

THE LETTERS OF MARTIN LUTHER

1530

Diet of Augsburg held. The Elector started for Augsburg, April 3, with a brilliant retinue. Luther was left at Coburg. Charles V. made his grand entry into Augsburg, June 15. The Augsburg Confession read on June 25, and the Roman Catholic Confutation of the same was presented August 3. Melancthon prepared the "Apology" of the Augsburg Confession, a noble and learned document, which the Emperor refused to receive till many alterations were made upon it.

To his Sick Father, Hans Luther

February 16, 1530.

To my dear father, Hans Luther, burgher of Mansfeld. Grace and peace! My brother Jacob has written saying how ill you are. I am very anxious about you, as things seem so black everywhere just now. For although God has hitherto blessed you with good health, still your advanced age fills me with concern. I would have come to you had I not been dissuaded from tempting God by running into temptation, for you know

how interested both lords and all are in my welfare. It would be a great joy to us if my mother and you would come here. My Kathie and all ask this with tears; and we would nurse you tenderly. I have sent Cyriac to see if you are able. For I should like to be near you, and, in obedience to the Fifth Commandment, cherish you with child-like kindness to show my gratitude to God and you. Meantime I pray God to keep you through His Spirit, so that you may discern the teaching of His Son, who has called you out of the blackness of error to preserve you to Christ's joyous appearing. For He has set this seal to your faith, that He has brought much shame, contempt, and enmity upon you for my sake. For, these are the true signs of our likeness to Christ, for as St. Paul says, "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him," So remember in your weakness that we have an Advocate with the Father who died to take away our sins, and now sits with the angels, waiting for us, so that when our hour comes to leave the world we need not fear being lost, His power over death and sin being so complete. He who cannot lie has said, "Ask, and ye shall receive." And the Psalms are full of such precious promises, especially the 91st, which is so suited for sick people. I write thus because of your illness, and as we do not know the hour ... so that I may be a partaker of your faith, conflict, and consolation, and gratitude to God for His Holy Word, which He has so abundantly bestowed on us at this time. If it be His Divine Will not to transplant you at once to that better life but let you remain a little longer with us for the help of others, then He will give you grace to accept your lot in an obedient spirit.

For this life is truly a vale of tears, where the longer one remains the more wickedness and misery one sees; and this never ceases till the hour of our departure sounds and we fall asleep in Jesus, till He comes and gives us a joyful awaking. Amen! I herewith commit you to Him who loves you better than you do yourself, having paid the penalty of your sins with His blood, so that you need have no anxiety. Leave Him to see to everything. He will do all well, and has already done so in a far higher degree than we can imagine.

May this dear Saviour be with you, and we shall shortly meet again with Christ, as the departure from this world is a much smaller thing with God than if I said farewell to you in Mansfeld to come here, or if you bade adieu to me in Wittenberg to return to Mansfeld. It is only a case of one short hour's sleep, and then all will be changed. I hope your pastors render you faithful service in such matters, so that my chatter may not be needed, but I could not refrain from apologising for my bodily absence, which is a great trial to me. My Kathie, Hanschen, Lenchen, Muhme Lene (*Muhme means aunt or female cousin; Aunt Lene helped Kathie in the home*), all salute you and pray for you. Give my love to my dear mother and all the relations.

Your dear son,

Martin Luther.
Wittenberg.

To Nicolas Hausmann

Luther speaks of his Biblical work, etc.

February 25, 1530.

Grace and peace in Christ! Your last letter, dear Hausmann, was a great pleasure to me because of that noble simplicity of spirit which characterises all you write, as well as being an expression of your hearty good-will towards myself. Please draw out once more a list of what your church requires. For it must always be before me, as I cannot burden my memory with it, so that when I have leisure and the opportunity I might fulfil your desires. My mind being so occupied with my daily concerns, it is forgotten, and time passes without your wishes being attended to.

We are busy with the publication of Daniel, as a consolation in those latter days. We have also undertaken Jeremiah and the rest of the prophets. We shall offer the New Testament for sale at the approaching Fair {Messe} in Frankfort, and in such a way as to create fresh alarm among the Papists. For we have written a long preface to the Apocalypse and furnished it with notes.

Continue to pray for us. My Kathie sends friendly greetings.

Martin Luther.

(Schutze, from Aurifaber's unprinted collection.)

To the Honourable Adam Adamus

March 5, 1530.

Grace and peace in the Lord! I am delighted with your zeal as to the true teaching of the sacrament and read your treatise. Perhaps your ideas on . . . are a little sharp, but what of that when nothing will convince them? When I have time I shall write on the 6th chapter of John; and is it strange if I sometimes write vehemently? Were you in my place, perhaps you would be more violent. Every man is differently constituted, hence the impressions which outward things make on him vary. There has been no discussion among you, so you only see things from afar, but "opportunity makes the man," as the proverb says.

That our Marburg Conference should have offended many is no wonder, for the other party would not let themselves be instructed. The Zwinglians have been convicted of so many errors, even according to their own showing, that it is provoking one article should have prevented them agreeing with us. But can we force the vanquished to a confession? For Christ, in spite of having often convicted the Pharisees and Sadducees of sin, could never get them to confess their faults. Your best plan is not to listen to such people, who always look for offences, while they studiously avoid having an open eye for what is good, and from which they might profit. I dislike coming in contact with such people, who always find something to calumniate.

I commit you to God; pray for me.

Martin Luther.

P.S. — I have written to the Prince of Liegnitz, but have little hope of arranging anything through letters.

To Nicolas Amsdorf

This letter accompanied Amsdorf's defence of Luther against Erasmus.

March 12, 1530.

Grace and peace! I return your notes on Erasmus, as you request. I was struck by your remark that Erasmus had long ago declared before Luther that faith without good works justified a man, but that he said later, this was how he understood the Mosaic law. If Erasmus really said this I know not, but I know you were always very sure of what you asserted, that you might not play into the hands of our enemies. Now be brave, for Erasmus is writing in defence of Erasmus. But likely it may end as Eck's defence of the Pope did. If the fools kept silence it would be better for Erasmus, but God sends him such champions in His wrath. If spared I shall comb their locks for them in a way they will feel. I have still weapons in my armoury which they have not. May you prosper in the Lord Jesus, who lives not only during Erasmus's life, but to all eternity! Amen.

Martin Luther.
(Schutze.)

To Justus Jonas

Regarding the coming Diet.

March 14, 1530.

All hail! The Elector has written to you, Pomeranus, Philip, and me, to leave everything and arrange by next Sunday all that is needful for the Imperial Diet. For the Emperor Charles will, according to his proclamation, be at Augsburg himself to try to come to an amicable settlement. Therefore to-day and tomorrow we three shall work as hard as we can in your absence (on the visitation). Nevertheless, enough will remain for you to do to justify you in leaving your college work and joining us tomorrow. For we must hurry. God grant that all may redound to His glory! Amen.

Martin Luther.
(Walch, V. 16. 795.)

To Nicolas Hausmann

The theologians tried to prevent the Elector going to Augsburg, but he said, "I too shall confess my Lord Christ along with you."

April 2, 1530.

Leonhardt has brought me the book you have written. I shall discuss it with my friends, for I admit that were Christ's history and deeds to be reproduced before the children in a

dramatic form it might interest the young and win their love. I accompany the Prince to Coburg with Philip and Jonas till we know the course of events at Augsburg. Meantime, you with your congregation must pray earnestly for this Diet, also for me.

Martin Luther.
(Walch, V. 16. 1792.)

To Nicolas Hausmann

April 18, 1530.

Grace and peace! Cordatus will have told you that we are still in Coburg, and do not know when we may go further. For we heard yesterday that the Emperor keeps Easter at Mantua, and that the Papists are trying to prevent the Reichstag, fearing what might be decreed against them there. And the Pope is angry at the Emperor, who wishes to hear both sides, interfering in spiritual matters. His Holiness intended him only to be his executioner against the heretics and restore his authority. For the Papists' sole wish is that we should be condemned and they reinstated in their former position; and thus they shall perish! The Prince has ordered me to remain at Coburg, while the others go to the Diet. Florence has neither been taken nor reconciled to the Pope, a grief to His Holiness; for those inside declared for the Emperor therefore those outside would not proceed against them, but raised the blockade. You see what our prayers can achieve. The Turk promises peace next year, but threatens to return to Germany, and even bring Tartars with him. But God's Word and our prayers shall fight against them. Farewell, and pray for me.

Martin Luther.

Fragment of Letter to Wenzel Link

April 22, 1530.

So far we are sitting quietly in Coburg, knowing nothing certain about the Reichstag or the Emperor's arrival. You will perhaps have more reliable news than we have. Although my good friends may follow the Elector to Augsburg, he is determined that I shall remain. You will meet Philip, Jonas, Eisleben (*Agricola*), and Spalatin there, and learn from them if the Diet still goes on.

Martin Luther.
Coburg.

To Philip Melanchthon

April 22, 1530.

Grace and peace in Christ! We have at last reached our Sinai, my dear Herr Philip, but out of this Sinai we shall make a Zion and build three tabernacles: one to the Psalter, one to the Prophets, and one to Aesop. But time is needed for this. This is a most agreeable spot, most suitable for study, only I miss you greatly. I get quite excited when I think of the Turks and Mahomed, and of the diabolic fury which they vent on our bodies and souls. But at such times I shall pray fervently till He who dwells in Heaven shall hear my petition. I see you are much distressed at the sight of those cowed monks who seem quite at home. But it is our fate to be spectators of the fierce onslaughts of these two realms and remain steadfast; and this onslaught is a sign and harbinger of our redemption. I pray that you may have refreshing sleep, and keep your soul free from care and from the fiery darts of the Evil One. Amen. I write this to while away my idle time, as my box with papers, etc., has not arrived. I have not seen the castle steward yet. Meanwhile I want for nothing necessary to a solitary being. The great building which projects from the castle has been placed entirely at my disposal, and the keys of all the rooms have been put into my hands. There are over thirty men in the castle, among whom are twelve watchmen and two warders for the towers. But why write all this? only I have nothing else to write. Greet Dr. Caspar Cruciger and Magister Spalatin from me. I shall greet Eisleben and Adler through Dr. Jonas. From the region of the birds.

Martin Luther.
(Walch, V. :6. 2827.)

To Justus Jonas

Luther writes about the birds which enliven his solitude, although Veit Dietrich and his nephew were with him.

