

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

We had begun to consider Luther's relations to general humanity, but have been diverted into a consideration of his relations to moral purity...

A special interest attaches to the question of Luther's moral teachings from the light they cast upon the view of morality held by some modern Protestants. The Lutherans, to do them justice, soon came to reprobate the Luther's teachings respecting the grosser excesses...

Having made such work of the endeavor to defend the suppression, what has he to say about the passage itself? He owns it to be "an extreme case," but declares that Luther's decision is agreeable to the deeper principles of right.

The more multiplication of the human race is not the end of Christian marriage. It is the multiplication of the human race within the ethical bounds of Christian morality...

Cardinal Newman says that it has always appeared to him that an instinct of sexual grossness is inherent in Protestantism, although he does not profess to have come to a final

conclusion. So long as these teachings of Luther are not emphatically reprobated by the whole Protestant world, it will be hard to stand up against this imputation. From times absolutely immemorial, earlier than history, we find heralds and ambassadors held sacred. Violence offered to them has always been abhorred...

What I suffer cannot last long; what I have deserved is eternal. An active penitence is exercised by depriving ourselves of any satisfactions of body or mind, with an intention of making some atonement to the Divine justice; by bearing patiently any contempt or injury, and offering it to the Almighty in expiation of our crimes.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

SUFFERINGS, A SIGN OF PREDILECTION

"Behold a great tempest arose in the sea," Matt. 8, 23.

A tempest at sea is a graphic picture of the storms of suffering and misery which we must undergo during life. When the thunder peals, the lightning flashes amidst rolling billows...

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF PENITENCE

It is the only way left us to return to God when separated from Him by sin. There is a penitence of heart, and an active penitence; the one affective, and the other effective; they must be united as the several circumstances of our condition require.

That if the crimes for which we are punished were to be weighed against what we suffer, how light would the latter be in comparison with the former!

In order to apply these truths to our own case when any affliction befalls us, we ought to retire into the closet of our hearts, and reason thus with ourselves: Is it not an article of faith, that when I committed the first mortal sin after baptism my portion from that moment ought to have been with these like myself, the reprobates in hell? Alas, my God, how many years should I have already passed in that place of horror!

NUNS WHO ARE BLACKSMITHS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Not the least interesting thing in South Africa to-day, when the din of conflict between Briton and Boer is echoing the world over, is a band of Dominican nuns who not only pass their lives in religious devotion, but have adopted a strange occupation—"passing strange," say all who know it.

The New York Herald tells the rest of the story. "In the new country where the nuns set up their habitation the Boer neighbors looked upon their work with suspicion and resentment and even the English looked with disfavor upon the convent. The consequence was that the Sisters bought an extensive farm, and finding that farm laborers were scarce in a land where most of the digging was for gold and for diamonds, solely as a means of self-support the nuns put their hands to the plough. But accidents will happen even in a convent, and in time the ploughshare became broken. There being no blacksmith in that region the nuns sent to Capetown and took the materials to build, and the tools and implements to supply a smithy. A blacksmith as a tutor was found, and the nuns learned how to become blacksmiths. They have thus far proved not only their equality with man, but their superiority to him, for, when the blacksmith, disregarding his religious environments, went on a prolonged spree, the nuns speedily forced him out of the settlement, and determined henceforth to do all their own work.

They found that blacksmithing among the Boer and English residents was profitable work, and they built a smithy, with a brick forge, a strong cupacious bellows of oxide, and all the customary paraphernalia incidental to the vocation of the votaries of Vulcan, and established themselves as a convent of female blacksmiths. The visitor who rides to the convent from King William's Town come upon the nuns brown clad and busy, hoeing, ploughing and shoeing. Tethered to the strong oaken rack in the centre of the shop stands a horse. With a nail-box beside her, a nun bends over the hind foot, with a pair of tongs fits a red-hot shoe to the scorching hoof. Beside her stands another nun, who is engaged making hinges, hooks and staples, ring bolts, and other articles of builders' hardware out of small rod and hard iron. The feminine blacksmiths of the Dominican convent are experts. The presence of the hammer-swinging nuns seems to exercise a sort of fascination over the rest of the neighborhood, for they will go out of their way on their daily tasks to gaze at the hard working Sisters of the smithy."

My dear Christians, does not the whole gospel contain examples wherein those who suffer with Christ and carry the cross are called blessed? Do you wish to hear what the saints thought of sufferings? The daily prayer of St. Teresa was: "O Lord, let me either suffer or die." St. Aloysius, an angel in human form, said: "There is no surer mark of predilection than the trials and tribulations sent us by God when we are striving to serve Him. These sufferings are a precious gift with which our Lord espouses a soul whom He loves." St. Chrysostom says: "If God grants you the power to work miracles He truly grants you a great gift, but it is not so great as the one He bestows when He sends you misfortune and suffering. By receiving the power to work miracles, you become indebted to God, but by enduring sufferings, God becomes your debtor, and according to His faithful promise He will give you an eternal reward." How re-assuring and consoling are not these words! should they not encourage us to persevere in the school of Jesus crucified?

