Sacred Heart Review.

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

LXIX.

Luther's record, as we have seen, does not appear to stand very high in point of truthfulness, or justice, or of humanity towards the Catholics. One of his earliest war-cries, and one that he kept up through life, was addressed to the Germans, that they should march to Rome and "bathe their hands in the blood of the Pope and Cardinals." This fierce cry was not without its share in the horrors attending the sack of Rome in 1527, although of course it was by no means the principal cause of that terrible event.

It might have been hoped that, as years went on, and old age and the end of life came in view, Luther would have softened somewhat in his language. Unhappily he grew more bloodily fierce. His parting request to his nation is an imperious demand that it shall march on Rome, "shall seize the Pope and Cardinals, shall cut out their tongues and hang them around their necks behind them, and then shall hang them up on gibbets. If then they still want to hold an œcumenical council, let them hold it in hell."

If the Protestant theological professor to whom I have frequently referred, and who has written to me more letters in defence of Luther than I have cared to read, were asked what he thought of this language, I presume he would answer: "Rather rough to be sure. Courtesy was not Luther's strong point. We must remember that, as the Melancthonians insinuated, Luther only meant about one-quarter (one twentieth, I believe, but I have not the passage now at hand) of what he said. He knew the German sluggishness and good nature too well to imagine that his countrymen really would do all these ferocious things to which he exhorted them. This fierce testament of the dying Reformer is to be taken rather as an expression of his irreconcilable abhorrence of the Papacy than as anything which he expects to be carried out in the letter."

The professor of whom I speak is a man of invincible good nature, and disposition to defend. Long before he took up Luther, he had written energetically in defence of the Jesuits and St. Liguori against the charge of pastoral laxity. Then he entered the lists in defence of Henry Ward Beecher, although acknowledging that he was too young to speak with the full authority of a contemporary. It is no wonder then that he should take up arms in behalf of the Father of Protestantism. There is a fundamental difference, however. He did not deny that the teaching laid to the charge of the Jesuits, and the conduct imputed to Beecher, were iniquitous, but only contended that they were not guilty of them. His defence of the Jesuits and Liguori, in particular, was very cogent, and not in the least tainted with complicity in any of the propositions condemned by Innocent XI. His attitude towards Luther, however, is essentially different. I describe it because I surmise that it is far from being characteristic of him alone, except in its frankness. His position is about this. I. Luther did not do and say these naughty things. II. He did do and say them, but he soon left off. III. He kept on saying scandalous things, but he did not mean them. IV. Whether he meant them or not, they were all right, and would be right to day.

He applies this to polygamy, in this way: (1), Luther found polygamy allowed in the Old Testament, and not explicitly forbidden in the New. Therefore, he thought it could not be absolutely unlawful for Christians. (2). Before long he utterly disallowed it. (3), Then he permitted it to Philip, because he and the Reformers generally thought that princes are above common Christian morality. (4). There would be nothing very much amiss, in 1899, any more than in 1539, in allowing princes and nobles to have several wives at once, provided only this were strictly forbidden to common people.

It was in pursuance of this principle, I presume, that the English Congregational missionary in Samoa, of whom Lloyd Osborne speaks, married Malietoa Laupepa, having already one wife, to a second. As I observe that the Independent, which calls in question some other of Mr. Osborne's charges, makes no reference to this, and as the defence of the Samoan missionaries which I have seen cited from the London Missionary Society passes it over in silence, and as a letter which I have seen from some Wesleyan missionaries in Samoa, defending the Congregationalists against Osborne, is equally silent upon Malietoa's polygamy, the presumption is, that the charge is true. It would be in perfect consonance with this theological professor's avowed principles, and would be exactly in the line of succession derived from Martin Luther and Philip of Hesse.

The succession has not been dormant all this while. Milton energetically defended polygamy, as a privilege of all Christmas men. In the next century the Rev. Mr. Romeyne, of the Church of England, one of the fathers of the evangelical school, renewed Milton's position and arguments. Very lately, in this country, in a leading religious publication of the rigorously evangelical orthodoxy, there has been published an elaborate article, by a Bishop of a Church which prides itself above most others on the intense purity of its Protestantism, exactly reproducing Milton and Romeyne. The episcopal author (for whom Anglicanism does not suffice) rather grudgingly admits that experience has shown polygamy, on moral and social grounds, to be inexpedient, but he has not a principle to advance in support of the restriction. His principles all make for polygamy, and he is arguing expressly for permission to new converts to practice it, not on the ground that a contract formed before baptism might be tolerated as a passing evil after baptism, but on the express ground that there is nothing in polyamy in any way inconsistent with the essential nature and principle of marriage.