April 22, 1530.

Grace and peace! At last we are sitting here up amongst the clouds, in the kingdom of the birds, whose harsh tones, all screaming together, produce a very Babel, the daws or ravens having taken up their quarters before our eyes, forming a forest in front of us. I can assure you there was a shrieking. It goes on from four in the morning far into the night, so that I believe there is no other place where so many birds gather as here. And not one is silent for a moment, old and young, mothers with daughters, singing a song of

praise. Perhaps they sing thus sweetly to lull us to sleep, which God grant we may enjoy to-night. The daw is to my mind a most useful bird. I fancy they signify a whole army of sophists, etc., who have assembled from the ends of the earth so that I may profit by their wisdom, enjoy their delicious song, and rejoice in their useful services in both the secular and spiritual realm. At present the nightingale is not to be heard, although its forerunner and imitator, the cuckoo, is raising its exquisite voice. I am scarce of news, but rather send a jocular letter than none, especially as the daws fill heaven and earth with their melody. The Lord be with you! Let us pray for each other, for we need it urgently. Greet all friends.

Farewell, from the kingdom of the daws.

Martin Luther.
(Walch, V. 16. 2126.)

To his wife and household

April 28, 1530.

Grace and peace, my dear Kathie, sirs, and friends! I have received all your letters telling me how you get along. I must now inform you that I, Magister Veit, and Cyriac are not to be at the Diet, although we have one here. For there is a thicket just under our window like a small forest, where the daws and crows hold their diet, and such a running to and fro, and screaming night and day, that I often wonder they are not hoarse. As yet I have not seen their Emperor, but the courtiers are always prancing about dressed simply in black, with grey eyes, and all sing the same melody. They pay no heed to castle or hall; for their salon is vaulted by the beautiful canopy of heaven, while their feet rest on the broad fields with their green carpet and trees, the walls of their house reaching to the ends of the earth. They are independent of horses and carriages, for they have feathered wheels by which they escape the sportsmen's bullets. I fancy they have come together to have a mighty onslaught on corn, barley, wheat, etc. Many a knight will win his laurels here. So here we sit, watching the gay life of song led by Princes, etc., preparatory to a vigorous attack on the grain.

I always fancy it is the Sophists and Papists I see before me, so that I may hear their lovely voices and their sermons, and see for myself what a useful kind of people these are who consume all the fruits of the earth, and then strut about in their grand clothing to while away the time. To-day we heard the first nightingale. The weather has been splendid. I commit you to God; see well to the house. From the Diet of malt Turks.

Martin Luther.

To Wenzel Link

Luther writes about his work.

May 8, 1530.

Grace and peace! You accuse me, dear Wenzel, of silence, even of indifference, and blame me, although you have had four living epistles from me, besides the letter about John Ernest. So I have good cause for putting you in the wrong, for volumes would not answer my four epistles. Otherwise, I have complete repose and enjoy every luxury here, and have begun translating the remaining Prophets, having finished Jeremiah. Perhaps I shall issue some Psalms with an exposition so as not to be idle. I also propose translating Aesop's Fables for the German children. So I now see how to fill up the time although I should prefer being with you. But I am pleased with what God wills. Certainly, I would have been more useful at home, through teaching and counsel, but I dared not withstand the call.

There is nothing new at Wittenberg except that Dr. Pommer writes that the Lubeck and Luneberg people are embracing the gospel, and that the preaching there is most earnest and faithful. God be praised! I fear God may pour out the phials of His wrath on North Germany, as I hear of nothing but murders and contempt of God and His Word. Pray for me, as I do for you. For the Turk is not arming himself for nothing. From the diet of the daws, which is being held here.

Martin Luther.
(Walch, V. 16. 2829.)

To Philip Melanchthon

Luther complains of headache, probably from overwork.

May 12, 1530.

Grace and peace! Dear Herr Philip — On May 8 I began to answer your letter from Nurnberg, but was prevented finishing it. I have sent my admonition to the clergy to Wittenberg. Besides, I have translated the two chapters in Ezekiel, concerning Gog, with a preface. I then began translating the Prophets, intending to have them finished by Ascension, along with Aesop, and would have managed it, so smoothly did the work proceed, when, alas, suddenly the outward man collapsed, unable to sustain the fervour of the inner renewed man. I felt a loud buzzing and roaring, like thunder, in my

head, and had I not stopped at once I would have fainted, and was useless for two days. The machine will do no more, my head having dwindled into a short chapter, which by degrees will shrink into a tiny paragraph, and then into a single sentence.

This is why I sit in idleness, but the noise in my head is subsiding through medicine. This accounts for the delay. The day your Nurnberg letter came I had a Satanic embassy with me, and, to make matters worse, I was quite alone, neither Veit nor Cyriac being here, so Satan remained so far master of the field, compelling me to seek society. I impatiently await the time when I shall behold the almost sublime majesty of this spirit. So much for our own little concerns, while weighty events are taking place. You say that Eck along with _____ are beginning a conflict. What are they about in the Reichstag? The coarse asses palaver about important affairs in our churches. We hope their downfall shall be hastened thereby.

Magister Joachim has sent me dried figs and raisins, and writes me in Greek! When better I shall reply in Turkish, to let him have something to read which he cannot understand. Why should he write to me in Greek? Shall write more again in case of tasking my head now. Let us pray for each other. I must write to the Electoral Prince about the Landgrave, as you advise, and also to the Elector. The Lord be with you.

Take care of your health, and do not injure your head, as I have done. I shall request our friends to try to prevent you overstepping the limitations which your health demands; spare yourself, so that you may not be a self-murderer, and then declare that God willed it so.

One can serve God in repose, and there is no better way of serving Him. This is why He insists on the Sabbath being strictly kept. Now do not throw this counsel to the winds. It is God's Word I write you.

Martin Luther.
(Walch, V. 16. 2830.)

To the Elector John the Steadfast of Saxony

Concerning Evangelical preaching in Augsburg. It was here the Elector won the name of "Steadfast" through refusing to allow Evangelical preaching to be suppressed.

May 15, 1530.

Most Serene High-born Prince! I have read Philip's Apology, with which I am delighted, and do not think it can be improved, or require any alteration; and it would be unseemly for me to try to do so, for I could not word it so softly and sweetly. May Christ our Lord grant that it may bring forth much fruit, as we hope and pray. Amen.

As to the question whether, if His Imperial Majesty forbids the Evangelical preaching, you should submit, my opinion is still the same. The Emperor is our lord, the town and all being his, so that as no one should disobey you in your own town of Torgau, neither should it be done in Augsburg. No doubt it would be well if he were humbly asked not to forbid the preaching without hearing it, but to send someone to hear how they preach before condemning it. Certainly, His Majesty should not forbid the pure preaching of the Word, as nothing seditious is being proclaimed. If this do not avail, then might must stand for right. We have done our best, and are blameless. I have humbly tried to answer the question. May the Lord mercifully support you through His Holy Spirit!

Your Electoral Grace's obedient

Martin Luther.
(De Wette.)

To Philip Melanchthon

Luther begs him to tell Justus Jonas of his child's death.

May 15, 1530.

Grace and peace! I ordered this letter to be given to you, for I knew of no other way of letting Justus Jonas hear of his son's death. Communicate it to him very gently. His wife and famulus certainly prepared him for it. My people wrote that they stood over his deathbed, and he died of the same illness which so lately deprived him of his first Fritz. The child was always sickly. I shall delay writing in case of increasing his sorrow. I am tormented on all sides, but we shall not let our courage sink. This is our hour of sorrow, but, like the woman who rejoiced when her son was born, we too shall look forward to a joyful time. So let us bid adieu to our foolish lamenting; for our cause, prayers, and hopes rest with Him who is faithful to His promises. Speak comfortably to the man who, in the world's eyes, is bowed down with sorrow, causing it to rejoice in our affliction. The Lord be with you!

Martin Luther.
(Schutze.)

To the Elector John of Saxony

The Elector would not permit the preaching to be stopped.

May 20, 1530.

Grace and peace! Most Serene Prince! I have delayed answering your most gracious letter from Augsburg, with all its news and admonitions not to let the time hang on my hands. It is most kind of you troubling about me, and here we are most anxious about your Serene Highness and pray constantly for you. I do not find the days long. We live like lords, and this last week seems hardly three days. But your Grace is at present in a most tiresome spot. Your Highness is certainly enduring all this trouble, expense, danger, and ennui solely for God's sake, as no one can find any fault with you except on account of the pure Word of God, for all know you to be a blameless, pious, and quiet Prince. And it proves that God loves you dearly, seeing He considers you worthy to suffer so much enmity for conscience' sake. For God's friendship is more precious than that of the whole world put together. Besides, the merciful God is displaying His lovingkindness in making His Word so fruitful in your Grace's land. For there is a greater number of excellent pastors and preachers therein than in any other land, who teach the truth, thus helping to preserve peace. The young people, too, are so well instructed in Scripture and Catechism that I feel quite touched when I see young boys and girls praying and talking more of God and Christ than they ever could do in all the cloisters and schools of bygone days.

Truly your Grace's land is a beautiful land for such young people, and God has, so to speak, erected this paradise in your Grace's lap as a special token of His favour, placing them under your protection that you may be their gardener. For God, whose bread all your subjects eat, wishes you to care for them, even as if God Himself were your Electoral Highness's daily guest. One sees the injury young people receive at the hands of godless princes, who, out of this paradise of God, make idle, sinful servants of the devil. For with all their wealth God does not think them worthy to spread His work, or even give a cup of cold water — nay, they had nothing better to give the Saviour on the cross than vinegar and gall to drink.

In conclusion, your Electoral Grace has ever had the earnest prayers of all Christians in your lands especially, and we know our prayers will be heard, because what we ask is good. Oh that the young people may join, and with their innocent petitions commend you, as their dear father, to the merciful God! Your Grace will graciously accept this letter, for God knows I speak the truth and do not dissemble. I am sorry that Satan is grieving your heart. He is a doleful, disagreeable spirit, who cannot bear to see any one happy, especially in God, so how much less will he suffer your Electoral Highness to be of good courage, for he knows how many depend on you for edification through the living Word in your domains!

So, we must stand by you with our prayers and love, for when you are joyous, then we live ; but when you sorrow, then we are sick. But our dear Saviour will send the Holy

Ghost, the true Comforter, who will protect your Grace against the poisoned darts of this sour, bitter spirit. Amen.

