

common sense, say? Exactly what was predicted of antichrist, as if we were more irrational than blockheads. If we punish thieves with the halter, brigands with the sword, heretics with fire, why do we not still more attack with every sort of weapon these masters of perdition, these cardinals, these popes, and all this crowd of Roman Sodom, who corrupt the church of God unceasingly? Why do we not bathe our hands in their blood that we may rescue ourselves and our children from this general and most dangerous conflagration?

To be sure, too much should not be made of such utterances. They are exceptional in Luther's writings. As a rule, he earnestly deprecated physical violence and armed revolution. The following winter he declared himself entirely out of sympathy with Hutten's warlike plans, writing to Spalatin:

You see what Hutten desires. I do not wish to battle for the gospel with violence

and murder, and I have written the man to that effect. By the word the world has been conquered and the church preserved, and by the word it will be repaired. Antichrist also, as he began without violence, will without violence be overthrown by the word.

And a little later:

I am without blame, for I have striven to bring it about that the German nobility should check the Romanists, as they are well able to do, with resolutions and edicts, not with the sword. For to attack the unarmed masses of the clergy would be like making war upon women and children.

But in the spring and summer of 1520 he was evidently feeling the influence of his new friends and entering rather recklessly into their warlike ideas. Gradually he steadied himself again and realized that the cause he was interested in would only be hindered by violence and war. Thenceforth he was unalterably opposed to both.

(To be continued)

THE WOOD-DOVE'S NOTE

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

MEADOWS with yellow cowslips all aglow,
 Glory of sunshine on the uplands bare,
 And faint and far, with sweet, elusive flow,
 The wood-dove's plaintive call,
"Oh, where! where! where!"

Straight with old Omar in the almond grove,
 From whitening boughs I breathe the odors rare,
 And hear the princess grieving for her love
 With sad, unwearied plaint,
"Oh, where! where! where!"

New madrigals in each soft, pulsing throat,
 New life upleaping to the brooding air—
 Still the heart answers to that questing note,
"Soul of the vanished years,
Oh, where! where! where!"



From the painting in the Museum of Chantilly

THE LOVER'S DELAY. BY JEAN ANTOINE WATTEAU

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—XXII)