Since the fall of Adam, afflictions and sufferings have been our inevitable lot. What will it avail to weep and lament, to groan and complain? No matter what you do, you cannot escape the trials and tribulations of this life. Willingly or unwillingly we must walk the way of the cross. If unwillingly, you double the weight of your burden, offend God and lose merit for Heaven. As Christians, you firmly believe in a future life, in an eternal reward. What can be more reasonable than to sanctify your sufferings by means of the love of God,

which lightens every burden, and sweetens every yoke. Sanctify them, by taking as your model Jesus who has suffered so immeasurably for you; sanctify them by meditating on purgatory, which will be lessened by patiently bearing the cross; sanctify them by a firm hope of attaining that Heaven where the angels are preparing you a glorious, eternal crown of victory. Pope St. Gregory says: "We can become martyrs without fire or sword, if we preserve patience and divine charity." What a joy will be ours, if we can justly say: "It is true, I have often offended my Lord, but it is now in my power to offer Him sufferings, thus giving Him pleasure. Let us bring Him many gifts of patience and submission to the will of God, and in the hour of death, for our consolation and eternal joy, we shall experience, how truly the apostle St. James spoke when he said: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he hath been proved, he shall receive the crown of life which God hath promised to them that love Him." (James 1, 12) Amen.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Clever Bird. A gentleman brought with him from Mexico a parrot named Jocko. It happened that the bird's perch stood for several days close beside an electric bell. When this was touched and the servant immediately appeared, Jocko would give a croak of astonishment. After a time it was evident that Jocko began to see some connection between the button and the servant. At last after studying it for a long time and running his beak softly around it, Jocko discovered the connection and pressed the button. As the servant approached the little schemer said, "Jocko's humor." The laughter of his mistress and the astonishment of him in the least did not disconcert him a goodly amount. He had rung for what he wanted, and he insisted upon having it. The scheme worked well, to Jocko's manifest delight.

Charity. A beautiful illustration of Christian charity is afforded in the following incident. An eminent painter was requested by Alexander the Great to sketch his likeness. Alexander brushed upon his brow a sword-blade. For a time the artist was perplexed to how he might make a good likeness of the king, and yet show this deformity. He finally hit upon the device of having the monarch seated on the throne with his head slightly resting upon his hand, thus concealing the scar. When we sketch the character of others, let us kindly lay our hands over the scars, and when others come to sketch us perhaps they also will lay the hands of charity over our scars, we have them, too. Thus shall we preserve and set forth the beauty of our other, and forget the deformity of more or less marks upon us.

A Boy With a Brush. Ludovico Cangiugli, a famous Genoese painter, worked equally well it is said, with both hands. By an unusual power he executed more signs and finished more great works by himself, in a much shorter time than most other artists could do with the aid of several assistants. At the age of seventeen Cangiugli was employed to assist at painting fresco the front of an elegant house. On beginning his work, the other artists, who were Europeans, concluded could be nothing more than a brush of colors - "a boy with a brush," and wondered at his presumption. Soon, therefore, as he took up his palette and set to work they became apprehensive that he would spoil everything; but after a few strokes of pencil, they had reason to be of a different opinion, and paid tribute to his uncommon abilities.

A Boy's Diary. A mother describes in the last how she came to look upon the run in her boy's drawer as his unwritten diary and the basis of his autobiography. She said to him one day, "My son, your bureau drawer full of rubbish. You had better get it out." "Yes, that would be his great delight so we began. "This horseshoe is of no use - "Oh yes, it is; I found it grandpa's corn-crisper, and he loved it." "These clamshells you'd break up for the hens - "Why, mamma, I got them from beach, you know, I summer!" "And this faded ribbon - "Oh, no! That was our class for the last day of school, and to keep it." "Here is that old tin flute - Why do you keep up such trash? "That is a nice flute that will me two Christmases ago. Did have a splendid time that day?" "Well, this bottle is good for you - "Oh yes, it is. That is the used for a bobber when we were in Green's Lake. A big pulled that bottle away under my feet. Then the mother thought the story these historical relics would obliterate pleasant memories.

A Little Queen. The snow is lying out in the It has been swept from all the walks, and that makes good sledding. The butchers and grocers have going about with jingling bells the boys have been snowed. Just now a little queen passed sat in a rocking-chair that she securely on a pretty red sled, shawl had been put on the chair and then she sat down upon a coat; she wore a jacket, and the jacket a white flannel shirt must have been hers when she was a baby. A tightly fitted hood well over her face completely little queen. Her horse is in. He has no gloves on, and no and his shoes are quite old, prancing and kicking in the latest fashion, and when the little horse starts off at a trot, the horse starts off at a trot, and the bell on his neck jangles. Here they come, I hear them laughing. The prancing and arching his generally behaving in a reckless manner. How the little queen, and strange to say, so does Away he goes down the hill, trot, and the little queen back with great dignity. The little queen lives in rooms, probably, with a great other people living in the street. There may be no carpet on