Your Electoral Grace's obedient

Martin Luther.

To Philip Melanchthon

Luther speaks of the pilgrimage to Coburg.

June 2, 1530.

Yesterday Hans Reinecke from Mansfeld and George Romer were with me, and today Argula von Staufen. Now that so many are finding their way here, I intend either not to let it be known I am at home or go out for the day, so that people may think I have left. Pray try to prevent people coming here. I write in Johannine haste, for I shall remain hidden. They say the bishops will succeed in postponing the Reichstag till, at least, the provisions are all consumed, compelling the people to return home. The Emperor is using every device to prevent the Elector of Treves coming to the Diet. Farewell.

Martin Luther.

To Philip Melanchthon

Luther speaks of his father's death.

June 5, 1530.

Grace and peace in Christ! In my last I complained, my Philip, of you returning a messenger empty handed to me, and two have come since — Appel, and now the driver with the Coburg game. And so many of you there who have usually a mania for writing! I do not know if it be carelessness, or if you are displeased with me, for you know in my solitude how I long for letters, as in a dry and parched land. We hear the Emperor has ordered the Augsburg people to dismiss the hired soldiers and remove the barricades.

Argula von Staufen told me of the magnificent reception the Elector of Bavaria gave the Emperor in Munich, there being plays and entertainments in his honour. From Nurnberg I hear the Papists wish to prevent him visiting Augsburg. If this be true, then it shows God's hatred towards them in not answering our prayers for them. **Hans Reinecke writes that my beloved father, old Hans Luther, died at one on Sabbath morning.**

This death has cast me into deep grief, not only because he was my father, but because it was through his deep love to me that my Creator endowed me with all I am and have, and although consoled to learn that he fell asleep softly in Christ Jesus, strong in faith, yet his loss has caused a deep wound in my heart. *(This completely destroys the psychoanalyst Eriksen's thesis 'The Young Luther' which is based upon the idea that Luther was treated harshly by his father)*

Thus are the righteous taken away from the evil to come and enter into rest. I am now heir to the name, being the eldest Luther in the family, so it beseemeth me to follow him into Christ's kingdom, who gave him unto us. I am too sad to write more to-day, and it is only right to mourn such a father, who by the sweat of his brow made me what I am.

But I rejoiced that he lived to behold the light of the truth. Amen. Greet all our friends.

Martin Luther.
(Schutze.)

To Philip Melanchthon

Luther again blames his friends for not writing.

June 11, 1530.

Grace and peace! I now see that you have all entered into a compact to torture us by your silence. But I herewith announce that we shall now vie with you in your silence, although possibly that will not disturb you. I must praise the Wittenberg people, who, although as busy as you, have written thrice before you sluggards wrote once. I have received letters of condolence from every quarter, on my father's death. If you wish, you can hear the particulars from Michael Coelin's letter, I lay down the pen, so that my constant writing may not drive you into a more persistent silence. Greet our people. The grace of God be with you! Amen. My wife writes that the Elbe is dry, for no rain has fallen. Much water, many adventures. Farewell.

Martin Luther.
(Schutze.)

To Caspar von Teutleben

Von Teutleben was a brother-in-law of Amsdorf and managed the Elector's business in Rome.

June 19, 1530.

Grace and peace! Esteemed and deeply learned Doctor and good Friend — I was delighted to hear that your Sophie and you are well. I have nothing new to write, for our silent Junkers send no letters from Augsburg, which annoys me greatly. And I know your brother-in-law, my good friend Herr Nicolas Amsdorf, would be indignant if he knew they had become so taciturn, especially at this time. He can be their judge. From hearsay I learn that Venice has sent several thousand gulden to the Emperor, and Florence offered him five tons of gold, which cannot be accepted as the Pope has promised to supply him with all that is needful, and the French, with their "par ma foi," have done the same — truly a good joke; but who would rely on such promises?

But I have heard from Dr. Martin Luther himself that even were Venice, the Pope, and Francis loyal to the Emperor, and not each thinking of his own advantage, still they are three different beings in one person, each of whom has an inconceivable hatred against His Imperial Majesty, meanwhile deceiving him, through hypocrisy and lies, till they either perish themselves, or drag that pious, noble youth into difficulty and distress. For "par ma foi" cannot forget the defeat at Pavia, and the Pope, being an Italian, and a Florentine to boot, and a child of the devil, cannot forget the disgrace of the plunder of Rome, no matter how cheerful he tries to appear; and as for the Venetians — they are only Venetians — and excuse their wrath under the pretext of revenging Maximilian's death. May God help the pious Charles, who is truly a sheep among wolves! Amen. Greet your dear Sophie from me. I commend you to God. From the desert.

Martin Luther.
(De Wette.)

To Conrad Cordatus

On June 15 Charles entered Augsburg, the Elector of Saxony bearing the sword before him.

June 19, 1530.

Grace and peace! I write, dear Conrad, to show you I have not forgotten my promise. For I sit here, and there is little hope of my being called to the Reichstag; but, should I go, I shall let you know. Your dear vicar (colleague), Herr Hausmann, tells me that you are determined to go, but I question if it would be expedient, as your work would suffer; and it is still doubtful if the religious question would be dealt with, and if it is, whether it may not be in secret, as the Emperor has forbidden a public discussion. We hear no news, as our Augsburg friends never write; but it seems certain that the Emperor entered the town on June 15. May Christ give His blessing thereto! Let us pray without ceasing. The

Lord Jesus still lives and reigns. By the grace of God and your petitions I am pretty well, although Satan troubles me with a buzzing in my ears, but in spite of this I have put Jeremiah into German. Now I shall begin Ezekiel, but first of all must send a few things for our poor printers, among them my "Confitemini," (Give thanks/Confess, Psalm 136) which I shall finish in two days. Greet my dearest Herr Hausmann, and say I shall answer his letter very soon.

Martin Luther.
(Walch, V. 16. 2833.)

To Hieronymus Weller

Luther thanks him for looking after his son.

June 19, 1530.

Grace and peace! I have received two letters from you, my beloved Hieronymus, two charming letters, the second of which was the most delightful, in which you speak of my son Hans as his pedagogue, and he your diligent pupil. God grant I may someday be able to requite you for this. May Christ make up for my shortcomings! Magister Veit tells me that at times you are a prey to a spirit of melancholy — a temptation which is most prejudicial to the young. The Scripture says: "A broken spirit drieth the bones." And the Holy Spirit, in various parts of the Bible, bids us try to banish these forebodings. In Ecclesiastes we read, " Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth." "Therefore, remove sorrow from thy heart," etc.

A joyful heart is life to a man, and an unceasing fountain of health, and prolongs his years. Many have allowed themselves to be consumed of grief, and it has been of no avail. But be sure that these black thoughts proceed from the devil, for God is not a God of sadness, but of consolation and joy. Is not joy in the Lord real life ." So drive away such thoughts. The struggle is hard to begin with, but it gradually becomes easier; and it is common to all the saints, but they struggle and achieve the victory. The great secret in this conflict is to disregard these thoughts and despise their hissings as if they were a flock of geese, and pass by. Remember the Israelites, who overcame the fiery serpents by directing their gaze to the brazen serpent. This is certain victory in this conflict.

Therefore beware, my Jerome, of letting them lodge in thy heart. A wise man, in reply to one sorely tempted, said: " You cannot prevent birds flying over your head, but you can hinder them building in your hair." God takes no pleasure in such sorrow. Sorrow over our sins is very different. It is a sweet sorrow, in view of forgiveness; but that which proceeds from the devil has no promises annexed. It is of no avail. When I return we

shall discuss this. Greet your brother, to whom I have begun a letter, but the messenger waits. May Christ comfort and cheer you! I commend you to your pupils.

Martin Luther.

To his son Hans

June 19, 1530.

Grace and peace in Christ be with thee, my dear little son! I am very pleased to see you so diligent, and also praying. Continue to do so, my child, and when I return I shall bring you something from the great Fair (Messe). I know a beautiful garden, where there are many children with golden robes. They pick up the rosy-cheeked apples, pears, plums, etc., from under the trees, sing, jump, and rejoice all day long. They have also pretty ponies with golden reins and silver saddles. I asked whose garden it was, and to whom the children belonged. The man said, "These are the children who love to pray and learn their lessons." I then said, "Dear sir, I also have a son, Hanschen Luther; might not he too come into the garden and eat the beautiful fruit, and ride upon these pretty ponies, and play with those children?" "If he loves prayer and is good," said the man, "he can, and Lippus and Jost; ('The sons of Melanchthon and Jonas) and they shall get whistles and drums, and all sorts of musical instruments, and dance, and shoot with little cross-bows." And he showed me a lovely lawn, all ready for dancing, where whistles, flutes, etc., hung. But it was early, and the children not having breakfasted, I could not wait for the dancing, so I said to the man, "Dear sir, I must hurry away and write all this to my dear little son Hans, and tell him to pray and be good, that he may come into this garden; but he has an Aunt Lene (Katherine von Bora's aunt, who lived with them)," whom he must bring also." "That he can," said the man; "write him to do so." Therefore, dear little sonny, learn your lessons and pray, and tell Lippus and Jost to do so too, and then you will all get into the garden together. I commend you to God and give Aunt Lene a kiss from me.

Thy dear father,

Martin Luther.
(De Wette.)

To Peter Weller

June 19, 1530.

As the messenger has delayed his departure for an hour, I shall greet you by letter, although we have no reliable news of the Augsburg proceedings. First of all, accept my best thanks for you and your brother staying in my country house to protect my family, who are delighted to have such protection. I only hope I may someday be able to repay the service. For myself I am pretty well, although I suffered from — not a buzzing, but a roll of thunder in my head, and cannot think whence it came.

Our heroes at the Diet are running about helter-skelter, or rather driving about in carnages, steering through the air with their rudders. They enter the arena of conflict early, then give us a truce during the day, and with the sound of the trombone proclaim their victory in our ears, while they plunder, steal, and devour everything, being at war with the fruits of the ground.

At night they return home and snore peacefully till morning. Lately we made a raid into their palaces to catch a glimpse of the splendour of their realm, startling them greatly, for they fancied we had come to frustrate their plans and cunning Court devices. What terrified cries ensued! When we saw how frightened these Achilleses and Hectors were, we waved our hats in the air. We had seen enough, and were more than pleased to have turned them into ridicule, for even our presence terrified them. But this is all a joke, although it might serve as an allegorical picture, or a sign that these daws, nay, these harpies, tremble before God's Word, or, to put it otherwise, that the noble lords at Augsburg whimper like children and Papists. Greet George von Grumbach from me.

