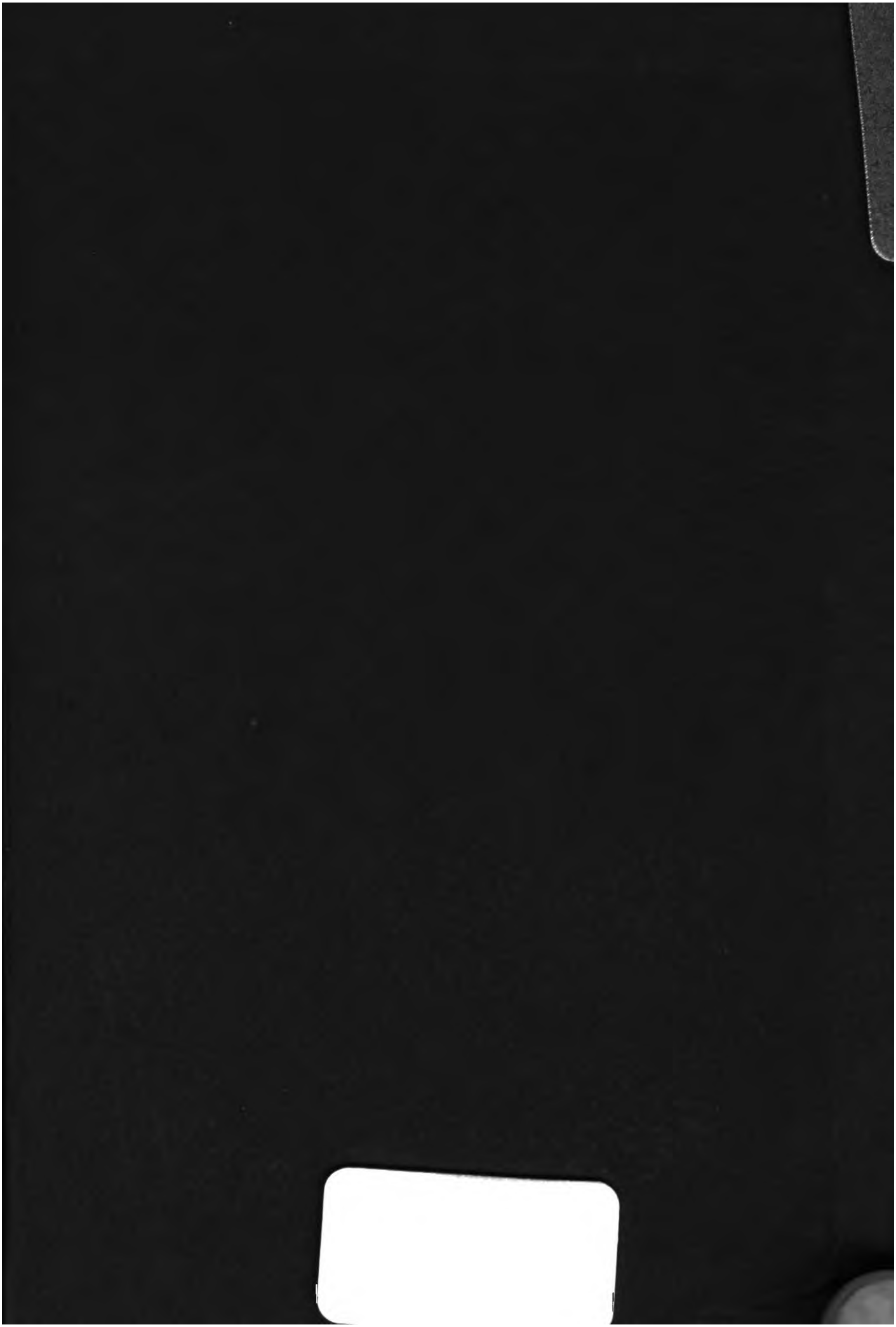
NIMMO'S
HANDY BOOKS OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

Foolscap 8vo, uniformly bound in cloth limp, price 1s. each.

1. **POULTRY AS A MEAT SUPPLY**: Being Hints to Henwives how to Rear and Manage Poultry Economically and Profitably. Fourth Edition. By the Author of 'The Poultry Kalendar.'
2. **HOW TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL ENGINEER**: Being Hints to Youths intending to adopt the Profession. Third Edition. By BERNARD STUART, Engineer.
3. **RATIONAL COOKERY**: Cookery made Practical and Economical, in connection with the Chemistry of Food. Fifth Edition. By HARTELAW REID.
4. **DOMESTIC MEDICINE**: Plain and Brief Directions for the Treatment requisite before Advice can be obtained. Second Edition. By OFFLEY BOHUN SHORE, Doctor of Medicine of the University of Edinburgh, etc. etc. etc.
5. **DOMESTIC MANAGEMENT**: Hints on the Training and Treatment of Children and Servants. By Mrs. CHARLES DOIG.
6. **THE METALS USED IN CONSTRUCTION**: Iron, Steel, Bessemer Metal, etc. etc. By FRANCIS HERBERT JOYNSON. Illustrated.

REV. ROBERT PHILIP'S
EXPERIMENTAL GUIDES.

In foolscap 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth, price 2s each.

1. **CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE**; or, A Guide to the Perplexed.
2. **COMMUNION WITH GOD**; or, A Guide to the Devotional.
3. **ETERNITY REALIZED**; or, A Guide to the Thoughtful.
4. **PLEASING GOD**; or, A Guide to the Conscientious.
5. **THE GOD OF GLORY**; or, A Guide to the Doubting.
6. **REDEMPTION**; or, The New Song in Heaven, the Test of Truth and Duty on Earth.
7. **SACRAMENTAL EXPERIENCE**; or, The Real Secret of Enjoyment at the Lord's Table.
8. **THE COMFORTER**; or, The Love of the Spirit traced in His Work and Witness.

'Few religious writings of the present age have been more acceptable to the Christian public, or more useful, than those of the Rev. Robert Philip. His works are exclusively addressed to Christians; and they so obviously meet the wants of Christians under the various circumstances of life, that even were the execution less able, they could scarcely fail of being highly appreciated by large numbers of the Christian community.'—*From Introductory Essay by Rev. Albert Barnes.*