When Adam says: This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh, Christians have always assumed that this signifies a community of physical and spiritual nature between the wedded pair. When then our Lord, still more determinately, declares: The two shall becomes one flesh, this has always been held to mark the restoration of marriage to its original perfection, as the indissoluble contract and companionship of two intrinsically equal human personalities, correlated to each other in the difference of sex. True, Christianity ascribes a headship in marriage to the husband, but this is headship of direction and order, not of essential inequality. This, however, is allowed neither by Milton, Romeyne nor the American Bishop. Mr. Gladstone has rightly said of Milton, that, grand as he is in some other ways, his notions of woman's place in marriage, and in the world, are simply brutal. This appears plainly enough in the Paradise Lost, notwithstanding Macaulay's exaggerated eulogies (he was then but a boy) upon the great Puritan poet. It appears, however, far more flagrantly in his other writings. He declares that a woman has no right to have two husbands at once, because she is her husband's flesh and bones, but he may have as many wives as he chooses, because he is not his wife's flesh and bones. The American Bishop re echoes this. How the two can be one flesh without a community of community of common right and of equal right, does not appear. It can only be if the husband owns the wife. It is plain enough that Milton's meaning comes very near to this, and does that of his evangelical echoes, of the two centuries following. Says Leo. XIII., "Let the wife obey her husband, not as his maid-servant, but as his associate." This is not the tenor of Milton, nor of his two imitators.

I do not mean, for I do not believe, that Protestantism, as a whole, inclines to simultaneous polygamy. To the successive polygamy of indeterminate and indeterminable divorce it is only too sadly plain that it does incline. Nor, as we see, has it been able, in any age, to give an authoritative and controlling voice against simultaneous polygamy. At this day and in this country, there are still Bishops and theological professors, of orthodox Churches, who deny, what even Bucer, hypocritically, indeed, but with great clearness and beauty of expression, has set forth in his lying defence of the Landgrave, that "in Christ marriage is brought again to the original unity of its institution, that each Christian may have only one married mate." Bucer, a Catholic born and bred, had not yet rid himself of the consciousness that the marriage of one man to one woman is the very corner-stone of Christian morality, from which there can be no exception or dispensation. What Christian man will not say, if this pagan leaven can not be purged out of Protestantism, let Protestantism go?

Charles C. Starbuck.
12 Meacham street,
North Cambridge, Mass.

EXAMPLES FOR EASY-GOING CATHOLICS.

A former pastor of a congregation in a neighboring city, says the Ave Maria, assures us that he sometimes gives Holy Communion as late as 5 o'clock in the evening to Poles who flocked from a distant settlement on days when he was able to secure the services of a Polish priest. Besides their rough journey and long fast, they were often obliged to wait for hours before their turn came for confession. Our readers are told this week of a Japanese naval officer, a convert to the faith, who fasted until 3 o'clock in the afternoon in order to approach the sacraments during the stay of his ship in an American port some weeks ago. Those easy-going Christians who pass the summer months without even attending Mass unless a church happens to be very near ought to feel heartily ashamed to hear of such examples of religious earnestness as these.

CHILDREN FOR BAPTISM 1s EACH.

From the London Chronicle.

A vicar had asked his curate to read out the following "notice:" "There will be baptisms for children on Thursday morning at 11:30; also on and after Sunday next the new Ancient and Modern Hymn Book will be used." When the time came the curate transposed the two sentences, giving the baptismal notice last, whereupon the vicar, who was somewhat deaf, seeing that his assistant had concluded his reading, rose and said: "And the latter may be purchased at the vicarage, one shilling each, or, with extra strong backs, eighteen pence"

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FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

Third Sunday After Epiphany.

THE ABUSE OF THE TONGUE.

"See thou tell no man." (Matt, 8, 4.)

What an example of humility does not our Divine Lord give us in the gospel of to-day, but at the same time what an evidence of power and might! He speaks but a word, and behold, the dreadful disease disappears. He seeks not His own glory, however, and hence tells the leper who was now cleansed. "See thou tell no man." Scripture does not mention whether this man complied with our Lord's request in keeping the secret. Daily experience teaches us that the great multitude do not guard their tongues, but that, on the contary, they bring untold misery upon themselves and others by the inconsiderate use they make of them.

The apostle St. James raises his warning voice against the abuse of the tongue, and complains in the following solemn words (III 3-10) "For if we put bits into the mouths of horses that they may obey us, and we turn about their whole body. Behold also ships, whereas they are great, and are driven by strong winds, yet they are turned about with a small helm, whithersoever the force of the governor willeth. So the tongue also is indeed a little member and boasteth great things. Behold how small a fire what a great wood it kindleth? And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity. The tongue is placed among our members, which defileth the whole body, and inflameth the wheel of our nativity, being set on fire by hell. For every nature of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of the rest, is tamed and hath been tamed by the nature of man: But the tongue no man can tame: an unquiet evil, full of deadly poison. By it we bless God and the Father: and by it we curse men, who are made after the likeness of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing." Solemn words, indeed, my dear Christians, but just, for the apostle plainly declares the true state of affairs when he mourns over the evil which a wicked tongue is capable of doing. Look around and you will daily find evidence of the injury done by a frivolous and ungovernable tongue.