From my solitude.

Martin Luther.
(Schutze.)

To Wenzel Link

Luther sends letters to his friend.

June 27, 1530.

Grace and peace! The messenger who appeared scarcely gave me time to write to our people in Augsburg. But he begged so for letters that we send you those received from Wittenberg. Please see that our Augsburg friends get them. I fancy you can easily do this, as you have so much communication with that town. The exposition of the Psalm "Confitemini" is being sent to the Wittenberg printers, with an exegesis which is a disappointment to me because of its length. Meanwhile greet Dr. Spengler, Abbot Michael, Joachim, Coban Hesse, Osiander, from me. If you can procure from your good

friends threescore {Schock} oranges for my Catherine, I shall gladly pay for them, as there are none in Wittenberg.

May you and yours prosper and be in health.

From my quiet solitude.

Martin Luther.

To Philip Melanchthon

One of those remarkable letters by which Luther tried to cheer his friend.

June 27, 1530.

Grace and peace in Christ! In Christ, I say, and not in the world. Amen! As to the Apologia being the cause of your silence, of that I shall speak again, dear Philip. From the bottom of my heart I am inimical to those worrying cares which are taking the very heart out of you and gaining the upper hand. It is not the magnitude of the cause, but the weakness of our faith which is at fault; for things were much worse in John Huss's days than in ours. And even were the gospel in as great danger now as then, is not He who has begun the good work greater than the work itself, for it is not our affair? Why then make a martyr of yourself." If the cause be not a righteous one, then let us repudiate it; but if it be, why make God a liar in not believing His wonderful promises, when He commands us to be of good cheer and cast all our care upon Him, for He shall sustain us." "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him," etc. Do you think He throws such words to the winds? It is your philosophy, not your theology, which is such a torment to you, and it torments your friend Joachim in the very same way, just as if by your useless forebodings you could achieve anything. What more can the devil do than slay us? I plead with you to fight against yourself, for you are your own greatest enemy, and furnish the devil with weapons against yourself.

Christ has died for sin once for all, but for righteousness and truth He will not die, but will live and reign. Why then worry, seeing He is at the helm? He who has been our Father will also be the Father of our children. I pray earnestly for you but am only sorry that you should court sorrow as eagerly as the leech does blood, thus nullifying my prayers. As for me (whether it proceed from God's Spirit or from stupidity, my Lord Jesus knows) I do not torment myself about such matters. God can raise the dead, and He can also maintain His cause, although it looks ready to fall; and He can even raise it up again if it has fallen. If we do not lend our assistance towards its maintenance, others will; and if we do not console ourselves with the promises, who then can give us consolation in the world? More of this again, although I may only be carrying water to the sea. May

Christ comfort, strengthen, and teach you by His Spirit. If I hear you are still desponding I shall scarcely be able to prevent myself hurrying to you to see how dreadful it is to be in the fangs of the devil, as the Scripture says, "Wilt thou play with him as with a bird?" (Job 41:5).

Martin Luther.
(Walch, V. 16. 1062.)

To Philip Melanchthon

Luther tries to cheer his friend after hearing the joyful news of the public reading of Melanchthon's Apology.

June 29, 1530.

Grace and peace, dear Herr Philip! I have read the beautiful speech in which you apologise for your silence, and meanwhile I have sent two letters satisfactorily explaining my not writing. Today your letter came, full of unmerited reproaches, as if by my silence I had increased your work, danger, and tears. Do you really imagine that I am sitting in a garden of roses and not sharing your cares? Would to God that I could indulge in tears. Had your letters not come the evening they did, I would have sent a messenger at my own expense to find out whether you were dead or alive. Herr Veit can testify to this. I have received your Apology, and wonder at your asking how far one may yield to the Papists. For my part I think too much has been conceded. If they do not accept it, what more can we do."

I ponder this business night and day, looking at it from all sides, searching the Scriptures, and the longer I contemplate it the more I am convinced of the sure foundation on which our teaching rests, and therefore am becoming more courageous, so that, if God will, not a word shall be withdrawn, come what may. I am pretty well, for I fancy through all your prayers the spirit which has been tormenting me is beginning to give way, but I feel very languid. We might arrive at great honour if we only denied Christ, but "we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

I am not pleased that you say you have followed me, as you regarded me as the principal adviser in this matter. I will not be regarded as such. Is not this business yours as much as mine? And I shall allow no one to lay the responsibility on me, but if it be mine alone, I shall act for myself. I tried to comfort you in my last letter. God grant it may be a life-giving epistle, and not a dead letter. What more can I do? You are torturing yourself over the issue of the event because you cannot comprehend it; but if you could comprehend it I would not like to be a partner in the concern, much less its author.

For God has placed it in a spot which is not to be found in your rhetoric nor your philosophy. This spot is called faith, and includes all one does not see or understand, and whoever tries to understand all this receives tribulation and tears as his reward, as you know. The Lord has said "He would dwell in the thick darkness," and "He made darkness His secret place." Whoever wishes something different can try to find it. Had Moses waited till he understood how Israel could elude Pharaoh's armies, they might have been in Egypt still.

May God so increase your faith that the devil and the whole world may be powerless against you. Let us comfort ourselves with the faith of others if we have none ourselves. For some have faith, else there would be no Church on earth; and Christ would have ceased to dwell with us. For if we are not the Church, or a part of it, where is it? Are the Dukes of Bavaria, or the Pope, or the Sultan the Church? If we have not God's Word, who then has it? I pray without ceasing that Christ may be with you. Amen!

After sealing this I find I have not answered your question very fully as to how much should be conceded to the adversary. But you do not say definitely what they expect from us. I am as ready as ever to grant them everything if they only leave us a free gospel, but I cannot give up the gospel. What else can I say?

Martin Luther.

To THE Electoral Prince John Frederick

Luther inspires him with courage.

June 30, 1530.

To the Serene High-born Prince, Herr Johannes Friedrich, Duke of Saxony. Grace and peace in Christ, most gracious Lord! Your Grace sees with his own eyes what kind of lord the devil is, who leads captive through his wily ways so many great people. Although I know that your Highness is well armed (thank God) against his wicked devices, yet I, in my anxiety for you, write humbly to beg you not to worry over the wicked onslaughts of your nearest blood relations. For when the devil is powerless to do more, he makes the heart heavy through our friends' persecution.

The 37th Psalm is an excellent medicine against such trials. It exposes the malice of Satan's emissaries, who unceasingly try to provoke us to an impatient word, act, or gesture, so that thereby he may accuse us of disobedience and rebellion. But it is written, "If God be for us, who can be against us." "And we must put up with the knavery of wicked people and overcome evil with good."

No doubt the Emperor is a pious man and worthy of all honour, but what can one man do against so many devils if God do not give him His powerful help? I am sorry that your Highness's blood relations behave so disgraceful; but I must have patience, else I would be wishing all manner of evil. How much worse then must it be for your Grace? But for God's and the dear Emperor's sake be patient, and pray for the miserable creatures who have not yet conquered. If I err in saying your Grace has suffered through your friends' malice, it is a great joy to me, and you will forgive me, as I said it out of the goodness of my heart, for as I sit here I think "so-and-so will feel this," and make him unhappy, "and another that," for I attribute all wickedness to the devil. I commit your Princely Highness to God. Amen.

Given at Coburg.

Your Princely Highness's devoted servant,

Martin Luther.
(De Wette.)

To the Abbot Friedrich of Nurnberg

In 1525 Friedrich made over his cloister possessions to the poor. Learned men often dedicated their books to him, as Luther did his commentary of the 118th Psalm.

July 1, 1530.

To the esteemed Herr Friedrich, Abbot at St. Ilgen, Nurnberg. Grace and peace in Christ our Lord and Saviour! Dear sir and patron, I wish to show my gratitude for your love and favour to me, but as the world goes I am only a poor beggar. And although I had much, I would scarcely presume to send anything to such as you. So having searched my possessions, which are my riches, I have selected my dear psalm, the lovely Confitemini, and have committed my thoughts on it to paper as I sit idle in my desert, because at times I must rest my head and stop my great work of putting the prophets into German, which I hope to finish shortly. I present and dedicate these thoughts to you, for I have nothing better. Although some may consider it a useless medley, I know there is nothing evil in it, for it is the psalm which I love. Although the Psalter and Holy Scriptures are all dear to me, being my only consolation and life, still I am specially attached to this psalm. For it has helped me out of many a sore trouble when the help of Emperor, kings, learned men, saints, etc., was of no avail. And it is dearer than any riches or honour that Pope, Turk, or Emperor, or all the world could bestow on me; indeed, I would not exchange it for them all put together. But should any one deem it strange that I boast of this psalm being mine, which is the property of the whole world, let him know that what no one seems specially taken up with is my own. But Christ is

also mine and is still the Christ of all the saints; and would to God the whole world would claim this psalm as I do, and then there would arise such a friendly rivalry, to which no unanimity or love could be for a moment compared. But alas! there are few who could say to any portion of the Bible or to a psalm, "Thou art my favourite book" or "My own dear psalm."

And it is truly sad that the Holy Scriptures are so despised, even of those whose office it is to expound them. All other things, art, books, etc., occupy people night and day; and they never weary of the trouble, while the Scriptures are left lying as if they were of no use. And when people do them the honour of reading them, how quickly they get through them. There is no book upon earth which is so easily mastered by all as the Holy Bible. And they are really the words of life, not written for speculation, but to be acted on in life. But why complain, for no one pays any attention.

May Christ our Lord help us through His Spirit to honour His gracious word. Amen. I herewith commend myself to your prayers.

From the desert.

Martin Luther,
(DeWette.)

To Nicolas Hausmann

On June 25 the Augsburg Confession was publicly read by Chancellor Bruck in Latin, and by Christian Beyer in German, before the Emperor, Elector John Ernest of Luneburg, Philip of Hesse, etc. The Latin copy was handed to the Emperor with these words, "This Confession can withstand the very gates of hell."

July 6, 1530.

