

STANDARD HEART REVIEW. PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

LXXIV.

Philip Melancthon is so essentially associated in action with Martin Luther, that we can hardly think of the one without the other. It is questionable whether the Lutheran Reformation would have taken root in Germany and in the world without Melancthon's agency. Of course he bears no comparison with Luther in greatness of character and in genius. He was in no sense an original mind, and never pretended to be. He subordinated himself entirely to Luther, and seems to have willingly recognized that this was their true relation.

How much real affection there was between them is a question. It certainly bore little resemblance to that beautiful friendship which subsisted between Loyola and Xavier—a friendship in which the complete subordination of the younger man left him in the absolute possession of his individual liberty, in all the joyous buoyancy of his wonderful character. Loyola was a masterful man, but he was not a tyrant. Luther was something very much like a tyrant, and no one felt it more than Philip. He prudently held his peace during the life of his principal, but after his death he made it known that he was not without experience of corporal buffetings from him. "Colaphos ab eo accipi," says he. When overtures were made for reconciliation with the Catholics, he remarked that he should not be found difficult, for that he had been used to bear the yoke of servitude. Doubtless it might have been more magnanimous had he said some of these things while Martin was alive, but then he could not have lived with him at all. Himself a layman, not even in minor orders, and living in blameless marriage, he was naturally disgusted with what he describes as the indecent familiarity of Luther with the runaway nuns, although I judge that he does not mean to say that this was absolutely criminal. He does not seem to have had the courage to remonstrate with the offenders, but he confides his disgusts to his friend Camerarius. "Now that Catherine von Bora is the lucky one that has succeeded in entangling him, which they have all been trying their best for, let us hope that this new life will make a more decent man of him." Yet I can not believe that after all he had a good deal of affection for his chief, for there was much in Luther's great and rugged nature to love.

Undoubtedly Melancthon's theological influence on Luther was beneficial. Luther's own doctrine of justification, I think we shall soon see, was out and out Antinomianism. The Augsburg Confession, however, with its sequels, lays a stress on holy living which greatly mitigates it.

While I was writing this I received my last Independent, which takes me to task for saying that Milton upholds paganism. This illustrates the danger of advancing a grave charge at second hand. I do not think I often do it, but I seem to have done it here, and to have been well rewarded for doing it. In so long a series of papers it can not be that I have made other grave blunders. I have already appealed to my fellow Protestants to correct me in any such, but Doctor Ward is the first one that has had the charity to answer my appeal. I am deeply obliged to him, for, as Plato says, the best thing for you is not to be in fault, but the next best is to be punished for it. It can not be supposed but that I am all new and then give occasion for it in the future, and that Doctor Ward has shown himself a good Christian now, I hope he will then.

The austerity of Milton's own morals is beyond dispute. So is the austerity of Melancthon's. Yet Melancthon maintains the lawfulness, and occasional expediency, of polygamy. No one could be more blameless in life than the theological professor who has written within a year to me declaring that "there would be no crime" even now, in advising a sovereign who needed a male heir to seek him in a polygamous union. This gentleman, for himself, wore he on a throne in like circumstances, I am sure would as soon think of committing murder as of contracting polygamy. His determined championship of far worse propositions of Luther's than this does not reflect on his morals, but on his impartiality.

I have said that I do not believe general Protestantism to be inclined to simultaneous polygamy. To say otherwise would be ridiculous, for Protestants are almost all of the European races. Yet I do not doubt that Doctor Ward would allow that, with all drawbacks, there are certain great advantages in having an authoritative organ of doctrine, which can check such scandalous divergences from the standard of Christian monogamy as some that we have considered. As to Milton, I can not allow that any man, however austere in his personal morals, is pure in the Tennysonian sense: who regards woman as in her very creature inferior to man. In the innocent-seeming line

"Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd," I think we have the root of Milton's brutality to his daughters, of his early harshness towards his first wife, and his whole attitude of lordly disdain towards the other sex. In the "Samson Agonistes," almost his latest work, it is still more baldly expressed. Milton is a magnificent, and as the Spectator says, a most salutary possession of the English race, but Mr Gladstone is well warranted in entering an emphatic caveat against an unscrupulous worship of him. Gladstone and Tennyson stand on the same exalted plane;

Milton, as respects the relations of the sexes, stands on the borders of a muddy pool far, far below them. I will not deny the advantage of two centuries more, yet I cannot forget that a century before Milton the Blessed Sir Thomas More had said: "When the great harvest is gathered in, who will ask whether it was a man's hand or a woman's that gathered it in?"