Take for instance a dissolute man employed in a workshop where there are a number of laborers, old and young. Whenever he makes use of the gift of speech, it is only to pour forth a flood of blasphemies and filthy, impious language, thus giving evidence of the thoughts and desires which fill his heart. Every word is either double meaning or actually immoral, his insinuations impious, his jokes reek with scurrility. The inexperienced youth eagerly swallow this filth and are thus initiated in the dreadful mysteries of impurity. Very soon, their delicate sense of virtue becomes blunted, in a short time they lose the abhorrence they feel at first, they become familiar with the subject, soon listen with pleasure, and finally repeat the same, foul language. Let me ask you, could the devil do worse, if he appeared visibly to enslave the unguarded youth in his diabolical snares, than such a scandal giver and murderer of souls does every day. Count, if you can, the number of sins which so shameless an individual introduces, and hands down to posterity, and you will exclaim: How incalculably great is the mischief and wickedness which emanates from such a workshop, or factory and floods the whole congregation!

To obtain a faint idea of the harm done by an evil tongue, it suffices to consider the numerous lies, the detractions, the calumnies, the slander and backbitings that daily ascend, like foul fume to Heaven, crying for vengeance. How many intimate friendships have not been broken for ever by infamous gossiping! How often have not neighbors been incited against neighbors, parents against children, children against parents, brothers against sisters, husbands against wives and wives against husbands? Their hearts were filled with hatred and, like wild beasts, they would love to tear each other to pieces. How many honest laborers, how many upright merchants have not lost their good name and reputation by vile slanders, and with their good name and reputation, their employment, their fortune, their health and very often their lives.

Verily, with these evil consequences of vile gossip before our eyes, we can understand these solemn words of the Holy Ghost: "Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have perished by their own tongue." (Eccli. 28 22)

Were we to bear in mind the warning of our Divine Saviour, when He says that He will hold us accountable for every idle word, how carefully should we not weigh our words in the scales of conscience, before uttering them, and how frequently should we not pray with the royal psalmist "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth and a door round about my lips." (Ps. 140, 3) Listen to the words of the apostle St. James "If any man offend not in words, the same is a perfect man." (St. James 3, 2.) We must daily strive after this perfection and avoid all idle gossiping which can scarcely be indulged without sin. Flee from those evil associations, where the devil carries on his immodest language, avoid those meetings of gossipers, where every good name and reputation is pitilessly torn to shreds, and a pit is dug for every neighbor's honor and happiness, so that you may not, by the bad example, be swept along in the same stream of godless scandal and, by participating, make yourself accessory to the sins of others. Let us ever bear in mind that God has not appointed us as judges of our neighbors, that on the contary we have sufficient occupation in sweeping before our own doors. "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone" at his neighbor. We are all poor sinners, hence judge not, condemn not, do not proclaim your neighbor's faults, but cover them with the mantle of that charity and mercy for which you hope in the last hour, and for which you will then plead so earnestly. Judge not, and you shall not be judged, condemn not and you shall not be condemned." (Luke 6, 37) Amen.

MARY ANDERSON'S DONKEY.

Madame Navarro, or Mary Anderson as we know her better, tells a very amusing story of a donkey that she once hired in London to help the "realism" of a play in which she was acting. In a certain part of the play, the heroine who was in a state of great excitement, suddenly stops to regain her composure as she hears the approaching carriages of her guests.

"Hark!" she says, "I hear the wheels of their carriages."

The stage manager contrived to have the sound of the wheels imitated, but he could not succeed so well with the stamping of the horses' feet upon the gravel that was supposed to be outside the door.

At last it occurred to her to hire a donkey from Covent Garden, and have him tramp up and down behind the scenes, on gravel laid especially for the purpose. The manager readily adopted her suggestion, and the donkey was brought to the theatre.

Everybody on the stage was nervous on the first night of his appearance, for there was a good deal of doubt as to the success of the experiment.

When, at last, the time came, and the donkey's cue was given, there was no response. The actress repeated the word in a louder tone, thinking that it had not been heard behind the scenes, but this time she got a response that she had not expected. Instead of the trampling of his feet there was the sound of a great scuffle, and such a braying as was seldom heard, even out in the fields.