Grace and peace, much-loved man! Our Horning will tell you more minutely what is taking place at Augsburg and here than I can. After coming here, Dr. Jonas wrote telling me that our Confession, which our Philip drew up, was read by Dr. Christian Beyer before his Imperial Majesty and the Princes and Bishops of the Roman Empire in the Emperor's palace. The Elector of Saxony, Margrave George of Brandenburg, John Frederick the Younger, Prince Wolfgang of Anhalt, the towns of Nurnberg and Reutlingen, etc., all signed the Confession.

The Imperial party is now debating whether they shall answer it or not. Many bishops wish peace and pay no attention to Eck's and his friends' proposals. One bishop said at a private gathering, "It is only the truth — we cannot deny that." The Archbishop of Mayence is much praised for his love of peace; and Duke Henry of Brunswick said to

Philip, whom he invited to dine with him in an easy way, that he could not deny the articles of the bread and wine in the sacrament, the marriage of the priests, etc. And we hear that no one at the Diet was kinder and more moderate than the Emperor, who entertained our princes sumptuously and paid them every attention. Philip writes, one cannot express the great love everyone feels towards the Emperor. God grant that, as the first Emperor was the worst of Emperors, this last may be the best. Let us only go on praying. For the power of our prayers is being manifestly displayed at present. Tell Cordatus and the others this, for it is their due. The Lord be with you. Greet all friends.

Martin Luther.
(Walch, V. 16. 1048.)

To Conrad Cordatus, Preacher at Zwickau

The reading of the Confession.

July 6, 1530.

Grace and peace! You have here, my dear Cordatus, a living and a dead letter, viz. Horning's and my letter to your Bishop Hausmann, from which you will learn all I know about the Diet. Jonas was present during the two hours reading of the Confession, and watched its effect upon the countenances of those present, the details of which he has promised to give me verbally.

The enemies tried to prevent the Emperor accepting it and having it read. Of course it was not read before the populace; this they were determined to prevent and did prevent; but it was afterwards read before the Emperor and the States of the Empire. I rejoice to have lived to see the day when Christ was proclaimed by so many dear confessors, in such a distinguished assembly, through the reading of this glorious Confession, thus verifying the words of Scripture, "I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings." Yes, and what follows will also be fulfilled, "and will not be ashamed." "For whosoever shall confess Me before men," says He who cannot lie, "him also will I confess before My Father which is in heaven."

Of other matters you will have heard, for an account of the Emperor's grand entry into Augsburg has been printed. I see plainly that God answers prayer (Ps. Ixii.). The whole world proclaims the fact. So, pray on, particularly for the dear young Emperor, so loved by both God and man; and do not forget our gracious Elector and patient cross-bearer, and our Philip, who burdens himself with all sorts of cares. If I am called, you may rely on me sending for you. The Lord be with you. Amen.

Martin Luther.

To Justus Jonas

Luther thinks peace will ensue through the Diet.

July 9, 1530.

Grace and peace in Christ! We have received many letters from you, dear Jonas, and this is our sixth after our long silence. Your letters are a great pleasure to us. Things are now being put on a proper basis, and we expect a satisfactory conclusion, while the enemy dreads the opposite. There can never be entire unanimity in doctrine. For how can one reconcile Christ and Belial? Perhaps the marriage of the priests and the sacrament in both kinds may be left an open question, but this is after all only a "perhaps." Still, I hope that the religious question may be deferred, and meantime a world-wide peace be established. If by Christ's blessing this be achieved, then much has been accomplished at this Diet. First, and greatest of all, Christ has been publicly proclaimed through our glorious Confession, so that the great ones of the earth cannot boast that we have fled and were afraid to confess our faith. Only I grudge you the privilege of being present at the reading of this grand Confession. For it has been my lot, even as it was that of our great warriors at Vienna last year; they had no share in defending it against the Turks, so none of the honour of the victory was theirs.

Nevertheless, I am well pleased that my Vienna has been defended by others. How can we hope for good from the Emperor, as he is surrounded by numberless devils? Christ lives, and does not sit at the Emperor's, but at God's right hand, else we would have been lost long ago. Would that Philip, when his faith fails, could share this, my belief. But perhaps it is Augsburg alone which is disputing about there being a right hand of God, so that we may be forced to believe that Christ has, through the Sacramentarians, been cast down from God's right hand, and that the Papists have given another rendering of David's psalm. If this be so, we know nothing of it at Coburg. So, dear Jonas, tell me if this be the case, for then I shall seek another Christ, and compose another psalm whose every line will not mock me. But a truce to this blasphemous jesting. May you believe that Christ is Lord of Lords and King of Kings. If He have lost the title in Augsburg, He has lost it neither in heaven nor on earth. Amen.

From the wilderness.

Martin Luther.

(Walch, V. 16. 1098.)

To Lazarus Spengler

Luther explains the device on his seal.

July 1530.

Grace and peace! Honoured dear sir and friend — As you wished to know the real meaning of my seal, I shall write my thoughts on my coat-of-arms as indicative of my theology. The first thing is a cross, black on a red heart, to remind me that the blood of the Crucified One makes the man blessed. Whoever believes this is justified. Now, although it be a black cross and inflicts pain, it does not kill but rather makes alive. Such a heart is placed on a white rose, to show that faith yields joy, consolation, and peace, and not the peace and joy of the world; and that is why the rose is white and not red. For white is the colour of the angels and the spirits. This rose should be placed on a field tinted with the hues of heaven, to signify that the joy and faith of the world to come have already begun to bloom here below, and through hope we are even now in possession of that which is only manifest to the eye of faith. And on such a field there is also a golden ring, to show that the bliss of heaven endures for ever, and that its joys and possessions are far above all earthly pleasures, even as gold is the most precious of metals. May Christ, our dear Lord, be with your spirit till it attain to this life. From the wilderness of Coburg.

Martin Luther.

(De Wette.)

To Justus Jonas

Luther admonishes him to steadfastness.

July 13, 1530.

Grace and peace! Dear Dr. Jonas — I sit here planning and sighing for you, now that things are coming to a climax, but hope for the best. Only let us not be timid, for that would only make them prouder. I am sure they think you will yield, if they stand by what the Emperor commands. But it is manifest that the Emperor is only reeling to and fro. So, if you remain steadfast, they will change their opinion. Let us insist upon them giving us back Leonhardt Kaiser (burned 16 August 1527) and others, whom they made away with in so disgraceful a manner. Let them restore to us the many souls which were led astray through their false teaching and return to us the possessions they deprived us of through their letters of Indulgence and other modes of deceit. Let them again bestow upon us the honour of God, which they so shamefully vilified, and the purity of the Church, which they have so soiled. But who can narrate all? I am not sorry that God has

so left them to their foolish devices that they are not ashamed to bring forward such matters. He who permitted them to do so will continue to help us. I comfort myself thus. But perhaps you consider these old news (Old German Theiding).

May the Lord Jesus, our Life and Salvation, be with you. This is my hope.

From the wilderness.

Martin Luther.
(Walch, V. 16. 1 10 1.)

To George Spalatin

Luther expects no good from the Emperor.

July 13, 1530.

Grace and peace! I also believe, dear Spalatin, that the Emperor is a good, pious man, which you always said he was. But I have no hope of him favouring our cause, even if he would like to. For what can one man do against so many devils? Therefore, the Lord alone must be our refuge, for He loves to comfort the desponding and help those who are forsaken of the whole world. But I wish to know what has happened since I last heard from you. For I suppose things will now be settled, and you are not only condemned, but the enemy is heaping insults and contempt upon you. For the opponents are boasting of their triumph at Augsburg and despise and laugh at us. "But be of good cheer," says Christ, "I have overcome the world." He who dwells in heaven will laugh at them. I am sure this will be the case. We cannot look for help unless we have been forsaken. We have assumed the office and duties of those of whom it is written, "Ye will be hated of all men for My sake," and yet we are surprised when we are subjected to such hatred. If we are unwilling to have this promise verified in ourselves, we ought not to have taken this office upon us or should have seen that such a prophecy never was uttered. But now it is too late to reap favour and thanks. ... I am quite pleased that Herzog George should behave thus. God will reward him according to his actions. May the Lord comfort and strengthen you all.

From the wilderness of Coburg.

Martin Luther.
(Walch, V. 16. 21 34.)

To John Agricola, Eisleben

The Emperor was indignant at the Elector's steadfastness and refused to confirm him in his Electorate and ratify his son's engagement to Sybylla of Cleves.

July 27, 1530.

Grace and peace! That our opponents load us with terms of reproach and are trying to get the Emperor to buckle on his armour against us is a sure sign that they feel they will be defeated. For it is an old device of Satan that when he is beaten by the truth, he diverts people's attention to secondary matters, so preventing them attending to the main thing. He did this with his emissary, Eck, at Leipsic in regard to Carlstadt, and in many other cases. Let us therefore cleave to our cause and not yield. Now these gaping fools, as I call them, must admit, but will not, that I exalted the authority of the Emperor and the worldly powers at the time they were vilifying them, and hurling bans at them, oppressing kingdoms and monarchs with their curse, as St. Peter prophesied.

Now their folly is manifest. But it is God who is befooling them. My Staupitz was wont to say, "When God wishes to torture anyone, He first shuts their eyes." I am sure their eyes are shut, for I regard them as devils incarnate. No more senseless demand has ever been made than that everything should remain as it was and their ideas be accepted, while ours are cast aside, especially as they themselves admit that we are right in many respects. For this is tantamount to expecting that our Apology, which even they praised, should be disavowed by us before the whole world. Truly this manifest vengeance of God on His enemies affords me no little consolation.

May the Lord Jesus guide you through His Holy Spirit. God grant this.

From the wilderness.

Martin Luther.
(Schutze.)

To Philip Melanchthon

Luther's ill-health and Satan's assaults enabled him to sympathise with others in their dark hours.

July 31, 1530.

My dear brother, grace and peace in our Lord! Although I have nothing to say, I did not wish the man who brought the game to return without letters. I believe you have all wrestled manfully with the devil this week, and I presume this is why Weller's and Schosser's messenger has not returned from you. In spirit I am very near you. But I am

sure this much-maligned Christ is even nearer. Therefore, I cry earnestly to Him to stand by you. God grant you may not desert our cause. For I know the adversaries try to draw away the timid and desponding. Do not be anxious about me, for it is no organic disease from which I suffer, so I scoff at Satan's angel who buffets me so severely. If I cannot read and write I can still meditate and pray; also sleep, play, and sing. Only do not worry unduly, Philip, over a cause which is not in your hand, but in the hand of Him who is greater than the Prince of this world, and from whom no one can rend us, so that we may verify His Word. "It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, ... to eat the bread of sorrows, for He gives it to His friends sleeping, or in sleep " (Luther's version). Cast your care upon God, who raises the dead and heals the broken in heart. The God of all consolation, into whose hands I commit you all, has chosen us to spread abroad His honour and glory. From the castle so full of devils, but where, nevertheless, Christ reigns in the midst of His enemies.