Threescore and twelve easily forgets and confuses names, and I have looked in vain for the Independent's article of Stevenson's stepson, but we know the man. I reason thus. He is a man in good repute and of public standing. He knows that what he charges upon the Protestant missionaries of Samoa, above all in the Independent, will be sharply scrutinized by the whole Protestant world, especially the whole Anglo-Saxon world. He declares that a London Society missionary in Samoa once proposed to him to lure Mataafa to the mission-house under a safe conduct and then hold him fast. No doubt this is true. We can not dispute it until every London missionary that has been in Samoa together with this gentleman, denies it. Yet here is only a particular instance showing a low conception of public faith, and as the name is not given, the Society could not, without playing the inquisitor, punish it by recall, even if the offender is still there.

Not so with the other accusation. Stevenson's stepson says that a London missionary, some years since, married Malletta Lupepa, having one wife undivorced, to another. Here there is a public act in question. If the charge is false, we should expect an indignant denial from every London missionary who had ever seen Malletta. As the Independent, which has published the charge, has published no refutation, as an answer from the Society which I have seen cited contains no reference to it; as an eager answer to this gentleman from some Wesleyan missionaries in defence of the Congregationalists says nothing of it, what can I suppose but that the charge is true, something that can neither be denied nor defended? Surely I have no right to say that the charge is true, but that the London Society thinks the double marriage so trifling a concession to a barbarian king, to keep him from going over to the Wesleyans or the Catholics, as not to be worth affirming or denying? This would be simply monstrous. The London Missionary Society now stands under the imputation of having tolerated the celebration of a polygamous marriage by one of its missionaries. What is the truth? This is either a tremendous slander or a tremendous scandal. Let us know which it is.

The Independent thinks that as "a candid enemy," I give great help and comfort to the adverse side. But I do not count myself an enemy of either side, candid or uncandid. No doubt if my writing stood alone, it might be viewed as rather tipping towards the Catholics. But with such a flood of Protestant championship, learned and ignorant, candid and tricky, courteous and abusive, what can my endeavors do but to admonish reasonable Protestants to be more careful about choosing their points, both of attack and eulogy? Personally, in my view of the Church and her ministry, I am considerably farther from Rome than the platform of the Evangelical Alliance. Yet as far milder rectifications of Protestant errors on my part have been rejected by all sorts of Protestant organs, I do not mind now giving them some stronger doses through a channel which will convey them.

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GRATITUDE TO GOD.

All are familiar, I dare say, with the story of Androcles and the lion, a story that is well authenticated. Androcles, who was a slave tied from his cruel master and buried himself in the forest. One day, a lion approached him and, with piteous moans, held up his paw, which was swollen with corruption. Androcles, at once interpreting the cause of the lion's pain, extracted the thorn and thus relieved the suffering beast. The lion manifested his joy and gratitude by frisking about and, at last, crouching at Androcles' feet. His gratitude and affection did not stop here. He began to share his prey with his benefactor. Some time after, Androcles was recaptured and condemned to be devoured by wild beasts. Imagine the astonishment of the spectators assembled about the arena when they saw that the hungry lion, which proved to be the forest companion of Androcles, after bounding toward his intended victim, instead of seizing and devouring him, gambolled about him and, in every possible manner, manifested his joy on meeting again his benefactor.

O what a lesson this king of the forest teaches us all! When we are groaning under the weight of our iniquities, our Saviour God drew the poison of sin from our heart at the sacrifice of His own life. He healed our wounds with His own Precious Blood. "He was wounded for our iniquities. He was bruised for our sins." He died that we might live. He became a slave that we might be free. How do we repay Him? Like the lion, we are seized with the cravings of hunger. Our hunger is lust and avarice. Angels look on as spectators, to record the issue of our struggle with our passion. We rush into the arena. We are met by our Divine Benefactor who shows us the Wounds He has received for us. He appeals to our gratitude. Our piteous appeal to our personal gratification. We sacrifice our

Benefactor to our hungry consciences. Gratitude gives way to appetite. We "crucify again the Son of God, and make Him a mockery." "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," says the Wise Man, "and learn wisdom." "Go to the dumb beast, thou ingrate, and learn gratitude to thy Redeemer."

The Apostle of the Gentiles is never weary of giving thanks to God. In his Epistles to the Romans, in both of his Epistles to the Corinthians, in his Epistles to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, to the Colossians, in the two to the Thessalonians, in both of those addressed to Timothy, and in his Letter to Philemon, he pours forth his thanks for the spiritual blessings bestowed on himself and his disciples. And in every instance, his expressions of gratitude occur in the opening chapter, as if to admonish us that all our prayers and good works should be inaugurated by thanksgiving.

The Church is not less zealous than the Apostle in fulfilling this sacred duty. Our Saviour was once sacrificed for our Redemption on the altar of the cross. And, from the rising to the setting of the sun, she daily commemorates this great event on ten thousand altars by the great Eucharistic Sacrifice which, as the very name implies, is a sacrifice of thanksgiving. — Cardinal Gibbons.