Of course the scene was ruined, although it was one of the most serious in the play, for the audience broke out into roars of laughter, in which Miss Anderson and all the other members of the company—except the donkey—heartily joined.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Ave Maria.

What the Mule Said.

Our young folk know that a ventriloquist is a person who can manage his voice so well as to make people think the sound comes from the cellar or the housetop, or any other place he may choose. Some very good stories are told of these gentlemen, but probably none more amusing than this.

It seems that a large negro was driving a mule, when the animal became tired and refused to go farther. The driver coaxed, but the mule would not budge. At length Sambo lost his temper and used his whip unmercifully; but the poor mule only turned his head and looked reproachfully at his tormentor.

In the meantime a ventriloquist had approached, unperceived by the negro. Just as the animal turned his head in response to a vigorous blow, "*Don't you do that again!*" came as plainly as possible from the mule's mouth. The effect was magical. Sambo rolled his eyes in terror, grew deathly pale, and dropping whip and hat fled in mortal terror. Then the ventriloquist, who had enjoyed the scene immensely, called the frightened negro back, approached the mule, and after a few kind words induced him to follow his master.

The Legend of the Judas-Tree.

I.

False disciple, treacherous friend, cunning serpent filled with the venom of cupidity, hard hearted as the rock, utterly unmindful of the kindness of his Master, Judas determined to commit against Him the blackest of treasons, delivering Him for a paltry sum into the hands of those who had decreed His death. Later, devoured by remorse, the kiss with which he had betrayed Jesus lingering like fire upon his lips; he wandered through the streets of Jerusalem, feeling to the depth of his soul all the blows and insults which had been heaped upon his betrayed Lord. Finally, the chiefs of the Synagogue, the Scribes and Pharisees, assembled in judgment against the Son of God, had Him conducted like a vile malefactor before the Roman Governor to receive sentence of death.

Moved by the accusing voice of conscience, Judas hastened to the Sanhedrim, and offering to the high priests the thirty pieces of silver, the price of his treason, he exclaimed: "This is the price of innocent blood! Take your money, and deliver to me the Master!" His words were received with scorn and derision. "What do it matter to us?" they replied. "The bargain is made. Thou shouldst have considered this before. Keep thy money. Away with thee!"

Transported with blind fury, the unfortunate Judas flung the money at their feet; and, replying to the protestations of the members of the Sanhedrim with a shower of maledictions, he receded from the hateful spot.

The faithless Apostle, who had been so many times received by Jesus Christ—Mary Magdalen, pardoned in an instant for her manifold offences; the Samaritan woman, at Jacob's well, converted in a single moment; the adulterous woman forgiven at a glance—still feared to throw himself upon the mercy of Christ, who was about to die for all mankind. Instead of imitating the repentance of Peter, in the despair of his soul he found life an unsupportable burden, and hurried to destruction through the gateway of an ignominious death.

II.

Not far from Jerusalem, close to the Garden of Gethsemane, there stood upon a sloping bank of verdure and foliage covered with luxuriant dark green foliage. The wind agitating its branches seemed to echo the jeers of the multitude, the echoes of the trumpet which proclaimed that Jesus had been condemned to death. A distracted man, with bristling hair, ran hither and thither, as though afraid of his shadow, hearkening with strained attention to the melancholy sound of the wind as it swept through the leaves, seeming to the ears like the clink of falling silver.

This man, raging like a wild beast, suddenly loosened the girdle which confined his tunic, ran toward the tree, fastened one end of the cord to a branch, and making a lasso of the other, he passed his neck through it, and the next moment swung himself in the air. The branches of the tree, unable to sustain the weight of the unfortunate Judas. Rocking to and fro, they endeavored to dislodge the treacherous disciple, till, swollen and distorted, his body burst open and the entrails gushed to the ground.

When springtime came again, and the tree whereon Judas had hung himself was in blossom, the flowers, instead of being white as heretofore, were of a purplish red, diffusing a disagreeable odor. The blood of the deicide had stained the tree, which blushed ever after, supported such a monster; and it is said that since that time the flowers have always assumed red. It may sometimes be seen in gardens, but its odor is not pleasing, and all instinctively shun its deadly shadow. No one would have found to admire it; all avoid it, and have called the Judas-Tree.—From the Spanish.

When a Child Preaches at Rome.

In Rome, at the Church of Ara Coeli, there is a very beautiful and touching ceremony on the feast of the Epiphany. A rostrum is erected at the entrance, in front of the chapel which holds the presepio (crib) with the Holy Bambino. From this rostrum, at the time of Vespers, little children preach. Says one who witnessed the unique ceremony:

The church is very large, and on entering we found ourselves in a dense crowd. Seats were out of the question. We were thankful to