Farewell.

Martin Luther.

(Schutze and Walch, V. 16. 1067.)

To Justus Jonas

Luther admonishes his friend to industry at Augsburg.

August 3, 1530.

I send my nephew Cyriac to you, my excellent Jonas, to seek Hans von Irene in Augsburg. Help him to find him.

I could not permit the young man to return, when so near, without getting a glimpse of the pomp there, so that he might be able to tell about it, the Germans being so slow at writing history. P. Weller told me how much time you have at present. "Then why does he not write an exposition of the Psalm, ' Blessed are all'? " "I do not know," he said. But what are you about ^ Make use of your head while you can, before you are afflicted with stone and unable to work. I too have much leisure, but my head prevents my using it. Hitherto I have overlooked your shortcomings in this respect because you write me often, for which I am most grateful. I still expect the exposition. Do not presume to leave Augsburg empty-handed. I am busy with the 117th Psalm, "Praise the Lord, all ye nations." It will be a channel for my eloquence, as I had to stop translating the prophets. I only finished Hosea, and for this had to seize every fragment of time and every bright moment. The difficulty of translating Ezekiel stopped me. The attacks of Bucer and his friends please me, for, as I have said, they who dishonour the Son of God will be brought to shame. If you hear anything more of Carlstadt tell me. The Lord be with you. Amen.

From the desert, where the daws have long ago finished their diet before you had well begun your negotiations.

Martin Luther.
(Schutze.)

To George Bruck, Chancellor to the Elector of Saxony

Myconius said that Bruck was more learned in the Scriptures than all the theological doctors, although only a lawyer.

August 5, 1530.

Grace and peace in Christ! Highly esteemed lord and sir — I have written several times to you and others, as if I fancied I experienced more of God's help and consolation than was afforded to his Electoral Grace. But I was impelled to do this through the depression into which some of our friends had sunk, as if God had forgotten them. But He cannot do so unless He forget Himself first. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee." "Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands."

Lately, I saw two wonders. First, as I looked out of the window I saw the stars shining in God's beautifully vaulted heavens, and yet there were no visible pillars supporting this firmament, and still the heavens fell not. Now there are always some who search for those pillars to grasp them, and, failing in their quest, they go about in fear and trembling, as if the heaven must fall because they cannot grasp the said pillars. If they could, then all would be right, they fancy.

Second, I beheld great clouds hovering over us, borne down by their great weight, like unto a mighty ocean, and yet I saw no foundation upon which they rested and no shore which bounded them, and still they did not fall, but, greeting us stiffly, fled on apace. But when they had vanished, a rainbow feebly lit up earth and sky, till it too disappeared like a mist among the clouds, making us fear as much for the foundation as for the water-charged clouds above. But in very deed this almost invisible mist supported the heavily charged clouds and protected us.

So there are some who pay more attention to, and are more afraid of the waters and the dark clouds than give heed to the tiny bow of promise. They would like to feel the fine mist, and because they cannot they fear a second flood.

I write in this jocular way to your Excellence, and yet it is no jest, for I am much pleased to hear how courageous you are, and what a deep interest you take in all that concerns us. I hoped we would have been able at least to maintain worldly peace, but God's

thoughts are far above our thoughts, and this is well, for St. Paul says He hears us, and does above all we can ask for. Were He to hear us when we plead that the Emperor might grant peace, then it might redound to the Emperor's honour, and not to God's. So, He Himself will procure peace, so that He alone may have the glory. These bloody men have not done half the mischief they intended and have not yet reached their homes. Our rainbow is weak and faint, but we shall see who conquers.

Your Excellency will pardon my garrulity, and comfort Magister Philip and the others. Christ will comfort and support our most gracious lord, to whom be praise to all eternity. Amen. I commend your Excellency to His loving faithfulness.

From the desert.

Martin Luther.

To Hieronymus Weller

Refutation of Augsburg Confession, read August 3. Charles insisted on the princes agreeing with every word, for he would have no schism. Philip of Hesse responded by secretly quitting Augsburg.

August 10, 1530.

If in my forgetfulness I should repeat myself about melancholy, you will forgive me, for our temptations are common to all, and doubtless you suffer for me even as I do for you. We are persecuted for Christ's sake, but let us honour Him by bearing each other's burdens. Do not worry over what you suffer, such a spirit being fatal to Christian joy. God has no pleasure in self-torture. So, seeing such despondency displeases Him, we should bear Satan's onslaughts patiently, trusting in God. True, it is not always easy to shake off such thoughts, but if we cast all our care upon Him they will not gain the mastery. The Lord Jesus, that unconquerable Conqueror, will help you.

From my solitude.

Martin Luther.
(Walch, V. 21. 121 1.)

To Katherine, Luther's Wife

August 14, 1530.

Grace and peace in Christ, my dear Kathie! The messenger has scarcely a second to wait, but I must send you a line, tell Pommer and the others that I shall soon write. No news from Augsburg but expect letters hourly. It is reported that our answer to the Refutation will be read publicly, but they refuse us a copy of it, to enable us to answer it. If they are so afraid of the light, our people will not remain long. Since St. Lawrence's Day I have been almost well, having had no buzzing in my head, which enables me to do my writing, for till lately I was much plagued with these noises. Greet everybody and everything. More again. God be with you. Amen.

Pray confidently, for your prayers will be answered and God will help.

Martin Luther.
(De Wette.)

To Katherine, Luther's Wife

August 15, 1530.

To my dearest Kathie Luther at Wittenberg.

Grace and peace in Christ, my dear Kathie! After closing your letter, I received letters from Augsburg, so I detained the messenger to let him take them with him. You will see things remain much the same in Augsburg as I described them lately. Let Peter Weller and Herr Pommer read them to you. May God graciously continue to help, as He has hitherto done. I can write no more at present as the messenger is impatient. Greet our dear Sack and Hans Luther, with his tutor, to whom I shall write shortly. Greet Aunt Lene, and all the rest. We are eating ripe grapes although we have had much rain this month. God be with you all. Amen.

From the desert.

Martin Luther.
(De Wette.)

P.S. — I am much annoyed at the printer's delay in sending the proofs. I wished to send away copies, so hope they will soon be ready.

To Friedrich, Abbot at Nurnberg

Luther sends him his dedication of the 11 8th Psalm.

August 22, 1530.

Most honoured and highly esteemed Abbot in Christ — I hereby send the psalm Confitemini, which has appeared with your name. It is the only way in which I can acknowledge your kindness. But I fear that having your name alongside my execrated name may draw down as much hatred upon you as association with your honoured name increases my influence. Should this be so, I beg your forgiveness for having done it in the innocence of my heart solely to please you, and I am sure you'll forgive me with your usual amiability. They have only sent me these two copies from Wittenberg — the other I am sending to Coban Hesse; I would have liked to send copies to those excellent men — Spengler and Link. Meantime I have committed them to our flying messenger without even reading them, and have not kept one.

May the Lord Jesus, our salvation, keep you till His day. Amen.

Martin Luther.

(Walch, V. 21. 1 2 14.)

To Philip Melanchthon

Reports from Augsburg reach Luther.

August 24, 1530.

Grace and peace! I fancy you know ere this, dear Philip, of the new commission of fourteen men at Augsburg, you and Eck being the principal, and Spalatin, the scribe, which I almost wonder at. And what is more, the Pope, after the raising of the siege of Florence, was surrounded in St. Engelsberg, Rome, by the Roman army. We poor hermits have nothing to do but write the news to you orators, who resemble the frogs on the island of Seriphos. I enclose the treatise on the schools — a real Lutheran document, whose prolixity even its author cannot deny. It is my nature. The little book about the Keys has the same fault. God willing, I shall next write on justification. I hear the plague is in Wittenberg, the Leipsic students having brought it. Four have died, and two houses are shut up. No one except Lufft wrote me about it — not even my wife. The captain and the young Prince Hans Ernest are still there, so you need not be anxious. The Lord, who sent you to Augsburg, make you great and glorious there! I am again troubled with hoarseness, and fear a return of my old malady, but perhaps it is only an onslaught of Satan, but if Christ conquers let Luther perish. Are Cyriac and Caspar Mailer with you? They left here three weeks ago and have never written.

From the wilderness.

Martin Luther.

(Walch, V. 16, 2837.)

To Coban Hesse

Luther sends translation of the 118th Psalm.

August 1530.

Grace and peace! I send my promised psalm, excellent Hesse, in the form into which my pen has transformed it, or deformed it. I received yours along with the letter, which I read daily. I do not expect you to be as much delighted with mine as I am with yours, although it is the same psalm. For I never would compare myself to such a poet. For you are the king of poets, and the poet of kings; or rather the royal poet, and poetical king, who makes the royal poet talk so beautifully in a strange tongue. Accept my thanks for giving me such pleasure. Out of a fat sophist I have turned into a sordid theologian; and besides this despicable store of theology, I have nothing. Accept this instead of a present, and greet your queen and princes tenderly from me, also Wenzel. I shall not write him now, as last night I had such pain in a tooth that I am quite limp today. May the Lord guide and maintain you.

From the desert.

Martin Luther.
(Schutze.)

To Justus Jonas

The Emperor uses artifice to unite the two parties.

August 26 or 27, 1530.

I got a sight of our people's opinion concerning our affairs, but what I wrote Philip I write to you, that for Christ's honour and to please me you would believe that Campegius (Cardinal Lorenzo Campeggio, 1474-1539) is a perfect devil. I have been much upset through our opponents' propositions. As sure as I live this is a trick of Campegius and the Pope (Clement vii, 1523-1534), who first tried by threats to ruin our cause, and now by artifice. You have resisted force and withstood the Emperor's imposing entry into Augsburg! And now you must put up with the tricks of those cowed monks which the Rhine conveyed to Speyer, and their arrival is closely associated with this talk of unity of doctrine.