THE DUTY OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

All our Catholic organizations should be Catholic truth societies. However, they may differ as to other aims and objects, there is something upon which they should all agree. Foremost, Knights of America, Catholics, all the rest, when are you going to combine for the defence of the Church whose teaching and practice are so often mis-stated or attacked day by day through ignorance or malice in nearly every secular newspaper in the country? When are you going to unite in an aggressive campaign of education against that ignorance of the truth and the beauty of the Church, which prevails to-day so widely not only among Protestants, but even in our own ranks? When are you going to insist upon higher ideals of living among your members, so that the Church's teaching may be more fully exemplified by them? When are you going to forget whatever differences may divide you, and become as one solid phalanx in spreading abroad among your non-Catholic fellow-citizens who hate or fear or misunderstand the Church, the light of knowledge and of truth.

Infused with a spirit of love and loyalty to the Church, and filled with a desire for the advancement of the faith of Christ, the services of these Catholic, benevolent, fraternal or insurance organizations already existing among us might become of inestimable value in that battle against the forces of ignorance and prejudice which the Church is continually waging. At present who will say that these societies are putting forth their best efforts, or indeed any efforts in that direction? Who will say that beyond the benefits, financial and social, they bestow upon their own members—which, however, in many instances are considerable—they pay any attention whatsoever to the movement which is stirring the heart of the Church in America, to-day—the movement for the dissemination of Catholic truth, to the end that this great nation of ours may all the sooner be prepared for that "far-off, divine event," her conversion to the true faith of the Saviour of mankind, to which she is surely progressing.

There is a lamentable lack of this spirit of loyalty and love for the Church among us. Particularly is this noticeable among the Catholic societies, every one of which should be a centre of activity in the spread of knowledge concerning Catholicism and its teachings. At present they are far from being so. Each and every one of them is isolated. It conducts its own business in a perfunctory sort of way, with absolutely no reference or relation to other societies, and with, apparently, no concern in the larger life of the Church, in which all these societies must interest themselves if they are to be worthy of the name Catholic which they bear.

As individuals, we Catholics may not be able to exert much influence upon our Protestant fellow-citizens, but our societies should be something beyond mere social organizations designed exclusively for our own benefit. They have the means to do a great deal of good in dispelling the clouds of prejudice that darken the minds of Protestants concerning the Church; and to be true to the best that is in them, to be really worthy of the name Catholic, and in line with the onward march of the Church in this country, they must be, in a certain sense, Catholic truth societies. — Sacred Heart Review.

A PECULIAR CASE

An altogether novel plea was entered before a Chicago justice last week. A woman arrested for larceny protested that she deliberately committed theft in full view of the owners of a large store in order to avoid giving a rumour for the insane. One of her friends, who professed to be a palmet, assured her that the lines of her hand plainly indicated that she should one day occupy a cell either in a prison or an asylum. She seems to have been a woman of good character, but nervous, and the fear of madness preyed upon her mind so that she determined to steal so as to be sent to jail.

There ought to be a very strict law to protect ignorant people against palmists

and kindred humbugs; but perhaps the remedy would be simpler if people who surely know better would set a good example. We never could understand why educated young ladies are so anxious to consult fortune-tellers, in whose prognostications they profess to have no faith. — Ave Maria.

REV. MR. WATSON AND THE CRUCIFIX.

Ave Maria.
The importance of giving due prominence to the crucifix is shown even by outsiders. It ought to be the most conspicuous object in every church in the world. Nothing else can fill its place. The most exquisite of statues, the most life like of paintings are as a book to a voice compared with the crucifix. In "The Potter's Wheel," Ian Maclaren writes this fine paragraph:
When one enters the dimness of a foreign cathedral, he sees nothing clearly for awhile, save that there is a light from the eastern window, and it is shining over a figure raised high above the choir. As one's eyes grow accustomed to the gloom, he identifies the crucifix repeated in every side chapel, and marks that to this sufferer all kneel in their trouble, and are comforted. From age to age the shadow hangs heavy on life, and men walk softly in the holy place; but over the crucifix faces them, and they are drawn to His feet and goodness by the invitation of the pierced hands.

APPRECIATED KINDNESS.

D. A. S. writes in the Natal Mercury: Thanks to the unceasing energies of the Sisters, the Staff officials of the R. M. C. and the "Noble Fourteen"—as the orderlies are called—together with the lady visitors at the Exeter Sanatorium, the invalided Tommie have by no means been deficient in any of the little comforts which are so welcome, and so much appreciated at this festive period of the year. Little wonder, then, that the inmates of the hospital, under the care of so able a gentleman as is Surgeon Major Dowling, R. A. M. C., should wear on their countenances a thankful expression for the hundred and one kindnesses, material and otherwise, bestowed upon them. I heard the following remark from a patient—a gallant Dub—Faith, and I'm real grateful to the Boers for putting me here with a bullet wound in my arm. Sure, an if I could get hold of him, bedded, I'd hold him. I feel like a gentleman as is Surgeon Major Dowling, R. A. M. 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