This is the whole secret. But He who enabled you to withstand violent measures will strengthen you to overcome feeble. But more of this to Philip and the Elector. Be valiant and concede nothing which cannot be proved from Scripture.

The Lord Jesus be with you. Amen.

From my hermitage.

Martin Luther.

To Hans von Sternberg

Luther dedicates the new edition of the 117th Psalm to the caretaker at Coburg Castle.

August 27, 1530.

Grace and peace in Christ our Lord! Most excellent and honourable sir and friend — I lately brought out a little book on the 117th Psalm but did it hastily and issued it with no dedication, (Bloss und nackt) so I have again placed it in the oven to have it better fired, that it might bring forth more fruit. For the Holy Scriptures are well worthy of being adorned and made the best of, so that they may win as many admirers as they have enemies. I wish it to go out under your name, so that it may receive more consideration from certain parties, who know that there are many excellent people among the nobility.

For the majority of the upper classes are acting so disgracefully that they are a stone of stumbling to the common man, making him fancy that all the nobility is corrupt. And it is most disastrous that the masses should despise and lightly esteem those who bear rule in the world. It is certain to bear evil fruit whenever the devil has time to stir up mischief, as in the Munster disturbances and the Peasant Rising (1525).

We have the clergy's example before our eyes, who lived so securely and shamefully that they were despised of all, never dreaming they should sink into such contempt. But this has happened, and we must see that they never again are held in the same esteem. The nobility are following their example and will inherit the lot of the clergy. To prevent such ideas taking possession of the people, it is good that those who deserve it should be praised. For God always arranges that there should be some excellent people in high positions so that He may not have made His people in vain, even should there only be one Lot in Sodom. Therefore as God has endowed you with great love to His Holy Word and to all virtue, I could not refrain from lauding His grace in you (for it is God's grace and not your merits), to see if perchance your example might not move some of the reckless nobility to act worthy of their pedigree and not in such a boorish manner. It is the bounden duty of those who desire to rule in the world that they set an honourable and virtuous example to those beneath them. God demands this. I trust your heart may

have as much pleasure in this and such-like little books as those who make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem have. Not that I despise such a pilgrimage, for I would gladly make the journey, and now that it is too late, I listen and read eagerly about it, as I did lately, only we have not a very high opinion of such pilgrimages.

And it might happen to me as it did at Rome, when I was such a bigot as to rush through all the churches and cloisters believing all the lies they told. I said one or two masses at Rome, and it was actually a grief to me that my father and mother still lived, so gladly would I have delivered them from purgatory through good works, masses, and prayers, etc. There is a saying in Rome, "Blessed is the mother whose son holds a mass on the Saturday of St. John's!" How gladly would I have made my mother blessed! But the church was so full that I could not get in, and I ate a kippered herring instead. Well, well, this we did, for we knew no better, and the Papal chair did not punish such monstrous lies. But God be praised that we have the gospels, psalms, and other sacred writings from which we may draw refreshment with profit and bliss, and visit the true promised land, the real Jerusalem, nay, the very paradise and kingdom of heaven, and not by means of the graves of the saints, but may wander at will through their hearts, thoughts, and spirits. I herewith commit you and yours to God, and forgive my garrulity, for it is a joy to me to see pious nobility, as there is such an outcry against them. God help us all. Amen.

Your obedient,

Martin Luther.
(De Wette.)

To Katherine, Luther's Wife

September 15, 1530.

To my beloved housewife, Katherine Luther, at Wittenberg. Grace and peace in Christ, my dear Kathie! The messenger is so hurried that I can only write a note, but I hope to come soon myself, for we have letters from Augsburg saying matters have been discussed, and they are only waiting for the Emperor's decision. But it is thought it will be postponed to a future council, for the Bishops of Mayence and Augsburg are so decided that the Count Palatine of Treves and Cologne will not consent to dissension or war. The others are indignant and try to stir up the Emperor. God's will be done, if only the Diet were at an end. We have done and conceded enough. The Papists will not yield a hairbreadth, but one will come who will compel them to do so.

I wonder why Hans Weiss has not printed the psalm (117). I never thought he was so particular as to refuse a second edition, for it is a choice specimen. Send it at once to

George Rhau (Another printer). If the pamphlet on the Keys pleases Herr Pommer and Cruciger, let it be printed. I cannot understand who told you I was ill, when you see the books that I write. I have translated all the prophets except Ezekiel, which occupies me at present, also a treatise on the Sacrament, not to speak of letter writing, etc. I have no time to write more. Greet all and everything. I have a lovely large sugar book for Hanschen Luther; Cyriac (his nephew) brought it from Nurnberg out of the beautiful garden. I commit you to God and pray. Regarding Polner, (another nephew) act as Pommer and Weller advise.

From the wilderness.

Martin Luther.
(De Wette.)

To Philip Melanchthon

On September 14, Prince John Frederick visited Luther in Coburg Castle.

September 15, 1530.

Grace and peace! Yesterday the Electoral Prince and Graf Albrecht appeared unexpectedly on their way home. I was glad they had escaped from the turmoil, and hope that you, too, may soon be free. You have done enough. It is now time for the Lord to work, and He will do it. Only be of good cheer and trust Him. I am angry, and yet glad, that Eck and our opponents make this wicked accusation against us that in declaring the necessity of enjoying the sacrament in both kinds we are condemning the whole Church and the Emperor himself. These miserable creatures have no resource left them but to flee to the Emperor in their distress and flatter him to his face. Well, let them misuse the Emperor's name as they will, so that they may draw down upon themselves the wrath of Him who in heaven is preparing His bows and arrows against them. This is how the Turks talk, and yet we must not fancy that such a mighty people shall all be damned. Were this so, what article of our faith could we maintain were it dependent on the mob? But why discuss this in a letter?

Only remember, my Philip, that you are one of those who are called Lots in Sodom, whose righteous souls are vexed day and night with the filthy communications of the wicked. But what follows? The Lord knows how to deliver the godly out of temptation. You have confessed Christ, you have pled for peace, you have obeyed the Emperor, been loaded with shame, and have not requited evil for evil; in short, you have conducted the sacred work devolving on you in a way becoming a saint. You have gone long enough with downcast head, and I would now bid you raise your eyes towards heaven as a true member of Christ. I long for your return, that I may wipe the

perspiration from you after this hot bath. To-day my head was very bad. The winds howling round the castle just now must have their playground in my head. The Prince gave me a gold ring, which fell from my finger, as if to show that I am not born to wear gold, upon which I said, "Thou art a worm and no man." Eck or Faber should have had it, for lead or a cord round the neck is more seemly for me. He wished to take me home with him, but I said I must wait for you. I pray and hope you may be of good courage, and not distress yourself needlessly over the unpromising aspect of present events, nor be afraid, for you know the whole matter rests in the hands of Him who in a moment can cover the heavens with clouds, and then suddenly make the sun shine brightly, and delights so to do, into whose bosom I, poor sinner of sinners, commend you poor sinners, although I deny being a defender of sin. Greet our brethren in the Lord. Amen.

Martin Luther.

P.S. — You must not believe there is an infectious disease in Wittenberg. All goes well there, God be praised.

(Schutze and Walch, v. 16. 2838.)

To Wenzel Link

Luther defends Melancthon against Baumgartner and Osiander, who complained he was too yielding in the union negotiations. The Elector's lawyers would have given way for the sake of brotherly love, but the Elector was firm, saying it was not a case for Christian love.

Hieronymus Baumgartner (1498–1565) and Andreas Osiander (19. december 1498– 17. oktober 1552). Baumgartner studied at Wittenberg. Osiander's wife's niece was the second wife of Thomas Cranmer (martyred in Oxford March 21, 1556).

September 20, 1530.

Grace and peace! Be angry and sin not. I have read your heavy accusation against my Philip, dear Link, and had I not learned from our people's letters from Augsburg last Saturday that they had committed our cause to the Emperor I would have been much shocked. I trust you now know that our business bears quite a different aspect from what it did then. If it were not so, I would write sharp letters to them, which Spangenberg would forward. But I have already let it be understood that I was not inclined to approve of such articles and conditions. I fancy they now see for themselves that these are disgraceful church - robbing conditions with which our opponents, those bold, impudent gentlemen, try to mock our weak little party. But Christ, who has permitted them to become so blinded and hardened as not to believe the gospel, is thus preparing

them for the Red Sea! They are on the brink of irremediable ruin, and must perish, for they will have it so. The Lord be with us!

Therefore, lay aside your wrath. Philip is still negotiating some points, but nothing is yet arranged. But I believe Christ has used such false appearances to mock our revilers, by filling them with false joy and hope, and making them believe we would give way, and then they would conquer. But afterwards they would see they were only being befooled. I am certain that, without my consent, theirs is useless. And even were I to consent to such godless monstrosities, the whole Church and the gospel teaching would be against it. Pray for me, and farewell in the Lord.

Greet your Eve and the children.

Martin Luther.
(Walch, V. 16. I 541.)

To Philip Melanchthon

September 20, 1530.

To the learned Philip Melanchthon, servant of the Lord.

Grace and peace in Christ! You could not credit, my Philip, what a swarm of verbal and written complaints I received after I got your letter, and very specially concerning yourself. I tell you this most unwillingly, for I am tenderly solicitous not to grieve you in the slightest, for you should receive only consolation from me, who ought to help you to bear your burden. And hitherto I have always tried to do so. But now I have our people's letters and the other party to contend with. I defend myself thus. At first our Augsburg friends sent me very different accounts. But I am determined rather to believe you than others, and hope you will conceal nothing pertaining to the cause from me. For I am convinced that you will concede nothing which could injure the confession and the gospel. But to begin with, it is not necessary to explain explicitly what the gospel and our confession really are!

But we must abide by our old agreement — to concede everything in the interests of peace which is not at variance with the gospel and our recent confession. I have no fear for the good cause, but dreaded force and cunning on your account. Pray write, via Nurnberg, all that has happened since I got your last letter. For the tragic letters of our people would make us fancy that our affairs have assumed a serious aspect. The night before last someone mumbled something like this before the Prince at supper, but I said, with assumed indifference, that no one had written me about it. So, I long for letters. Give me a true account to stop their mouths. They pay no attention to me.

May the Lord guide and maintain you. Amen.

From the desert.

Martin Luther.
(Schutz.)

To Nicolas Hausmann

Luther relates the course of negotiations since the Prince left.

September 23, 1530.

Grace and peace! As you wish to hear all that has taken place in Augsburg since the Prince's departure, dear Nicolas, I shall briefly relate everything. You know that certain umpires have been chosen to deliberate over unity of doctrine and peace, and Herr Philip is among them. But as they could not agree they again referred the matter to the Emperor, and now await his decision, although in the last letter they said the way was being paved for an agreement. In our former peace negotiations our opponents demanded we should permit private masses, retain both canons with the glossary, and the word sacrifice, etc., and call it an open question whether one takes the sacrament under both kinds or not, and allow the married monks to leave their wives and return to the cloister, and cease being considered married men. If we concede these, then they will tolerate the sacrament in both kinds, and acknowledge the wives for the sake of the children till a future council. You here see Satan's presumption, dear Nicolas, in making such disgraceful proposals to those whom he leads captive at his will. But our people have not yielded, although they have offered to restore the jurisdiction to the bishops if they will permit the preaching, and do away with the abuses and some of the fast days. But nothing has yet been done. As I write, letters have come from the dear Elector saying the Emperor permits him to leave to-day. The Emperor Charles is a Christian who seeks to establish peace and unity, but whether he may be able to do so I know not, as he is surrounded by so many masked devils (devils in disguise).

Farewell.

Martin Luther.
Coburg.
(Walch, V. 2 1. 1216.)

To Katherine, Luther's Wife

September 24, 1530.

Grace and peace in Christ, my dear Kathie! I hope, by God's grace, we shall be with you in fourteen days, although I fear our cause will not remain uncondemned. Efforts are being made towards this end. They will have difficulty in forcing the monks and nuns to return to the cloister. Still_____ has written; he hopes all will end peacefully in Augsburg when they disperse. It would be a mercy if God granted this, for the Turk is determined to be at us.

I herewith commit you to God. Amen.

Martin Luther.

To the Elector John

On bidding the Elector adieu at Augsburg the Emperor said: "Ohm, Ohm, I did not expect this of you!" And it was most courageous to oppose Charles V., whom twenty kingdoms obeyed.

October 3, 1530.

To the High-born Elector John. Grace and peace, most gracious Lord! I am delighted that your Electoral Highness is emerging from the Augsburg hell, and although the eye of man may be displeased with this, still we hope that God may finish the work He has begun in us and strengthen us more and more. You are in God's hands, even as we are, and our enemies cannot hurt a hair of our heads except God wills it. I have committed the matter to the Lord, who has begun it, and will complete it, I fully believe. It is beyond man's power to bestow such a gospel {hehre, sublime) so I shall watch to see who dare defy God in these things, for "bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days." They may threaten, but to carry out is not in their own power. May your Electoral Grace be strong in the spirit of joy and steadfastness. Amen.

Also, seeing I have kept house at Coburg for half a year, I must mention some drawbacks, but do not wish to burden your Grace therewith, but feel it my duty to make them known, as an order from you to the officials would be sufficient to rectify them. I heard of them through subordinates, but have seen them myself, and all details can be had from Herr von Sternberg and the keeper (Kasnier), both of whom privately complained to me, being much distressed over it, and yet were powerless to make any change. They enumerate defects in enclosed paper (not found) and humbly plead that your Grace would issue orders which cannot be disregarded.

Your Electoral Highness's obedient Martin Luther.
(De Wette.)

To Nicolas Amsdorf

Luther was now in Wittenberg. He preached before the Elector in Torgau on the first Sunday after his return.

October 31, 1530.

Your accusing me of not writing, most excellent Amsdorf, justifies me in retaliating upon you for your continuous silence. For although knowing how solitary I was, you did not send me a line of consolation, but heaped injury upon injury by persisting in the said silence. And now you accuse me of a neglect which is not mine, but yours. I wonder if you have, perhaps, meanwhile become Archbishop of Magdeburg and Primate of Germany, that you have so easily forgotten poor me, and administer rebukes in such a high-handed fashion.

For I do not think you should blame me for calling him of Mainz Reverend, unless you thought you were thereby being deprived of your lawful title. For I only used the word in Court fashion, even as one says "Gracious Sirs" when perhaps speaking to raging devils. But you have given me one pleasure in expressing yourself pleased with my last publication. I could issue nothing more because of my health, and can scarcely revise it, it being written by stealth, and much against the wish of my disease, and its progress at the printer's is as slow. More of this when you come to visit us, which I hope you will do, so that we may have delightful converse before departing this life. For I feel symptoms of approaching age.

May the Lord be graciously with you in truth. Amen.

Martin Luther.
Wittenberg.
(Schutze.)

To Nicolas Amsdorf

Account of the Emperor's coronation at Bologna.

November 2, 1530.

Grace and peace! Our people will have told you about our Emperor, for it is a long story. But this is certain. He intends coming to Germany soon, and it is expected he will be very indignant against us if the Turk does not bring him to another way of thinking, as

was the case at Vienna, where he compelled the proudest Dukes of Bavaria to write humbly to the heretical princes for help. For the Turk is only putting off his time in Hungary, being determined to return to Germany in spring. One of our ambassadors was here, who was sent by our Princes to the Emperor, and taken captive by him. He told of the pomp with which the Pope received his Majesty at Bologna, where he has been crowned. After the Emperor had kissed the Pope's feet his Holiness said: "Your Majesty must forgive me, but I dislike having my feet kissed, but the ancient ceremonial demands this."

The Emperor then knelt, and the Pope kissed him repeatedly on the cheek, after which his whole retinue was admitted to kiss the Papal feet. Four thousand ducats were scattered among the people. Charles honoured the Pope with a purse containing four thousand pieces of gold, with his own and his brother's likenesses. They were called presentation gulden. The canons may triumph now, for they will soon perish, while for the disciples it is a time of sorrow. The joy will soon come to an end. Let us only pray, and the gates of hell will not prevail.

Martin Luther.
(Schutze.)

To Wenzel Link

Charles V. tried to get his brother Ferdinand chosen as Roman king, having bribed five Electors with large sums which he procured from the Fuggers. The Elector John summoned the Princes to a conference at Schmalkalden.

December 1, 1530.

To the esteemed Wenzel Link, preacher in Nurnberg. There are no news here, for you know more of what is taking place in Coburg than we. We hear of floods in Antwerp and Flanders. If it be true, then it is an evil omen against both their Majesties — the Papal as well as the Imperial. For these are signs through which Christ is preparing for coming to judgment. The end of the world is drawing nigh, while the reign of the saints begins to dawn. Pray that my faith may increase. In body I am pretty well, except that I am afflicted with a discharge in the teeth and neck. Greet all our people, Osiander and the Abbot Dominic, Spengler, and our Veit. For I cannot write them all. For I am not only Luther, but Pommer and Dome Provost, and Moses and Jethro, and what not! Yes, all in all! But truly the more numerous the objects which distract his attention, the less capable does he become of managing even one.

Pommer's work in Lubeck is most successful, but Satan gives him much trouble through a maiden who is possessed. The devil tries wonderful ways of attacking people, which

you will find in the enclosed letters, which you can read and return. Greet your wife and child from me.

My Kathie greets you.

Martin Luther.
(Schutze.)

P.S. Pray send enclosed to Strassburg, and have it put into dear Nicolas Gerbel's hands.

To the Elector John

Luther advises the Elector to vote for Ferdinand as Roman Emperor.

December 12, 1530.

Grace and peace, Most Serene High-born Prince, Most Gracious Lord! My dear friend Dr. Bruck has, at your Grace's request, secretly asked my opinion as to the election of a Roman Emperor, as His Majesty wished your opinion on this matter. Although my mean worldly position should preclude my mixing in such high matters, about which I cannot advise, not being sufficiently acquainted with all the circumstances, still I shall communicate my thoughts to your Grace.

First, I think that it is most desirable that, in the choice of a king, your Grace should, in God's name, vote, and for this reason: If you refuse to vote, then they might have a pretext for depriving you of your Electorate. On the other hand, if you do vote, then you would be confirmed in the tenure of your Electorate, and thus their cunning devices to deprive you of your lands would be frustrated, even as God defeated their wickedness at Augsburg when they fancied your Grace dared not appear, and then they would have had a pretext for condemning your Electoral Highness. So again their wiles will be foiled, and you will retain your lands with all the more glory. You may rest assured that it is no sin to choose an enemy of the gospel in a worldly sense as Emperor, as you cannot prevent it, and then your Grace must obey the King.

And again, should your Highness refuse to vote, the choice might fall on Herzog George, or such another, and then the title might descend to his heirs, and cause unending jealousy and dissension. Therefore, should your Grace, through refusing to vote, burden your conscience with so many evil consequences, it would be a great grief to me, and perhaps most offensive to God. It would be better to vote, trusting in God, who is able to shape the future far better than we, and your Electoral Grace can always cleave to the gospel in spite of King Ferdinand, as happened under the Emperor, and besides God can arrange the future for the benefit of those who believe in Him. And I should not like your Grace's confidence in God, which shone so gloriously in Augsburg, to suffer injury

through fear of the future, especially as we have no Scripture warrant or necessity for acting thus, and which might be our ruin.

The third reason is, were you not to vote, then the kingdom is torn asunder and Germany divided, through which war may ensue, for one party will not yield to the other unless coerced through war. God knows these are no light matters, but may He help us not to make them harder. The future is not at man's disposal, as an old History tells us, and when God is not at the helm, things turn out very differently from what one expects. If the Pope and Emperor did not get their own way at Augsburg, henceforth they will certainly fail, as they trust their own wisdom. Only let us cleave to God, and not to an uncertain future, as they did.

The Landgrave of Hesse has caused himself to be inscribed as a citizen of Zurich, which is no cause of rejoicing to me, and if God do not prevent, a great war may ensue, in which the error of the sacrament may be defended and we be blamed, a calamity which may Christ avert. For the Swiss have not yet retracted, but maintain their error. Ah, Lord God, I am far too much of a child for these worldly affairs! I shall pray God to protect and guide you graciously, as He has hitherto done; or should anything untoward happen, that He may provide a way of escape. Amen.

Your Electoral Grace will take my unintelligible prating in good part. I speak as I understand, but desire that your Grace's conscience may be clear, for it would be my greatest trial should it run into danger. I herewith commit you to the grace of God.

Your Electoral Highness's devoted

Martin Luther.
(De Wette.)